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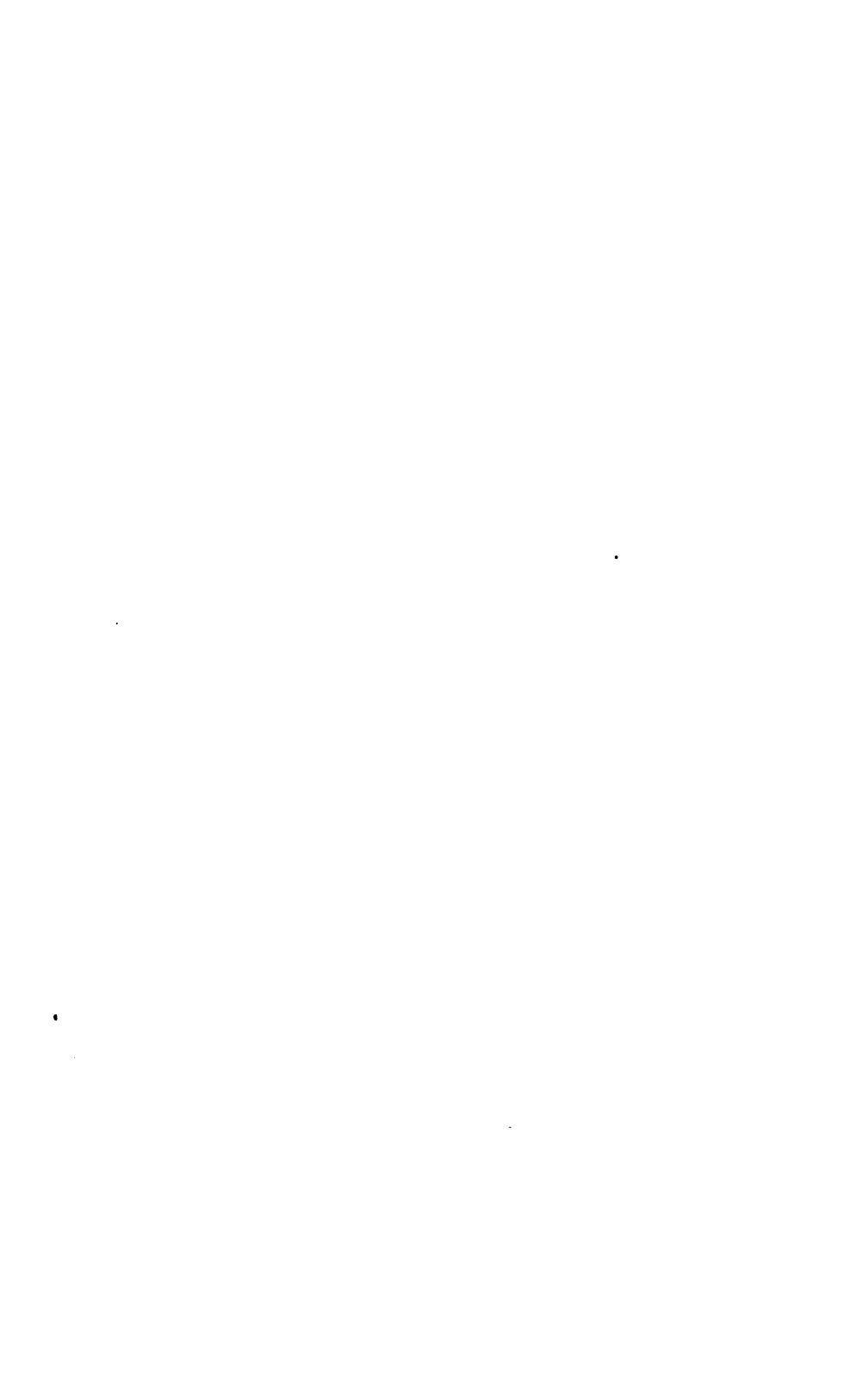
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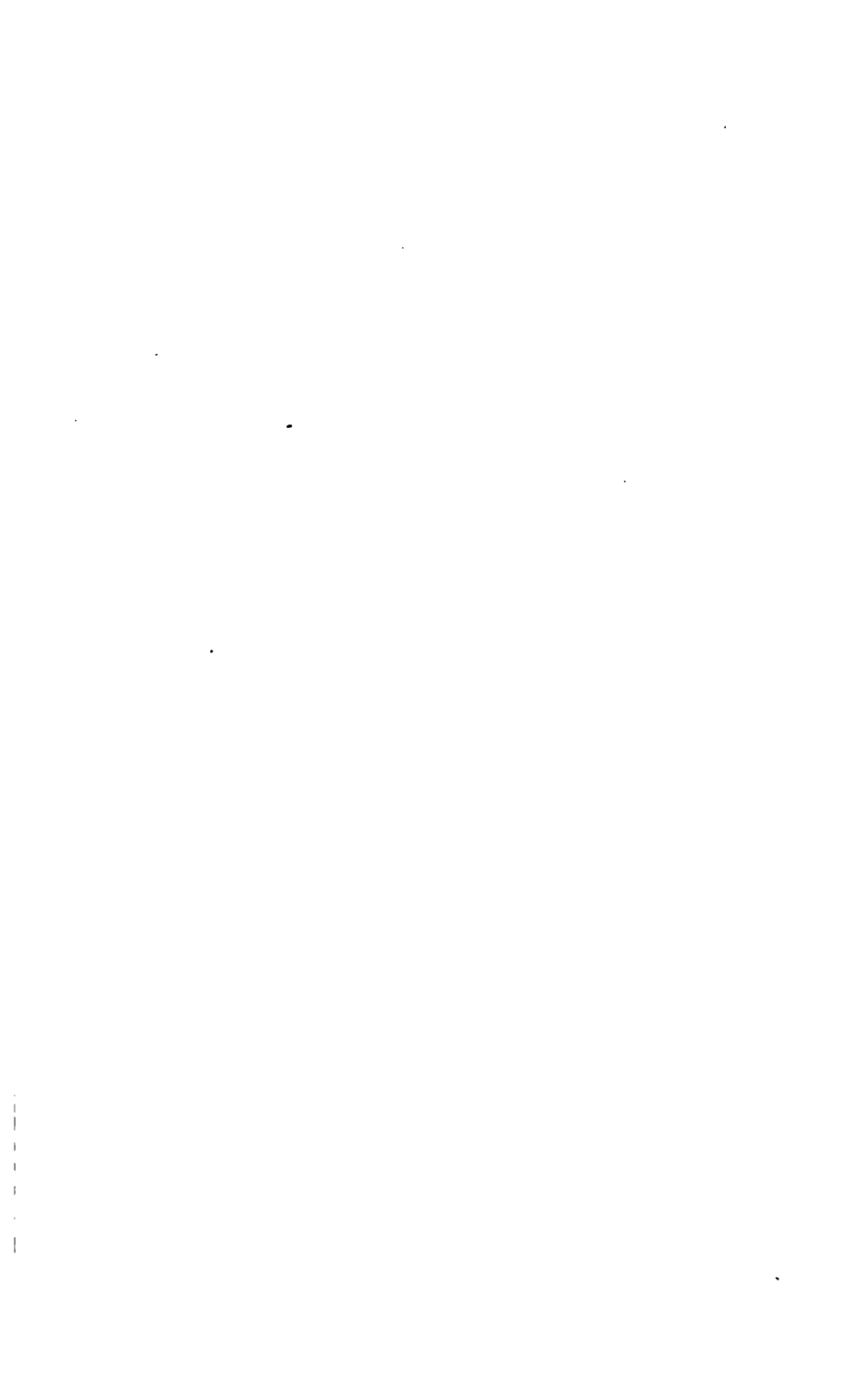
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CHAPTER I.—THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL.

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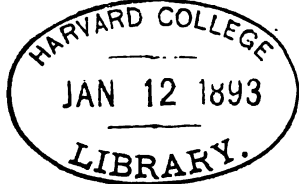
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these had returned to their original nothingness.

This old house in the square was an outward and visible sign of the inward obstinacy of Brancepeth Brothers. A similar defiance of popular ideas ruled the whole management of the Earlsport Bank. Colpoys Square stands aloof from the business centres of Earlsport, from the wharf, from the Exchange, and from the railway terminus. But all the influence of all the merchants in the town could not have brought Brancepeth Brothers down to Exchange Street, or even have induced them to open a branch office in that busy locality. Other banks had been brought to Earlsport in the vain hope of bending the Brancepeths' *hauteur*. Yet Brancepeth Brothers still held the first place, and the new-comers were fain to bid for position by building palatial offices in the vicinity of their obstinate rival, although their real business was done in the lower town. Speculative merchants of Earlsport, who read the money articles in the London dailies, and took in telegrams from the Stock Exchange, grumbled that the commercial interests of the town suffered from the apathy of Brancepeth Brothers. You might search the files of the Earlsport Bank from ledger to petty-cash book without lighting on the slightest reference to either "Turks" or "Egyptians." A panic on 'Change only seemed to elate the spirits of Mr Jellicoe, the old cashier, who probably experienced a feeling akin to the Lucretian pleasure at the prospect, from a safe shore, of another struggling with stormy waves. Real property, land and houses, mills and mines, were the securities that found favour with Brancepeth Brothers, and even

with these they were not easily satisfied. Mr Jellicoe had a lively recollection of the trepidation which had been caused inside the bank by the news that Brancepeth Brothers were going to make heavy advances on the stock of the Earlsport and Elsedale Valley Railway; and how his predecessor, old Mr Tobin, had foretold the speedy ruin of the house as the certain result of Mr Stephen's rashness. Mr Stephen Brancepeth had just succeeded to the sole management, and the old clerks and friends of the bank felt anxious lest he should prove too "fast" for the traditions of his family. But time had long ago shown Mr Brancepeth to be even more wary than his predecessors had been; and no better security could be tendered in any of the surrounding counties than the name of the Earlsport Bank. The rents of Lord Earlsfield, of the Earl of Elsedale, and of most of the great county landowners, and the money of the Elsedale coal and iron masters, all passed through the Earlsport Bank; and along the run of the Else for forty miles manufacturers and farmers would sooner have doubted the solvency of the Bank of England than have allowed the stability of Brancepeth Brothers to be called in question.

Friday is market-day in Earlsport, and only then is there any bustle observable in the quiet region of Colpoys Square. The market itself is held away down in the town below, in front of the Exchange; but as Mahomet had to go to the mountain, so the Earlsport traders who wished to do business with Brancepeth Brothers were obliged to go up the steep street that led to the bank. A second edition of the market thus frequently comes off in front of the Earlsport Bank; and if you take your stand there any Friday

shortly after noon, the odds are that you will see some notables both of the town and of the county.

For instance, to-day, that stout, grey-whiskered, fair-faced man, with square chest, and head well thrown back, whose firm tread makes the pavement ring under him, is Joseph Ormond, who owns all the town of Earlsport that does not belong to Lord Earlsfield. Mr Ormond's possessions are not extensive, but they are very valuable. When Lord Earlsfield, in the exercise of his discretion as feudal superior of the town, had determined that its trade must be content with the harbour accommodation already provided for it, and assured himself that his monopoly of the land made him master of the situation, he overlooked a strip of rocky foreshore lying on the south side of the Else, hard by the mouth of the river. Lord Earlsfield might have purchased this a hundred times over, but neither he nor any one else had ever thought that anything could be made of that mass of cliff with its noisome strip of mud below, until one day this Joseph Ormond, who had come sailing into Earlsport as engineer of a Hull tug, bought it up for next to nothing, and by a liberal outlay of gunpowder and masonry had made a dock, wharves, and warehouses to spring up as if by magic. Lord Earlsfield had seen these things as in a troubled dream, and woke up to find them to be painful realities. His lordship had done all he could to crush the proceedings of the "damned Scotchman," as he designated Ormond—and no one was more circumspect in his language than Lord Earlsfield; but he had missed his chance. He had to bear the indignity of seeing the "damned

Scotchman" become one of the leading citizens of Earlsport, and a determined and influential foe to the Earlsfield interest.

You need not expect to see Mr Ormond enter the Earlsport Bank, for he was chief among those who brought the Metropolitan and Rural to the town in the futile hope of bending the stubborn pride of the Brancepeths; and so he turns into the rival establishment just in time to avoid meeting that tall, florid, youngish-oldish-looking man, who with white hat inclined the least degree to one side of his head, cigar in mouth, and terrier at heel, comes sauntering carelessly along, nodding with great show of frankness to all, and shaking hands with as many as come within his reach. That is the borough member, the Honourable George Colpoys, Lord Earlsfield's brother. Though not generally credited with much political capacity, he knows that affability to constituents is the first and great commandment binding upon a member of Parliament. His majority, moreover, has been less than ever at the last general election; and Mr Ormond has been declaiming as if the salvation of the British empire depended upon the representation of Earlsport being rescued from Lord Earlsfield's control.

"I say, Mold," said the member, stopping a gentleman who was for hurrying past with a hasty salute, "just one minute. What is all this new row in the town about? More of Ormond's work, is it?"

Mr Mold's eyes were blank and expressionless as those of a statue. From their incessant rolling, one got the idea that he had once turned them inside in the act of self-introspection, and had never since been able to get the pupils round to the light again.

"About the races, you mean?" replied Mr Mold, making his eye-balls perform a complete revolution in their sockets. "No, I can't say it is Ormond this time, though of course he will take advantage of it fast enough. You see, they wanted to get up an Earlsport Race Meeting, and I don't know why they shouldn't; Beechborough has races, and Muddleham has races, and why shouldn't Earlsport have races too? Well, a deputation went to Lord Earlsfield asking for a course on the North Dunes, and expecting to get that at least, and possibly a plate or a cup to boot. But unluckily your brother was on his high horse, and instead of receiving them graciously, read them such a lecture on the demoralising influence of betting on the middle and lower classes, as sent the deputation back to town swearing they would clear scores with him when an Earlsfield Court candidate came next upon the hustings. It has raised a nice row, I can tell you, and you may depend Ormond will take advantage of it. If a general election were coming on just now, I wouldn't give sixpence for your chance."

"D—n!" muttered the member, pettishly, but leaving it open whether Lord Earlscourt or the local opposition was the subject of the malediction. "Aren't they always bawling for Parliament to protect them against themselves by Permissive Bills, and closing public-houses, and putting down gambling-clubs, and all that kind of thing? And then if one individually does try to keep temptation out of their way, they turn round and kick. But no one can blame me in the business; everybody knows that I have always supported the Turf."

The Honourable George Colpoys

might make this assertion with confidence, for his unfortunate propensity for backing wrong horses was matter of public notoriety; and his predilections for the Turf, which he could very sparingly gratify, had frequently exposed him to impertinent reflections on the part of the voters who were now going to throw him over because his brother would not grant them a race-course.

"You'll find it a spoke in your wheel, though," said Mr Mold, ruefully. "Upon my word, you really ought to look about for something to hedge upon. That twelve hundred to Davis of Dover Street is due again next month, and he was as rusty as possible the last time I got it renewed."

"He will have time to get bright again by Michaelmas, for, according to Lord Earlsfield, that is the earliest date when he has a chance of getting any of his money."

"But, Mr Colpoys," urged Mold, uneasily, "this Davis is a devil of a fellow: as sharp as a needle in matters of business. It was a ticklish enough thing to get him to give us time when the bill last came due. If I had not enlarged on Lord Earlsfield's failing health and Mr Harold's malady, and the certainty of the management of the estates soon coming into your hands, I should have made nothing of him."

"It is no business of mine what arguments you employ," returned George Colpoys coldly, though a slight flush passed across his face, "provided you don't put such statements forward on my authority. But if Davis were to broach such a subject to me, it would be my duty to tell him that you had no right to make any such representations."

"But, my dear Mr Colpoys, for God's sake consider, sir," cried Mr Mold, beginning to get agitated; "you know well enough that though Davis cannot touch you, he can come down upon me. When I gave you my name, you pledged yourself to hold me safe."

"Yes, and gave you two hundred out of the twelve for your risk, Mold," returned the member; "and I would back anybody's bill for half the consideration. But don't be frightened, man; I am not going to leave you in the lurch. I must have time, though; and you'll have to keep Davis in humour, for it is quite hopeless to think of doing anything with Lord Earlsfield just now."

"Couldn't you try your sister?" urged Mold. "Miss Colpoys must have plenty of spare cash by her. It was only a month ago that she drew ten thousand pounds. I know that, for it was through us that the money was remitted to her. She ought to be able to give you a lift."

"But she won't, though," said Colpoys, shaking his head, "for I have tried her already. I can't think what she does with her income nowadays. Beyond millinery, and art fads, and a pony now and again to the missionaries, she used to spend nothing, and now she complains that she is

tightened. I don't know what to make of it."

Mr Mold shrugged his shoulders and rolled his blank eyeballs, while the member fidgeted and looked about him for the arrival of a third party to terminate a colloquy that was growing unpleasant.

"I say, Mold," said Mr Colpoys, suddenly changing the subject, and speaking in a low tone, "isn't that old Brancepeth's son who has just gone past—the scapegrace whom he cast off some years ago? I would bet that is the fellow. Yes, he has gone into the bank. Poor devil! I don't expect he will find much of a fatted calf waiting him there. A five-pound note to take him back by parliamentary train to the place he came from is about the most that tears and penitence will wring out of the old man's bowels, I take it."

But while Mr Mold was distorting his eyes in a vain attempt to make out the returning prodigal, Mr Colpoys, dreading lest the bill to Davis of Dover Street might be again alluded to, turned on his heel with a brisk "Bye-bye, Mold," and walked hastily on to the other end of the square. The solicitor again focussed his vision to catch a glimpse of the erring son of the house of Brancepeth Brothers, but the bank door had already closed on the object of his interest.

CHAPTER II.—SAVINGS FROM THE SWINE-HUSKS.

Mr Brancepeth's cast-off son brought no external traces of destitution back with him to his father's bank. Unless the prodigal returns in proper guise, with his gaunt frame clothed in sackcloth, ashes on his bent head, and want plainly stamped upon his pinched face, he is no proper object of compassion;

and we ask none for Mr Stephen Brancepeth, who presented himself a picture of health, early hours, and easy living. His clothes bespoke a good tailor; his boots and gloves were irreproachable. A likeable-looking man; his head set upon his shoulders with such a light yet firm poise as Greek sculp-

tors were wont to affect in their works; and a smooth, fair, finely chiselled face which would have pleased them equally well. But there was nothing of that obstinacy or firmness which was the prominent characteristic of all the other Brancepeths, to be seen in his features; nay, the softness of the grey eyes and the easy curvature of the mouth suggested pliability and a facile disposition. A man easy to be led, still more easy to be lured; one that would go with the stream, or even drift with the current. Such was the character which the friends who knew Stephen Brancepeth best gave of him. If the family temper lay under this easy exterior, it would require considerable outside force to draw it to the surface.

Had Mr Stephen Brancepeth's ghost in all the trappings of the tomb appeared at the counter of the Earlsport Bank, it could not have caused greater consternation. The clerk who was the first to notice him started with surprise, and then abruptly turning his back, became absorbed in the study of a sheet almanac. A second began to write as if the stability of the bank depended solely on his immediate exertions; while a third rushed off to serve another customer at the counter whom there had been no hurry in attending to before. Number four, who was forced to face the newcomer, after a timorous glance at him, fairly fled from the room, but presently returned with Mr Jellicoe, the cashier, who seemed to have his full share of the general trepidation.

"I am afraid Mr Brancepeth is particularly engaged, sir," said Mr Jellicoe, with an effort and a most ceremonious bow; "I hardly think he can see you; in fact, I know he cannot."

"I have no doubt you will do quite as well, Jellicoe," said the young man; "it is a trifling matter of business. I don't know that there is occasion to trouble Mr Brancepeth about it."

Mr Jellicoe looked more uneasy than before, bowed, coughed, and rubbed his hands nervously.

"I understand the Dunes House is for sale, furniture and all as it stands, and that application is to be made to you. I got a copy of the conditions and a statement of the price through my solicitors. I am satisfied with them, and if you have no objection I shall be glad to complete the purchase just now by handing you a cheque for the money."

"The Dunes House, Mr Stephen! You buy the Dunes House!" cried the cashier, hardly crediting the testimony of his ears. "Four thousand five hundred pounds!"

"That is the price, I understand. Shall we say it is a bargain?" said the prodigal son, taking out his cheque-book.

"But—but— Yes, sir, that is the sum. But all this is rather sudden, and I do not know what to say about it. And there are forms to be gone through, and all this is very hurried," gasped Mr Jellicoe.

"I want an answer, 'Yes' or 'No,' at once. There is a large villa for sale a mile up the Else, which, though not so much to my taste as the Dunes House, would still answer my purpose."

"One moment, sir," cried the cashier, in desperation; "I will see if there is any obstacle to your having it;" and he rushed out of the room.

Scarcely knowing what he was doing, Mr Jellicoe ran along the passage, and without waiting to knock, burst into his principal's room. Mr Brancepeth, who had

been working intently at his table, looked up at so abrupt an entrance with an expression as nearly approaching to surprise as he ever permitted his face to show.

"Sir, Mr Stephen is in the bank," exclaimed the cashier, breathlessly, without further preface. Mr Brancepeth deliberately noted down on a corner of his blotting-pad the number that he had to carry to his next column of figures, before he made a reply.

"I gave an order three years ago that he was not to be admitted to me, and expressly intimated to you my wish that his name was not to be mentioned."

"But he has come on business—business with the bank, Mr Brancepeth."

"Very well, then, attend to him. I presume the gentleman's business is not such as will require my consideration," said the banker, with a sneer at his subordinate's agitation.

"Sir," said Mr Jellicoe, solemnly, "your son, Mr Stephen Brancepeth, came up to the counter and offered to buy the Dunes House, and write me a cheque on the spot. Four thousand five hundred pounds, Mr Brancepeth—four thousand five hundred pounds; and he must have an answer at once."

In spite of his self-control, Mr Brancepeth started in amazement, and a troubled expression passed over his face. "Four thousand five hundred pounds is the price fixed, is it not?" he asked, with a vacant air, as if he had some other thought in his mind.

"The price fixed, sir."

"Then let him have it."

"Take Mr Stephen's cheque for four thousand five hundred pounds! *His* cheque, sir, for such a sum?"

"Have you any reason to sus-

pect this gentleman's—this Mr Stephen Brancepeth's honesty?"

"God forbid, sir!"

"Then I don't see any reason why you should refuse his name, or why I should have been troubled at all in the matter. Should there turn out to be anything wrong with the cheque, you will, of course, lose no time in communicating with the police. You ought to have been able to deal with the matter yourself without interrupting me," and Mr Brancepeth carried on the "8" that he had noted down on his blotting paper, and resumed the work which he had had to break off.

"Good Lord!" said the cashier to himself, as he went back to the counter; "it is not more than twelve months since Mr Stephen wrote to his father, begging for a cheque for a hundred pounds to help him to emigrate, and did not get it. And now he tenders cheques for thousands. I would rather than ten pounds that I had taken physic and stayed at home this morning;" and Mr Jellicoe was quite meek and resigned by the time he went back to the counting-room.

Stephen Brancepeth had meanwhile seated himself, and was busily glancing over the files of the 'Earlsport Mercury,' taking no notice of the curious, awe-struck glances which the clerks were stealthily directing towards him in the midst of their pretended preoccupations.

"We shall be happy to accept your offer for the Dunes House, sir," said Mr Jellicoe, humbly. "The titles are with Messrs Fossebraye & Mold, whom we shall at once instruct to communicate with your solicitors."

"They are my solicitors too, so the matter will be easily arranged.

And now I suppose I had better write you a cheque."

So saying, Mr Stephen Brancepeth opened a bulky-looking cheque-book, tried the point of a pen on the blotter, and drew an order on Smith, Payne, & Smith's for five thousand pounds, Mr Jellicoe watching him with an anxious eye all the while. It was some comfort to the old clerk to note that the cheque-book was not a new one, and that a good third of its forms had been already used. "But if he has gone to the bad, they might have put him up to that dodge," he thought, as a shade of doubt once more crossed his face.

"This is for five thousand," said the prodigal. "I wish the balance put to my credit. As I shall probably live a good deal here, it will be convenient for me to have an account open at your bank. I shall instruct my London bankers to see that a balance is kept up with you for me."

Mr Jellicoe listened to him unmoved. Had Mr Stephen Brancepeth further proposed to pay the National Debt across the counter, the cashier's amazement would not have been increased, for it had already reached the possible limits of human astonishment; and he would probably have accepted the offer with a submissive bow. He took the cheque in his shaking hand, recognised the usual form of the respected house of Smith, Payne, & Smiths, and noted that the signature was the

same as had been appended to many drafts—too many drafts, alas! in the young man's undergraduate days at Cambridge.

"Are you certain?—I beg pardon—I trust that this will be duly honoured, sir," said the cashier, with an irrepressible feeling of doubt, and determined, as the unpleasant duty had fallen to him of dealing with his master's son, to neglect no form that would shield himself from future blame.

"Has your thirty years' experience of the Brancepeths led you to infer that there is fraud in the family?" asked Stephen, with his father's sneer, and in a calm, clear voice that was heard by every one in the office.

With a gasp of desperation Mr Jellicoe seized his pen and filled in a receipt. "Thank you, Jellicoe," said the other as he put the paper in his pocket-book; "I am glad to see you looking so well. Good morning. I daresay we shall see each other often;" and he walked out of the office, stopping to light a cigar in the doorway before he stepped into the square.

"Jones," said Mr Jellicoe solemnly to his next subordinate, "I have got that acid on my stomach again to-day: I think I must just step out and get a thimbleful of brandy. Five thousand pounds and an account at Smith Payne's," he inwardly ejaculated, "and not more than twelve months since he wanted a hundred pounds to take him to America. Good Lord! Good Lord!"

CHAPTER III.—CLOETE SPARSHOTT.

Those races who have imagination enough to reject the anomaly of a neuter gender, have good grounds for classifying a town as feminine. There is something very

womanish in the expression of a town's individuality, whether it takes the form of unaccountable choices of members of Parliament, or of jealousy of other cities of

NOTE FOR BINDER.

For the present and future Nos. of 'BLACKWOOD' a larger paper has been selected, so as to allow of wider outer margins and increased size of Advertisement pages.

For BINDING purposes, however, the Magazine can be cut down sufficiently, so that when bound the new Volumes will range exactly with the old.

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VOL. CLIII.

EARLSCOURT: A NOVEL OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

CHAPTER I.—THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL.

ON the southern side of Colpoys Square, in the good town of Earlsport, stands a plain two-storeyed building that at once strikes the visitor as being out of keeping with its surroundings. Its dingy whitewashed walls and small iron-stanchioned windows present a shabby contrast to the tall Corinthian pillars of the Metropolitan and Rural Bank, on the one side, and the lofty portico of the Town Hall, with its broad flight of steps, on the other. The house between is the meanest structure in the imposing square; and the announcement in faded gold letters on the dusty wire-blinds that it is the "Earlsport Bank" seems insufficient apology for its presence in a region consecrated to the best efforts of Earlsport's architectural genius. It was the oldest house in the square. Erections in all

the orders and most of the styles had sprung up around it, but the house of Brancepeth Brothers held its ground among its grander neighbours as unabashed as a Quaker in drab coat and square-toed shoes amid a bevy of Court-dressed beaux.

The house of Brancepeth Brothers maintained an attitude to its surroundings that was truly Tory. In vain did progress, in the form of the Earlsport Mechanics' Institute, throw a decorated Early-English glance of scorn on it from over the way; or art, as represented by the statue of the Great Lord Earlsfield, continue pointing a finger of reproof in its direction. Changes came and went on around it; the Earlsport Bank was altogether indifferent. It had been there before any of its grand neighbours; it might still be there when

quadrupeds, mouldy birds whose feathers fall out when dusted, the usual unwholesome crocodile and bottled reptiles, and a few uninteresting stones to represent the mineral kingdom. No; if you consult the catalogue, you will find that the Earlsport Museum not only comprises "an excellent and extensive cabinet of natural history," but that "it is also rich in special collections which only a *savant* can properly prize." Close by the door you notice a long glass case labelled "Coleoptera from Kaffirland, collected by John Sparshott, F.E.S.," and on the other hand a fine stuffed specimen of the "Black Spur-winged Goose (*Plectopterus niger*), shot near Cape Town by Dr John Sparshott, F.Z.S." A little farther on you will come to a large glass case containing an ugly brownish-grey snake, with a small head lying on the top of innumerable coils. This is ticketed "Tic-polonga (*Daboia elegans*), killed by Dr John Sparshott, Ceylon Sharpshooters, at Newera Ellia, Ceylon;" and at the end of the room, hard by the desk at which sits Mr Wynes, the deputy guardian of these treasures, your eye will probably be caught by a case inscribed "Mollusca of the Elsemouth coast, collected by Dr John Sparshott, F.R.S., curator, Earlsport Museum."

The thoughtful visitor, accustomed to draw his own conclusions, will infer by the time he has got thus far that Dr John Sparshott resembles Ulysses in having seen many men and many cities, or, to speak more strictly, many countries and many animals; and if he is possessed of more than his fair share of human sagacity, he will doubtless infer, from the fact of Dr John Sparshott, Fellow of the Royal and other learned societies, filling the humble post of curator

of the Earlsport Museum, that he does not also resemble the Ithacan in point of worldly wisdom. The intelligent visitor would be right, although very likely he would not waste a second thought about the matter, but would go back to Beechborough or Muddleham, or wherever else he came from to spend his holiday in seeing the lions of Earlsport—a little envious, it is to be hoped, of the Museum—forgetting the name of the curator before he was half-way home. But we are anxious that our readers should feel a little more interest in the man and his belongings. Certainly not on account of his scientific attainments or his fellowship of all the learned societies. We have a proper contempt for any scientist who grubs and plods in the byways of research, framing theories for other men to perfect, and putting no money into his own pocket all the while.

This was exactly what Dr John Sparshott did. In his boyhood people recognised that he had been born a naturalist. When at school he had added three new species to the flora of the county, which his proud father, the Vicar of Trinity Church, Earlsport, showed to Mr Mallow, the great local botanist, who forthwith communicated the fact to the Linnæan Society as his own discovery, and wrote an interesting paper on the subject and himself which may still be read at length in the 'Transactions.' At Cambridge, as his tutor wrote to the vicar, great things were expected of him, but somehow they never came to pass. John Sparshott was at this time so engrossed in investigating the basis of life in sponges that he could not afford to attend to the prescribed subjects, and he quitted the university unprovided with any of the symbols which have subsequently amplified his name.

When sent to walk the hospitals, he walked the Zoological Gardens instead; and though a diligent dissector, he divided his observations between human and brute subjects with more impartiality than the examiners of his day could approve of. However, he got his diploma; but the Board, fearing probably the consequences that might result to their fellow-subjects from Dr Sparshott's treatment, and thinking even the British soldier of too much value to be placed in his hands, interested itself in providing him with an appointment in the colonies, where, as every one knows, life is much less precious in official estimation than within the four seas that bound Great Britain.

So Dr John Sparshott went to the Cape as Assistant Colonial Surgeon, with the object, as the authorities in Downing Street presumed, of affording medical aid to the settlers in Grahamstown; his own view of his mission was that it was to study the Hottentot and Kafir races, and to obtain a complete collection of skulls of the South African tribes. Such diversity of opinion naturally resulted in difficulties. Dr Sparshott, at a time when fever was prevailing at Grahamstown, chanced to hear that a kraal of strange Kafirs from the far interior had settled only sixty miles to the northward, and straightway set out to visit them. When he came back without any skulls, but with his own head broken and a deep assegai-wound in his leg, those of his patients who had survived the epidemic said many disagreeable things about the unseasonableness of his scientific pursuits, and a memorial was even sent to the Governor about the matter. Representations found their way home, and there seemed a chance that the Colonial

Office would set Dr Sparshott altogether at liberty to pursue his researches; but his elder brother, who was now the vicar of Trinity Church, Earlsport, had been the college tutor of Lord Dockingham, the Under-Secretary, and the Office was loath to proceed to extremes. The Home Government had determined to disband the Royal Ceylon Sharpshooters at an early date, and perhaps it occurred to the Under-Secretary that Dr Sparshott's services might be utilised in reducing the claims for pension that would crop up in consequence; so he was gazetted surgeon to the Ceylon Sharpshooters, and embarked readily enough for Colombo, taking with him his numerous collections as well as a wife and daughter, of whom, by some means inexplicable even to himself, he had become possessed during his South African sojourn.

Mrs Sparshott was a pretty lady, come of a good old family of Dutch settlers, with nothing remarkable about her except a neat way of fixing beetles on cardboard with pins, which was perhaps the accomplishment that had captivated the doctor; and she made things as comfortable for her husband as possibly could be made for a man who had no appreciation of comfort as it is usually understood. So Mrs Sparshott and her daughter Cloete, who took her name from her mother's family, accompanied the doctor to Ceylon, where he added much to his collections, and might have gained an extensive experience in liver complaint, a disease which the Slave Island Mess was noted for developing among the gallant Sharpshooters. But here again the doctor's scientific passion proved too much for the requirements of duty. Just as the gallant Colonel Peppercorn was

prostrated by a second attack of *delirium tremens*, the doctor set off to Dolosbagie to look for the *Hemileia vastatrix*, which was rumoured to have made its appearance among the coffee-plants in that district. The indignation of the commandant, thus abandoned to the care of a "beastly Burgher," as he called the practitioner of mixed Dutch and Cinghalese descent whom he had to call in, was unappeasable. The whole officialdom of the island was stirred by this act of insubordination and Colonel Peppercorn's outcries; and dire were the punishments which menaced the doctor when he had caught the *Hemileia*, and chose to return to his duty. About this the doctor troubled himself little. He had made up his mind that the *Hemileia* was a subject that could be properly discussed only by learned societies in London, and before them he had determined to lay his observations without delay. So he let loose his largest cobra at Jack Vanderspar, the adjutant, who was sent by the colonel to demand his sword and put him under arrest, wrote a hurried resignation, and without waiting its acceptance, began to pack up Cloete and the rest of his collections against the arrival of the next mail-steamer at Galle. The doctor's *impedimenta* had by this time been reduced by the death of Mrs Sparshott, an event which he perhaps regretted the less as he had long ago discovered that the good woman's scientific interests could not be developed beyond the manual aptitude already alluded to which had gained his early affections. So he departed, utterly indifferent as to the grave questions which he was leaving behind him, as to whether he

should be tried by court-martial or brought before a court of inquiry in the first instance, although these were being discussed with all the legal knowledge that the local authorities could bring to bear upon the question. The *Hemileia* was gravely debated by the Linnæan, the Zoological, the Entomological, and the Microscopical Societies, and the discussion even penetrated to the rooms of the Royal and the Physical. The hot controversy between the fiery Irish *savant* Professor Snailey and the obstinate Scottish naturalist Professor Grubb may still be remembered, the former doggedly maintaining that the *Hemileia* was propagated by "wurrums," while the latter was equally positive that it was diffused by "jurms." The daily press endeavoured to mediate between the disputants, and for a whole week the *Hemileia* was "up." But somehow or other Dr Sparshott was allowed to drop out of sight, and by-and-by it was completely forgotten that the *Hemileia* had been almost entirely his own discovery. Thus it happened that while Dr Thrips was sent out by the Colonial Office as a special commissioner to investigate and report upon the coffee pest, and Professor Wingfield made a European reputation by his work upon the 'Phylloxera and the Hemileia,' Dr Sparshott was spending in obscurity the last of his slender savings and beginning to feel the pressure of want in his little lodgings in Cecil Street, Strand. By-and-by, when his funds were altogether exhausted and he could no longer afford to send Cloete to school, and when his brother *savants* were taking a mean advantage of his difficulties by making tempting offers for his choicer specimens,

the doctor began to bethink himself whether a calf might not be fattening for him in the stalls of Trinity Vicarage, Earlsport.

He accordingly went back to his native town, taking with him, of course, his collections and Cloete. The former were with difficulty accommodated in one of the vicarage outhouses; while the latter was made much of by her uncle and the numerous cousins who were springing up with somewhat embarrassing rapidity under the vicar's roof-tree. Cloete now for the first time met with companions of her own age; and a new world of love and sympathy and sociability was opened up to the little girl, who had never known any friends except the native attendants that had done their best to spoil her. But though the vicar was an affectionate brother, he was also the father of a large and increasing family; and the thought of what was to be done with the doctor and his daughter caused the worthy man a deal of anxiety. As for the doctor himself, he was already engrossed in the fossil sponges of the few chalk cliffs lying to the north of Muddleham, and gave himself no concern about the future.

It was about this time that it was borne in upon the good citizens of Earlsport that the dignity of their town required some practical vindication against the pretensions of Beechborough with its library, and Muddleham with its park. A park was out of the question; for the elections were just over, and the growing opposition to his brother had so irritated Lord Earlsfield, that it would have been useless to have sought ground from him. There was already an

omnium gatherum of curiosities in a lumber-room of the Town Hall, and when there was a talk of arranging them so that people might see them, and the mayor began to speak of a Museum, the prudent vicar saw a way out of his troubles. There was Dr Sparshott's wonderful collection, which the town might acquire for a very moderate sum; and where would they find so good a custodian for it as the doctor himself? Here they had a Museum formed to their hand, which would not only cast Beechborough far into the shade, but would be unrivalled among provincial towns. Here was a curator, too, whose scientific reputation would make Earlsport famous. So the vicar preached, and his counsels fell upon not unwilling ears; for the Sparshotts were an old Earlsport family, and had many connections in the corporation. Thus it befell that while the doctor was still busy with his fossil sponges, his collection was purchased, and himself installed as curator of the Earlsport Museum, almost before he understood what was being done. His salary was very small; and though the corporation generously gave him leave to practise his profession, the citizens set more store by their lives than to commit their ailments to Dr Sparshott's treatment. But the doctor rose sensibly in public estimation, which had hitherto set him down as little better than waif and vagabond. Now that he had been bought by the corporation, Earlsport must parade and magnify his scientific attainments, condone his hasty temper and irregular work as eccentricities of a high type of genius, and laud the desultory researches which it had hitherto condemned as "fads."

CHAPTER IV.—CLOETE SPARSHOTT.

A suite of rooms on the topmost floor of the Town Hall, over the Museum, had been assigned to the curator as quarters, and thither we now invite the reader to accompany us.

The rooms were plain but comfortably furnished. Neither gold nor ebony shone in Dr Sparshott's house; but there were marks of refined taste and female ingenuity that softened the too substantial fittings, and made the visitor forget that the room was part of a public building. A few delicate water-colours hung upon the walls, and a painting or two which had escaped the wreck of such better days as the doctor had seen. A pretty cottage-piano, the gift of the vicar to Cloete, stood in a corner of the room, with a neatly carved walnut case of well-filled music-shelves hanging above it. There was a bookcase, too, stored with unpretentiously bound but classic works; and a folded-up easel in another corner denoted that art was not unstudied. But though woman's neat efforts and tastes had done much to aid the efforts of the Earlsport upholsterers, provided as per contract, it was Cloete Sparshott herself that made the doctor's quarters refined and cheerful, and sent away the visitor with a feeling that he had been visiting an enchanted palace. Men who set up as discriminating judges in Earlsport declared that Cloete was the fairest and rarest treasure that the Museum contained, a view from which the doctor would unhesitatingly have dissented, in spite of his paternal feelings; for was there not downstairs the most perfect collection of graptolite *Didymograsmus* in the world, with two or three

fossils that no other collector had ever been able to lay hands on, and all secured by himself?

Cloete herself sits by the window sewing. Where had she got that beauty which attracted the admiration of the other sex and the criticism of her own? Certainly not from the wiry face of her father, with its sharp angles and irregular lines, or even from the Dutch roundness and vapidly regular features of her pretty mother. It had never occurred to the doctor that his daughter was beautiful, else he would doubtless have sought for some scientific explanation of the fact. But beautiful Cloete Sparshott was, although her beauty was not of the kind that painters generally seek for in their models, or poets delight in assigning to their subjective mistresses. The broad arched brow, with thick masses of dark-brown hair parted evenly and delicately to each side, and a slightly aquiline nose such as we see on Julian coins and medals, if they were too strong for a face of feminine softness, were balanced by the beautiful moulding of the cheeks and mouth, the sweet arch of her lips, the dainty dimple of her chin, the poise and perfection of her neck flowing downwards in gentle lines to her shapely shoulders. The tremulous curve of the mouth spoke of passion, if not disappointment, but drew firmly in at the ends, indicative of a counterbalancing determination. But her womanly charm lay in her deep grey eyes, changing colour with each change of her mind, now apparently melting into soft blue, now flashing with a lustre almost as dark as her hair. She was tall and finely formed, her Eastern

childhood having carried her safely through the period when girls generally set either to lines and angles or amorphous fleshliness. Her beauty was of the type that does not depend upon the percipient; it was the essence, not an accident of her being. She was only twenty, but her solitary life, the necessity of thinking for others, and the unfortunate end of her little romance, which we are presently to relate, had given her a gravity and sedateness that made her look older than her years.

Through a half-opened door comes a mixed sound of fussing and monologue running on in a muttered tone of captious commentary, rising sometimes to angry denunciation. This is the usual accompaniment of the doctor's studies, and Cloete is quite unconscious of the distraction.

"Six, seven, eight cepta, as plainly as possible, with the vanes on the right side of the body opening in a different direction to those on the left. There is an imperfection here. Umph! A stronger glass might make something of it. No, can't make it out distinctly. I must get another specimen though I should have to walk to the Muddleham cliffs for it. But even this is enough to warrant my theory. The cepta themselves produce the calcareous lamellæ. But for the fault of that cursed specimen I should have finished my proof this forenoon. I must get another as long as the facts are fresh in my mind."

After a pause, "What on earth could Milne-Edwards have been thinking of?—and Jules Haime too, who should have known better. If they had had eyes in their heads or a lens in their microscopes they must have seen the origin of the growth. I'll

touch 'em up in the next 'Journal.' What's the matter now, Mr Wynes? You invariably make a point of interrupting me if I am particularly engaged."

"It is Alderman Hanmer, sir," replied a meek voice, "who is down below showing the Museum to Mr Fusil, the distiller, from Muddleham. He is asking for you, and I think would like you to point out the specimens."

"Of course, of course," in a querulous tone; "not a minute to think over anything for stupid shipowners, and distillers whose brains are as thick as their own liquor. Of course I must trot at their heels. Get me a long wand, Wynes, and I'll be the showman. Don't they pay me for it? Perhaps they would like Cloete to play a barrel-organ while they are going over the rooms. They'll give me 6d. at the door, perhaps. It wouldn't be the first time that sort of gentry have shown their liberality in the same way."

A shade of anxiety passed over Cloete's face, for Alderman Hanmer was a trustee of the Museum, and a man of great influence in Earlsport, pompous withal and disposed to expect attention; while her father, if he was in one of his moods, was quite capable of leaving the mayor and whole corporation to flounder open eyed and mouthed among the fossils unenlightened by his presence.

"Show them over yourself, Mr Wynes," snapped the doctor, closing up his microscope with a clash. "Let 'em see the stuffed bear, and the crocodile, and the two-headed calf that came from Beechborough; and don't forget the case of monkeys. You needn't say anything about the Darwinian theory to them, Wynes; *parvenus* are always ashamed of their ancestors," added he, with a grim approach to

a joke; "and after they go away, bring up that small box of fossils from the Devon Greensand; I shall want them when I come back."

"If I can only get a specimen with perfect spicules," said the doctor, addressing himself as he entered Cloete's room, "the thing is done. The chain of evidence is complete. And what becomes of Schmidt's theory then? Where are my boots, Cloete?"

"You are surely not going out until you get dinner, father," said Cloete; "you have eaten nothing since morning. It will be dinner-time in little more than an hour."

"It will take me two hours to walk to Muddleham Point, and the sun sets soon after seven," grumbled the doctor. "I can't wait dinner. I must get some more specimens while my observations are fresh in my mind. Put a biscuit in my bag, Cloete, and don't wait dinner for me. There's a good girl."

The doctor proceeded to thrust his feet into a pair of stout walking-boots which showed evident signs of intimacy with the Muddleham rocks, while Cloete put some biscuits and sandwiches into the battered leathern knapsack that had been the companion of the doctor's wanderings in many parts of the world—the open garner of his treasures.

"Your hat, father," said Cloete, following him to the stair, for the doctor having armed himself with his stick, was starting with his head too full of *calcispongiæ* to be conscious of the want of its external covering; "and please don't forget to bring it home with you."

The doctor only vouchsafed a "Pshaw" to this admonition; and Cloete, returning to the window, sat down with her work on her lap, and looked dreamily out into

the square. She was not unhappy, but she could not help feeling that her life was duller and had less brightness than the lives of other young girls. Her father was good company, doubtless, for the fossils and skeletons that blocked up his room, but he had scarcely anything interesting or amusing to say to her. Engrossed as he was in his own studies, he could not enter into her mind, far less give her that sympathy and guidance so necessary to a young girl. As for love, she took it for granted that her father loved her as she loved him: although the paternal affection lacked expression, and probably missed the means of showing itself, it was there all the same. She had few friends except her cousins at the vicarage, and she was too proud to encounter the patronage that she might have had to put up with had she accepted other invitations. The doctor was related with the oldest and best families of Earlsport; but it was very doubtful whether these magnates appreciated the connection at its true value. At any rate, they could boast more loudly of the doctor's great scientific reputation in his absence than in his presence. There is something doubtful in the position of a man who keeps a Museum on a salary of only two hundred a-year, even when you throw rooms, coals, and gas into the bargain; and with not a few worthy people the doctor's scientific attainments only added fresh cause for misgivings, for surely there must be something wrong with a man who knew so much and yet could make so little by his knowledge. There could be no question about his brother the vicar's respectability: though his sermons were prosy and oft-repeated, and he was given to wrangling with the churchwardens,

he was decidedly a desirable man to meet in Earlsport society. If the doctor had been content to earn his living by blistering and bleeding patients in the ordinary way, it would have been different, even though he had made all the less by it, and though there had been a not inconsequent rise in the bills of mortality, for the practice of medicine was a recognised profession in Earlsport; but this science which ended in making men infidels like Huxley or Tyndall, or beggars like Dr Sparshott, could scarcely be looked upon as an altogether reputable pursuit. Cloete could divine what people thought; and though she was proud of her father's learning, and read and treasured up all the praises of his researches in the scientific periodicals, she too would have liked it better if he could have made more money, and worn better clothes, and mixed in society as other people did. But isolation had naturally made her proud, and she had too much spirit to share her feelings with others; she rather tried to convince herself that her father's anomalous position was a distinction, and to persuade herself that it was a privilege to share his secluded life. While she sat thus looking out at the window thinking many things without thinking what she was thinking about, a gentle tap came to the door, a head cautiously introduced itself; and when a furtive glance around took in the fact that the doctor was not there, the owner of the head, in the shape of a small sharp-eyed servant-maid, rushed into the room.

"O Miss Cloete! Miss Cloete! do look 'ee here one moment just. He came along the street just ahind me as I was a-comin' out from Sperlin's the grocer's, and that brute Sperlin' said afore all the

shop, 'Ain't the doctor not goin' to pay his bills again never? It's six weeks past the end of the quarter, and five months since I seen the colour of his money. And he's allus got plenty cash to throw away on dead beasteses and old stones. He should live on 'em, he should,' says he. And that long-tongued Mrs Pargiter was in the shop the whole time a-hearkening to every word; and when I come out, there he was a-going along the street, and I passed him and looked round into his face to make sure. And he is gone into his father's bank this blessed minute. Do 'ee look now, Miss Cloete;" and the girl was obliged to pause in her volubility for sheer lack of breath.

"He? Who, Mary?" said Cloete, languidly; "not Mr Sperling?"

"No, not him, Miss Cloete. It is Mr Brancepeth—Mr Stephen Brancepeth," with special emphasis on the Christian name.

Cloete started, and turned away from the window; but in spite of her effort to master herself, her face flushed, and she was half afraid that Mary might hear the beating of her heart. "You need not get dinner before evening, Mary," she said, struggling to speak in her natural tone of voice. "My father has gone out to the beach, and will not likely be back for three or four hours."

"Very well, miss," said Mary, in a disappointed tone; "there ain't nothing but the cold beef, and that will keep till any time. And I'll get you a cup o' tea, for you hain't eaten anything since breakfast. But lor', Miss Cloete, just to think of Mr Stephen comin' back and walking into the bank just as though nothin' had never happened!"

"You seem interested in Mr

Brancepeth, Mary," said Cloete coldly, as she plied her needle busily without raising her eyes. The servant darted a sharp incredulous glance at her, and then resumed her post of observation at the window.

"Here he comes again!" she cried; "do look out, Miss Cloete, do 'ee now." And seizing her young mistress by the arm, Mary almost turned her round. She did look out, and saw Stephen Brancepeth come out of the Earlsport Bank. He looked the picture of complacency and self-satisfaction; he had a cigar in his mouth; and he stopped to leisurely button a glove almost under the window from which his movements were being watched with so much interest, and then sauntered carelessly on, tapping the lamp-posts abstractedly with his cane,

until he disappeared round the corner.

"And now, Miss Cloete, I'll just get your tea," cried Mary, rushing off to the kitchen; and Cloete Sparshott continued to look out in the same attitude in which the girl had left her. The tea was brought in due course, but it lay untasted on the table beside her. The evening fell, the last sun-rays had ceased to play lingeringly upon her hair, and the lamps began to glimmer in the twilight of the square below. But Cloete Sparshott was still lost in a reverie of memory, heedless of the flight of the hours. Did she dream of the Future? Perhaps. The Future should be full of possibilities for a girl of twenty; but Cloete's life seemed to have ended before she well knew that it had begun.

CHAPTER V.—CLOETE'S ROMANCE.

Young as she was, Cloete Sparshott had had her day-dream. She had lived and loved, and Stephen Brancepeth had been the hero of her idyl. In a provincial town like Earlsport, where every one knew everybody else, and all about his or her belongings, the love-passages between Stephen Brancepeth and Cloete Sparshott, and the unlucky termination up to which they led, had caused no little stir, and had been narrated in many versions, more or less exaggerated and untrue, which we shall now correct by giving the plain unvarnished facts. Stephen Brancepeth was an undergraduate of Cambridge when he made the acquaintance of Cloete Sparshott at the house of her cousin, pretty Mrs Fossebraye, the newly married wife of George Fossebraye, the head of the firm of Fossebraye

& Mold, solicitors. Susceptible in temperament, and easily impressed by Cloete's freshness and beauty, Brancepeth at once fell head and ears in love with the girl almost before she had finally escaped from school. Madge Fossebraye, of whom her friends said that she "muddled things with the best intentions," took the lovers under her wing, opened her house to their meetings, and gave them all the encouragement in her power without any thought of circumstances. George Fossebraye, with more foresight, would have remonstrated, but Brancepeth had been his friend from the time when they were boys together, and it would not be agreeable for him to intervene. So the meetings went on; and though these were frequent enough and open enough to set tattle agoing, matters might

have been kept quiet for a longer time had their intercourse been confined to Mrs Fossebraye's drawing-room. But love wants a wider vista than four walls in the hot midsummer days, and the dim twilight of autumn. There were walks along the benty dunes, strolls upon the sands even by moonlight, saunters by the banks of the Else and through the shady walks in the Earlsfield woods. No wonder the town talked. As for Stephen Brancepeth and Cloete, concealment was their last idea. What people were saying about them never once entered into the region of their speculations. Perfect love requires perfect abstraction. Admit the notion of an external universe, and how jagged and uneven does its course become! It knows not time or space—who has not felt the hours to be minutes and the miles but steps when the beloved object was by him? But from such ideals there always comes a rude awakening. We discover that we are conditioned. We are lowered from the felicity of the abstract to irksome concrete details. The glass has fallen, there is a depression of the atmosphere, and the clouds bode rain.

Thus our two young friends lived perfectly happy, as if they had an entire universe to themselves, thinking nothing of the future, except perhaps as of an unclouded sunny day throughout the whole length of which they were to be together gathering daisies and cooing in the shade of the elms. But more experienced people took a different view of their on-goings, and speculated where it was to end. Had Cloete had a mother to guard and counsel her, we may be sure that she would have had no such opportunities of furnishing matter for talkative

tongues. The vicar, who had heard of these walks on the dunes and meetings at Madge Fossebraye's, did indeed speak to the doctor; but unfortunately he happened to be at the time so immersed in his investigations into the amœboid corpuscles of the starfish, that he either never comprehended there was anything wrong, or if he did, forgot all about it. Mr Stephen Brancepeth, it might have been thought, from his six years' advantage of seniority, would have guessed the danger to which he was exposing the girl; but Mr Stephen also was well content with Fools' Paradise; he was perfectly happy, perfectly sincere and honourable; and even if he had had misgivings, his character was not without a fine grain of high-toned selfishness which would have declined to forego the joy of these meetings for any ulterior considerations.

Mr Brancepeth, senior, was not a man who was in the way of hearing gossip. Since his wife's death he had seen little of society except in his business, and he kept aloof from the Earlsport capitalists—out of pride and stubbornness, as they said. When his son was at home, he would hear from him the talk of the town and make his comments on it. At other times he was a recluse, dining by himself and reading or working late into the night. He was not a father to make a onfidant of, and Stephen, in trying to love him, only succeeded in fearing him. But removed as Mr Brancepeth was from the tittle-tattle of Earlsport, news of Cloete and his son did not fail to reach his ears, probably through some loquacious customer in the bank parlour who wished to avenge himself for a refusal of accommodation by a bit of disagreeable information. "I hope

you are not making a fool of yourself with that Sparshott girl," the banker had said stiffly, and then, as if the expression of his wish was a sufficient command, dropped the subject. And Stephen had said nothing, although half an hour after he had at his tongue's-end an impassioned plea on behalf of his love, which he doubted not must have carried the old man along with it. Alas for those responses that come only when the question has passed away, and for those opportunities that never present themselves until after they have been missed!

The postal revenues doubtless benefited considerably during the remaining years of Stephen Brancepeth's Cambridge career by the voluminous correspondence that passed between him and Cloete, —warm outpourings of a simple heart's devotion on the girl's side, scarcely less ardent, if more irregular, responses on the other; for it was understood between them that Mr Stephen was reading hard for his degree. When the respectable status of Bachelorhood had been attained, and he had quitted the university for, as he imagined, love and Cloete, his father for the first time enunciated his intentions for the future. They were dining alone, as usual, and when the cloth had been removed they were sitting over their wine, with the fire cosily between them. Stephen was to serve for a year in the bank under Mr Sellicoe's supervision, retaining in the meantime his Cambridge allowance, and after that time, if he showed aptitude for business and applied himself to work, he would be admitted into partnership on a share which would increase as time went on, until the whole became his own in the natural course of events. "And," said the old man, "with your advantages and

education, if you are fond of public life, I see nothing to hinder you from being returned for the borough. George Colpoys is about played out here, and though I would not go against his lordship, I believe I could secure his support. Earls court and the bank between them can return a member for Earlsport any day."

Stephen listened with mixed feelings. He had no particular liking for work, banking was not a profession that had any special attractions; still there was something to an Earlsport man, and with Earlsport feelings, in the idea of being a partner in Brancepeth Brothers. There is pleasure too, as well as distinction, in being a member of Parliament, "Stephen Brancepeth, M.P." His beautiful wife, too—what a sensation she would cause in London society! But then, what would his father say about Cloete? There would doubtless be a difficulty as to her; but Stephen had made up his mind, and with all his pliability and mental indolence, he had his full share of the Brancepeth obstinacy. It never entered his mind for an instant that he would not carry his point.

"Well, sir," he replied, when his father had finished, "I shall do my best to meet your wishes. I cannot say that I feel any special fitness for banking or ambition for Parliament. What would you think of my marrying? There is nothing like marriage for steadying a man down for work."

"I don't believe in early marriages," said Mr Brancepeth, hastily; "I trust you have not got entangled at Cambridge in any way?"

"No, certainly not," replied Stephen, readily; "but you see—"

"Of course there might be circumstances under which an early

marriage would be recommendable. If wealth and position came in the way, these are not to be neglected. But though I have considered the matter carefully, and kept my eyes about me, I know no one with whom I would recommend you to commit yourself at present."

"I am afraid, sir, my views are humbler than yours. I shall never marry except for love. I have been engaged for more than a year to Miss Sparshott, the doctor's daughter."

"Stephen Brancepeth!" cried the father sharply, facing round upon him, "are you a born fool?"

"I see no good making a fuss about it," said Stephen, doggedly; "the thing is done. We both love each other, and only want your consent to make us happy."

"Upon my soul!" began the banker, and then changing his tone, "Did I not warn you against that girl more than a year ago?"

"I am old enough to judge for myself," retorted Stephen. "Miss Sparshott is a lady of quite as good a family as our own. We need not marry for mercenary motives."

"Speak for yourself," retorted his father. "So far as I am aware, all the means you have in the world is the five hundred pounds which your aunt bequeathed to you on her death."

"I am your son, sir—your only son."

"All the more reason why I should prevent you from ruining yourself."

"What I mean is, that you will surely do me justice, however greatly you disapprove of my choice. You have no relative in the world except myself. I am willing to follow up the views you have put before me in every other respect, but you must place me in such a situation that I and my wife

shall be able to live in Earlsport, where we are known, in the position that we should occupy. I regret that my marriage should annoy you; but my word is passed to Miss Sparshott, and I will not break it."

"Then hear me pass my word," said Mr Brancepeth, rising to his feet, and fixing his eyes, flashing with anger, sternly on the face of his son; "neither shall I break mine. If you marry this girl, I completely disown you. You shall never have another farthing from me, nor any other kind of assistance. You shall leave this house to-morrow, and henceforth we shall be not strangers merely, we shall be enemies."

"It is all very well to talk," said Stephen, with growing anger, "but you will find that I am not to be moved by idle threats. You cannot deny me at least justice. I want an adequate maintenance for myself and my wife, and you shall have no more trouble with us."

"You shall not have a farthing except the £500 that belongs to you. I have said it."

"Am I, then, to be denied justice altogether—to be deprived of my rights?"

"You have no rights."

"My mother brought you £25,000. Am I not entitled, as her only child, to a share?"

"It was too little to compensate me for the trial of having borne me such a son."

"You shall not insult my mother's memory. You will repent this, father. The day will come when you will be sorry for your treatment of me."

"I shall wait for that day," returned the banker calmly, and gathering up his newspapers, he retired to the library.

Next morning a note was hand-

ed to Stephen before he was up. It contained his father's cheque for £500, with the accrued interest, and a receipt already filled up for his signature. This was all. The young man felt that the glove was thrown down to him, and he would not have been a Brancepeth if he had hesitated to pick it up. That afternoon he started for London.

He did not trust himself to see Cloete; he could not bear to witness the pain that his tidings would inflict. Without Goethe's genius, Stephen had a great deal of the great man's intellectual selfishness. But from London he wrote her what was meant to be a cheering letter. He could not conceal altogether the magnitude of the sacrifice he was making for her sweet self; no doubt he mentioned the partnership in the bank, and the seat in Parliament; but he assured her that he would resolutely set to work and conquer fortune to make a home for her, where they could live for ever in happiness and comfort, though not in splendour.

Cloete wrote imploring him to give her up, to be reconciled to his father. She could not bear the thought that she was standing between them. She could never forget him, never love any one else, never marry another; but she besought him to give her up and become friends with Mr Brancepeth.

Cloete Sparshott was perfectly sincere in the midst of this first great trouble which had fallen upon her young life. It was as if she had awoke from a dream and found herself confronted by realities which had to be wrestled with in earnest. If a sacrifice must be made, it was right that she should be the victim. Stephen had everything to lose, and she—she had only a heart to break.

"Give me up, oh give me up!" was the burden of her letters. "I am wretched, but the idea of what you must be suffering for me makes me still more unhappy."

Stephen Brancepeth in reply assured her that no power on earth would ever make him give her up, but his letters did not tend much to lighten the load of sorrow which was weighing down Cloete. He could get nothing to do; he would do nothing that was offered him; he found his Cambridge education rather a hindrance than a help. He tried journalism without success; literature with even less satisfactory results; he could paint as an amateur—the print-sellers at Cambridge who had framed his pictures for him had flattered him about the fortune he could make with his brush; but he found he would scarcely be able to keep body and soul together by art as a profession. He had never had to cultivate small economies, and now found his money gliding away like snow in June. One can live more cheaply on the Continent—what Englishman since the days of Kenny Dodd ever succeeded in doing so?—and thither Mr Brancepeth repaired to spin out the remainder of his small capital as long as possible. Disappointment preyed upon his spirits, and his health gave way. At last he was compelled to own himself beaten—beaten in so far that he would condescend to write to his father for money to take him out to the colonies, there to try his fortune. Of this letter no notice was taken; and sick at heart, Stephen Brancepeth took to bed at Montpellier, and lay for weeks ill in body and worse in mind. Part of his story during this time of sickness will have to be told afterwards; it need only be said at present that he wrote,

as soon as he was able, to Cloete, and told her that he had renounced all hope of ever being able to make her his wife—all prospects of love, happiness, or peace in this world. He would never condemn her to ally herself to the fortunes of a ruined and broken man, one whom the Fates were determined to pursue to destruction. She was free—free to seek for her happiness apart from one to whom that condition would be for ever denied; but throughout life and at the moment of his death she would still hold the chief place in his thoughts.

There was no address sent with this letter, as if the writer had wished to deprive Cloete of the chance of assuring him that misfortune would never alter her constancy. She was stunned with the crash of all her hopes and dreams; but when she recovered, she was a woman and a love-sick girl no longer. She could calmly review the past and see how foolish they both had been. She had allowed herself to be carried away by her passion. All those long walks and clandestine meetings had been

wrong, had been unmaidenly, and Cloete felt as if she could have killed herself when she recalled them. And was Stephen Brancepeth really the hero she had fancied him, the man who could buckler her against the world, the man for whom she could treat with scorn the gossiping tongues of Earlsport and the admonitions of her friends? He had not conquered the world for her sake; nay, had he not rather fallen in the first course? Her idol was to some extent shattered; she took it down from its pedestal, but still she could not help worshipping it in secret.

Yet he had come back, well in health, apparently well in circumstances, and Cloete's heart beat all the more quickly and tremulously. It was nothing to her, she told herself; her romance was finished. She was no longer a sentimental, foolish girl; she was a woman schooled in sorrow, and possessed of a woman's experience and control. He had probably made it up with his father by renouncing her. Well, she had entreated him to do so. And yet, and yet——

PROFITABLE FARMING, AND EMPLOYMENT OF LABOUR.

To most persons connected with land at the present time, the two ideas expressed in the title of this paper will appear antagonistic. Farming is not profitable, and one main cause of its being unremunerative is the enhanced cost of labour. There is indeed another cause in the drop in prices. But this, though it is perhaps the more prominent, is in reality the less important of the two. It may be useful to consider in the first instance the relative effect and influence of both, in order that we may arrive at a just appreciation of the nature of the present difficulty.

But in estimating prices, we must avoid the error of looking merely at those current for the moment. These in the important departments of wheat and store stock have, during the last few months, fallen to a point never before reached. This fact, coupled with a bad crop in the south of England (this last misfortune has happily not extended to the north of England and Scotland), has brought on an acute crisis, of which the recent Conference in London is an expression. But the extreme depression of the last few months is easily explained, and the explanation shows it may be expected to be of only temporary duration. In 1891 the United States wheat crop was the largest on record, being at the rate of fifteen bushels per acre, against the usual average of twelve bushels. This gave an addition to the usual surplus for exportation of about twelve million quarters. In the belief that the concurrent shortage in France, Germany, and Russia would send prices up, the

American farmers for a time held back this surplus. But the supplies which reached Europe were still in excess of the demand, prices fell instead of rising, and when they had harvested their crop this year, American holders took fright, and for the last three months they have been rushing both crops to market faster than trains could carry them. Grain merchants and granaries are glutted, and only the belief that this inordinate supply will be all consumed before next crop is due, prevents the prices from dropping yet more rapidly and seriously. But as there has been no appreciable increase in the wheat area of the United States during the last decade, and present prices will certainly not provoke any, a return to average production and prices is certain to take place as soon as the phenomenal crop of 1891 has been eaten. The drop in store stock is due to similar causes operating in our own country. For a number of years breeding of cattle and sheep has been highly profitable. The price of young stock has in fact been so high that feeders could not purchase on terms to leave them any profit on fattening. A number of these have therefore taken to the plan of breeding or bringing up calves and lambs for themselves. As a consequence there is less demand for young stock, and farmers in the western counties, where these were chiefly reared, are now, after a period of prosperity, having their turn of depression. Naturally they cry out. But meat has hardly fallen, and therefore those who buy to fatten will now have a good time,

of which they will probably say nothing.

In previous epochs there have also been fluctuations of price. The only safe way of making a comparison is therefore to take an average founded on periods of several years together. With this view let us go back a quarter of a century, and take the five years ending with 1865, or take the five years ending with 1870, the date at which the general fall in prices began, and compare the average prices for these periods with the average for the five years completed in 1891, since we have not yet the figures for 1892. The results are stated in the following table. The prices for grain are the imperial averages for England and Wales, those for beef are the top prices at the Christmas markets per 8 lb.

Average five years ending—	Wheat. s. d.	Barley. s. d.	Oats. s. d.	Beef. s. d.
1866 . .	46 5	35 2	20 0½	5 4
1871 . .	55 11	38 7	25 7	5 10
1891 . .	32 7	27 2	17 0	5 3

The rise of wheat in the quinquennial period ending 1871 is chiefly due to the exceptional price of 64s. which it attained in 1867 and 1868. On the other hand, in 1866 it was only 40s. 11d., and in 1869 it had again gone down to 48s. 2d. These fluctuations show that we must not go by single years.

If we take the mean of the three principal grains together, we find that in the period ending 1866 it was 33s., in the period ending 1871 40s., and in the period ending 1891 25s. 7d., being a drop in the latter of about one-fifth as compared with the first, and of one-third as compared with the second period. The best quality of meat has scarcely varied in average price. At the Christmas

market just past it was 5s. 4d. per 8 lb. Inferior qualities have, however, fallen more in proportion.

Apart, however, from the immediate depression, the general fall in prices of grain during the last twenty years was due to a concurrence of circumstances which almost accidentally came into play about the commencement of that period. On the conclusion of the civil war in the United States of America, lavish grants of unoccupied lands in the West were made to the disbanded soldiers. Railways were pushed into these regions, and were paid for by a grant of half the lands bordering them, which the companies in turn sold to new settlers. Hence there was at once a demand for labour, and a stimulus to take up and cultivate vast tracts of new country. In India a like extension of railways was taking place, thus tapping great districts of wheat-growing soil. At the same time ocean navigation was receiving an extraordinary development, through the employment of iron and steel in ship-building, and the increasing adoption of steam. Thus emigration to new and fertile regions was promoted, while the products of all lands were poured in augmenting volumes into the markets of Europe. This necessarily (without taking into account the effect of the concurrent appreciation of gold) lowered prices all round, but most of all in wheat, as being the product easiest grown and marketed. The only wonder is that the effect in this direction has been really so moderate. The reason is, that the current price is the minimum at which grain can in any country be produced. The fall has been even more disastrous to American farmers than to our

own. Many farms in the older States have lapsed back into wilderness. The State of Pennsylvania lately advertised 400 abandoned farms for sale. By the general fall of prices, the further extension of wheat culture on new lands has thus been greatly checked, and it has been for some time stationary or even contracting, while the population is increasing by 1,500,000 annually.¹ There is therefore reason to believe that not merely has the fall in prices reached its limit, but that a gradual though slow rise will begin.

The actual fall, it has been said, may be taken at one-third. But this bears less heavily on the British farmer than on his competitors. For they, as a rule, grow nothing but grain, since they do not resort to rotation of crops. But in this country grain occupies at most only half, often much less than half, of the arable area of the farm. Besides what is under rotation we have about an equal area in permanent grass, without taking any account of heath or mountain. Hence the drop in grain prices affects only one-fourth of our farm lands, and being one-third upon the produce of these, it really amounts to only one-twelfth of the value of the total produce of the farm. In meat, which is the product of the other three-fourths of our land, there has been, as we have seen above, hardly any change in the last quarter of a century. Indeed, if we were to go a little

further back, we should find that present prices show a distinct rise. The low price of stores at the present moment must not be confounded with the price of fat cattle. Meantime, also, we have got the benefit of an even greater fall in price of artificial manures and oil-cakes. Most of these cost now only half what they did twenty or thirty years ago. On the whole, therefore, in so far as regards prices, the British farmer has, taking things all round, suffered but little. He could have held his own, with perhaps a little help from his landlord, had he had no other enemy to contend with than his foreign competitors.

But his far more serious foes have been of his own household. The rise in agricultural wages during the same space of time has been in all places a full third, in many a half. Indeed in manufacturing districts within the present generation the wages of farm labourers have quite doubled. This means an addition to the expense of cultivation of from 10s. to 20s. an acre. It has been met, therefore, by the fall in rent to that extent, and thus ultimately it has affected the landlord only. But it lighted first on the tenant, and his relief only came later. It was also the more crushing because it occurred at the same time with some bad seasons, and with the general fall in grain prices. Nor has it any compensation in increased efficiency of the labourer. The minds of the working classes have become somewhat unsettled

¹ In the decade 1870-80 the wheat area in the United States expanded from 19,000,000 acres to 38,000,000 acres. But in the succeeding decade, 1880-90, it actually decreased to 36,000,000. These are the figures of the Agricultural Department, but the census returns of 1890 just published make the area in wheat 5,000,000 acres less. Meantime population has so increased that while in 1880 40 per cent of the crop was exported, in 1890 only 22 per cent was exported.

in many districts in England; they are passing through a transitional stage, and that is not favourable to steadiness or diligence in work. Therefore to the farmer the increase of wages is pure loss. And as he has, in his difficulties, granted it reluctantly and sparingly, he has often seen his best and most energetic hands drift away from him to the towns, which are no longer unknown and inaccessible, and which offer the attractions of still higher wages and of greater variety of employment and of chances to rise in life.

Moreover, the rise in wages is a tendency which, far from being likely to be reversed, is almost certain to make further progress. It is the marked phenomenon of all industry at the present day. It is one with which in the abstract we must all rejoice, for it means ultimately more comfort and happiness throughout the community. However hardly it may press for the moment on individuals or on classes, we cannot stay its course if we would, and we ought not if we could.

In the first encounter of this new burden, however, the natural resource of the farmer was to pay off hands. And since rotation culture does not admit of a reduction of labourers, the only plan was to throw land out of rotation, and lay it down in permanent grass. This course was indeed recommended by nearly all the farmers' authoritative advisers. Small wonder, then, if he has adopted it on a very extensive scale. During the last twenty years, nearly 5,000,000 acres have been thus withdrawn from cultivation. That means, that at least 200,000 families have been thrown out of employment in the rural districts. Thus has arisen the question, one of the most serious of the present

day, of rural depopulation, by the migration of ever-increasing multitudes from the country to the towns.

But these counsels of despair have not brought relief to the class to which they have been offered, and which has so widely acted upon them. Cattle-breeding and dairying are as depressed as wheat-growing. For the moment, indeed, they are the most depressed of all. Nor has anything but loss accrued to the nation from the change. Of the 5,000,000 acres laid down to grass, about half have been taken from grain, thus compelling us to import additional foreign grain to the annual value of ten to fifteen millions sterling. But the additional production of meat has been very trifling. Till last year there was no increase of cattle, and this year it amounts to only some 1,500,000, chiefly young animals; while we have no more sheep than we had in 1870. The additional production of meat is not one-fourth the value of the loss in grain. Thus the labourers, the farmers, the landlords, and the nation at large, are all the poorer—there are less wages, lower profits, and a diminished supply of food, as the result of the system of trying to cut down expenses by employing less labour.

But the most remarkable feature in this device is, that it is diametrically the opposite of that which is adopted in all other industries when they are placed in like difficulties. Neither foreign competition nor a rise in wages is peculiar to agriculture alone. Every branch of manufacture and commerce has in this country experienced the same trials. All have had to encounter foreign rivalry, hostile tariffs, and enhanced cost of labour. But in

none except farming have the adversities been met by the expedient of discharging hands, diminishing capital, and reducing production. On the contrary, the manufacturer, the mine-owner, the merchant who is thus threatened, meets the opposition by straining every nerve to increase production. He builds new mills, he employs more hands, he puts more and more capital into his business, he produces more goods, and therefore more cheaply, and so at greater profit. By such a system, British energy has triumphed over rivals on every side. Only in farming the opposite system has been resorted to, and only in farming is there lamentation over failure.

It is no answer to this criticism to tell us that the average crops and cattle of Great Britain are superior to those of other countries. No one denies that British energy is exerted in farming as well as in other avocations, and that when matched only against the mere energy of the foreigner it would triumph. But it is nowadays matched against not merely energy but virgin soil in the new hemisphere, and against the competition of labour at one-fourth the cost of British labour in the old. The plain fact stares us in the face, and the recent Conference has emphasised it, that the present system of British farming cannot cope with these new opponents. But from this admitted fact rises the primary inquiry whether the present system of farming is ultimate perfection, or whether some resources of science, some application of new knowledge, outside the rut of ancient practice, might not afford a help which would enable agriculture, like other industries, to meet new conditions with new

methods, to beat foreign competition by means of increased production, and to pay for dear labour by employing even more of it in more remunerative ways.

I venture to think that this grave question may be answered in the affirmative. In this paper I propose to show in brief outline some of the suggestions which science offers, and which commerce and manufacture place within the reach of British agriculture. In doing this I make no pretence to any discovery of my own, still less am I going to recommend any one crop or culture as a universal panacea. Those who do so pay no regard to the difference of soil, of climate, or of markets; and if their recommendations were adopted generally, they would lead to a ruinous glut of the special article that hits their fancy. I shall therefore not preach milk, or pork, or jam, or flax, or any other nostrum. I shall assume that we stick to old-fashioned production of the great staples of food, corn and meat. But I hope to show that by taking advantage of certain recent discoveries of science which only confirm and establish very old practices, and by applying them with certain modifications of customary routine, we have the means of very largely increasing the production and the profit which the land of the United Kingdom now yields.

The oldest of principles in farming is, that to grow large crops we must manure heavily. But science has in this century taught us that manure is not solely cartloads of foul straw, but essentially certain chemical elements, of which nitrogen, potash, phosphorus, and lime are the chief. Given only a hundredweight per acre (or a little

more or less) of each of these, and we know that we can raise the heaviest crops from the most barren of soils. This has come to be familiar to us in practice. Every farmer now uses nitrate of soda, or dissolved bones, or mineral superphosphate, to some of his crops, and we know that he generally gains a profit by their use. But he is guided in their employment by no principle. He follows the custom of his neighbours, making no examination whether it suits his own farm. Hence three times out of four he fails to make the profit he should, because he either gives too much or too little of some one material, through sheer ignorance of what his own soil stands especially in need of. The further loss from buying adulterated articles is too generally recognised to need more than a remark. But failure is inevitable when the ordinary farmer seldom asks for an analysis, seldom understands it if it is offered him, and scarcely ever knows enough of chemistry, the foundation of all farming, to be able to test for himself the goods which he buys, or the correctness of the analysis on which they are sold.

But another grave error in his practice is that he fails to apply these new agents of fertility to the land he has laid down to grass. Sir John Lawes has shown that of artificial manure applied to grain crops we only recover from a half to two-thirds, while if applied to grass we recover the whole. Therefore it is clearly much more advantageous to apply them to grass. So applied there is a certainty that they will return 100 per cent on the outlay. They not only increase the crop, but make it greatly more nutritious. This was pointed out twenty years ago by Sir H. M. Thompson in a well-

known paper. Yet scarcely any farmer in the kingdom gives artificial manure to his pastures, unless perhaps it be a rare dressing of bone-dust. Now when wheat was our main reliance, that crop received the most liberal manuring we could give it. If we now substitute grass for it, we ought in common-sense to manure the grass, instead of leaving it to nature only.

But a further and unforeseen advantage has within the last three or four years been shown to lie within the farmer's reach. It is nothing less than the discovery that Nature herself offers to him, without money and without price, an inexhaustible supply of the most valuable, essential, and costly of all the elements which he employs alike in food and in manure. That element is nitrogen. It costs in the market 6d. per lb., or £55 per ton, whether in the shape of nitrate of soda, or sulphate of ammonia, or of oil-cake, or of organic manure. Yet it lies around us in boundless quantity, forming four-fifths of the atmosphere in which we live. Only it happens that, in this free or uncombined state, nitrogen is the most inert of all substances. It is only when we obtain it in combination with oxygen as nitric acid, or with hydrogen as ammonia, or, in addition to both these, with carbon as organic albuminoids, that it becomes of value at all. Many efforts have been made to effect such combination artificially, and several processes have been patented for the purpose. But though successful in the laboratory, or on a small scale, they have thus far proved abortive in practice. Nature, however, does what we cannot do. It has long been known that by thunderstorms, and rains, and other methods,

she combines enough of nitrogen with oxygen or hydrogen to furnish our fields with 6 or 8 lb. of it a-year. A similar combination goes on within the soil to an amount which we cannot at present accurately estimate. But a third and more productive natural process has lately been ascertained to be in operation in certain cases. On the roots of leguminous plants and possibly a few others, there grow certain nodules or tubercles, or fungous excrescences, the work of microbes, which have the property of combining the nitrogen found in an air-permeated soil into compounds such as the parent plant can absorb, and can convert into the elements of its own tissues. Thus these plants become a factory on a large scale of the most valuable ingredients of food for animals, and of manures for other plants. For their own growth in carrying on this nitrogen-fixing process they need only the ordinary materials of a fertile soil. In an infertile soil, or for growth of extra luxuriance, they require only the addition of potash and phosphoric acid, neither of which costs as much as 2d. per lb., and which, being generally returned to the soil in the refuse of the plants themselves, do not require annual renewal.

Thus we have learned that Nature, duly understood and directed, furnishes to us in our own fields, and gratis (or after, at the most, a small preliminary outlay), ample supplies of a substitute for imported nitrate of soda and oil-cakes. This is a discovery of science, which, after all, is nothing more than knowledge of facts, acquired by exact observation. But in their own rough and unreflecting way farmers have really been aware of, and acting in some degree on, these facts all their lives. They

have perceived that clover and beans, both leguminous plants, form the best antecedent crop to wheat; and such in the southern districts of England is the usual rotation. They also recognise that vetches, beans, peas, and clover, all of them leguminous plants, are, either green or dry, the most nutritious of foods, and will fatten beasts without cake. They further had observed that all these plants were not benefited by nitrogenous manures, but on the contrary might even be injured or killed by them. And they had also long ago practised more or less the method of growing crops only to be ploughed in as "green manure" for other crops, a system which M. Ville, a French chemist, has lately vaunted as a discovery of his own, under the preposterous name of "sideration"!

But all these known facts and practices, while they serve to confirm the scientific discovery which explains them, were comparatively useless until science gave the explanation. For no one could tell whether they could be depended on in all circumstances, nor to what extent or in what manner they would enable us to dispense with outlay in the purchase of combined nitrogen. They were not, therefore, used systematically, but only occasionally and at hazard. Certain difficulties also stood in the way of their regular employment which have happily been removed by other processes now become available.

What science and practice thus mutually combine to recommend is therefore clearly the growing of crops of the leguminous family as extensively as can be made profitable. The profit from them is to be got in three ways—(1) by consuming (or selling) the ripe seed, as of beans and peas;

(2) by consuming the plant green or dried; (3) by ploughing it in as manure for other crops.

The first method is of limited use. Both beans and peas (for grain) are a capricious crop, remunerative only on certain soils and in certain seasons, and therefore not to be recommended for indiscriminate cultivation. The second system gives a range over the widest extent of species, embracing not merely beans and peas cut green, but clover, lucerne, sainfoin, vetches, lupins, and all other pea-flowering plants, all of which are useful for cattle food either green or dried. All of these are also available for use under the third method—that is, for ploughing in green as manure for wheat or other grains. But as between the two latter methods of use, the former has the advantage, so long as the price of meat remains at a paying standard. For the portion of food which is converted into meat brings an enhanced value, while the portion which is returned to the soil, as the litter or excrements of cattle, is of nearly (but not quite) the value of the original crop if it had been used as green manure. I propose therefore, in the following remarks, to assume in the first instance that the leguminous crops are to be raised as cattle food, and afterwards to consider briefly the alternative of their being grown for manure only.

Of their culture, however, I shall say nothing, for to treat of that would be impossible in the limits of this paper. All classes of leguminous plants flourish in a

good soil, but they can all be grown in the poorest. They take gratefully any amount of farmyard manure, and even of liquid manure. Nor will I affirm, though many do, that some of them will not even benefit by slight dressings of nitrate of soda, for I have not personally tested this question sufficiently. But what is absolutely certain is, that either they require no nitrogenous dressing, or that, if they receive it, they return it tenfold, and that very heavy crops can almost universally be grown at an outside first cost of £2 per acre for potash and phosphoric acid in their cheapest form. But these are not necessary after the first crop if the manure from the animals fed is returned to the land. The charge for such manures should, therefore, rather be the interest on the first outlay than the outlay itself.

From such inexpensive culture a very large bulk of forage can be grown. Lucerne, after being well established, will give from three to five cuts a-year, each of 6 to 12 tons per acre. It is also peculiarly suited to dry soils and seasons. Clover will give two or three cuts of equal weight. Vetches yield only one cut, but it ranges from 12 to 20 tons per acre.¹ We may fairly take lucerne or clover as giving in the course of the summer, with suitable top-dressing, 20 tons, and vetches 15 tons per acre, representing 8 and 6 tons in the state of hay. Nor is there with such crops any fear from over-luxuriance. The more luxuriant the more nutritious they are. They may

¹ To avoid guess-work, I last year weighed a second cut of clover which had been dressed with liquid manure. It was 9 tons per acre. The first cut must have been more, and a third, of half the weight, followed. A field of vetches, on poor gravel and moss, weighed 12 tons, on good loam 18 tons per acre, with moderate manuring.

be cut as early as we please, so avoiding any risk from rotting. They will (if perennials) only spring again the quicker.

But to make crops of such bulk and nutritious value fully profitable, we must use them in a way different from what has been our habit in this country. Our British custom is to graze cattle in summer. But we should ruin these succulent plants by turning cattle upon them. The Continental custom is to soil cattle—that is, to feed them in sheds on green food, cut and carried to them. And this is the method we must adopt in order to get full value from leguminous crops. So used, the profits are very large. It is a perfectly established fact that from 80 to 100 lb. of green food given during summer under cover will yield an increase of 2 lb. live weight a-day. Thus, taking live weight at the price of 3½d. per lb., equal to 6d. per lb. carcass-weight, each ton of clover or vetches will be worth in round figures 15s. This, on 20 tons of clover or 15 of vetches, is a meat production of £15 and £12 respectively per acre.

The very richest pastures in England (of which there are not many thousand acres) will, according to the late Sir H. M. Thompson, produce 20 stones of meat a-year per acre, equal at present prices to £8 value. But ordinary land will not, unaided, give more than half this; and a great deal of the land lately laid down to grass will not fatten cattle at all, but will only keep stores, giving an increase of not more than £2 an acre value.

Even in this country, however, dealing with the ordinary produce of a meadow, it is well known that at least twice as many animals can be kept or fattened by soiling as could be kept on land of the same

extent by pasturing. The reasons for the difference in favour of soiling are, that the cattle in the sheds are at perfect rest, undisturbed by flies, and unaffected by heat or cold or rains, while the grass is mown regularly, and not injured by treading or by the droppings of the cattle themselves. But the advantage is again doubled when for ordinary meadow-grass we substitute the far heavier and more valuable and nutritious crops yielded by the leguminous class of plants.

On both these heads it may be useful to cite the unimpeachable authority of the late Mr M'Combie:—

“I sow annually from 12 to 16 acres of tares, and about 1st July save a portion of the new grass full of red clover, and from the 1st to the 20th of August both tares and clover are fit for the cattle. I have for many years fed from 300 to 400 cattle; and if I were not to take them up in time, I could pay no rent at all. A week's house-feeding in August, September, and October is as good as three weeks in the dead of winter. . . . I mix the tares when they are sown with a third of white peas and a third of oats. When three-parts ripe, especially the white peas, they are very good feeding. Fresh clover, given along with peas, tares, &c., forms a capital mixture. From August to November a man may take care of thirty cattle very well, or a few more if the cattle are tied; but when the day gets short, twenty to twenty-five are as many as one man can feed, to do them justice.”

Mr M'Combie, it will be seen, recommends summer soiling to commence only in August, but it is obvious that the argument applies with equal force to soiling throughout the summer. This practice is in point of fact adopted by many of the most advanced and successful farmers in England as well as in Scotland.

That stock fatten in sheds more rapidly and on less food in summer than in winter is a well-known fact.¹

But if the system has such advantages, the question naturally rises why it has not been already universally adopted. The explanation is, that it has been attended with some practical difficulties; and my next point is to show that these difficulties have within the last few years been entirely removed by the introduction of certain novel processes or materials.

The first obstacle to the employment of leguminous crops extensively in soiling is, that such crops come into use during a rather short season, and that there were formerly no means of prolonging it. Clover and lucerne must be cut when they are at their full growth; immediately afterwards they begin to deteriorate. Vetches, if a heavy crop, or in wet seasons, will fall down and rot. Formerly they could be preserved for longer use only by being made into hay. This might or might not be successful with the first cuttings in the height of summer, but it was almost certain to be a failure with the autumn growth.

This difficulty has now, however, been swept out of existence by the introduction of the practice

of ensilage. By this method the most succulent forage crops can be conserved in any quantity, in any weather, for any length of time, and with little loss of their feeding qualities. Nor is any expense necessary for either buildings or appliances. Walled pits were at first thought essential; next pressure applied to stacks by expensive patented appliances was deemed indispensable. But during the last few years it has been proved that silage of as good quality may be made with the utmost simplicity without any of these appliances. The green grass, clover, oats, vetches, peas, or whatever species of fodder is to be preserved, is simply, as soon as cut, built up in a stack, in exactly the same way as if it were hay in a rick. It heats strongly; but being wet, it does not take fire, but sinks day by day with its own weight as a fresh bulk is added. This process of building, heating, and sinking goes on either day after day, or with a few days' interval, as may be convenient, until the rick is high enough, then it is topped up with a steep roof, and simply left. It requires neither weights nor covering. A small portion of the top and sides becomes rotten or mouldy, but the bulk consolidates into a firm brown mass, almost as hard as a board, of fragrant aromatic food.

¹ A few other authorities may be cited. A leading East Lothian farmer (lately deceased), to whom a friend of mine had suggested the summer fattening of cattle on tares in sheds, told him afterwards that none had ever paid him better, and that he had sold the beasts at twenty months old at the top price of the market. Mr Bryce Wright, a tenant farmer in Ayrshire, has stated that he can feed three times the number of beasts by soiling that he could by pasturing. Mr Evershed, in a paper in the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society, cites the practice of several very successful Sussex farmers who bring up and fatten cattle in sheds, and are able to sell them as prime beef at sixteen to twenty months old. In Stewart 'On Feeding Animals,' an excellent American manual, a number of cases are quoted in which, on a large scale, fattening beasts, and also cows, were found to require only one-third of the land for soiling that would be necessary for pasture.

Even of the apparent waste young cattle will pick out and eat the greater part; so that, on the whole, not more than two or three per cent in weight, if as much, is lost. This process I have used for several seasons, with the produce of 10 to 30 acres, with unvarying success. The only precaution necessary is, if the weather is dry, or if half-dried grass is used, to wet it with water. With fresh-cut grass, fairly succulent, or during damp weather or rain, no precaution and no stoppage is necessary. So that nowadays the farmer may make hay when the sun shines, or silage when the rain falls, with perfect indifference, since the result in either case is the same—preservation of fodder.

The eager disciples of ensilage in their first enthusiasm insisted that it made the fodder more digestible or nutritious. This is a mistake. It does not make bad material into good, nor make it any whit more valuable. But it saves it from loss, or at least from any greater loss than even hay-making in the brightest of weather involves.

Therefore the farmer may now, without risk, grow large breadths of these leguminous crops, with the intention of using them green or preserved, for seed or fodder, in summer or winter, as he may find most profitable.

A further obstacle to the adoption of summer house-feeding hitherto has lain in the scarcity of litter. Straw on most farms is exhausted by summer, and in any case it is too valuable as food to be spent recklessly for bedding. But now we are provided with a capital and cheap substitute in the dried moss litter so largely imported from Holland and Germany, and to some extent pre-

pared in this country. It costs at most ports from 20s. to 25s. a ton. It is more absorbent than straw, and intrinsically of about equal manurial value. Used for bedding, about 5 lb. a-day is ample for cattle tied in stalls, where the urine is conveyed to a tank. In sheds or boxes, 15 to 25 lb. per head per day may be required. Thus for six months the cost will run from 10s. to £2 per head, about a fourth of which is balanced by its own manurial value. But the manure which it makes is so finely mixed and subdivided that it is considerably more efficacious in the soil than an equal weight made from straw; and this represents a further economy. The bogs of Ireland, as well as of Great Britain, will in time no doubt be made profitable in furnishing this material. Many farms could indeed provide a substitute, in the shape of dry earth stored during summer. Sawdust and the dust from scutching-mills may elsewhere be cheaply procured.

A further objection to the system of soiling was held to consist in its requiring more labour. But this is clearly not an objection but an advantage, if the labour returns more profit. Before going into figures, there are some general considerations worth noting on this head.

It is plain that at least summer feeding in sheds must cost less for labour than winter feeding. Cutting clover or vetches is a very much easier and cheaper operation than pulling, topping, and tailing roots. Even if the scythe is employed, a man will cut a ton of grass in half the time it will take him to pull and trim a ton of roots. But a mowing-machine makes the expense a mere trifle.

The cartage is also less expensive than that of roots, for the latter contain 90 per cent of water, grass only 65 to 75 per cent. Finally, roots, to be fed to advantage, must be sliced or pulped by machinery; grass requires no preparation. Therefore these summer foods involve only half the labour in feeding that winter foods do; and if winter foods pay for the labour, so much the more must summer foods. The cost of cleaning the sheds and of removing the dung to the field will be about equal. But no farmer grudges this cost; on the contrary, he rejoices the more there is to do.

In like manner, in comparing the cost of growing forage crops with that of roots, there is a manifest advantage on the side of the former. The clover-seed is sown with the preceding grain crop, and the process costs nothing in labour but a few shillings per acre for harrowing and rolling, and perhaps 10s. for seed. Vetches receive the same preparatory culture as wheat or barley, but as all the cost of harvesting is saved (unless grown for seed), the wages paid will not exceed 10s. per acre, with as much more for the seed itself. The contrast of this with the very expensive labour of root-crop culture needs no remark. Yet a full crop of vetches cleans the land, for it smothers and kills all weeds. A full crop is almost a certainty, and being cleared off early, the land may be cleaned after it, or a catch-crop may be taken.

Thus these forage crops cost on an average greatly less for labour than the ordinary arable land. It is as compared with pasture that they are more expensive. But we have already seen the immense difference of result in production of meat, which balances the out-

lay and yields a large surplus profit.

But their great feeding value is far from being the only advantage of these crops thus used. There is, besides, a large mass of manure made, nearly equal in weight to the crop grown. After we have deducted from it the price of the material used for litter, there remains a value on which I will not attempt to put any estimate, but which is obviously very great. This will be recovered from other crops to which it will be applied. It is available to be put on the clover if that is ploughed up for wheat or for oats; or it may go on the stubbles that are to be prepared for next year's green crop; or it may be given as a top-dressing to the seeds after the grain crop is cut. By this assistance it is obvious that we greatly improve all these crops, while dispensing with a considerable outlay for purchased manures. If thus we raise our average grain crops by only twelve bushels per acre—and no one can deny that this is quite within possibility—we wipe out a large part of our indebtedness to foreign countries for imported food.

Thus, by a happy combination of circumstances, summer house-feeding is made practicable just at the time when we have learned its value and found its need. We can now preserve any surplus, and therefore we may sow large breadths of succulent crops without risk of loss. We can provide bedding, and therefore we can keep our animals under roofs. We can fatten at profit on crops which cost less than any others to grow, which require no addition of cake, and which at the same time enrich instead of impoverishing our land. In so doing, we to a great extent dispense with imported food and

manure, and at the same time we make a mass of manure fit to be applied to increase the produce of other crops which need it. Last of all, we thus employ an increased amount of labour in a highly remunerative avocation, just when social and economic reasons appear to render labour no longer profitable.

Let us now submit the two systems, the present and that proposed, to the crucial test of figures. Let us take as a standard of calculation a 100-acre farm, from which larger or smaller areas are easily calculated. We may deduct from this four acres for buildings, roads, and fences. Now the Government returns show that of the whole cultivated land in the United Kingdom one-half is at present in permanent grass, and that if mown it yields on an average only $1\frac{1}{2}$ ton of hay (and this certainly not of the best quality); but they do not tell us what profit cattle pastured on it will make. It will, however, be conceded that £3 an acre is quite as much as can on an average be expected on this head. There remains therefore on the average farm of 100 acres only 48 acres for rotation crops. Then, assuming the ordinary four-course rotation (the local variations not making any sensible difference in profit), we should have 24 acres in grain, 12 in green crops, and 12 in "seeds" or clover. The grain we may estimate as wheat at the general average over the country of 28 bushels per acre, and at 32s. per quarter, which will give £5, 12s. per acre. The "seeds" will give $1\frac{1}{2}$ ton of hay, which at £4 per ton is £6 per acre. The root crops, the aftermath of hay, and the straw will be given to cattle, and will keep about 20 through the winter, which will make a gain of, say, £5 a head.

These, however, will need cake in addition, which at 6 lb. a-day will come to about £3 per head. The roots will, besides dung, need at least £15 worth of artificial manure. Two horses will be required (on heavy land more). They will each eat £10 worth of oats, and £15 worth of hay, &c., which must be charged against the saleable quantities. Shoeing and depreciation will be £10 more apiece. The labour bill may be set at 30s. per arable acre, which will include attendance on cattle at pasture. From these data we shall have the following account:—

Receipts.

From 48 acres pasture at £3	£144	0
" 24 acres grain at £5, 12s.	134	8
" 12 acres hay at £6	72	0
" 20 head of cattle in winter, profit	100	0
Total receipts	£450	8

Expenses.

Purchased cake	£60	0
" manure	15	0
Seed, 36 acres at 8s., 12 acres at 3s.	16	4
Wages, 48 acres at 30s.	72	0
Horse-keep	£50	
Shoeing and depreciation	20	
	70	0
Implements, repairs and depreciation	12	0
Cattle, losses and veterinary attendance	20	0
Total expense	£265	4
Net receipts	£185	4

Being £1, 17s. per acre, to be divided between rent, rates, tithe, maintenance of buildings and fences, and tenant's profits.

It will, I think, be generally admitted that the return per acre stated above fairly represents the fact, on average land and at present prices.

Now, instead of this system let us suppose the permanent pasture all broken up and brought into rotation, the seeds or clover forced

on with manure and cut green for soiling, or hay, or silage, while instead of roots we grow vetches similarly treated. These will give us 20 tons an acre of clover in two or three cuts, and 15 tons an acre of vetches, and of these a half will be probably used in summer feeding, and the other half as hay or silage in winter. In winter the straw will also be consumed by stock, and to make good its quality the same proportion of oil-cake will be required as in our last example. But this quantity of forage, amounting to a total of over 800 tons of green food of the highest quality, or equivalent to 270 tons of hay, with over 50 tons of straw, and a proportion of cake, would keep 70 cattle during summer, and as many in winter, adding during each season £5 a head to their value. Moss litter will be used for bedding. The mass of manure thus supplied would raise the grain crops to an average represented by 5 quarters per acre of wheat; and though for a year or two some artificial manure would be required for the forage crops, yet as nothing save grain and meat is removed, there would soon be no necessity for any artificial additions. On the other hand, the labour required to grow and harvest such heavy crops may be put at 40s. per acre for grain crops, and at 10s. per acre for the forage crops, with £100 more for attendance on the cattle throughout the year, including cutting summer forage. Three horses will be necessary, with corresponding increase in their expenses. The account will then stand thus:—

Receipts.

From 48 acres grain crops at £8	£384	0
" 140 head of cattle during year at £5 . . .	700	0
Total receipts . . .	£1084	0

Expenses.

Purchased cake . . .	£120	0
" moss litter . . .	50	0
Seed, 96 acres at 8s. . .	38	8
Wages—		
48 acres grain at 40s. . .	£96	
48 acres forage at 10s. . .	24	
Attendance on stock . . .	100	
	£220	0
3 horses, keep, depreciation, &c. . .	105	0
Implements, repairs, &c. . .	24	0
Cattle, losses and veterinary attendance . . .	50	0
Total expenses . . .	£607	8
Net receipts . . .	£476	12

Being £4, 15s. per acre, to be divided between rent, rates, tithe, maintenance of buildings, and tenant's profits. It will, however, be observed that on this method no fences would be required at all.

Thus on this system the wages paid would be more than trebled, and yet the net profits would be much more than double what they were under the previous system.

No additional buildings would be at first required for the new procedure, because it would merely make use in summer of the existing sheds, which then are standing empty, and in winter it only involves a change of food from roots and straw to leguminous hay and silage. But as by degrees more cattle would be kept, and as undoubtedly in most districts in England farm-buildings are at present exceedingly inadequate, the erection of new ones would become necessary. But this (which again would employ more local labour) would become quite possible when both landlord and tenant would be making a larger income. And such would also be the case in regard to providing more and improved cottages for the additional farm-labourers required.

Again, there is nothing in the system to make it exclusively applicable to large holdings. On the

small allotment, where only a single animal is kept, it is quite as practicable as on an extensive farm. Indeed it is in comparison easier, for it avoids the troublesome and expensive maintenance of fences, and the feeding of one or a few beasts in stalls is work easily within the strength of a cottager's wife or children.

It may, however, be justly objected that if so large an increase of stock were to take place throughout the country as the system admits, the price of meat would fall. But it is to be kept in view that the illustration given in the accounts above stated is that of an extreme case, and that in fact there is no reason for keeping more stock than are found to pay, without materially reducing the present prices. In many districts within reach of towns a part of the green forage can be readily sold at 20s. per ton, or if made into hay, at £5 per ton, and these prices will yield a profit quite equal to that of keeping stock on the farm. The extension of dairy husbandry is also a circumstance creating a market for such fodder.

But there is yet another method by which the profits from growing leguminous crops may be realised. This is by using them as green manure. I have not room in this paper to go into details of this system. But it rests on the same fact that leguminous plants assimilate nitrogen, and thus produce a store of the plant-food required for the cereal grains. An acre of clover will thus during the year produce enough of manure for 3 acres of wheat. The following would be the accounts under such a system applied to 96 acres, divided into 76 acres under grain, and 20 acres of forage plants for manure:—

Receipts.			
From 76 acres grain at £8	.	.	£608 0
" " straw at £2	.	.	152 0
Total receipts	.	.	<u>£760 0</u>
Expenses.			
Purchased manures (mineral), 20 acres at £2	.	.	£40 0
Seed, 96 acres at 8s.	.	.	38 8
Wages—			
76 acres at 40s.	.	.	£152
20 acres at 10s.	.	.	10
			<u>162 0</u>
3 horses, keep, shoeing, &c.	.	.	105 0
Implements, repairs and depreciation	.	.	24 0
Total expenses	.	.	<u>£369 8</u>
Net profit	.	.	<u>£390 12</u>

Being £3, 18s. per acre, to be divided, as before, between rent and rates, maintenance of buildings, and tenant's profits. In this case also there would be no outlay for fences, and less for buildings. But the straw being sold, there is required an outlay of £2 per acre on the leguminous crops to supply mineral manures. The sum allowed exceeds the manurial value of the whole straw.

That ploughing in the green manure of such crops will enable us to dispense with other manures is no mere theory. Since 1872 Signor Visocchi, in Italy, has had a field under alternate culture of wheat and maize, receiving, immediately after reaping each wheat crop, a dressing of potash and phosphoric acid, costing about 30s. per acre, with which a leguminous crop was at once sown, and this was ploughed down the following summer in time to plant maize. When the maize was cut wheat was sown without other manure. The average crops were 80 bushels of maize and 31 bushels of wheat per acre, crops greatly exceeding the average of the country. Other agriculturists in Germany, France, and England have, for several years, put the system in practice

in various forms. But it is becoming widely practised in America as a method of restoring fertility at the least possible expense to worn-out lands. I have before me a communication from an eminent American agriculturist who speaks of the most recent instance which had come under his notice. It was the case of a young man who began farming on 18 acres with only a borrowed capital, and who is now in eight years worth £600, made by steadily pursuing the plan of growing wheat after wheat, sowing clover with each crop, which in that region is cut in June. By September the clover has made a growth of 5 or 6 tons, which is then ploughed down as manure for the next crop of wheat. This constant succession without other manure would, of course, not be possible in all climates and soils, but it sufficiently illustrates the principle.

It is hardly necessary to observe that in submitting the figures of a supposed cultivation on an area of 100 acres, either for the feeding of stock or the growing of grain alone, it is not intended to recommend as a general rule the adoption of either plan exclusively. The two would be combined by the judicious farmer according to his local circumstances. And again, it is not intended to suggest the total and absolute disuse of roots, a small proportion of which are useful for

more than one purpose on a farm. So also potatoes, or any other profitable crop, may still be grown. But what these accounts do show is, that either the one or the other system of growing and using leguminous crops will pay—pay for a great increase of labour, and pay the occupier and landlord for their efforts.

Furthermore, it would pay the nation. A little calculation will show that on 5,000,000 acres we could grow all the wheat we now import. We might put this into wheat and yet still have 15,000,000 acres of our present pasture-land to devote to other grain and to the feeding of more cattle and sheep. The people of this country would thus be again made independent of foreigners for their supplies of food, and the eighty millions sterling which we now annually pay away to the foreigner for the mere necessities of life, which our own land could produce, would be spent among our own countrymen. It would go, in the first instance, among the owners and tenants of land, great and small, and among the agricultural labourers retained on and recalled to the soil; but a large part would be spent by all these classes in the purchase of home-made manufactures of every description, thus diffusing prosperity through every class of the population.

J. BOYD KINNEAR.

SUMMERS AND WINTERS AT BALMAWHAPPLE.

NO. I.—MARK'S RETURN.

I AM a native. My spine was hurt when I was a lad, and I have never all my life (save once) been sixty miles from Balmawhapple. It was at Balmawhapple that I was born. It is at Balmawhapple that I shall die. Soul and body, I belong to Balmawhapple. There are Balmawhapple men to be found in every corner of the globe. The boys who were with me at school have wandered away to Canada and the States, to Central Africa and Pacific islands. One of them is an engineer on the line that is crossing the Andes. Another is shooting ibex in Thibet. Another has a fruit-farm in California. They write to me at times—letters arrive with strange stamps and outlandish post-marks, that bring a sense of romance and adventure into our uneventful life. But Fate, though not unkind to me on the whole,—why should I fret, who have been spared through it all, while so many strong men have gone down—down even unto Hades?—has ordained that I should stay at home. Unlike so many of our people, I have not been permitted to walk “by the long wash of Australasian

seas,” nor “breathe in converse seasons.”

Even in Balmawhapple, however, the sluggish current is sometimes interrupted, is sometimes accelerated. During the fifty years on which I can look back, the pulse of the community has sometimes beat faster than is common with, or probably good for, that somewhat feeble organ. When young Dr Diamond was found dead in his bed, with an empty bottle on the table which smelt of bitter almonds; when pretty Nellie Barton ran away with the groom; when lawyer Jenkins, who was also the local banker, took an autumn holiday with the midsummer rents of half the county gentlemen of the district in his pocket, and forgot to return,—the usual afternoon crowd on the High Street became positively animated. And when Mark Holdfast came back from the south, where his

“strong and simple words,
Keen to wound as sharpened swords,”

had won him fame and fortune; and—— But this is one of the Balmawhapple stories I am going to tell you. The others will come in due order—if time and tide serve.

I.

Mark Holdfast was one of my early friends. He was not exactly a Balmawhapple boy; but his father's house was only a few miles round the bay, and so we came to know each other. Fast

Castle¹ was rather a lonely place, —a gaunt old-fashioned house, built in the time of Anne or the first George, which overlooked the sea, and where morning and night one heard the curlews piping, and

¹ There is another Fast Castle of historic repute far away to the south (long since in ruins), but it is no relation of ours.

round which the sea-mews wheeled as though it had been one of their own skerries. The moorland closed round it, and on a moist autumn day the air was sweet and aromatic with the scent of the moorland—the scent of bog-myrtle and heather. There was the breezy upland on one side, the breezy sea on the other, and such solitude as boys and poets love. I could not go with him to the great peat-hags on the hill where the grey goose and the dun duck lodged; but I used to wait for him at the smithy—Jock Tamson's smithy—just below the lochan famous for teal, and we would saunter home together through the autumn gloaming. Even as a boy he was a fine shot; but it was on the water that he was most in his element. He could swim like a fish. He would take his boat out to sea when even John Dun—John Dun, who once saved him from drowning—preferred to smoke his pipe on shore. I was often his only companion; there was a fascination about these foolhardy doings which I could not resist. It was the one manly excitement for which my infirmity did not unfit me: when the Daisy, close hauled in to the wind, with a double reef on her sail and the water at her gunwale, was rushing across the bay, I forgot that I was a cripple.

It was a hardy and independent life for a lad,—a life that could scarcely fail to leave its mark behind. His family, though one of the oldest in the county, had by ill luck or ill guidance lost much of the land that once belonged to them, and Mark was early taught to practise thrift. They had few neighbours, as I have said, and these were of a rank somewhat lower than their own. They did not associate easily with country doctors and country lawyers. My

own father was the Duke's factor—a man with plenty of rough sense and humour, and who was much trusted by rich and poor. There was a long-standing acquaintance between him and the Holdfasts; and what business they needed to be done was done by him. But even from him they held aloof, and the friendship, such as it was, never ripened into cordial intimacy. Each respected the other, and there an end. The boyish friendship between Mark and myself was accidental; it came about without any seeking or set purpose on either side; it would hardly have lived had it not been that then, as always, I was a hero-worshipper, and that my unreasoning devotion touched him. He was very proud, and he was very shy; his instinctive and inherited reserve was forbidding. I think the only people who really knew him at that time save myself were the "Buckie boys," a truculent and somewhat disreputable race of fishermen. With them he was popular. With them (and he often passed the night far from land in one or other of their yawls) he unbent wholly; his reserve melted away, his moodiness vanished; the picture of the nut-brown lad, tanned up to the temples, his cheeks flushed, the wind in his hair, the sunlight in his eyes, steering the great herring-boat into harbour, while the rough tars looked on, is one on which, after all these years, I like to dwell. Young Irvine, who went to London, and is now an R.A., painted him in his "sou'-wester" and sailor-jacket, and it hangs to this day in the smoking-room at the castle.

When long afterwards (and yet it was not so long, for he rose with uncommon rapidity) he came to be a Q.C. and a leader at the

Bar, his coolness was proverbial. So people said; but I knew better. He kept himself well in hand, it is true; but no discipline however severe, no effort however sustained, could change his nature. A shy, nervous, sensitive, highly strung temperament like his does not harden into immobility. His self-control was certainly very complete; but, all the same, the inner recoil—the tremor of the racer before the start—could not always be disguised. And the meanness, baseness, vulgarity, from which no profession is free, hurt him as a blow hurts a woman. That sensitive shiver of disgust at the squalid effrontery of the men who paid him would have ruined a less capable lawyer.

When he was eighteen he went to the university. Up to that time I had been, I fancy, almost his only confidant. He had had as private tutor the minister of the parish—a fine scholar and a competent teacher, a man, moreover, of immense energy and variously gifted, whose services to the Church have not been forgotten, or, to speak more correctly, are now beginning to be recognised. But Dr Evergreen was even then well up in years; and though he and Mark became afterwards close friends, the brilliant and trenchant thinker, the great ecclesiastical reformer, failed to recognise in his shy and diffident pupil a spirit as ardent and fearless as his own. So that the dreams and visions of what the future had in store for him were reserved for his diary or for my private ear. That future he had mapped out with uncommon and almost startling lucidity.

We were sitting one afternoon in the late summer on the beach beneath the castle. He had shot a brace of ducks, and his gun and the birds were lying beside him.

I was occupied on a bit of crabbed Latin in an old charter; his eye wandered vaguely over sea and sky. We had been silent for some time. It was our last day together; next morning he was to leave for college.

"It has been a pleasant time," he began, speaking at first more to himself than to his companion. "I shall never quite forget it, I fancy, in all the years that are to come—nor *you*, Callum," he added, with a kindly nod. "Callum, my boy, why don't you go into the Church? When I'm Lord Chancellor I'll give you a living. But, perhaps, you don't fancy the white tie or the silk apron. Well, then, try your pen, and when I am editor of the 'Times' you shall have the place of honour. I wonder which is best—to be a great lawyer or a great writer? I mean to be both. Please don't laugh at me, Callum. I'm quite serious, as you will see by-and-by. I would hate to be a mere lawyer," he went on, "but I would hate still more to be a mere scribbler. Which do you think the more despicable—the glib pen or the glib tongue? But it is better to make history than to write it; and a man from a Temple garret may be Prime Minister before the game is played out."

So he went away to the university—to the great world beyond the moorland. He began by using his pen, and he wrote deftly and brilliantly. He would send me articles now and again; and I fancied that besides being deft and dexterous I could discern something better that gave them their charm to me—a ground-swell of passion, of emotion, which was stronger and deeper than the easy cynicism of the lawyer. Then almost without warning he became a power at the

Bar. He woke one morning to find himself famous. For ten or twelve years thereafter he had the most lucrative practice among the younger men. He was reading briefs all night; he was speaking all day. Some great client coming straight from the great city told us once that if he went on as he was doing he would be on the woolsack before he was fifty. Then there were rumours that he was to stand for the county; "Pam" wanted to find a seat for the Solicitor that was to be; and Mark Holdfast with his easily won guineas had already contrived to buy back a goodly slice of the land which in the bad times had been parted with by his grandfather, the Admiral. It was likely enough that he would win; a stronger candidate could not be found. So we all said.

But it was ordered otherwise.

It was a dull day in early autumn. The wind was in the south, and there was rain in the sky. I had been limping along the shore, thinking of many things, but chiefly of my old friend. I had come to the very spot where we had parted thirty years before, when, turning inland to cross the links to the highroad, I met him face to face.

He was sadly changed. He had grown an old man—an old man before his time—a man prematurely worn. He had come back to his birthplace—could it be that he had come back only to die?

We shook hands; we looked hard at each other; in less time than it takes to write this sentence we were on the old friendly footing.

"Yes," he said, "Pam sent for me last Sunday. The great office would be vacant directly; a seat would be found for me; they

would be pleased to have me in the House. It was all very flattering; no man can be more cordial or appreciative than the Chief. Then I thought I would look up Clarkson. I had felt rather queer for a week or two,—a slight difficulty in breathing, a nasty worrying pain down the left arm. Clarkson is our family doctor, you know—a very good fellow, and sharp as a needle. I told him with a jest that it was a mere matter of form—just idle curiosity—nothing more. He took out his stethoscope, listened for a few seconds, and then turned away to the window. Callum, I knew my doom before a word was spoken. 'Tell me the truth right out,' I said, as calmly as I could, though my voice sounded strange in my ears; 'I see that you have bad news.' 'You are hurt,' he answered frankly, looking me in the face with his kindly eyes; 'it is not a mortal hurt as yet, but without absolute rest you are a dead man.' It was the knock-down blow, Callum, one gets once in a lifetime. If I wanted to live six weeks—why, good-bye to the Bar. Thrust out of Paradise, banished, outlawed, where was the good of living? I took the night to consider: next morning I wrote Pam that I was going to sell my house in town and live at—Balmawhapple! Could he give me something in the Customs? He must have thought me mad. And here we are."

This was the beginning of the close friendship which has brightened my later life. These after-years indeed have been my Indian summer. Our early intimacy was renewed. He did not come alone; his wife came with him—his wife and three bright-eyed curly-headed girls. He had married Sybil Kep-

pel for love a year or two after he was called; Sybil had been the object of his shy boyish devotion; and the slight delicate slip of a girl that I dimly remembered (the Keppels were a family of old standing and crippled means, who owned a tumble-down barrack at the other end of the parish), though she had grown meanwhile into a brilliant woman of the world, had lost none of her girlish charm. They became my dearest friends; but I cannot say that they were popular. Husband and wife were wrapt up in each other. The knowledge that he might be taken from her at any moment gave to her wifely regard a tender solicitude. The tacit apprehension that any moment he might look his last upon the sweetest face he cared to see either in this world or the next was never entirely banished. The outside public, however (ignorant of its cause), resented this unconscious and quite innocent exclusiveness. Nor can it be denied that the scorn for his fellow-mortals which he had always felt, I daresay, and which grew upon him in his retirement, was sometimes too keenly expressed. He had fallen out of the race; he had, by no fault of his own, been forced to stand aside while others pressed on to the goal—such as it was; and failure had made him caustic, possibly bitter. So Balmawhapple, when its cordial, if somewhat florid, convivialities were persistently declined, began to look askance at the new-comers. The Holdfasts were cold, proud, taciturn, and I know not what besides. I did what I could to remove the misunderstanding—with little success. Mark's abrupt retreat from public life and a great position had from the first been regarded as an unaccountable eccentricity; no one except myself knew the exact state of matters; it was

given out that he had been overworked and was taking a prolonged holiday; and though the provost and bailies continued to touch their hats to him when they met on the street, there was only one house in town (save my own and the editorial sanctum of the 'Tomahawk') where he was quite at his ease, where he was cordially welcome and an honoured guest, and that was the grey old house overlooking the harbour where Miss Christian and Miss Anne—everybody knew Miss Christian and Miss Anne—had lived since they were girls.

The Scots are not a light-hearted people like the Irish; and Mark was naturally grave. Even in the ardent boy there had been a strain of melancholy. The sadness of the sea had infected him. This constitutional pensiveness indeed does not hurt keenly, so long as what has been called "illusion" lasts. But when the capacity for "illusion" fails, as it does fail sooner or later, when we have risen "through illusion to the truth," *the sense of tears in mortal things* becomes oppressive, and lies upon the soul like lead. I remember Mark showing me a tiny volume of poems by a new writer whose name I had not heard before. That tiny volume became his inseparable companion. He found something in Matthew Arnold that appealed very directly to him—something that he did not find in Tennyson, or even in Browning; and I can still recall the lines which at one time were constantly on his lips, and which expressed, if I am not mistaken, his deepest convictions—

"Enough! we live—and if a life
With large results so little rife,
Though bearable, seem hardly worth
This pomp of worlds, this pain of birth,
Yet, Fausta, the mute turf we tread,
The solemn hills around us spread,

This stream which falls incessantly,
The strange-scrawled rocks, the lonely
sky,

If I might lend their life a voice,
Seem to bear rather than rejoice.
And even could the intemperate prayer
Man iterates, while these forbear,
For movement, for an ampler sphere,
Pierce Fate's impenetrable ear,
Not milder is the general lot,
Because our spirits have forgot

In action's dizzying eddy whirled,
The something that infects the world."

But before we go further I must tell you a little about the Balmawhapple world. It was not a very big "world," to be sure; but it had a canty conceit of itself even then; and of late years it has thriven wonderfully.

II.

The Bay of Balmawhapple is protected from the fierce easterly gales by two rocky headlands which run far out into the sea. Fast Castle, as we have seen, is built at the extreme point of the one, and is a conspicuous landmark for the ships that pass along the coast; Keppel Court, which faces it from the other side of the bay—here a mile across—is less conspicuous. The old tower is a ruin; and the modern mansion—where the Keppel girls were all born—might be taken from the outside for a mere farm-steading. Inside it is better; the Keppels had been soldiers and travellers; the tables were crowded with oriental bric-a-brac, the walls with portraits of men and women—not undistinguished for valour and beauty in their day.

The "Keppel girls" were the toast of the countryside when I was a lad. Their mother had died before the eldest of the six daughters was in her teens; and the breezy and beery old captain their father had left them there—after very much to their own devices. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that they should have grown up strong, independent, and self-willed. But wilfulness and obstinacy were their worst faults; for, each and all, as their rustic admirers declared, were proud as the devil,

and quite able to take care of themselves. Sybil, indeed, it was admitted—but Sybil after all was only a cousin—had little in common with the others: she had been delicate as a child, and unable to take part in their rough scrambles and rather masculine pastimes; and though she outgrew her childish ailments, her cheek had never the plumpness, nor her voice the vigour, of the true "Keppel girls."

Death, marriage, domestic strife, and family feuds (for they were never so happy as when at war) had thinned their ranks. At the time of which I am writing, indeed, only two remained, the eldest and the youngest, Martha and Barbara; and the old house which had once been clamorous with boisterous girlhood had grown strangely silent. The two sisters, with a couple of rheumatic retainers, occupied the wing which looked out upon the dreary and ill-kept garden, while the wind whistled through the broken panes of the main building, and the rats ran riot.

These were the only families of any standing in the rural part of the parish of Balmawhapple—the Holdfasts and the Keppels; for Kirkstone, though it was hardly a mile from the Court, belonged to the next parish—the parish of Cuddiestone. Our county society was thus very limited, or, as we

preferred to say, select: if you were asked to Pittendreich, you might meet an Earl or an Ambassador; but Pittendreich was fifteen miles away as the crow flies, and the Pittendreich people knew little of the Balmawhapple people, and cared less. In the burgh of Balmawhapple itself we were more fortunate: we had not only the inevitable lawyers and doctors and merchants and ministers, but more than one elderly lady who had been brought up in a big country house, and could call the best in the county "cousin." We were particularly proud of Miss Christian and Miss Anne,—two inexhaustibly delightful old gentlewomen who lived in an old house standing in its own courtyard above the harbour, who had been famous beauties in their youth, but who had clung to each other all their lives with the purest sisterly devotion, and had grown by degrees into the sweetest, daintiest, sprightliest, nattiest old maids that one could wish to meet. The ancient ladies were my dear friends; and their cheery drawing-room of a summer evening, with the murmur of voices on the pier-head and of the sea beyond coming in through the open window, with the bright, brisk, prosperous, pugnacious Doctor (Doctor Jackson had brought most of us into this rather bare and bleak world) ventilating a paradox or airing an epigram,—the cheery drawing-room, where the modest "tray" appeared punctually at 9.30, was the *salon* of our very best society, and entirely charming and enjoyable to those of us who had the password. There was a vast deal of individuality in that society; the language was idiomatic, the characters strongly marked; it was good-natured upon the whole, but

it spoke its mind pretty plainly; and it hated cant and dulness as it hated a Radical or a cad. They were perfect ladies and gentlemen who composed it; but I am afraid the prudes of the present day would have dubbed them "Bohemians," and resented a certain freedom of definition which does not find favour now.

It was for this reason, I dare say, that certain of the most eminently respectable citizens of Balmawhapple were not precisely popular with Miss Christian and Miss Anne and the inner circle of friends who had gathered round them. If they called us "Bohemians" we called them "Philistines" (or its popular equivalent for the time being); and as from the bleak hills of Judea the chosen people looked down upon the sinful Cities of the Plain, so did we regard the faction which was led by "Pike," "G. G." the butter-merchant, and other secular and ecclesiastical luminaries of the royal and ancient burgh.

Jacob Corbie (commonly called "Pike") was the pet aversion of my boyhood. He came of a family of local lawyers who had since the year One been well known in these parts for their rather unscrupulous keenness of scent and sharpness of speech; and his resemblance to a weasel or ferret—a weasel, I think, but at any rate to a class of animals where the eyes, brought into unpleasant proximity, regard each other with ill-disguised hostility—was unmistakable. Moreover, the brow was low, narrow, and sensual, and the lip-deep smile was furtive,—all which were quite in keeping with a certain unclean and slimy animalism which characterised the man. "Pike" was never at his ease; the affectation of jocose frankness which he commonly assumed was

manifestly a pretence, and the impression that he had something to hide (not silver spoons exactly) was one that he never failed to leave. At the same time, it was quite clear that the man knew on which side his bread was buttered ; and that his thoughts—even when in the pulpit, even when addressing a glib prayer to the Almighty, or dropping a sticky tear over a lost sheep—were steadily fixed upon the main chance. But he was a good actor—a good second-rate actor in his way ; he could feign a cordiality which he did not feel, and simulate a passion which had no true warmth ; and though he was generally detected in the long-run by the quicker-witted of his persuasion, he continued to enjoy with the unobservant masses a certain equivocal popularity.

I have spoken of Corbie as if he were an ordained clergyman ; but he was only one of the lay products of an evangelical revival that had swept over the district when he was keeping the books in his uncle's office. He had a share in the business, which had something to do with blubber ; but he was now a sleeping partner, and merely drew (with praiseworthy punctuality) his half-yearly dividend. The rest of his time was devoted to "saving souls" ; and his loose logic and flabby rhetoric were always in considerable request during the periodical fits of religious hysteria to which his countrymen are subject.

George Gilbert Gannet (or "G. G." as our busy mercantile community called him for brevity) sinned against our Bohemian code in quite another fashion. He was not only oppressively respectable, but he was dull—offensively and criminally dull. His wife was dull ; his children were dull ; the house was dull ; the servants in

the house were dull ; the very dogs and cats were dull. Though the Gannets really belonged to the mercantile class—the money had been made in trade : pickled herrings and the like—both husband and wife maintained with implicit confidence that they belonged to the "county." This was the rock on which they were anchored ; had it been taken away from them, they would have suffered irreparable shipwreck. So besides employing on occasion a solemn butler and a lugubrious "buttons," they drove the only carriage (except the doctor's old gig) that was kept in Balmawhapple—a four-wheeled landau, lined with purple and fine linen like the Lord Mayor's, and emblazoned all over with griffins and unicorns, and other legendary animals. Otherwise, the whole family—father, mother, and daughters—were the visible incarnation of the Commonplace. No fire of passion, no gleam of imaginative light, could penetrate the thick fog in which they spent a grey, sombre, and monotonous life. Our little Bohemian doctor regarded this dismal household with a peculiar energy of dislike. They were, he declared, dull as ditch-water, dry as sticks, dreary as ghosts. Even in their diseases they were incapable of invention or originality. "Why, sir," the little man would conclude, as he trotted off on his rounds,—“why, sir, they cannot rise above mumps!”

Corbie and "G. G." belonged to the rank and file : the leader of the Philistines was a man of a very different calibre. David Dewar of Kirkstone, who during the winter months became a citizen of Balmawhapple by occupying one of the ugly aristocratic old mansions overlooking the harbour, was as much a fanatic as David Deans of St Leonards or John Balfour of Bur-

ley; and, like all fanatics, he had the most perfect confidence in his own wisdom and his own integrity. His very tricks of manner, his idiosyncrasies of gait and gesture, proclaimed that in their owner's estimation he was infallible as any pope. He held his chin in the air—high in the air—and looked down on his adversary with the superior scorn of a Westbury or a Mill. His cold and distant condescension, his visibly contemptuous effort to adapt himself to the meanest capacity, would have irritated the meekest of men. God Almighty to a black beetle! Yet, though his manner was cold and impassive, fire burnt beneath. His arguments, it is true, were worthless; for he was a fantastical visionary; but they were urged with a red-hot intensity of conviction that at times was not unimpressive. He was vindictively virtuous. That steely ire, when once kindled, was not quickly quenched. Fanaticism is intrinsically cruel, for it disregards the decent and charitable conventions which obtain among gentlemen, and which make life tolerable. Even experience, which teaches most of us to be humble, could not mellow the laird of Kirkstone. If a client did not follow his advice, if a friend was not convinced by his logic, he took it as a personal insult—an insult to his own immunity from error. And a personal insult needed to be avenged. For the miserable dissenter from the decrees of infallible wisdom there was little peace thereafter. The Grand Inquisitor was never satisfied until the victim had expiated his unreasonableness at the stake. This Radical of the Radicals was the foe of all nonconformity. People said that if Kirkstone was hard and impracticable, he was honest

—honest at least. He may have been so. At any rate, we had the satisfaction of knowing that whatever he did, however unpleasant, was done from "the highest motives." He was bitter, sarcastic, pitiless, cruel, supercilious from "the highest motives." It was not perhaps altogether surprising that this inquisitorial integrity should not have been appreciated by the Gallios of an easy-going society; and in spite of fair abilities David Dewar had been from the first a persistent failure. He could only indeed have been an eminent success in a world from which common-sense and prudence and sound judgment had been banished. Mark, who had known him pretty intimately at one time, did not hesitate to declare that he was one of those dangerous lunatics whose orbits are incalculable. Kirkstone was certainly more or less crazy at irregular intervals; but there was method in his madness, and, happily or unhappily, he was too sane to be shut up.

David Dewar had spent the best part of his life in the United States, and he had returned on the death of an uncle who had left him the old Dewar Mansion-house that overlooked the harbour, and a few acres in the parish of Cuddiestone. He had brought little or nothing back with him from New England except the nasal twang of the Yankee, a bitter contempt for monarchical institutions all over the world, and a profound belief in—David Dewar.

I have said that only two of the "Keppel girls" continued to live at the Court. Following a pitched battle, a battle royal, Mary and Maud had gone off, with flying colours and the honours of war, to the metropolis, where, without

much delay, they had married Indian officers at home on leave, and do not further concern us. Polly, the second girl, had left the world altogether, after a brief and not altogether satisfactory sojourn. She was the wildest of the lot; but she was subject to fits of deep depression, in one of which she had married young Corbie, who was at that time "saving souls" in Cuddiestone, and their next-door neighbour. The flighty, emotional creature quickly discovered the mistake she had made; but she had little leisure for repentance, as after the birth of a daughter (who was grotesquely like its father, and in whom the Corbie traits rapidly developed), she turned her face to the wall and spoke no more. On Sybil's marriage to Mark, Martha and Barbara remained in sole possession; and as the years passed the characteristics of the family became in each more marked. They had few neighbours, few friends; the Court, upon its bare promontory, was very solitary, except for the sea-gulls. So for society they were thrown mainly upon themselves. Their tempers were intrinsically alike; both were exacting; but while the one was actively, the other was passively, domineering. Martha was the shriller and more vehemently feminine of the two; but Barbara's indolent obstinacy was invincible. Martha, as she advanced in life, had taken to religion; and while the one sister devoted herself altogether to the ailments of the body, the other occupied herself mainly with the maladies of the soul. They had tried one after the other all the prescriptions that priests and doctors have invented. Martha was evangelical and ritualistic, High Church and Low Church, meagrely Presby-

terian and floridly Episcopalian by turns; and Barbara oscillated between a famous London physician and an old woman in the village who cured by conjurations and the laying on of hands. Wrapt up in themselves, they became not merely selfishly exacting but ferociously combative. Sydney Smith had a neighbour "whose very face was a breach of the peace;" and one had a similar sense of insecurity when Martha or Barbara was in the room. To Sybil—"poor, dear cousin Sybil, you know"—they were severely unsympathetic, if not studiously uncivil. Sybil took no lead in the county. Sybil did not shine in mixed society. Sybil had failed to assert herself. From all which it followed that a pacific Sybil was unworthy of a Martha or a Barbara. Sybil's sweet and modest nature was too finely balanced for petty resentments; and Mark, who adored his wife when he had leisure (as he said, with a laugh), was at other times engrossed in his work. But the fact that no notice was taken of their not obscure innuendoes did not diminish the bitterness of their hostility, — only, in fact, added fuel to the flame.

There was thus plenty of explosive materials about. "Mark was standing on the brink of a volcano; he was sitting on the roof of a powder-magazine; he might be drawn in, he might be blown up, at any moment." These were the doctor's similes when one day he spoke to me of the matter rather urgently: for the doctor, like myself, though he belonged ostensibly to neither of our factions, was a bit of a hero-worshipper, and Mark had been his hero, as he had in a more personal and intimate way been mine. The similes were perhaps a little

mixed, but they represented a substantial truth; for the foes of our own household are the most bitter and unscrupulous, and Corbies, Keppels, and Dewars were either by birth or marriage closely allied with the Holdfasts. "Mark hasn't the remotest idea that they hate him," the doctor added. "I must get Dr Evergreen to speak to him. But why don't you warn him yourself? There's that clever cat, Martha Keppel, hates him like poison; Mrs G. G.'s malicious tittle-tattle is all over the place; Corbie knows that Holdfast wouldn't touch him with a pair of tongs; and what daft Davie Dewar, who is as mad as a March hare, will or will not do under any conceivable circumstances, God only knows!" And the worthy doctor, perspiring profusely, started on the daily round which he so immensely enjoyed. I saw him moping the bald pate—the bald pate that rose like a dome over the inquisitive eyes and the solid gold spectacles—all down the High Street.

I had almost omitted to mention that Dr Evergreen, Mark's old tutor, the senior minister of our collegiate church, was still alive. The earthly tabernacle indeed had wasted away, had become perilously delicate and transparent, as if its owner were already clothed with that spiritual body of which the apostle speaks; but the unclouded intellect was alert and luminous as ever. He resided at what was called "the Old Manse"—a quaint, pleasant, old-fashioned house upon the outskirts of the town, sheltered from the wild winds of winter by the high walls and the thick hedges (often white in storm-time with driven spray) of the cosy garden in which, like Topsy, it had "grown." All Balmawhapple loved Dr Evergreen. He had by this

time indeed almost entirely withdrawn from public life; but the noble and venerable figure was familiar to all of us. In these later years he had grown very lonely; the children he idolised had one by one been taken from him to a distant heaven (a heaven, alas! in which he did not entirely believe); yet the sunset light on the worn face—the after-glow—was full of sweetness; and he had emerged from the waves of controversy and strife with the heart of a child, and a spirit that had been tempered as by fire.

The battle was already won—it had been a stiff fight, though the ultimate issue was never doubtful—but he had not doffed his armour, nor would he while he was able to bear it; for he was one of those who hold, with a great poet of our time (as the editor of the 'Tomahawk' remarked in his obituary notice), that the energy of life may be kept on after the grave, but not begun—

"And he who flagged not in the earthly strife,
From strength to strength advancing—
only he,
His soul well knit, and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life."

Nor must I forget the 'Tomahawk,' for the 'Tomahawk' was a power in Balmawhapple, and the 'Tomahawk' did not love the Philistines. The 'Tomahawk' cost a penny, and was published on Saturday—on Saturday as a rule, though, if the editor happened to be "otherwise engaged," it sometimes failed to appear till the middle of the following week.

Pat Salamander, the editor of Balmawhapple's sole literary organ, had seen a good deal of Mark in the early years when the young

barrister was still writing leading articles for the daily papers, and Mark always retained a kindly remembrance of the frank and friendly intercourse of that rather skittish Bohemian. Pat had drifted about the world a good deal, and it was probably owing to Mark's good offices that he had finally settled down in the editorial sanctum of the Balmawhapple 'Tomahawk,' and become our *censor morum*.

Of all the denizens of Bohemia, Pat, for sheer original force, was among (if not) the foremost. As a young fellow, his physique was magnificent; he positively towered above the other golfers on the links of St Abbs (where he was born); and in the remote ages when I knew him first, few of the professionals even were better players all round. He fell away from his game, indeed, more quickly than most; late sittings over metaphysics, whisky, and tobacco are not favourable to steady play. As the years went by he kept more and more to his den in Broad Street, where any night he might be discovered, dimly visible like an Olympian deity, through the cloud of negrohead or cavendish. He was not exactly sluggish by nature; but he did not care for fame, and he grew indolent as he grew old. His most incisive and brilliant hits were either too abstruse or too tart and bitter to suit the popular taste. He would send a scrap of verse worthy of Clough or Matthew Arnold to a provincial paper—and there an end. Though at heart a man of the finest courtesy, he was in certain superficial aspects a rough diamond; and as he sauntered along Broad Street in threadbare Inverness cape and battered old wide-awake, his closest friends were shy to recognise him. The general air

of seediness was pronounced and undeniable. He was careless of the proprieties and conventions; and as the conventions and proprieties are the gospel of our West End, he had no place in its society. Pat was the dreadful sort of creature who could quite calmly dine in a shooting-jacket; I am by no means sure, indeed, that he owned a dress-coat. Then at times he could be savage and Swiftian. He could tolerate no insincerity; in art, in letters, in life, he demanded in highly peremptory terms that a man should be neither hypocrite nor pharisee, neither sneak nor toady. But the sardonic cynicism of this humorous philosopher was entirely on the outside; the nature underneath, as I have said, was singularly simple and tender. We all knew, those of us who were his friends, that he had a genuine gift of humour: but we hardly any of us, I think, recognised that his poetical faculty was as genuine as his humorous. If these waifs and strays of his muse are ever brought together from the poet's corner of obscure country newspapers, it will be found, I think, that few poems more finished in form, more original in suggestion, more charming in expression, have been written in our time. The comparison is somewhat trite; but I venture to assert that those short swallow flights of song have the brightness, simplicity, unexpectedness, and bird-like music of the Elizabethan masters. In the latest there is, moreover, a pathetic hopelessness—the pathetic hopelessness of a wasted life. Some of the lines once read haunt the memory ever afterwards.

"OUR POET.

"I wander where the river strays
Through woods asleep in pearly haze,

With quiet nooks where earliest peer
 The firstlings of the dawning year.
 I feel, but scarcely seem to share,
 This sense which haunts the happy air,
 Of young life stirring everywhere;
 For ever at my heart of hearts
 A pulse of nameless trouble starts.
 I watch this tender April sky;
 I see its aimless clouds go by;
 I gaze, and gaze, and only think—
 It would have pleased our poet's eye.

From his low nest the glad lark
 springs,
 And soars, and soaring ever, flings
 Blythe music from the restless wings.
 Though all the air be trembling
 pleased,
 The unquiet soul is nothing eased;
 I hear with scarce the heart to hear
 That carol ringing quick and clear;
 I hear, and hearing, only think—
 It would have pleased our poet's ear.

His ears are shut from happy sound;
 His eyes are softly sealed;
 The oft-trod old familiar ground,
 The hill, the wood, the field,
 This path which most he loved, that
 runs
 Far up the shining river,
 Through all the course of summer suns
 He treads no more for ever."

"The pity of it, the pity of it, Iago!" Here was a man of the most perfect and scrupulous veracity, who had outgrown all formulas, whose life had become aimless, whose lucid intellectual force had failed to find any desirable or fitting "outgait." He sat in his Olympian garret, with clouds of tobacco-smoke about him, revolving many things. Thus occupied, though his nature was as sweet and sociable as ever, a fine scorn for the coin that passes current in the busy world, for the impostor and the charlatan, took possession of him. One saw latterly that he was dying. The finely cut face showed worn and weather-beaten; he still walked firmly enough, but with a slow, measured, deliberate gait; the ragged Inverness cape

hung limply about him; it was all too clear that the splendid constitution had failed, and that life had become a weariness to him.

I had known him more or less since I was a boy at St Abb's—about the '43. He was then twenty or thereby—just the age of the "Principal," whose life-long friendship he enjoyed. He was never, they said, exactly the same man after the Principal's death; he had lost the friend who was closer than a brother, who knew, as no one else did, his genuine and sterling worth, who resented with large-hearted scorn any allegation of moral or spiritual decline, and remained to the end as frank and cordial and appreciative as when they had been lads at college, with the future all before them. We used to regard "Pat" in my school-days with boyish curiosity and wonder,—this stalwart giant, this handsomest of a handsome race, who carried all before him on the links, and who could swim from the harbour-mouth to the Witch's lake. All his life his heart was in St Abb's; it was the playground to which he constantly returned from his somewhat dreary lodgings, from the drudgery of commerce, from the monotony of literature. Between the two periods when I remember him best, he could not truly be said to have done much. People in general, the outside public, would say that he was a failure; those who knew him best recognised dimly that one who had retained, in spite of all superficial reverses, the courage, the unblemished rectitude, the fine courtesy, the modest reticence of the boy—"the white flower of a blameless life"—could not in the highest sense be said to have been born in vain. He had lived a true life; and such a life, under whatever forlorn

conditions or unpropitious eclipse, cannot be quite valueless.

“Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming
hither ;
Ripeness is all.”

Pat had little to show, indeed, in the way either of worldly prosperity or of fairly accomplished work. He had failed in smoky commercial St Mungo ; it was a pity, indeed, that he had adventured on a career for which he had no aptitude. But he made one or two fast friends in the West,—notably Alexander Paisley, the most amiable and modest of poets ; and the two came east about the same time, and a queer, happy, healthy, humorous, grotesque intimacy sprang up between them, which continued, growing always warmer and warmer, till Paisley's untimely death. Then what he had done in literature was for the most part carefully hidden away. He did not write very much at any time, and much of what he did write could not now be recovered. But his serious encounter with Stuart Mill (there is nothing in English controversial literature quite equal to Pat's rapier-like lunge, except, perhaps, Goldwin Smith's in the famous assault on Mansel), and his exquisite mimicry of the philosopher of Cheyne Row, are too inimitable to be quite forgotten.

Around the cloudy Olympus where for ten years Pat, the cloud-compeller, smoked his grimy churchwarden and wielded his editorial sceptre, many notable men gathered at intervals. Among them was the Principal to whom I have referred,—the Principal of the Venerable Academy at St Abb's (founded, they say, by John Knox himself), who often came at the end of a week with one or other of the Professors or Men of Letters of that secluded

seat of learning to spend the Sunday with Pat. Two or three of the visitors were known by name to a bigger world ; they made a pleasant addition to the select society of our innocent Bohemia ; and the Principal at least, divested of hood and gown, enjoyed himself with boyish *abandon*.

Sometimes but not always, for, alas ! it was sometimes otherwise. This ruddy Apollo, who belonged, as the blue eyes, the fair skin, the yellow locks unmistakably declared, to the wholesome north-country folk who have a dash of Norse blood in their veins, as broad-shouldered as he was large-hearted, with the great, hearty, uproarious, almost convulsive laugh that shook him to the centre, and simplified so many problems, ecclesiastical and other,—the stalwart golfer, the expert swimmer, the devout Christian, the tolerant and statesmanlike churchman, the gracious and courtly man of the world,—was on one side the healthiest of human souls. Yet this fine, bright, frank, candid intelligence was occasionally overshadowed and darkened by a mysterious cloud which made him unutterably miserable, even though he was sustained through its deepest gloom by a high spiritual outlook, by a real faith in the Divine goodness, and by the unwearied ministrations of one of the sweetest of women. The pitiful tremor in the voice, the pitiful entreaty, like that of a dumb animal, in the eyes, were inexpressibly sad, yet somehow not uncharacteristic of a man in whom the physical and the spiritual had been unequally yoked.

Even when at his moodiest, however, it did him good to be with Pat ; and the Sunday stroll on the beach was better than doctor's drugs. Bright, the Professor of

Logic, and Brown, the eminent critic of the 'Dawn,' would drive over with the Principal, and then, in the upper chamber over the printing-office, we had Noctes Ambrosianæ and Suppers of the Gods! The fame of the punch, the savour of the finnan-haddies, spread far and wide; and though of that good company but one remains, the traditions of the logical sword-play, and the metaphysical high-jinks that grew more and more abstruse as the night waned, still linger in Balmawhapple.

Spenser Bright and Sidney Brown were at that time bosom friends, but no friends were ever more unlike. I have spoken of Sidney elsewhere,—of the meteoric career which reads like a romance, of the vein of weakness, of sensuousness, of charlatanism, which hurt and finally ruined an otherwise fine character. Spenser, on the other hand, was one of the most unselfish and chivalrous of men. He was never weary in well-doing,—in true sympathy, in unaffected kindness. He was very keen, satirical, intellectually incisive; quite a man of affairs, and accustomed to mix with all sorts and conditions of men—newspaper editors, literary ladies, stolid farmers, college dons—but he was one of those rare characters which, in the best sense, are without guile. He was not rich—not rich even as Sidney was (and Sidney was often in deep waters)—but he was vigilantly honest and exact, and never owed any man a penny. He was all his life an invalid: he had a weak heart, and only half a lung; he knew that he might die at any moment; but his spirit was so intrepid, so indomitable, that he never lost his habitual cheerfulness, but looked at the dread shadow that haunted him with

an eye that kept a pleasant—I might say a humorous—twinkle to the last. He was really a considerable, if not a great, metaphysician; he had a rarely catholic taste in letters; and his critical apprehension was singularly subtle. But he was unduly modest: while he admired his friends, and praised them far more than they deserved (and yet his enthusiasm was perfectly genuine), he made little of his own accomplishments, and kept himself habitually in the background. A nobler character in all ways it has not been my lot to meet in this world—the simplest, the gentlest, the manliest—the one in which self had least place. Those who knew him as I knew him know what "moral beauty" means, and are the better for the knowledge.

Thus though the forces of the Philistines were formidable, the chosen people in Balmawhapple were able to hold their own, especially when reinforced by their allies from St Abb's. Of the Homeric battle which was waged by the contending factions over Hector's body we shall hear anon. But, as becomes an orderly and veracious chronicler, I am going to begin at the beginning, and the stories that in the meantime I purpose to relate will take us a long way back—to primitive Balmawhapple and Holdfasts of historic record. By easy gradations—stepping nimbly but cautiously from century to century, and leaving behind us as we move the evil figures of an ugly past,

"Waving each a bloody sword,
For the service of their Lord!"—

we shall by-and-by return to the men and women who meet us in the street, and whose lives are bound up with our own.

THE FRENCH IN WEST AFRICA.

Now that the campaign of the French troops in Dahomey is at an end, conjectures as to the fruits of that arduous undertaking naturally present themselves to consideration. General Dodds, the successful commander of the expedition, recommends that the whole of the coast-line, including the towns of Whydah, Grand Popo, and Kotonou, should be annexed by France, the rest of the country being divided up into three territories under native chiefs, subject to French protection. The capitals of these districts would be Abomey, Allada, and a town on the Ouémé river, and strong garrisons would be left in each of them. The French Government has approved of the first part of the scheme, and the coast towns are now being taken over. The question, however, of the occupation of the interior has been postponed, and not without reason. Dahomey is composed for the most part of malarious jungle and marshland, alternated with densely wooded forests. The oppressive moist heat is almost insupportable to Europeans, and scarcity of fresh water is a formidable difficulty. Its natural products are altogether insignificant, and offer no opening for European commerce. From such a country the French can hope to gain nothing in return for the lives and money they have expended, and the Government shows its discretion in refusing to entertain without further consideration the question of its annexation.

Motives of gain, however, did not bring about the war, and it is probable that the expedition would never have been undertaken but for persistent provocation on the

part of King Behanzin. This negro monarch, who was educated in France, but speedily relapsed on his return to the uncivilised habits and customs of his native country, is now between forty and fifty years of age, and is described as being below medium stature, of good figure, with a bearing of conscious dignity, and, in spite of his evil reputation, an open and intelligent expression. Behanzin succeeded to the throne in December 1889, and inaugurated his reign by seizing a dozen French traders resident at Whydah, and carrying them off into the interior. This act of hostility led to a small expedition on the part of France at the beginning of 1890; and after several engagements in the neighbourhood of Kotonou and Porto Novo, the appearance of reinforcements for the enemy induced the king, although undefeated, to retire to Abomey. He did not stay there long, however, but set out on a raiding expedition into the territory of the Abbeokutans, capturing 1000 prisoners. On his return to his capital the French, realising that the force they had at their disposal was not strong enough to attack Behanzin in his own country, sent two successive envoys with presents and pacific proposals, both of whom the king, in the pride of his recent success, refused to receive. The arrival of further reinforcements from Europe caused him to change his mind, and he signed the treaty presented to him by the third envoy, Père Borgère, in October 1890.

Both parties seemed to recognise that this treaty was little more than an armistice; and while

the French still further augmented their garrisons at Kotonou and Porto Novo, Behanzin set about reorganising his army, and making applications for firearms to traders of various nationalities resident in the settlements on his coast-line. These traders have all denied complying with his request; but the progress of the campaign abundantly proved that he was in possession of Krupp guns and quick-firing rifles, and it is not improbable that most of them, not even excepting French firms, contributed, knowingly or unknowingly, to the supply. The year 1890 closed with a mission on the part of the French to the Dahomeyan king, offering presents, and ostensibly one of peace, but in reality designed to obtain the exact position of Abomey, a naval officer accompanying it for that purpose. 1891 saw a continuation of hostile preparations, the French commencing a wharf and barracks at Kotonou, while towards the end of the year Behanzin attacked several villages under French protection, and closed the trade routes. No collision, however, occurred between the two till the 27th of last March, when the resident governor, Ballot, was fired upon while steaming on the river Ouémé, which divides the territory of Dahomey from that of Porto Novo. Three days later the king himself invaded the latter province, and in reply to this act of aggression 200 Senegalais sharpshooters were despatched from St Louis, the capital of Senegal, while the French Government at home decided on sending an expedition. The command of this expedition fell to Colonel Dodds.

Colonel, or rather General Dodds, as he has now been created, was born at St Louis, and has negro blood in his veins.

He has conducted several successful wars with native tribes on the borders of Senegal and Senegambia, and just before the present campaign was commandant of the troops at St Louis. In this post he acquired the reputation of being a very strict disciplinarian, for which reason, as well as perhaps to some extent on account of his descent, he was not very popular with the French officers who served beneath him. His previous services had already entitled him to the command of a brigade, but his advancement was temporarily retarded by charges made against him by political opponents at St Louis, on the count of influencing the election of the mayor by virtue of the power he possessed as commander of the troops. On hearing of the intended expedition against Dahomey, he went to France and applied personally for the command. His previous experience in native warfare caused him to be selected for it, and he set out for Africa with the avowed intention of shattering once for all the power of Dahomey, or never leaving the coast again alive.

How far he has succeeded in his object the general public, who have watched the progress of his expedition with considerable interest, are already acquainted. No time was lost on his arrival at Kotonou. The building of the wharf, designed to land the stores and ammunition, was pressed forward, and 3000 porters were engaged to carry the baggage of the column. The general's movements were hampered at first by the fact that the sea forces were under an officer independent of his authority; but after strong representations on his part, and a considerable amount of friction, which ended in the resignation of the Minister of Marine, the impracticability of such an

arrangement was recognised, and he was given sole command. In the month of August the immediate neighbourhood of Kotonou was cleared of the enemy, and General Dodds left the coast with 1300 men. After the arrival of reinforcements, which raised the total to 2000 men, the march into the interior commenced in earnest.

The first important engagement took place at Dogba, where the French camp was suddenly attacked in the early hours of the morning, after the usual method of Dahomeyan warfare. This battle was the most sharply contested of all, and indeed was only prevented from being a disastrous defeat for the French by the intrepid action of the commander, who, when the column was wavering, snatched a rifle from a private soldier and fought in person in the foremost ranks. The enemy showed the greatest dash and perseverance, and Amazons were found dead only seven yards from the French guns. The terrible efficacy of the Lebel rifle won the day, trees forming no protection from it, and its victims being torn and lacerated as if struck by explosive bullets. The loss on the French side was only 19 killed, but that of the enemy was reckoned at 1100, large numbers being shot as they were attempting to remove their dead. In subsequent engagements the resistance has never been so strong, though a good stand was made at Poguessa, where it is said three Germans and a Belgian were among the prisoners, and were promptly court-martialled and shot. The chief difficulty lay in cutting roads through the dense forests and crossing the treacherous swamps. Much suffering, too, was caused by the scarcity of fresh water, the soldiers being often reduced to sucking leaves and grass

wet with dew at daybreak in order to relieve their thirst. The capture of Cana, after a first repulse, was the decisive point in the campaign, and Colonel Dodds was at once appointed a general of brigade. Abomey, abandoned and reduced to ashes by its king, was entered eleven days later. Behanzin and his chiefs escaped to the northwards, and unless the acquisition of many miles of marsh and forest be regarded as one of the objects of the expedition, General Dodds has only succeeded in chastising without annihilating a persistent and perhaps still powerful enemy.

But whatever may be the future policy of the French with regard to the annexation of Dahomey, there is no doubt that in another portion of West Africa they have been adding to their territory year by year with a steady and unvarying success. Soudan français, as they term a vast area of land watered by the Senegal and the upper reaches of the Niger, is the growth of a single decade. In 1880, a few isolated posts on the banks of the Senegal represented all the land possessed by them in this wide-reaching territory. The town of St Louis itself, which is the centre from which both the colony of Senegambia and Soudan français have sprung, is only of comparatively recent origin, and was not finally assured to France till 1817. Originally occupied by the Portuguese in 1447, the site of the present town became the property of the French early in the seventeenth century, but in 1685 both St Louis and Goree were taken by the English. Recovered by the French in 1692, they were again seized by the English in 1758, and the Royal African Company was formed to take the place of the French Company, called somewhat unaccountably

"La Compagnie des Indes." The Royal African Company did not do well, the English being ill adapted to withstand the effects of the pestiferous climate; and after twenty-one years of occupation, the attenuated garrison was surprised by an expedition from France under the Duc de Lauzun, and compelled to capitulate. In 1809 St Louis and Goree were taken for the third time by the English, and it was in an expedition to recover them that the ill-fated *Méduse* was wrecked on the Banc d'Arguin, north of St Louis, fifteen out of the hundred and fifty who took to the raft alone surviving, after thirteen days of incredible hardship and suffering. The two settlements were finally handed over to France by treaty in 1817.

From that date to 1854 St Louis made but little progress. The efforts of the colonists to develop the trade of the river was thwarted to a great extent by the hostility of the so-called Moors, a mixed race of Moors and Arabs inhabiting the north bank of the Senegal. Several small wars were carried on against them by the French during this period, but no permanent advantage was secured. In 1854, however, Colonel Faidherbe, who so distinguished himself in Algeria, and was destined, sixteen years later, under the dictatorship of Gambetta, to play no small part in the Franco-German war, became governor. He had already commanded one or two expeditions against the Moors, and he now determined to subdue them. The enemy fought bravely, but after four campaigns—1855-1859—they were compelled to submit to the terms of peace dictated by the French. During nearly the same years, 1855-1860, Governor Faidherbe caused another war to be

carried on against El Hadj Omar, a Toucouleur. The Toucouleurs are a hybrid nation of Moors and Negroes, dwelling on the banks of Central Senegal. El Hadj Omar had proclaimed himself a prophet, and came into contact with the French whilst acquiring territory under the name of his religion. He suffered a severe defeat at Médine, the highest outpost then occupied by the French on the river Senegal, and withdrew towards the south. Omar was a man of considerable capacity, for in 1861 he made himself master of the large Negro empire of Segou, the capital of which, bearing the same name, lies on the banks of the Upper Niger, and in the following year he reigned at Timbuctoo. The career of this enterprising warrior-prophet was cut short in 1864 by a revolt of his followers, who put him to death; but several of his sons still live, and, under the protectorate of France, are the nominal rulers of different portions of his dismembered empire.

From 1860 to 1880 the French confined themselves to sending peaceful missions from St Louis to explore the interior. In November 1863 Governor Faidherbe despatched two officers to survey the route between Médine on the Senegal and Bammako on the Niger. They fulfilled their mission in the early part of 1864, but, pushing on to Segou, were detained there for two years by Ahmadou, son of El Hadj Omar, who had succeeded his father in this portion of his dominions. In January 1880 a large expedition under Captain Gallieni, accompanied by Dr Bayol, who figured so prominently in the mission to Abomey in 1890, set out to survey a railway route between these same two places. They took with them 30 tirailleurs, 300 donkeys, and 100 drivers, but

were attacked on nearing Bam-mako, and prevented from entering it. Captain Gallieni then crossed the Niger lower down, and although he had by this time lost all his baggage and expended all his ammunition, he marched on towards Segou. The same Ahmadou who had detained the two French officers in 1864, now sent word that the expedition should proceed no farther than Nango, where they accordingly halted, and spent the rest of the year endeavouring to persuade the king to allow them to return to St Louis. Meanwhile preparations were made in that town to relieve the captives, and in January 1881 Lieutenant-Colonel Desbordes ascended the Senegal and started from Médine with 800 troops. Taking Ba-foulabé, where the two tributary rivers the Bakkok and the Bafing unite to form the Senegal, the colonel pressed on and captured Kita, an important position lying half-way between Médine and Bam-mako. The news of the fall of Kita, and the proximity of the French troops, induced Ahmadou to send for his involuntary guests at Nango, sign the treaty which they had originally forwarded to him, and set them free. They soon joined Colonel Desbordes, who returned with them to St Louis, leaving a garrison of more than a hundred men at Kita.

This was the first of the series of campaigns,—commencing with the arrival of the dry season in December, and terminating with the approach of the wet season in June or July,—which have since been carried on every year without exception. These campaigns have avowedly in view the armed occupation of the Soudan, and each year sees an addition to the outlying military posts. The actual fighting consists of little more than

skirmishes between small and well-equipped European forces and large but poorly armed native forces, with the invariable result that the latter retire leaving a number of dead and wounded on the field, while the losses of the former are altogether insignificant. In the second campaign, 1881-1882, the occupation of no fresh territory was attempted, as the resources of the colony had been crippled by a severe visitation of yellow fever. A force, however, of about two hundred men was sent from Kita against Samory, who was besieging Keniera, a town in the upper reaches of the Niger. Samory, known to the English as Samodou, is the prince of a large tract of country inland to the north-east of Sierra Leone. His career is an interesting one. The "Mahdi of the West," as he has been named, was born in the year 1830, in a small village near the sources of the Niger, and being taken a prisoner as a young man in one of the country wars, became the slave of a powerful Marabout, or Mohammedan enthusiast named Fodé Mussa. Samory proved very intelligent, and by displaying great religious fervour, he acquired such influence over his master's household and the village in general, that Mussa put him in irons. From this confinement the young slave managed to escape, and collecting a few armed followers, seized his late master, put him in turn in irons, and following the precedent of all Mohammedan negroes aspiring to power, declared himself the recipient of a mission from heaven. From that date his success was rapid and assured. He conquered territory far and wide, till in an unlucky moment he was tempted to attack Keniera. Its chief, Bagoda, at once applied to the French for help, and Colonel Desbordes had

little difficulty with his well-armed force in causing Samory to retire.

For the next three years this energetic native prince sent out, each season with unfailing regularity, a force against the French, and was as regularly beaten. In 1886, just after, nothing daunted, he had come cheerfully up to time and received his annual punishment, the French had to deal with a fresh enemy, who made his appearance in the territory already occupied by them. This enemy, Lamine by name, deserves a little notice, as being typical of the class of restless soldier-fanatics who are continually embroiling Central Africa. Lamine was an ambitious Toucouleur, who assumed the warrior-prophet rôle, having laboriously qualified himself for it by a thirty years' residence in Mecca. On returning to his native continent, he began operations at Segou, but was promptly put in prison by Ahmadou, and spent six years in confinement, maturing his plans at leisure. Escaping in 1885, he set to work this time in French territory at Kayes, on the Senegal near to Médine, and now the chief military depot of Soudan français. Here he was arrested by the head of the police on the charge of inciting to revolution, but contrived to clear himself before the commandant by his ready tongue and protestations of good faith. Released in March 1886, he proceeded at once to preach a holy war, and put his teaching into practice by taking Senoudebou. In April he was emboldened to attack Bakel, a French outpost on the Senegal, but was repulsed and shortly after surprised, his wives and library falling into the hands of the enemy. The library consisted of three hundred copies of the Koran, which he intended to

distribute over his future empire. The unfortunate prophet fled to the upper reaches of the Gambia, where he was two years later attacked and killed, the expedition against him affording the French a pretext for putting this region under their protectorate.

Meanwhile the armed occupation of the Western Soudan went steadily on, and in 1888 the line of posts between the Senegal and the Niger was at length completed by the addition of Bammako, while several towns on the upper reaches of the Niger above Bammako were taken and fortified. In 1890 Colonel Archinard, who has shown himself so energetic in this career of annexation, and has lately been appointed governor of the Soudan, with authority independent of the governor of Senegal, attacked and captured Segou, held by one of Ahmadou's sons, a treasury of £20,000 being taken with it. The following year he seized Nioro, the veteran Ahmadou's last shelter, a town situated to the north-east of the upper Senegal, and sufficiently distant, that fugitive hoped, not to attract the attention of the French. Ahmadou himself escaped with his life, but it is doubtful if he will ever be heard of again. After this exploit Colonel Archinard marched southward, wishing to see if Samory would show fight.

Since his defeat in 1886 this native prince had not conducted any operations against the French, but remaining in his capital Bissandougou, had contented himself with giving his *Sofas*, or war-boys, employment amongst the tribes lying between his country and Sierra Leone. Mr G. H. Garrett, travelling commissioner of the Colonial Office, contrived to penetrate to Bissandougou from Sierra Leone in May 1890, and gives an interesting description of this

negro monarch. On the way, at Kalieri, he fell in with Samory's "war," composed of 200 horse and 1800 foot, and commanded by Billali, who had been sent to "eat up" the Limba and Timini countries. Billali is described as a young man, with a heavy un-intellectual face, and an unfeeling brutish look. He held a review of his troops in honour of the Englishman, and by making them pass to fro for about an hour, produced the effect of such large numbers, that Mr Garrett's carriers were seized with panic, and could with difficulty be persuaded to continue the journey. From this village the track lay for 190 miles through the country lately devastated by Billali, in which not a single town was left. Outside the ruins of one of them, over one hundred bodies were counted, lying at the side of the road, with their arms tied behind them, and their heads cut off, showing they had been killed in cold blood.

A month after leaving Kalieri the expedition reached Bissandougou, which was then a flourishing native town. Samory had been informed of the Englishman's approach, and received him with considerable state in a large open space in the centre of the town, in which were assembled 7000 or 8000 men. The king was seated near the mosque in a leather arm-chair of European make, and did not rise when the white man, who had been first conducted to the mosque, approached and shook hands with him. He was dressed in a gorgeous silver-lace gown and a turban of white lawn, brought across his face and concealing all but his eyes, which were painted with collyrium, a favourite negro eye-salve. After the usual interchange of compliments, and a parade of mounted troops, the

king caused his guest to be taken to the lodging prepared for him. The following day Mr Garrett called at the palace, which was fenced in and guarded by armed men. The interview took place in an inner court, where he found the king seated on the ground, with his councillors in front of him. He was wearing a blue Mohammedan gown and a red fez, surmounted by a gaudy tinsel crown with imitation stones and diamonds. Samory, who spoke Arabic, expressed great pleasure at seeing his white visitor; and when the latter urged him to recall Billali and his "war," he promised to consider the matter. An iron kettle stood at his feet, to the spout of which he frequently applied his mouth, washing it out and squirting the water into a bowl at his side. He also had a small teapot brought to him, and drank out of its spout, though his guest was unable to say what it contained, having received no invitation to partake of it. Before the close of the interview the king rubbed his hands and feet all over with fresh butter, which must have made the final hand-shake a somewhat trying ceremony for his visitor.

A few days later, in honour of the Englishman, Samory held a grand function, in which he paraded his sons and chiefs in the presence of 8000 or 9000 people. The chiefs first appeared, dressed in various-coloured robes, and mounted on gaily caparisoned horses. When they had finished their display they formed up in line, and the king himself rode in, attended by twenty of his sons and a body-guard of thirty-six men. He was mounted on a splendid chestnut horse, with a saddle-cloth embroidered in gold, and with a crescent and a star at

the corners. The pistol-holsters were gold, and silver spurs were fastened round the ankles with silver bands. His dress on this occasion—for, with his racial love of finery, he did not allow himself to be seen twice in the same costume—consisted of a rich rose-coloured silk gown, light trousers, and yellow leggings. The favourite son was mounted on a fine dark horse, which he made kneel down before the honoured guest. Indeed the parade was in every respect a great tribute to the Englishman, for Samory, at that time sixty years old, rarely appeared on horseback on such occasions. Mr Garrett took his leave two days later, and was gratified to find that Samory had complied with his request, and had recalled Billali and his war-boys.

In less than twelve months' time from the date of this visit not a home was left standing in Bissandougou. In the spring of 1891 Colonel Archinard, after marching southwards and finding that Samory did not wish to fight, determined to act on the offensive. Crossing the Niger near Siguiri on the 1st of April, he entered Samory's territory, and soon reached the ruins of Kankan, a large town which Samory's son had, on the approach of the French, abandoned and fired. Pushing on, the column, after several engagements with the enemy *en route*, gained Bissandougou, and found it in flames, the king, who had only just evacuated it, having set fire to it himself. After the fall of Bissandougou, Colonel Archinard, who was seized at this time with a bad attack of fever, determined to retire, leaving a garrison at Kankan. The losses of the French in this campaign, from the time of crossing the Niger to regaining it once more, although

constantly attacked by the enemy both going and returning, represented only one white officer and three native soldiers, out of a total of 23 white officers, 37 Europeans, and 222 black troops. At the beginning of the present year Colonel Archinard's successor in the Soudan made another incursion into Samory's territory, penetrating as far as Sanankoro, south of Bissandougou, and leaving a garrison on the site of the latter town. Samory commanded in person during one engagement, but managed to escape. Now that a French garrison is located in the centre of his kingdom, it is probable that his power is broken beyond recovery. However, the old warrior-prophet, whom Mohammedan negroes as far distant as the banks of the Senegal still regard as their spiritual chief, has not yet despaired of being able to hold out against the encroachments of the French, and is endeavouring to interest the English in his fate, as his late present of an ostrich to the Queen, as well as the mission he has sent to England, tend to show.

With the rapid growth of Soudan français, St Louis, the centre from which all this territory has been acquired, has increased proportionately, till she is now undoubtedly the best-built, and contains the most Europeans, of any town on the west coast of Africa. St Louis stands on a small island or sandbank, formed by two branches of the river Senegal, and is only a mile and a quarter long by a quarter of a mile broad. Governor Faidherbe did a good deal to diminish the unhealthiness of the town by building a river-wall round it, so that low-lying places were no longer swamped by high tides, and the refuse of the town, which had hitherto lain exposed

on the banks, could be thrown directly into the water. The population at present is said to be from 18,000 to 20,000 inhabitants. The Place du Gouvernement, containing two blocks of barracks and the Governor's palace, divides the town into two portions. Two wooden bridges, built on piles across the western channel, connect St Louis with the *Langue de Berberie*—a narrow peninsula between the river and the sea. This peninsula is covered for the most part with round native huts, made and thatched with coarse strong grass; but towards the north of it is situated the extensive barracks of the *tirailleurs*.

The eastern channel or main arm of the river is 600 yards wide, and is crossed by a bridge of boats constructed by *Faidherbe*, and composed of forty-five large lighters, moored fore and aft. This bridge connects St Louis with the island of *Sor*, which a second bridge on piles puts into communication with the true southern bank of the river. It is in this island that the railway which runs between St Louis and *Dakar*, lying about 100 miles south, just below *Cape Verde*, has its terminus. *Dakar* is the port of St Louis—for only ships of very light draught can pass over the bar at the mouth of the *Senegal*; and the railway, which was completed in 1885, is of great importance to the capital. In the same year the streets of St Louis, which used to be deep in sand, were paved with a species of concrete, which, by causing the water in the rainy season to run away quickly, is said to have greatly improved the health of the town. Both streets and houses are well lighted with electricity; but the supply of almost the first neces-

sity of human life, fresh water, is precarious. Water drawn from wells is too brackish for consumption. In the rainy season the river water, which during the rest of the year is salt at St Louis, becomes fresh, and is drunk by the natives, although it is a discoloured, muddy yellow. The Europeans are dependent on rain-water preserved in cemented tanks, with which most of their houses are provided. In the dry season natives drink the water brought by an aqueduct, the distance of fifteen miles, from *Lampsar marsh*, and crossing the river by a siphon. The Government offices and barracks are supplied by a tank steamer, which runs up the river daily to a point where the water becomes fresh. If the rainy season is late the supply in the tanks becomes exhausted, and the Europeans are put to great straits, being obliged to buy a daily supply from the Government at very high prices.

St Louis has much more of the garrison town than the trading settlement in its appearance and composition. It is the depot from which the military stations throughout *Soudan français* are supplied, and everything is made subservient to military interests. The two large barracks for the *infanterie de la marine* in the Place du Gouvernement are capable of accommodating at least 500 troops, and the barracks of the native *tirailleurs* a full regiment. Besides these, there are the artillery barracks, the cavalry barracks, holding a squadron of mounted *spahis* and the *ateliers du Soudan français*. Even during the war with *Dahomey*, when one would expect all the available troops to be required there, two companies of the *infanterie de la marine* and one company

of tirailleurs remained in St Louis. The two companies of marine represent in number more European soldiers than the English have in the whole of their West African possessions put together. From five o'clock in the morning to ten o'clock at night bugle-calls resound, and the military band, or at any rate members of it, practise steadily throughout the day. Companies are drilled in the Place du Gouvernement, and native recruits are put into shape in an open space near the barracks of the tirailleurs. It is like being under military occupation. At the *cafés*, officers monopolise all the private dining-rooms, while the non-commissioned officers take possession of the public billiard-tables. Trade appears to be a secondary consideration. It is true that there are a number of well-supplied stores; but, without the military, their ledgers would tell a very different tale. The lack of an opening for commerce on a large scale may be gathered from the fact that there are no English traders in St Louis; and indeed, during a recent residence of four months there, the writer was the only Englishman in the town.

The native inhabitants of St Louis and of Senegal in general are Joloffs, and are the tallest, blackest, and ugliest of any race on the whole of the West coast. The last epithet applies more especially to the women, who do all in their power by way of dress and deportment to add to their naturally unattractive appearance. The dress of the Joloff woman consists of two varieties of garment, one from the waist to the ankle, the other hanging over it from the neck to the knee. This latter is not arranged in the graceful folds often to be seen among native women, especially in Portuguese

settlements, but the head is inserted in a hole in the centre of a square or oblong piece of cloth, the four corners hanging out from the body in a most ugly and unbecoming fashion. The richer women have three, and sometimes even four, of these garments, in different shades and colours, and two or three of the under garments tucked in at the waist, which, as it also carries a circlet of leather *grisgris*, or charms, is made the most prominent instead of the smallest portion of the figure. A folded piece of cloth is often thrown carelessly over one shoulder. The hair is worn in thin greasy ringlets three or four inches long. It is arranged by professed hairdressers, who bind each ringlet round a thin stick, the head, when finished, having the appearance of a porcupine's back, with all the bristles lying one way. The customer is left like this for three days, after which the sticks are removed and the hair remains untouched for six or eight weeks, when another visit to the barber becomes necessary. The usual head-covering is a brightly coloured handkerchief, but there is now an attempt among the native leaders of fashion in St Louis to introduce a coarse black net, adorned with gaudy beads and trinkets. The finger-nails are dyed red, and the lower lip painted blue. In the case of weak eyes, very common among the natives, a yellow wash extending to the width of half an inch round one or both members is said to be an efficacious remedy, as well as being thought an addition to the personal appearance. Perhaps it is owing to the heel-less Moorish slippers that the Joloff women have a particularly ungraceful walk, shuffling their feet along the ground as if they were in

momentary fear of losing those useless coverings; but this would not account for their carrying their arms akimbo, or giving one of them an extensive swing in time with their sluggish steps. Indeed, with their pieces of chew-stick projecting from one side of their mouths—while from the other they every now and then eject saliva in a peculiarly repulsive manner—with their slow, swaggering gait, and their bold, defiant glances, it is impossible to believe that they belong to the gentler sex. In comparison with theirs, the dress of a Sierra Leone girl—of whom there are several in St Louis—although an incongruous imitation of European attire, seems positively graceful, and her bearing the model of maidenly reserve.

The men's dress is somewhat more becoming, and in addition to a short pair of pantaloons, consists of a single garment hanging in loose folds from the neck to the ankle. The colour of this garment is often white, and the costume would look graceful enough if it were not for a large pouch or pocket just below the waist in front, which, being always full of a variety of articles, bulges out in a very ugly manner. Moorish slippers are also included in the male attire, but they do not seem to interfere with ease of movement so much in their case as in that of the women. If they want to run they take them off and carry them. In character the Joloffs are described by a French writer as "doux, apathiques, vaniteux, imprévoyants." The young girls from ten to fourteen or fifteen years of age, who do most of the household work, wear, in addition to the garment from waist to knee, a short jacket down to the waist. With the absence of head-covering and their

short woolly hair it is difficult to tell them from boys, except that they are a little uglier and bolder. Perhaps the most presentable are the young children from four to ten years of age when dressed up for a holiday, and there seem to be a good many holidays among the Mohammedan Joloffs. They wear a single garment of blue or white cotton cloth from neck to ankle, and on such occasions the garment is always clean. They are also provided with little yellow Moorish slippers, but these they usually carry on their heads, finding that they give them less bother in that way.

In addition to the Joloffs, a large number of Moors are to be seen in St Louis. By the side of the dark-skinned natives they appear almost white, though in reality their skin is light-chocolate in colour. The men are short in stature and fragile in frame, with thin worn faces and long matted hair (real hair, not wool, as can easily be seen, for they always go with the head uncovered). In spite of their apparently delicate physique they are very active, travelling to and fro on foot between St Louis and the interior with caravans of heavily laden camels or droves of patient donkeys. Both men and women wear native cloth of a dull-blue colour. The women are good-featured, and in their simple though artistically draped garments they are quite graceful and feminine by the side of the gorgeously attired Joloff women.

Perhaps the place where one can see most of the varied life of the capital of Senegal is on the Pont Faidherbe, between half-past five and half-past six of an evening. This bridge is more than a quarter of a mile in length, and, as already stated, is made of boats moored

fore and aft. When a south-westerly swell comes up from the mouth of the river, the bridge sways from one side to the other with a short quick movement, making it difficult for persons not accustomed to board-ship to keep their footing, and sometimes causing native children to suffer from *mal-de-mer*. When, however, the wind is in any other direction the bridge is perfectly steady, and after the heat of the day one can sit in the recesses made for the purpose and enjoy a little fresh air while watching the passers-by. There is sure to be a Moorish caravan, consisting perhaps of half-a-dozen camels, coming in with heavy burdens from the interior, the tail of one animal tied by a light cord to a ring in the nose of the succeeding one, the procession headed by a single Moor, with his short lithe step, holding the cord attached to the foremost camel. Some four or five others walk by the side or at the end of the caravan. Then come a batch of young girls returning from washing clothes at some roadside well, where the water is cleaner though perhaps more brackish than the river-water. The clothes are contained in large calabashes, carried on the head and steadied with one or both uplifted arms. In spite of the distance they have walked, and the fatigue of maintaining their arms in that elevated position, they seem cheerful enough, laughing and chatting as they move along, though the burden they carry prevents them from turning their head to right or left. Here pass, too, plenty of Joloff men, laughing and talking at the top of their voices as they walk along at a swinging pace, brandishing their heavy walking-sticks, while their long white robes flap out behind them under the impulse of the strong evening

breeze. Much more slowly approach some half-dozen Joloff women who have been attending a festivity at Sor, and are decked out in their most gorgeous attire. They walk abreast and take possession of the bridge, looking with undisguised contempt on the quiet-coloured garments of the Moorish women whom they meet. Soon a boy of twelve, belonging to the poorer class and wearing only the scantiest of loin-cloths, staggers past under the weight of a freshly killed sheep from the slaughtering-ground on the farther side of the river. Senegal sheep are horned and small, but they are too heavy for a young lad, and the carcass with its gaping throat seems likely to drive the small black head which carries it down between the slender unformed shoulders.

But by this time the evening train has arrived and passengers begin to make their appearance, while officers return from a *café* close by the station, which forms a daily rendezvous for most of them. First dashes past a young lieutenant of the spahis, mounted on a beautiful bay Arab, which moves over the bridge with a sweeping trot, making the loose planks shake and rattle, scattering the natives, and causing the Moors to haul their camels and their donkeys to one side, while the grey French horse on which his servant follows breaks into a cumbersome canter in order to keep pace with the fleet animal ahead. Then come one or two chaises full of officers, followed by a large public conveyance carrying passengers and the mails. Finally arrive those who have to go on foot, a detachment, perhaps, of soldiers from some garrison along the railway route, or native traders who have been to Dakar on their business. As one turns and follows

them towards the town, a group of some forty or fifty natives can be seen on the river-bank close to the bridge, sitting on the ground in regular rows and facing the setting sun. It is the hour of evening prayer, and every now and then the entire assembly bend quickly forward till their foreheads touch the dust, as they offer up their prayers to Allah. For in Mohammedan Negroland it is the men who pray, while the women do the work.

The future of Soudan français offers a large field for speculation. There is no reason, indeed, why the French should receive any serious check in their armed progress across Africa, as long as they are willing to pay the cost of their annual expeditions. So far as the supply of native soldiers is concerned little difficulty is encountered, for during the campaigns prisoners and slaves who have escaped from the enemy are incorporated in the regiment of tirailleurs. Ransomed slaves are also brought to St Louis from the southern rivers and enrolled in the native corps, which now numbers some twenty companies. The territory actually under occupation by France includes the country watered by the Senegal, and also the upper reaches of the Niger from Segou almost to its source. But French influence extends from Soudan français to French possessions on the coast between Bathurst and Sierra Leone, and also to their settlements on the Gold and Slave coasts. The aspirations of French explorers cannot be described as modest. Captain Monteil, who lately arrived at Tripoli after crossing the Sahara, had already sent by letter some account of his two years' wandering in the region of the Niger. In the course of his travels he visited

Sokoto and Kano—the latter an important trading centre, in communication, by means of caravans, with Constantine, Tunis, and Tripoli—and he suggests that this commerce should be secured to France by causing it to ascend the Niger to Segou or Bammako, and thence by land to Médine on the Senegal, finally reaching the Atlantic Ocean at St Louis. In order to develop this route, he thinks it advisable to postpone the effective occupation of Timbuctoo! The idea that the commerce might possibly find a quicker route to the ocean down river through the territory of the English Royal Niger Company he has not considered it worth while to discuss. Another explorer, the young Lieutenant Mizon, who recently made the most grave charges, since proved to be totally unfounded, and which he himself has retracted, against the higher officials of this trading Company, is now on a second expedition up the river Benue to Yola. His avowed object is to discover the possibility of winning over to France the country between the higher reaches of the Benue and Lake Tchad, so that an unbroken empire should extend from the banks of the Senegal to those of the Congo. But a portion of this territory is already under British influence; and the rest, by a treaty made between Germany and France in December 24, 1884, was to be regarded by those two countries as neutral ground. The 'Temps,' however, in support of Lieutenant Mizon, declares that this treaty possesses only a theoretical character, a statement which has drawn some very plain-spoken criticisms from the German press. Indeed it could not be expected that either the English or the Germans would be willing to submit to such en-

croachments merely to give France a continuity of empire.

But after all, is that vast tract of country which the French seem so eager to obtain worth the expenditure of the lives and money which its acquisition entails? If properly cultivated the land would no doubt yield a rich return, but the labour question is the great difficulty. Natives cannot be induced to work in sufficient numbers for even small areas of land, and in several instances the result of French occupation has been the depopulation of the district. White labour is out of the question, on account of the extreme insalubrity of the climate. A glance at the annual exports of St Louis will show that they bear no proportion to the vast extent of the area from which they are drawn. In 1890 the total value of exports was £473,652, of which £300,000 represented the value of ground-nuts and £120,000 gum-arabic. Steamers can only ascend to Kayes in the rainy season, so that during

seven or eight months in the year goods cannot be brought from the interior except by small schooners on the river or by caravans on land. A short railway of eighty-one miles connects Kayes with Bafoulabé, but it will be some time before capitalists are likely to encourage the construction of a line from Kayes to St Louis. Until it is constructed the future of "L'immense Soudan, que toute l'Europe l'envie déjà à la France," as a St Louis orator recently put it, remains obscured. It is possible that the hopes of this enthusiast may be fulfilled; that "Le grand empire français d'Afrique" may come to resemble our Indian empire. "Pourquoi Saint Louis," this speaker exclaimed, "ne serait-il pas destiné à être le Calcutta de cet empire, Dakar à rivaliser avec Bombay, et Porto Novo avec Madras?" The dream is, of course, within the bounds of possibility, but its realisation will be a marvellous achievement.

ARCHER P. CROUCH.

A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

I.

IN the summer of 1869, an artist, whose wanderings had led him far into rural England, rambled one sunny morning about the town of Glastonbury. Like all but a very few Englishmen, he cared little for the ancient history of his land: Avalon was a myth that did not speak to his imagination, and the name of Dunstan echoed but faintly for him out of old school-books. His delight was in the rare quaint beauty of the noiseless streets, in the ruined abbey with its overgrowth, its great elms, its smooth sward where sheep were nibbling, and in the exquisite bits of homely landscape discoverable at every turn. He would have liked to remain here for several days, but in the evening he must needs journey on.

After a mid-day meal at the inn which was built for the use of pilgrims four hundred years ago, he turned his steps towards a spot it still behoved him to visit, though its associations awoke in him but a languid curiosity. This was Wirrall Hill, a little grassy ascent just outside the town—famous for ages throughout Christendom as the place of the Holy Thorn, the budding staff set by Joseph of Arimathea when he landed from his voyage. A thorn is still preserved on the summit: having considered it with a smile, the artist threw himself upon the grass, and gazed at what interested him much more, the scene spread before his eyes.

Opposite lay Glastonbury, its red-roofed houses (above them the fine old towers of St John and St Benedict) clustered about the foot

of that high conical hill called the Tor, which with its ruined church beacons over so many miles of plain. Northward the view was bounded by the green Mendips, lovely in changing lights and shadows. In the west, far upon a flat horizon, glimmered the Severn sea. White lines of road marked the landscape in every direction; the willow-bordered *rhines*—great trenches to save the fields from flood—wound among crops or cattled pasturage; and patches of rich brown showed where peat was stacked. A scene perfect in its kind, so ancient, peaceful, dream-inspiring.

He was awakened from reverie by the sound of voices. At a short distance stood two children, a little boy and a still smaller girl, doubtless brother and sister: they had just caught sight of the stranger, and were looking at him with frank wide eyes, their talk suspended by his presence. Our friend (he was a bachelor of fifty) did not care much for very young people, but this small couple were more than usually interesting; he thought [he had never seen such pretty children. They were dressed very simply, but with a taste which proved that they did not belong to working folk; their faces, too, had nothing in common with those of little rustics, but were delicately featured, remarkably intelligent, toned in softest cream and rose colour. The boy (perhaps seven years old) wore a tunic and knickerbockers, and carried a wand higher than himself; the girl, a year younger, who had golden curly locks, and a red sash

about her waist, held in her arms the tiniest of terrier pups.

"How do you do?" cried the artist, in the friendliest voice he could command, nodding to them. "Here's a comfortable place; come and sit down."

They hesitated, but only for a moment. Then the boy advanced, and the girl followed more timidly. After a few rather awkward attempts the artist drew them into conversation. Their wits corresponded to their faces; when he spoke of the hill on which they were sitting, he found that the boy knew all about its history.

"Joseph of Arimathæa," said the youngster, with perfect pronunciation of the long word, "had eleven companions. Father is painting them."

"Painting them? What! your father is a painter?"

"Yes," the boy answered proudly, "like Michael Angelo and Raphael."

"Now that's a curious thing. I am a painter too!"

They examined him keenly, the little girl allowing her puppy to escape, so that in a few moments she had to run away after it.

"Are you an historical painter?" inquired the boy with much earnestness.

"No. Landscape only."

"Oh!"

The tone was of disappointment.

"What is your father's name? Perhaps I have heard of him."

"Horace Miles Castledine," was the reply, again uttered proudly.

The artist averted his face, and kept silence for a moment.

"Mine is Godfrey Banks," he said at length; "not such a nice name as your father's."

"No, not so nice. But it isn't a bad name. I like Godfrey. And are you famous?"

"Some people like my pictures."

"But are you really famous—like father is going to be?"

"I am afraid not."

"But you are very old, you know," said the lad. "Father is only thirty—quite young for an artist. When he gets as old as you, he'll be famous all through the world—like Michael Angelo."

"I'm very glad to hear that. Where does your father live?"

"Just down there—not far. Shall I take you to see him and tell him you're a painter?"

"That would be very kind. Yes, I should like to go."

The artist had made up his mind that he must not leave Glastonbury without visiting this most notable of its inhabitants, a man who, in the year 1869, was engaged on a historical painting—subject, "The Landing of Joseph of Arimathæa in Britain"—and who plainly had the habit of declaring before his offspring that in a few years his fame would circle the earth.

Addressing his companion as "Murie"—which probably meant Muriel—the youngster announced that they would return home forthwith, and with many signs of delight he led the way. Banks held his hand to the little girl, who accepted it very sweetly; with her other arm she enfolded the puppy. And thus they moved forward.

In less than a quarter of an hour the guide pointed to his father's dwelling. It was one of a row of simple cottages, old and prettily built; in the small garden were hollyhocks, sunflowers, tall lilies, and other familiar flowers, blooming luxuriantly, and over the front of the house trailed a vine. A delightful abode in certain moods, no doubt; but where could be the studio?

The artist took from his pocket a visiting-card.

"I will stay here," he said,

"until you have given that to your father, and asked if I may be allowed to see him."

Two or three minutes elapsed, and when the boy reappeared, it was in the company of a singular-looking man. This person (one would have judged him less than thirty) had a short, slim figure, and a large head with long, beautiful hair, almost as golden as that of his younger child. He wore a dressing-gown which had once been magnificent, of blue satin richly worked; time had faded its glories, and it showed a patch here and there. On his feet were slippers, erst of corresponding splendour; but they, too, had felt the touch of the destroyer, and seemed ready to fall to pieces. His neck was bare. The features of the man lacked distinction: one felt that they were grievously out of keeping with such original attire; that they suggested the most respectable of everyday garments. A small perky nose, lips and chin of irreproachable form and the kindest expression, blue eyes which widened themselves in a perpetual endeavour to look inspired—that was all one cared to notice, save, perhaps, the rare delicacy of his complexion.

He came quickly forward, smiling with vast gratification.

"Mr Banks, you do me a great honour! Pray come in! My wife is unfortunately from home; she would have been overjoyed!"

His voice was quite frank and pleasant; the listener had prepared himself for some intolerable form of euphuism, and felt an agreeable surprise.

They entered, and went first of all into a tiny sitting-room, gracefully furnished. Castledine could not conceal his excitement; for here was one of the first artists of the day, a man really to be rever-

enced, coming—if only by chance—to inspect his work and utter words of encouragement! He kept up a dancing movement round three sides of the table whilst his visitor spoke ordinary civilities.

"My studio," he explained at length, "is up-stairs. I have very little convenience, but for the present it must do. The picture I am engaged upon I should like to have undertaken on a larger scale; but that couldn't be managed."

"My little friend here," replied the artist, "has told me what the subject is."

"Yes—yes!" said Castledine, breathlessly. "But of course he couldn't explain the principles on which I work. I must tell you, first of all, Mr Banks, that I have had no academic instruction. I trust you don't think that is fatal?"

"Fatal? Surely not."

"I was married—I am happy to say—very early; at two-and-twenty, in fact." He blushed a little. "At that time I lived in Lincolnshire; I was in business. But from boyhood I had studied drawing—quite seriously, I assure you; so much so, that I passed the South Kensington examinations." He pointed to a framed certificate on the wall. "I even went in for anatomy—seriously, you know. In anatomy I feel pretty sound. At my marriage I was able to get a little more leisure; we went to Paris and to the Netherlands, and it was then I determined to become a painter. I didn't feel altogether justified—as a married man—in abandoning business, but I managed to give a good half of each day to serious work—really serious. Then we decided to go to London for a year or two, and I studied independently at the National Gallery. The figure was to be my *forte*; I

had understood that from the first; I worked very seriously from the life—made quite a vast number of the most thorough studies. I haven't wholly neglected landscape, but I should be ashamed to speak to you of what I have done in that direction. All the time, I still gave attention to—to my business; but at last it was clear to me that I must take a bold step—the step inevitable to every serious artist—and give myself entirely to painting. So, two years ago, we came to live here, and I began my studies for what I hope may be a—a work one needn't feel ashamed of."

"You chose the place because of its quietness?"

"I must explain to you." He still moved dancingly about the table, forgetting even to ask his visitor to be seated. "From boyhood I have felt very strongly that artists have never paid sufficient attention to the early history of England. It seemed to me that this was a great field for any man with true enthusiasm. My wife—who sympathises with me in most things—encouraged this idea. She has a great delight in the history of the English Church, and on one of our holidays we came down here to see Wells and Glastonbury. Then it was that I conceived the thought I am now trying to work out on canvas. I felt that I couldn't do better than work on the very spot—in this atmosphere of antiquity."

"I understand."

"But I must explain. It will occur to you—what about costumes and that kind of thing? Here my principle comes in. It seems to me that our modern painters attach far too much importance to these accessories. Now we know that the *great* men cared very little about them—that is to say, about antiquarian details.

They painted boldly, intent upon the subject—the human interest—the human figure. I am trying to follow them. Of course I avoid grotesque improprieties, but otherwise I allow my imagination free play. No one really knows how Joseph of Arimathea and his companions were dressed; I have devised costumes which seem to me appropriate."

He spoke hurriedly, watching the listener's face as if he dreaded a sign of disapproval. But Godfrey Banks was all courteous attention.

"Of course I use models. There is one man who sits for me often—a very fine fellow. And I—but perhaps you will come upstairs?"

"Gladly."

Castledine intimated to his children that they were to remain below; then he led the way to the upper storey, and into a back room—lighted from the north indeed, but with obstruction of trees, and through a small window. Fastened upon the wall opposite this window was a canvas of about eight feet by five, covered with figures in various stages of advancement, some little more than outlined. Impossible for the painter to get more than two good paces away from his picture. A deal table and two chairs were the only furniture, but every free bit of wall was covered with small canvases and drawings on paper.

"Not much convenience, as I said," remarked Castledine, with nervous glances, his whole frame breathing tremulous eagerness. "But men have done serious things, you know, under worse difficulties. I hope before long to get a skylight; that would be a vast improvement."

"Yes," murmured the other, absently.

He was regarding the great picture. One glance had sufficed to confirm his worst fears; the thing had neither execution nor promise. It was simply an example of pretentious amateurism: no drawing, no composition, no colour, not even a hint of the imaginative faculty. In grouping the figures about Joseph (who watched the instantaneous budding of his pilgrim's staff) Castledine seemed to have been influenced by a recollection of Raphael's "Feed my Sheep" cartoon; the drapery, at all events, was Raphaelesque. What remark could be made that would spare the painter's feelings, and yet not be stultifying to the critic?

"It ought really to be seen from farther off," panted Castledine, whose heart was already sinking as he read the countenance of his judge.

"Yes. And wouldn't it perhaps have been wiser to take a smaller canvas—under the circumstances? You have set yourself a task of extreme difficulty."

"The difficulty inspires me," said the other, but this time with feigned animation. He had fully expected an admiring utterance of some kind as soon as ever his companion's eyes fell on the picture; but the silence was not caused by awe, and could mean nothing but dissatisfaction.

As Banks's look strayed in embarrassment, it chanced to light upon the little table by the window. There lay a water-colour drawing, still fixed on the board but seemingly finished, the colour-box open beside it. He moved a step nearer, for the drawing struck him as of interest. It was a bit of local landscape, a rendering of just such a delightful motive as had held his attention again and again through the day. For quite two

minutes he examined it gravely, Castledine, with an air of mortified abstraction, glancing from him to the canvas.

"And yet," exclaimed the artist suddenly, turning round, "you spoke slightly of your endeavours in landscape!"

Castledine seemed not to understand the remark; his delicate cheek grew warm; his eyes fell for a moment, then turned absently to the drawing.

"You think——" he began, stammeringly.

"Can you show me anything else of this kind?" Banks inquired, with a smile.

It was no novelty in his experience that a man of marked aptitude for one line of work should hold with obstinate blindness to another, in which he could do nothing effectual; but here seemed to be a very curious instance of such perversity. Again he scrutinised the water-colour. And whilst he did so, Castledine took from a portfolio that was leaning against the wall some half-dozen similar drawings. In silence he handed these to the artist, who regarded them one after another with unmistakable pleasure.

"You think they're worth something, Mr Banks?"

"They seem to me really very good," replied the critic, as one who weighs his words.

It was on his lips to add, "Did *you* really do these?" but Castledine's silence seemed to make the question as needless as it would have been uncivil.

"If I may venture to offer counsel," he continued, "I should say, go in for this kind of thing with all your energy."

"You—you don't care for my picture—I'm afraid——"

"I feel that it would be very unjust to speak unfavourably of it.

In so small a studio it's simply impossible to face the demands of such work—hard enough under any conditions. But these water-colours—my dear sir, how can you have been so doubtful of their merit? Have you never shown them to any one?"

"Never."

"Will you give me one of them in exchange for a thing of my own, which I would send you?"

"With great pleasure; choose which you like."

"It shall be this, then."

Castledine was so plainly chagrined by the slighting of his great work that the artist sought to console him with more effusive praise of the drawings than he would otherwise have felt justified in offering. Imperfections were obvious enough to his practised eye. The things would not stand beside a David Cox or a Copley Fielding, but there was promise of uncommon excellence. No ordinary amateur could by any degree of perseverance have obtained the

happy effects which characterised this pencil. After all, Castledine's artistic fervour meant something. He had gone shockingly astray, but it was not too late to hope that he would cultivate his true faculty with fine results.

They conversed for half an hour, then Banks made known the necessity he was under of quitting Glastonbury early that evening, and with much friendliness prepared to take his leave. Downstairs he was met by the children; he tapped the girl's glossy head with the rolled drawing, and said to her father—

"It was a happy chance that brought these little people to me up on the hill. No one had ever more appropriate guides to an artist's house."

Castledine beamed with sincere pleasure.

"They are healthy," he said, catching up the child in his arms, "that's a great thing."

So the visitor went his way, musing and wondering.

II.

"What's that in his hand?" asked the boy, as he stood watching at the door. "Have you given him something, father?"

"Yes. A little drawing he wished to take. Come, we must get tea."

There was no servant in the cottage. A neighbour's daughter came to do occasional rough work, but all else was seen to by Mrs Castledine. That lady had gone this morning to Wells, on no very agreeable errand: the circumstances of the family were straitened, and a pressing need for ready money obliged her to sell a gold watch which was lying by. Her husband seemed the natural person to do business of this kind, but

his time was too valuable. Mrs Castledine had insisted on going herself, and she would not be back for another hour or two.

With his children Castledine was usually a model father, full of joke and song and grotesque playfulness; tender as a woman, yet not foolishly indulgent. But the visit of the distinguished artist had a grievous effect upon him; whilst boiling the kettle and laying the tea things he grew silent and gloomy. His nerves were disordered; he broke a cup, and fretted over the accident. Presently the little ones could not get from him a word or a smile. He drank some tea, bade the boy guard his sister, and went up-stairs.

To reappear again in a few minutes. He could not remain in one place. The sight of his picture caused him acute misery, gradually changing to resentment, and when he came in sight of the water-colour by the window, he turned sharply away.

A well-dressed lad of sixteen knocked at the front door.

"You weren't able to come for my drawing-lesson, Mr Castledine?" he said, when the long-haired man presented himself.

"Upon my word! I entirely forgot it!" was the despondent reply. "Some one called just at the time."

The excuse was invalid, for Castledine ought to have gone for the lesson half an hour before Banks's arrival. But he had in truth forgotten all about his engagement. With a promise to come on the morrow, he dismissed his pupil, and strayed about the house more dismally than ever.

At length Mrs Castledine returned.

She was not handsome, but had a face of far nobler stamp than her husband's—a warm, animated face, with kind eyes and the lips of motherhood, infinitely patient. In entering, she looked both tired and excited. The first thought was for her children; she caught them both in her arms, kneeling down to them, and bathed her face in their curls. Then—

"Where's father? Up-stairs?"

"Yes," replied the boy; "and he won't play with us because he's got a headache, and a landscape-painter has been to see him—not a very famous painter—Godfrey Banks."

"What *are* you talking about, darling? Godfrey Banks has been here! Sit down quietly, and I'll go and see father."

She hurried up the crazy little

staircase, and threw open the door of the studio.

"Horace! have you a headache, dear? What's this that the children tell me? Has Godfrey Banks really been to see you?"

"Yes."

"But what's the matter? Did he——?"

She checked herself, glancing uneasily at the great picture.

"Well, you see, I don't think he knows much about historical painting. I suspect he was put out by the originality of the thing, if the truth were told."

"Perhaps so," murmured his wife, in a tone which betrayed anxiety, but no sceptical disposition regarding the work discussed. She asked for particulars of the visit; and when this was talked over, Castledine inquired what success she had had at Wells. At once her face changed to a sly good-humour; she opened her little hand-bag, searched in it mysteriously for a moment, then laid upon the table a sovereign.

"You don't mean to say that's all?" cried her husband.

Smiling, she brought forth a second sovereign, a third, a fourth—and so on till she had displayed the sum of ten guineas. Finally, there appeared the gold watch itself, which she held triumphantly aloft. Castledine was amazed, and demanded what it all meant.

"Listen, and you shall hear. You remember our reading in the paper the other day about Mr Merriman of Wells, and his fine collection of pictures?"

Castledine nodded, gazing at her in painful suspense.

"Thinking and thinking," she continued, "of all sorts of ways of getting money, I made up my mind to try something which was perhaps hopeless—yet it seemed to me worth trying. I resolved to

go to this Mr Merriman and show him two of my water-colours."

She broke off, alarmed by her husband's look.

"You think I did wrong, Horace?"

"No, no. Go on! What happened?"

"I went to his house, and he was very kind indeed — a most courtly gentleman. And I showed him the sketches — saying they were by a friend of mine. I didn't dare to say I had done them myself, lest he should think them worthless before he had really looked at them."

Her modesty was exquisite; she spoke with perfect good faith and simplicity.

"And what do you think? He liked them so much that he offered to give me five guineas for each, at once. And he said he would take more, if my friend had any to dispose of!"

"Then you told him they were yours?" asked Castledine, in an uncertain voice.

"No, not even then. I had a pleasure, then, in keeping the secret. He was discretion itself; didn't ask a single troublesome question, not even my name. And I have been thinking all the way home: how good it would be for you to know him! Don't you think so? If we told him the truth about the water-colours, and then got him to look at your picture, mightn't it be of great advantage to you?"

Castledine smiled in a sickly way, murmuring assent.

The children's voices, calling impatiently, put an end to the talk. Castledine said that he would have a walk before dark, to see if he could get rid of his headache; and having made himself rather more like a man of this world, he went forth.

He was in sore perplexity and travail of spirit. What in the name of common-sense had possessed him to tell that silent lie to Godfrey Banks? For the present, perchance, no harm would come of it, but sooner or later what he had done must almost certainly be discovered by his wife, if not by other people.

For, in their serious need, how was it possible to neglect a promising source of income? Here were two men, both excellent judges, who declared the water-colours of value. Yet he had never suspected it. The fact was, his wife's work had been growing better and better by gradual stages, the result of her great patience: this progress he ignored, taking it for granted that she was still at the same point in art as at the time of their marriage, when she drew and coloured not much better than the schoolgirl with a pretty taste in that kind of thing. She spoke so humbly of her attempts, and assented so cheerfully to all his views of what was worth doing in art. But for a strong vein of artistic faculty in her composition, she must long ago have been discouraged, and have given up even amusing herself with sketching from nature. Castledine was quite incompetent to direct her, or to estimate what she did. Convinced that his own genius would display itself in grand subjects on big canvases, he had got into the habit of slighting all work of modest aim and dimensions. Now and then, asked to look at some drawing which his wife had finished, he said, "Pretty—very pretty;" and she, who was the real artist, bowed her head to the dictum of the pretender, in whose future, by force of love, she firmly believed.

Evil promptings came into his mind. He felt a preposterous jeal-

ousy. Yes, that was why he had allowed Banks to think him the artist of the water-colours; he could not bear to become altogether insignificant, subordinate even to his wife. Had the great picture received a modicum of praise, he could have told the truth about the little drawings. But self-esteem held his tongue, and minute after minute went by—and the lie was irrevocable, or seemed so.

He wandered some distance into the country, and did not return home till an hour after sunset.

His wife was waiting anxiously. Long ago the children lay in bed. She was alone, and troubled because of the strange way in which her joyful news had been received. Being a woman of clear enough judgment in most things, she divined the astonishing truth that her husband was a little envious of the success that had come to her, whilst *he* laboured year after year without a gleam of encouragement. How was such feeling compatible with the love she always recognised in him? But men were singular beings, especially those blest or cursed with genius.

Castledine entered silently, fatigued and miserable. Wisely, his wife did not constrain him to talk. She set his accustomed supper of warm bread and milk before him, and waited patiently. When he had eaten, he allowed his hand to be taken and caressed; and of a sudden remorseful tenderness subdued him.

"Hilda, I have behaved like a blackguard——"

"Nonsense, dear!"

"Oh, but wait! I'm going to tell you something disgraceful. I can't look you in the face, but I must tell you."

He began to unburden his conscience. With red cheeks, burning ears, and eyes like those of a

dog conscious of wrong-doing, he half explained how he had been led into deceit. Yet did not tell the whole truth; could not, though aware that what he concealed was the better part of his excuse. He found it impossible to avow that Banks had not a word of commendation for the big picture. Partly to relieve his confusion, and in part because she was really anxious, before discussing the other matter, to know the judgment of such a man as Banks on the work with which all their hopes were connected, Hilda asked—

"But what did he say that so discouraged you?"

"Oh, he didn't discourage me," replied her husband, with nervous impatience. "He talked about the difficulties I must be finding—in such a little studio, you know. I could see that he didn't quite trust himself to speak decidedly about figure-painting. He has never done anything but landscape, and so it was natural. He didn't discourage me in the least!"

"Did he like the attitude of Joseph?"

"Yes, he liked that. I saw he was impressed by that," stammered Castledine; "and the grouping in general, and the scheme of colour. Don't think for a moment, Hilda, that he discouraged me. But what a blackguard you must think me to go and——"

She kept silence.

"I shall write to Banks," he continued, "and make a clean breast of it. I can't help what he thinks. He shall know that I deceived him."

"But, Horace, you say you didn't actually *tell* him that the drawings were your work——?"

"No. I only allowed him to suppose it."

"Then why need you do anything at all?"

He glanced at her, and Hilda's eyes fell, a slight colour mantling in her cheeks.

In the first moment she had felt ashamed of what he had done, and very uneasy about the position in which it placed them. The shame still troubled her, but she deemed it so impossible for Horace to go through the humiliation of confessing a lie—the consequences of which might even be a lasting detriment to him—that in a flash her mind had contrived how to cloak the deception by continuing it. What woman has the courage to bid her husband face a mortifying ordeal in the cause of truth, especially when the result of such ordeal will be to glorify herself at his expense? Of a sudden her countenance changed; she laughed, and began to speak as if the matter were trifling.

"Now, what a good thing that I didn't tell Mr Merriman! Let the drawings go without a name. No, no; better still! They shall be signed 'H. Castledine'; that's my name, and yours as well!"

Hope began to brighten the listener's face, but for very decency he made a show of resistance.

"I can't allow it, Hilda! I've suffered too much already for cheating you of your praise. And think, we shall be only too glad to sell as many drawings as you can make. How is it possible to keep up such a deception for ever?"

"For ever?" She laughed with mirthful mockery. "As if we should be long in difficulties! Why, you will have finished your picture in a few months, and then we shall have no more trouble. You don't imagine that these little sketches are really important enough to be talked about?

Let us sell as many as we can; they won't please for very long, and in a year or two no one will remember them."

"But it's a monstrous shame —"

"Nonsense! Now go on steadily with your work, and let me draw away whilst the summer lasts. We'll send some of the sketches to London, and see if dealers will buy them. And you know, Mr Merriman has promised to take more of them. As if it mattered, Horace! Husband and wife are one, I hope!"

And so, in spite of her conscience, Hilda settled the question. On the morrow, Castledine forced himself to resume painting with a semblance of confident zeal. The ten guineas would go a long way, and with their help he was soon able to believe that Godfrey Banks knew less than nothing about the higher walks of art.

He prided himself upon the slowness with which he worked. "All great works of art," he was wont to say, "take a long time." It often happened that he sat through a whole morning merely gazing at his canvas; Leonardo, he reminded Hilda, had the same habit. This mental labour exhausted him, and for a day or two after he found it necessary to read novels, or wander with his children about the fields. Of late he had been earning a little money as a teacher of drawing; but this employment was degrading: it always made him incapable of handling a brush for the next twenty-four hours.

About a week after the visit of the landscape-painter, there arrived the drawing promised in exchange for that he took away. Of course it was a delightful bit of work. Castle-

dine remarked, "Pretty—very pretty," and paid no more attention; but Hilda kept it before her for days, studying and profiting by its masterly characteristics.

The water-colours sent up to London were readily sold. With this resource before her, Hilda was relieved from any necessity of applying again to Mr Merriman. Conducting business by correspondence, Horace could sign himself simply, "H. Castledine," and needed not to state that he was the artist. But one day towards the end of October a carriage stopped before the house, and Hilda, at the window, was alarmed by seeing the connoisseur from Wells alight and approach. She rushed up-stairs to her husband, spoke a few words of agitated surprise, and ran down again to answer the knock at the door.

Mr Merriman was past middle age, lean, tall, grave of aspect. On seeing Hilda, he for an instant looked puzzled; it was plain that he remembered her. But without reference to their former meeting, he explained, in very pleasant tones, that he wished to see Mr Castledine, of whom he had recently heard in a conversation with Mr Godfrey Banks, the painter. Leaving him in the parlour, Hilda again hurried up-stairs.

"You must come!" she whispered, trying her best to look as if she enjoyed the joke. "Mr Banks has sent him here. He knew me again. You must say that I took the water-colours to sell without your knowledge."

"But how can I—?"

"Of course you can, for it's the truth. Say you had thought very little of them—were absorbed in

your great picture, and that we were dreadfully short of money just then. Do, do be careful!"

Mr Merriman stayed for more than an hour. Less conscientious than Banks, he did not allow himself to be struck dumb by the sight of "Joseph of Arimathæa," but found something to say which, though it meant little enough, was balm to Castledine's feelings. Naturally, however, he kept conversation as much as possible to the subject of water-colours. Horace had little difficulty in following his wife's instructions; when he told the story of Hilda's visit to Wells, the connoisseur showed himself relieved from an embarrassment.

"I had made up my mind," he said, "that the lady was herself the artist, though it was difficult to account for her not being willing to admit it. When Banks happened to bring out the drawing you gave him, I recognised the workmanship at once, but something of the mystery still remained. I'm not sure," he added, laughing, "that I didn't begin to think of larceny."

Horace joined in the laugh with great heartiness, and thereupon Mrs Castledine was summoned up to the studio. Mr Merriman repeated his laudation of the water-colours, and appeared so taken up with them that only at the moment of leaving was he obliged to invent a few more phrases for Joseph and the Holy Thorn. To these words Hilda listened eagerly, and they sufficed to inspire her. When the visitor was gone, she talked exultantly about the painting, and, with her husband's help, avoided a syllable of reference to the imposture which had again been successfully practised.

III.

In one sense Hilda Castledine did not underestimate her work ; for the last year she had been conscious of great improvements, and at times it disappointed her that Horace seemed not to recognise this advance. She had explained his indifference by humbly admitting to herself that after all she remained an amateur—the kind of person especially distasteful to artists of strong individuality. But this excuse was no longer valid ; her work had a market value, and that owing to no sensational qualities, to no passing fancy of the public, but in virtue of simple merits which make their claim felt wherever men are capable of recognising true art. When it was necessary to speak of the matter with her husband, she still used a slighting tone ; but her eyes were opened, and she saw, among other things, that Horace had either been insincere with her or was lacking in judgment. This consciousness became a fixed trouble, and blended with the self-reproach due to the falsehood she had undertaken to support.

That perfect harmony which had reigned in the little household was gravely disturbed. Castledine could no longer work ; when he shut himself into the studio it was only because he grew ashamed of open idling. He knew that Mr Merriman's encouragement meant nothing ; Banks's silent criticism sank deeper and deeper into his mind. A process of disillusion was hastened by the moral imbroglia into which he had slipped. In spite of conceit, he was anything but a man of lax principles ; prior to that hapless day of Banks's visit he had never been guilty of grave untruth. But,

as generally happens, harassment of material cares had weakened his character and prepared him for yielding to temptation. Already he had begun to regard his picture with secret uneasiness, to weary of the great task ; left to himself, he would probably have abandoned Joseph of Arimathæa, and, in face of financial trials, either have seriously taken up the profession of drawing-master or have returned to his old business. Now he could neither renounce his labour nor pursue it. A sense of shame constantly haunted him—shame at being supported by his wife, shame at taking the credit due to her, shame at his own futility. Even the hours spent with his children were spoilt ; he no longer had that pure joy in their affection which used to be the best element of his life.

It was significant that Hilda had ceased to sit with him in the studio. When working at home, she retired to her bedroom—not venturing to use the parlour lest her occupation should be observed. Even from the children she began to conceal, as far as possible, her artistic pursuits ; they might speak to strangers, and, worse still, they might in future years conceive suspicions affecting their father's honesty. Every day she said to herself that the life of falsehood to which she was committed must not last long.

That she was living thus resulted from her own lack of firmness ; it was she who had withheld Horace from an avowal of his fault. She admitted it, lamented it, and understood the disastrous results for which she was responsible. At the same time she blamed Horace—even though her heart

loathed and utterly rejected the idea of doing so.

Her faith in him had suffered a blow from which it would not recover. This, too, she did her best to deny; but no effort enabled her to talk with him of his work as formerly. She saw that on his side there existed a corresponding unwillingness; this relieved her from a painful endeavour, but otherwise only intensified the moral disease she had contracted.

One natural result of her artistic success was the development of an ambition which hitherto had taken only the lowliest forms. Formerly she cared for no approval but her husband's, and when even this was denied she could recompense herself with the happiness of home. Now it cost her a continual struggle to repress the impulses which signified that she was something more than wife and mother. Her gifts had ripened; a long, patient apprenticeship was over, and but for unfriendly circumstances she would have hastened to enlarge her experience amid nobler scenes. The simple lowland landscape no longer satisfied her. Of this, however, she must not speak, must not even think. Had she not doomed her art to eventual sterility? Impossible to continue for a lifetime secretly producing work which admirers and purchasers would attribute to Horace. Even if her nature were equal to the strain, it was obvious that discovery and disgrace must sooner or later befall the perpetrators of so singular a fraud.

In seeking to defend Horace from the results of puerile falsehood, she had sacrificed a future rich in the happiest possibilities for herself, her husband, and her children.

Mr Merriman invited them to spend a day with him at Wells, that they might see his pictures. The children would accompany them. All arrangements were made, and a fine morning summoned them to set forth early; but at the last moment Hilda declared that she did not feel well enough to go.

For several days she had been troubled with a cold caught in damp fields; it seemed better, but a sleepless night had dispirited her, and she could not endure the thought of practising deceit in return for their friend's kindness.

"My head is too bad," she confessed, when Horace went to speak with her in private.

"That's a pretence," was his impatient answer. "Why couldn't you say before that you had rather not go?"

"You will be far more at ease without me, Horace."

He turned away, with difficulty refraining from an outburst of anger. It was very rarely indeed that they spoke to each other in any voice but that of affection; at present, both felt irritable, and desired to be apart. Horace moved towards the door, but perverse feeling got the upper hand with him.

"If this is how you are going to behave," he exclaimed suddenly, "why did you prevent me from having done with lies when I wished to?"

They could not face each other. Hilda trembled from head to foot, and her tongue retorted in spite of her will.

"Why did you make it necessary for me to save you from shame?"

He hastened out of the room and out of the house. Hearing the front door close, Hilda all but sprang forward to recall him. The

children, running in with anxious questions, helped her to resist the impulse.

"Mother isn't well enough to go, my darlings," she said, taking them in her arms. "Father must go alone, and you shall stay to keep me company."

She shed a few tears, but presently commanded herself, and turned to the common duties of the house. Evidently Horace had gone. There was a fear in her mind lest he should resolve on some act of expiation—such as confessing his fault to Mr Merriman: but it seemed unlikely; he had not enough force of character. The depreciatory thought afflicted her; she spent a day of struggle with her emotions, and determined that this first scene of discord should also be the last. Rather than the peace of their home should be marred, she would support every trial. On his return, Horace should find her with the old face of tender welcome. It was she who had done the worse wrong; she must atone for it by self-denial, by cheerful devotion, and hope that some escape from the consequences of their weakness might soon be discoverable.

Castledine was back again at four in the afternoon. He came in anxious and shamefaced, not ill-tempered. The reception that awaited him, though not unlooked for, brought tears to his eyes.

"A letter has come for you," said Hilda, when they had exchanged words of forgiveness.

"Who's this from, I wonder?"

It proved to be an offer of the post of drawing-master at a boarding-school in the neighbourhood. This was no surprise, for the father of Horace's pupil had already suggested the possibility of his filling a position left vacant at the summer holidays. The de-

mand upon his time would be only two hours a-week, and the payment of corresponding slightness.

"I shall take it," he announced, with an air of resignation. "Curious that this should come to-day; I have a promise of two other private pupils. On the way home I met Mr Brownson, and he recommended me to call on a friend of his who had two little girls to be taught drawing. I shall take that too."

And with a sigh he stared at the ceiling.

The Mr Brownson in question was their only acquaintance at Glastonbury. They had known him for a month or two. People of education who choose (or are compelled) to live in a peasant's cottage, will never have any difficulty in avoiding intercourse with the better-class folk of their neighbourhood; an anomalous position is a safeguard against the attentions of country society. But for this isolation, Hilda could hardly have entertained the thought of passing off her own drawings as her husband's. It looked now as if their connections were likely to extend; and herefrom might result new anxieties.

"I have something else to tell you," said Castledine, presently, in a tone that suggested grave deliberation. "For the present—just for the present only—I think I shall put the 'Joseph' aside."

Hilda listened breathlessly; she could find nothing to say, and after a short silence her husband proceeded—

"The fact of the matter is, I have attempted something—not beyond my strength, but impossible in my situation. There's no finishing a picture of that size in such a studio. Merriman thinks I have done wonders—all things considered. But miracles are not

in my power. I must wait till we have a larger house."

"I am sure that is wise," Hilda murmured, consolingly.

"If you really think so, that settles it. For the present, 'Joseph' must stand aside. I shall get a small canvas, and begin at the 'King Alfred.' Won't that be better? I mentioned the thing to Merriman, and he seemed to be much interested. But I tell you what, Hilda: it's not only a larger studio that I need; I'm afraid I'm rusting in this out-of-the-world place."

"Yes — I too have had that fear," she assented with much readiness. "I am sure it would be better for you to be in a town — if we could only manage it!"

"We must plan it somehow. Yes, I am decidedly rusting; that's the explanation of the dull, tired feeling I have had for a long time. The fact of the matter is, if I can't live by my painting, I must be content to give up a part of each day to lessons. It's a wretched necessity, but then it's better than having to give up art altogether — isn't it? If I had to do *that*, it would be all over with me, you know."

He looked at her very gravely, a pathetic wrinkle on his brow.

Hilda made up her mind that the project of leaving Glastonbury should be carried out, and before very long. But for what had befallen, the lanes and fields and water-courses in their autumnal colouring would have afforded her calm delight, and have supplied infinite material for her pencil. But that was all over; she feared the thoughts that were suggested by every favourite nook or view. The renunciation on which she had resolved, if possible at all, would only be so amid strange surroundings — all the better if remote from

natural beauty. In a town she might perhaps forget the misery of frustrated impulses.

Horace procured the small canvas, and transferred to it the outlines of a drawing which he had prepared and laid aside more than a year ago. But he got no further than this. Distaste for the subject speedily assailed him; he mooned about his little room, or slipped away in truancy, or else declared that the skies were too gloomy for painting, and amused himself with his children. Hilda had entirely ceased her water-colour work, and no remark on the subject ever passed between them. Meanwhile, she was corresponding with a married sister who lived in the north, trying to discover if Horace could hope for employment as a teacher in that town. The undertaking seemed feasible. She succeeded, moreover, in borrowing a sum of money to meet the expenses of removal and settlement. Thereupon it was decided that they should quit Glastonbury at Christmas.

Castledine brightened wonderfully at the prospect of change. He began to talk, as in the old days, of great achievements that lay before him. Again he assured his little boy and girl that some day their father's name would be rumoured to the ends of the earth — "like those of Michael Angelo and Raphael." He resumed the satin dressing-gown, of late discarded, and began to make what he called anatomical studies, in charcoal, on huge sheets of paper. The packing of his "Joseph of Arimathæa" occupied him for many days; so precious a canvas must not be exposed to risk in the removal.

And as for his wife, she seemed to have recovered the sweet and placid patience which was always

her characteristic. No one divined what lay beneath her tender smile, with its touch of sadness—least of all Horace himself. No one knew of the long sleepless nights when she wept silently over a glorious hope that had come only to vanish. She had her moments of rebellion, but subdued herself by remembering that her own weakness was to blame for

these sorrows. An artist no longer, however her artist soul might revolt, the duties of wife and mother must suffice for all her energies, and supply all her happiness.

Then she packed away her colours and sketch-books—it was once for all. She never drew again, and never again looked at the accumulated work which was her preparation for a futile success.

IV.

In the bar-parlour of one of those comfortable little inns (not hotels, and still less gin-shops) which are yet discoverable if you seek far enough from London, destroyer of all simple ease, three men were sitting. It was New Year's Eve. At this hour, past ten o'clock, the streets of the market-town had fallen into stillness; the house itself was very quiet, only an occasional laugh, or a voice raised in seasonable greeting, came from the bar. For more than five minutes the three men had kept silence. Two sat by the fire, with long clay pipes in hand, and glasses reachable on the mantelpiece; they were middle-aged, and by their dress seemed to be well-doing tradesmen. The third leaned back in a corner, his arms crossed, his head bent; he too wore broadcloth, but it had seen more than fair service. His plain and not very intelligent face declared an uneasy mind, and thin straggling hair of unusual length heightened the woe-begone effect of his general appearance.

One of his companions turned to look at him, and said in a friendly voice—

"Rather quiet to - night, Mr Castledine?"

He nodded and sighed, but made no other answer.

"Let's hope that 1890 will treat us better than 1889 has done," continued the other, cheerfully. "Won't do, you know, to begin the New Year in low spirits. Never meet trouble half-way."

Castledine let his arms fall, looked into his empty glass, and said in a husky voice—

"I've had a shock to-day."

"Sorry to hear that. How was it?"

The third man had turned his head in curiosity. For a moment Castledine glanced from one to the other, seeming to hesitate; then he changed his position, stroked his stubbly chin, coughed, and began to speak with an air of impressiveness.

"I went to call upon Sir William Barnard."

A pause invited the hearers to look surprised or respectful.

"I have no personal acquaintance with him, but I had my reasons for thinking that he might be disposed to recommend me a pupil or two. It isn't my habit, you know, to trouble people with this kind of application; but just at present I have to stir myself. Things are dull in my profession."

"Like in every other," remarked the man hitherto silent.

"I fear so. Well, Sir William was at home, and he received me

without a minute's delay. I explained to him who I was and what I wanted. He looked at me with a good deal of interest and said, 'Mr Castledine, your name is familiar to me. Are you a landscape-painter?' I answered that in days gone by I had done a little work of that kind, and he looked still more interested. 'I see from your card,' he said, 'that your first initial is H. Now I have two little water-colours, bits of Somerset landscape, which I prize very highly, and they are both signed H. Castledine. Are they your work, I wonder?' 'Yes, Sir William,' I answered, 'I have no doubt they are.' At that he was really delighted, and asked me at once to come into Lady Barnard's boudoir and look at the drawings. And there they hung, my work of just twenty years ago!"

His voice sank mournfully. He shook his head, sighed, and watched the faces of the listeners, who knew not what to say.

"I'm a victim of circumstances," he continued in a moment, "if ever man was. It puzzles you, no doubt, that I should once have done great things, and yet at my age, only fifty, be nothing but an obscure drawing-master. You don't understand the artist's nature. You can't imagine how completely an artist is at the mercy of circumstances."

Assuredly the worthy men had but slight understanding of these things. They exchanged a glance, muttered "Ah!" and still listened.

"I told my story to Sir William, and he was deeply moved—deeply moved. He said he would exert himself to be of use to me."

"Well, that means a good deal, I should think," said one of the hearers. "It ought to have cheered you up."

"Perhaps so; but you don't know what it meant to be reminded of power and reputation that are gone for ever. When I did those two little water-colours, any one would have said that I had a brighter future than most artists then living. Landscape wasn't really my strong point. I was an historical painter. I lived at Glastonbury, in Somerset; an out-of-the-way place, if you like; but even there I was sought out by great artists. The late Godfrey Banks—you have heard of him, I hope?—one of the greatest men in the English school, called upon me one day, just to see a picture I was engaged upon. He was astonished at finding me in a little cottage, with nothing but a tiny back bedroom for a studio. 'How's this, Mr Castledine?' he said; 'how can you work under such conditions as these?' 'You may well ask, Mr Banks,' I replied. 'Circumstances, circumstances. Can't afford anything better at present.' He was shocked and angry. You must understand that an artist's reputation doesn't always mean money. My little water-colours sold for just enough to keep me and my family alive; but my great work had to be done very slowly—very slowly. Banks was delighted with what I showed him—a great picture, filling all one side of the room; but it almost brought tears to his eyes to think that I should be labouring against such terrible odds."

"Didn't he help you?" was asked.

"Help me, my dear sir? How could he? An artist cannot go round with a hat soliciting alms. We could only hope that my great picture might soon be finished, and sold for a satisfactory price. But it was *never* to be finished!"

"Why not?"

"It's very difficult to explain an artist's obstacles. But from the first circumstances were against me. I married at two-and-twenty—a rash, indeed a fatal, step. I encumbered myself with a wife and family (though the best wife and the sweetest children that man ever had) at an age when I ought, above everything, to have been independent—free to travel, to study. Already I had overtaxed my health in working at art when circumstances compelled me to earn a living in other ways. And whilst at Glastonbury my strength and spirits were so completely shattered that—well, well, I don't like to speak of it. Would you believe that my poor wife had to go and sell her watch to provide us with food? That," he added, quickly, "was before I had found out that my water-colours would sell. I thought so little of them. And now two of them are hanging in Lady Barnard's boudoir, together with a Millet and a Turner and other masterpieces! Yes, a victim of circumstances, if ever man was!"

His companions kept a sympathetic silence.

"We left Glastonbury; but ill-luck followed us. I had to toil as a drawing-master, and before long my artistic faculty deserted me—crushed out by hard circumstances. Four years later my wife died—of a fever she caught in dirty lodgings at the seaside. The noblest wife that ever man had!" A tear ran down his cheek. "I was left with the two children—a boy and a girl. My son would have been a great painter. At twelve years old he had done astonishing things. But he died at fourteen, after a dreadful illness—poor, dear little lad! And my poor girl married a blackguard—a blackguard, who took her off to the colonies, and makes her life so miserable that I dread to have a letter from her, though she does her best to put a good face on things, poor child! All of us, victims of circumstances."

He stood up, turned aside to blow his nose and wipe his cheeks, and began to move towards the door. Before going forth, he faced his companions again, and said hoarsely—

"Gentlemen, I wish you a Happy New Year!"

RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

VIEWED in the abstract, it would seem to be no such difficult task from the voluminous array of recent German novels to select half-a-dozen works deserving of special notice. Probably no other race is as productive in this respect; and certainly, for the patient industry and conscientious labour with which he approaches his subject, the German will carry off the palm over English, French, or American writers. But precisely this exhaustiveness, which causes him to excel in almost every branch of erudition or science, is a terrible handicap when brought to bear on the lighter sides of literature. The novelist's hand must be swift and deft, firm yet elastic in touch; and the sort of dexterity which enables a man to drive a four-in-hand team with precision and authority, will avail him but little when it becomes a question of capturing a delicate butterfly whose gossamer wings will be injured by the slightest over-pressure.

We do not mean to affirm that such a thing as a good German novelist, even in our acceptance of the word, does not exist; but it is an undoubted fact that while the crowd of average fictionists is in Germany decidedly larger than elsewhere, the stars of first magnitude worthy to be placed by the side of our brightest English and American constellations are decidedly few and far between; for when we have named the quartet of Sudermann, Franzos, Max Nordau, and Rosegger, we have pretty well exhausted the list of those living novelists that seem to our own

limited judgment quite to come up to the A1 standard; and even if from a sense of conventional duty we throw in the names of Dahn, Spielhagen, Ebers, Freytag, and Heyse, we do so with a certain sense of hesitation, unable to divest ourselves of a lurking impression that these distinguished authors, who occupy such a high literary position in their own country, would probably be judged by a harsher standard if fate had cast their lines on French or English soil.

These remarks were lately suggested to us from perusal of several recent German novels, of which Paul Heyse's '*Merlin*'¹ is one of the most conspicuous; and although to German ears it may sound like arrant blasphemy to say so, we cannot otherwise designate this novel than as a magnificent failure, despite, or rather because of, the talent with which it is undoubtedly written. Perhaps no other living writer would have been any more successful than Herr Heyse has been in treating the subject, which is neither more nor less than an attempt to prove the fallacy of the lines on which the drama of the present day is modelled. The fundamental idea of the plot— independent of the underlying motive—is a good one, which, in the hands of a more consummate artist than Herr Heyse, might have been turned into a masterpiece, and which, even such as it is, affords more food for reflection than ninety out of a hundred modern novels,—its failure as a

¹ *Merlin: Roman in sieben Büchern.* Von Paul Heyse. Berlin: Wilhelm Hertz.

work of fiction being not only due to the over-exhaustive fashion with which the subject is treated, but likewise to the bitter, virulent, and resentful manner in which these opinions are expressed. The oft-quoted saying, that every German is lined with a professor, was never more fully exemplified than in these pages; for, having once mounted his hobby-horse, Herr Heyse rides the unfortunate quadruped with persistent cruelty to the bitter end, and in the blind animosity by which he is actuated, seems totally to have lost sight of that delicate reticence which we have frequently had occasion to admire in some of his former works.

The scheme of the present tale is founded on the old legend of Merlin the wizard, who was made captive by Vivian, the perfidious lady of the lake, and by her doomed to live on till doomsday, his spirit confined within a blooming hawthorn-tree. The hero of the story, Georg Falkner, is a young lawyer who has just finished his legal studies and obtained the doctor's title. Himself the son of a wealthy merchant, he has lost his heart to Lili Wittekind, only daughter and heiress of the richest banker in the small university town where Georg's studies have been pursued. He is loved in return, and no obstacle to their union exists but Georg's own pig-headed resolve to abandon the legal career and seek distinction as a dramatic author. All his friends are of course violently opposed to the scheme; and his father, after having exhausted advice and persuasion, seeks to play out a last trump-card by announcing to his son that their fortune is seriously compromised, and that he has therefore no inheritance to expect. Georg's resolution is, however, but the more firmly

fixed by this news. He breaks with his father, and refusing all offers of pecuniary assistance, resolves to live by the produce of his pen alone. All sorts of magnificent dramatic projects are hovering in his brain, of which the yet hazy and undefined drama of 'Merlin' is the most important. A bundle of lyrical poems which he intends to publish under the title of 'Jugendsünden' (Youthful Sins), and a historical drama called 'Rosamund,' represent the produce of his muse at this part of his career. With the bundle of MS. poems in hand, he repairs to a well-known publisher with whom he is on terms of friendly intimacy, and who in former days had expressed himself in the most enthusiastic terms of his young friend's literary genius. Now, however, on realising that Georg wants to turn these youthful effusions into hard cash, the publisher suddenly regards the matter from a totally different point of view.

"At the first words betraying the true nature of the manuscript's contents, such a comical expression of horror had dawned on the publisher's face that, had not Georg's eyes been persistently fixed on the manuscript, he must inevitably have been half amused, half provoked by it. His little speech was, however, sufficiently long in order to give the other man time to recover himself and assume a politely indifferent business air, as he now answered, with a slight bow—

"You are bringing me—your poems—Herr Doctor?"

"I cannot deny it, Herr Settegast. These are poems—and, what is more, youthful efforts. But after all, youth must out; and although I have now more serious work in view upon a totally different literary field, yet I trust these youthful peccadilloes are not so utterly unworthy of absolution. Of course it remains to be seen whether I succeed in winning laurels as a dramatic author, in which case this little volume will acquire some

value half a century hence, if only as priceless material for my biographers, by proving to the world how wise it was on my part to hang up the lyrical lyre betimes on the nail.'

"This somewhat forced self-irony had now completely dispelled his embarrassment; he unrolled the manuscript, smoothed it out, and made a gesture as though he would hand it over to the bookseller. Herr Settegast did not, however, seem to notice this, but played absently with his watch-chain. The shock of surprise had caused his cigar to go out.

"My worthiest Herr Doctor,' he now said, 'I do not in the least doubt that these poems are very beautiful and interesting. If, therefore, you are firmly determined——'

"No, most respected friend,' interrupted Georg, 'I do not wish you to undertake this publication merely on the strength of my honest face; you must not buy a pig in a poke. See first for yourself, and only if my verses please you. Also your wife may read them through. Women are at all events almost our only public for lyrical poems nowadays——'

"Would you lead me into temptation, and make of my wife your accomplice?' cried the bookseller. 'Give up the idea, it would avail you nothing. It is one of my fundamental business rules, never on any account to publish a book which pleases my own individual taste. I did so twice; the first time for an excellent humoristic novel in verses, the maiden work of an extremely gifted young man. The book was immensely lauded by the critics, but I was unable to sell off forty copies. Another time I incurred the same risk with regard to a little volume of witty epigrams. Of this work I only succeeded in clearing off the reviewers' copies, and the whole complete edition is still lying untouched in the warehouse. No, dear Herr Doctor, I shall never again publish anything that happens solely to please myself, but only what suits the public taste; and what that means you know well enough for yourself. What opinion would you have of a *cordon bleu* who, at a rural gathering, served up to the peasants all his finest *chefs-*

d'œuvre instead of the common fare to which they are accustomed? With his Nesselrodes and truffled pheasants he would make a lamentable *fiasco*, and would probably be obliged to eat them alone. You must therefore excuse me if I decline even to cast a glance into these pages. If, as I am convinced, I were therein to discover much that is beautiful, on that very score I should consider it my bounden duty to dissuade you from their publication. They would only be left on your hands, like the *chef de cuisine* with his dishes, and although personally I should incur no material risk——'

"How do you mean that? The material loss would mainly and in first line affect yourself?'

"The bookseller regarded him for a moment with serious scrutiny.

"I fail to understand you,' he then said, with a shake of the head. 'Is it really possible that you should have made me this proposition under the assumption that I would be foolhardy enough to undertake the risk, and even hand you over an honorarium corresponding to the intrinsic merit of these verses? Yes; I perceive by your discomfited looks that such was in truth your expectation. But in what sort of a world do you then live, best doctor, if you imagine that a man of business, and were it your own brother, should plunge into such a hopeless adventure merely for the sake of your *beaux yeux*?'

Disappointed in his hopes in this direction, Georg goes to a dramatic manager who has expressed himself in the most enthusiastic terms on the subject of the drama called 'Rosamund,' in which the daughter of a Gepidæan king, made captive by the Longobards, is forced by her captor to quaff wine out of a goblet formed of her father's skull. But, like the publisher, he too no sooner realises that his talented young friend expects to turn this drama into gold, than he veers round abruptly and endeavours to convince Georg of the utter unfeasibility of the

project. No audience nowadays, he avers, could ever be stimulated to any show of interest in the fate of such obsolete races as Longobards and Gepidæ, be their history expressed in never so beautiful language. Why, he suggests, if Georg really feels drawn to depict such a gruesome story—why not transplant its scene to the present day?

With a sort of bitter humour Georg catches at the idea. Yes, he will remodel his Longobard drama in accordance with these rules. The Gepidæan maiden will be transformed into a high-born aristocratic damsel, who, to rescue her father from ruin, has been forced to wed the Jewish banker who holds the mortgages of the family estate, and, at a banquet to which a number of Semite guests have been invited, her hook-nosed spouse forces her to drink their health out of an old family tankard. Her blue blood cannot of course brook this last insult, and she poisons the objectionable banker in connivance with her husband's clerk, who is secretly in love with her.

According to this programme the drama is therefore remodelled, and being produced achieves an overwhelming success. Georg, however, feels deeply ashamed of the laurels thus acquired, and preserves a strict anonymity.

At this juncture of the story he is summoned home to his father's deathbed, and there learns to his astonishment that the supposed loss of fortune had been but a feint on the father's part, in hopes of deterring the son from a literary career. No obstacle now remaining to his union with Lili, who has been true to him through his reverses of fortune, he leads her home in triumph, and during a lengthened honeymoon spent in Italy,

is able to devote his muse to those subjects which he deems alone worthy of it, albeit the dramatic manager, still harping on the simile of pearls before swine, continues to decline these artistic masterpieces. Then comes another turn of Fortune's wheel, and what had previously been a fiction becomes now stern reality. The commercial house in which Georg's money had been invested fails, and he finds himself destitute once more, with, moreover, a beloved wife and two twin daughters to support. Reduced again to his pen as sole means of sustenance, since he has been quixotic enough to refuse all proffered assistance from his father-in-law, he is anew forced to choose unworthy subjects in order to provide the daily bread for his family.

But during his various dealings with the dramatic manager, our hero has made the acquaintance of a certain Esther, a young actress of dangerous fascination but without a spark of real artistic talent. Piqued by Georg's coldness, Esther follows him about, endeavouring in vain to induce him to give her a part in one of his dramas. She has meanwhile, owing to her beauty alone, risen in her profession, and having obtained an engagement at a Berlin theatre, at last succeeds in persuading Georg that she has sufficient influence to secure the acceptance of one of his dramas there if he will but take the trouble to write a part which will be exactly suited to her peculiar individuality. Half repelled, half attracted by Esther's coquettish advances, Georg resolves to write his long-projected drama 'Merlin'; for what more fitting personification of the evil fairy Vivian could be found than this wilful, capricious, kitten-like creature, against whose brazen

audacities his good taste revolts, yet who nevertheless exercises a potent fascination over the baser part of his nature?

After a long struggle with himself, Georg accepts the siren's propositions, persuading himself that his duty towards wife and children demands that he should neglect no stepping-stone to fortune.

The drama is produced at Berlin amid overwhelming applause, which, however, is mainly due to Esther's successful impersonation of the fairy Vivian. So successfully indeed does she act the part, that in the first intoxication of triumph on the evening of the representation Georg plays Merlin to the perfidious Vivian, and at last succumbs to Esther's cunningly woven meshes. No sooner has he done so, however, than a revulsion of feeling makes him turn from her in disgust, and he rushes off to hide his misery and sense of lost self-respect in a small country town where he is unknown. After wandering about here for several days, he comes to the conclusion that his only hope of salvation lies in a full confession of his fault to Lili his wife. From her dear lips alone can he hope to receive the absolution which his soul yearns after. Hurrying home with this intention, he is met at the railway station by the news that Lili has died of measles during his absence. Georg falls straightway into a black melancholy, and shutting himself up completely from his friends, devotes much time to the composition of an exceedingly tiresome journal, in which he airs his opinions on the vanity of things in general, and the special idiocy of the German public with regard to the legitimate drama. These numerous reflections, though to-

tally out of place in a work of fiction, are, however, sometimes marked by a certain sense of humour, as for instance the following, in which, under a slender veil of disguise, Herr Heyse directs a shaft of cruel irony against the whole school of Ibsenites:—

"Guntram lately sent me a Parisian weekly paper containing an account of a recent representation at the Théâtre Libre. The conclusion of the article describes a little one-act piece called 'Le Pendu,' written by a brand-new dramatic author. In this piece a certain Jean makes love to a girl named Marcotte in a dark barn. Presently, in a corner of the place, they catch sight of a hanging corpse, in which Jean recognises his father. He cuts down the body, and turns out the pockets in order to possess himself of the keys to the money-box. Marcotte remains alone with the dead man, who, however, suddenly recovers consciousness, and on his side proceeds to make love to her, announcing his intention of disinheriting his son, who has stolen her heart from him. Having made this declaration the old man loses consciousness again, and Jean, returning to the barn, learns from his sweetheart what has taken place in the interval. Whereupon Jean—

"'Do you know what we should now do?'

"'No.'

"'Hang up the old man again; no one will be the wiser, and we can go on loving each other as before.'

"No sooner said than done. They hang up papa once more. 'Now run, Marcotte, and give the alarm to the police—only take care not to go too fast!' Curtain falls."

The reappearance of Esther, who has come with the intention of winning back her former lover, costs Georg his last remnant of reason. In vain she tries upon him anew all her arts and wiles, they but serve to kindle his frenzy. Seizing hold of Esther by her

beautiful long gold hair in a terrible outbreak of madness, he drags her down, and tramples her under foot, and only with difficulty does a servant, attracted by Esther's cries for help, succeed in freeing her from his murderous hands.

His insanity having now assumed an acute form, Georg is confined in a madhouse. After a time he appears to show symptoms of improvement by reawakened interest in literary work. He expresses a wish to see his latest drama, which has for subject the execution of St John the Baptist, acted in the asylum by himself and some of his fellow-maniacs, to which project the director of the madhouse (who decidedly must have been by far the greatest lunatic of the lot) weakly gives his consent. It is Georg himself who enacts the Baptist's part, the severed head being realistically represented by a hole being cut in a board sufficiently large to admit of a man's head being passed through the opening, while his crouching figure is concealed beneath a hanging tablecloth.

Over-excited by the part he had been acting, in the night succeeding the dramatic representation our hero cuts his own throat—just two volumes too late, will think the exhausted reader, who lays down the book with a sigh of unmixed relief, on realising that this stilted and Byronic young man is at last reduced to silence. Lili, the perfect wife and mother, is as wearisome as such creations mostly are; and although some of the minor characters are well suggested, they have too little influence on the action of the tale to redeem it from the charge of general dulness. The siren Esther,

though by no means an uncommon study, is by far the most natural and lifelike of these creations, and we scarcely wonder that under her influence Georg should have momentarily faltered in allegiance to his own tiresome Lili.

Curtailed to a third of its actual length, the story might have been a good one; but having been evidently written from first to last in a fit of hot and unreasoning passion, which has most suspiciously the appearance of a personal grievance, the author has completely lost sight of all sense of proportion, and the only thing he succeeds in proving conclusively, to our mind, is that he himself is never likely to give us a drama in which beauty of diction will be combined with dramatic interest.

After the long-winded dissertations of a Paul Heyse, it is refreshing to turn to an author who thoroughly understands the value of reticence, and in whose works no single superfluous word will be found. Gerhard Hauptmann is a young author who has but lately come to the front with a series of short realistic studies which have aroused censure and praise in almost equal measure. The style is perhaps not exactly of an order likely to secure for him a wide circle of admirers, yet none can deny his unusual power of character delineation, and the masterly fashion in which, seemingly by a few strokes of the pen, he conveys to the reader a whole scheme of psychological analysis.

Of the two stories we have now before us, the one entitled '*Bahnwächter Thiel*'¹ is by far the more deserving of notice. It can scarcely be called a story, being merely

¹ Der Apostel; Bahnwächter Thiel: novellistische Studien. Von Gerhardt Hauptmann. Berlin: Fischer.

what it claims to be, a novelistic sketch, yet so absolutely perfect of its kind, that it seems to contain more matter than many a three-volume novel. Thiel, the hero of the tale, is a poor railway signalman, whose employment consists in mounting guard at a lonely little watch-house situated in the cutting of a deep pine-forest. During the first five years of his residence at this place, he was to be seen every Sunday attending service at the parish church, situated about an hour's distance from his watch-house.

"Then there came a fine Sunday when he appeared there accompanied by a pale, frail-looking female, who, as the country folk said, seemed but badly matched to his own herculean build; and then there came another fine Sunday afternoon on which he and this same pale woman were wedded together in the church for better or worse. During the two following years the young, tender-looking woman sat by his side on the church bench, her delicately formed hollow cheek close beside his rough weather-beaten face, as they looked together into the same hymn-book; and then again suddenly the signalman sat there alone as before.

"On one of the previous week-days the passing-bell had tolled—that was all.

"People said that there was little change to be seen about the signalman. The buttons of his spruce Sunday uniform shone as brightly as ever, his red hair was as carefully oiled and parted in military fashion; only that he carried his broad hairy neck a little more bent than before, and seemed to listen to the sermon with yet more earnest attention than he had previously done. The general impression was that he had been but little affected by the death of his wife, and this opinion seemed to be justified when, after the lapse of a year, Thiel took to himself a second wife, in the person of a strapping and vigorous dairymaid from the village of Alte-Grund.

"The pastor likewise permitted

himself to utter some slight disapprobation when Thiel came to him with the announcement of the marriage.

"Then you already desire to marry again?"

"I cannot keep house with the dead, Herr Pastor."

"Well, yes—but I merely thought that you are in an over-great hurry."

"I am in danger of losing the child, Herr Pastor."

"Thiel's wife had died in childbirth, and the boy whom she had brought into the world had survived and received the name of Tobias."

"Ah! to be sure, the child," returned the clergyman, and he made a gesture which clearly indicated that he only now remembered the boy's existence. "That is another thing. Where have you given him in charge while you are in service?"

"Thiel now related how he had given over Tobias to an old woman, who had once nearly caused his death by burning, while another time he had rolled off her lap on to the floor, luckily without sustaining any other injury than a large bump on the forehead. Things could not remain thus, for the child being weakly required a specially careful treatment. For this reason, and because he had sworn to his deceased wife always to act for the child's greatest advantage, had he resolved upon this step.

"When the newly made couple appeared together in church, the people had no objection to make to their appearance this time. The former dairymaid seemed perfectly adapted to the signalman. She was scarcely half a head shorter than he was, and surpassed him in redundancy of form; likewise her face was quite as coarsely fashioned as was his own, with only the difference that, in contrast to the watchman, in her the soul seemed to be wanting."

But as soon turns out, Thiel has been unfortunate in his second choice, and caught a Tartar; for Lene, though active and hard-working, soon discloses herself as a shrew of the worst kind, who henpecks her husband and ill-treats her little stepson. During the first year of their married life

Thiel has still sufficient energy to stand up for the rights of his child whenever he sees it slighted; but gradually subdued by Lene's more powerful individuality, these moments of self-assertion become more and more rare, to cease altogether by the end of the second year, when Lene gives birth to a child of her own. The remembrance of the almost spiritual love which had united him to Minna, his dead wife, is now often disturbed and effaced by his coarser and more material feeling for the living one.

The psychological process of this gradual moral deterioration is admirably rendered, and we are able to follow step by step the debasement of the man, who no longer dares to raise his voice in defence of his own child.

One day when Thiel as usual had gone off to his post in the forest, he suddenly remembers that he has left behind the piece of bread and butter that is to serve as his supper, and returning home unexpectedly to fetch it, he surprises Lene in a perfect frenzy of passion maltreating the little Tobias for some trifling piece of negligence.

"The signalman felt how his heart was beating in heavy irregular strokes; he began to tremble slightly, his gaze was riveted on the ground as though in abstraction, and the hard horny hand stroked back a tuft of damp hair that always fell anew on to the freckled forehead. For a moment he seemed overpowered. It was a sort of spasm which made him clench his fingers with a cramp-like motion. But it passed away, leaving only a dull apathy behind.

"With uncertain step the signalman entered the narrow brick-paved threshold; slowly and wearily he mounted the creaking wooden staircase.

"At this moment Thiel opened the door of the dwelling-chamber, which caused the half-finished phrase to remain sticking in the throat of the terrified woman. She was white as chalk with passion, and her lips were twitching with a malignant expression. She had raised her right arm, but let it fall again as she snatched up the milk-jug, out of which she endeavoured to fill the baby's drinking-bottle. She desisted, however, seeing that the greater part of the milk ran over the side of the bottle on to the table. Blinded by excitement, she snatched now at one, now at the other article, without being able to hold anything fast for more than some moments, till at last she recovered herself sufficiently in order to burst out upon her husband. What did he mean by coming home at this unusual hour? Did he perhaps think to play the spy upon her? That would be the last thing wanting, she thought; and almost in the same breath she declared that her conscience was clear, and that she need fear the eyes of no one.

"Thiel hardly heard what she said, his eyes glanced past the howling Tobias; for a moment it seemed as though he must forcibly repress something terrible that was rising up within him; then suddenly the convulsed features resumed their old phlegmatic expression, but for a stealthy, covetous gleam of the eyes which animated them strangely. For some few moments his gaze played over his wife's redundant figure, as with averted face she was moving about, still struggling for composure. Her scarcely covered bosom rose and fell as though it would rend asunder the corset, and her kilted-up skirts made her broad hips appear yet broader. From this woman there seemed to emanate an indomitable force which Thiel felt himself powerless to resist.

"As light as the single threads of a spider's web, yet strong as an iron net, it encompassed him, subjugating, overpowering, stupefying. In this condition of mind it would have been impossible for him to address to her a single word, least of all a harsh one; and so Tobias, who had been crouch-

ing all the time in a corner, terrified and bathed in tears, was forced to see how his father, without taking further notice of him, picked up the forgotten piece of bread from the bench near the stove, and holding it out to the mother as sole explanation of his presence, disappeared again with a short abstracted nod of the head."

After this scene the story moves on swiftly to its lurid conclusion. A strip of waste land alongside the railway having been allotted to the signalman, his wife accompanies him thither one day in order to plant potatoes. She takes the two children with her, and little Tobias, who for the first time in his life sees the forest and the railway, spends the day in a state of delighted wonder at all he beholds—the dark mysterious pine-wood with its treasure of flowers and living things, and the strange black puffing and panting monster which from time to time rushes past to break the sacred silence of the forest.

In the forenoon the signalman takes his son with him when he goes his rounds; but in the afternoon, when again obliged to absent himself from the spot, he leaves Tobias with Lene, in order to attend on the baby while she is planting the potatoes.

"'Take care,' called back Thiel to his wife—'take care lest he come too near the rails.'

"A shrug of the shoulders was Lene's only answer.

"The Silesian express train was signalled, and Thiel was obliged to return to his post. Hardly had he taken up his position at the barrier when he heard the distant roar of the approaching express.

"The train becomes visible; it comes nearer; in countless hasty puffs the steam rushes out from the black funnel.

"There!—one—two—three milk-white jets of steam rise up straight into the air, and in the same instant the engine whistle resounds—thrice in succession, short, shrill, terror-striking.

"'They're putting on the brake,' thought Thiel; but why?—and again the alarm-signal sounded, waking the forest echoes, this time in a long uninterrupted succession of shrieks.

"Thiel advanced in order to overlook the line of rails. Mechanically he drew out the red flag from its cover, and held it out straight before him over the rails. 'O Lord!' Has he become blind. 'O Lord—Lord—Lord!' What was that? There—there—between the rails. 'Ha-lt!' roared the signalman with the whole strength of his lungs. Too late! A dark mass was entangled under the machinery, and was being pitched by it to and fro like an india-rubber ball. But some instants more and there was heard the creaking and grating sound of the brake. The train had come to a standstill.

"The lonely spot grew now suddenly animated. The engine-driver and guard ran over the gravel to the end of the train. From every window there peeped out curious faces; and now the crowd began to move forwards.

"Thiel was breathing heavily, and had to hold on to the barrier in order not to fall down like a felled bullock. Verily now they are making signals to him. . . . 'No!'

"A cry proceeding from the place of the accident rends the air, followed by a howl which seemed to come from the throat of some animal. Who was that? Lene? It was not her voice, and yet . . . A man came hastily up the line.

"'Signalman!'

"'What has happened?'

"'An accident.' The messenger started back in alarm, for the signalman's eyes were shooting strange gleams. His cap is all awry, and the red hair seems to be standing erect.

"'He is still alive; perhaps there may yet be help.'

"A groan is the only answer.

"'Come quick—quick!'

"Thiel pulls himself together by a stupendous effort, his slack muscles are now firmly strained; he carries himself erect, but his face is ghastly and expressionless.

"Together with the messenger he runs, not seeing the pale terrified faces of the travellers at the carriage-windows. A young woman is looking out, a commercial traveller in a red fez, a young couple, apparently on their wedding journey. What matter they to him? He has never taken any interest in the contents of that noisy rattling chest. His ears are filled with Lene's howls. Before his eyes confusedly small yellow spots are dancing like countless glow-worms. Then from out the glow-worms' dance he sees a vision of something pale, lifeless, bloody: a forehead crushed blue and black; blue lips over which there trickle drops of black blood. It is he.

"Thiel speaks no word. His face assumes a dirty pallor; he smiles absently, then at last he bends down. He feels the limp lifeless limbs in his arms: the red flag is wrapped around them."

When everything has been done in vain to stem the weak little current of departing life, and Thiel in truth realises that his first-born son is dead, he falls senseless to the ground, and is thus conveyed to his home in the village accompanied by his noisily lamenting wife.

Next morning when the bearers return to the house, bringing with them the corpse of the little Tobias, a fearful sight meets their eyes. Thiel's bed is empty, but alongside lies Lene's dead body, her head battered in by a hatchet; and her baby, too, is dead, for its throat has been cut through with a knife.

The signalman himself is discovered soon after crouching on the rails at the same spot where yesterday's accident had taken place, fondling a little brown fur cap that had belonged to Tobias,

as though it were some living thing, and showering upon it senseless words of endearment.

Taken to prison as the murderer of his wife and child, he is soon dismissed as incurably insane, and placed in an asylum.

This rapid sketch of the tale, whose conclusion may seem unnecessarily cruel to most readers, conveys, however, but a scanty notion of the delicate beauty of its workmanship as a whole. The aspects of the forest as seen by the lonely signalman at various seasons of the year and in all sorts of weather, are as many exquisite little gems which serve to enhance and set off the thoughts and feelings of the principal actors; and the fragments of dialogue strewn about the pages, seemingly without much plan or method, are in reality as many skilful master-touches not one of which could be dispensed with for the elucidation of the psychological process which is being unrolled before our eyes.

If the perusal of this little volume leaves us some cause for regret, it is solely due to the fact that an author who has shown himself to be such a consummate master of his craft as in the foregoing picture, should so utterly have mistaken the bent of his genius as to have attempted the delineation of such a piece of complex mysticism as that entitled 'Der Apostel,' which is not only utterly incomprehensible and bewildering to the reader, but likewise conveys to him the impression that the author himself would be considerably puzzled if called upon to analyse and explain his own creation.

Paradoxical mysticism hardly seems to us to be in Herr Hauptmann's line, and he would do well in future to keep to that peculiar branch of realistic psychology for

which he has shown such unusual capacity.

As a faithful interpreter of the lives and thoughts of the Styrian and Tyrolese peasantry, as a painter *par excellence* of the mountain scenery which he so dearly loves, as a subtle musician whose delicate ear has caught up and retained the hundredfold exquisite notes of the woodland symphonies which fall unheeded on more dullard auditors, Petri Kettenfeier Rosegger has probably not got his equal among living writers; and if his name has not as yet become a household word in every European country, the reason is chiefly to be sought in the peculiar bent of his genius, which has led him to probe and dissect a class of society whose sayings and doings can be made comprehensible but to a limited circle of readers.

Born and bred as the child of poor Styrian rustics, the youthful Rosegger was turn about a shepherd, a woodcutter, and a field-labourer—circumstances which explain his truly marvellous intuition in reproducing the language and thoughts of these classes; for the high-born writer who attempts to depict the lower masses invariably conveys a sense of incompleteness; for the albeit often shrewd and piercing random shots with which he succeeds in hitting off certain outward characteristics, are rarely supported by that intimate intuition which alone can succeed in producing a faithful portrait. A shepherd and woodcutter are therefore evidently the most fitting persons to tell the tale of flocks and forests; but as to do so it is of imperative necessity the shepherd should learn to read, and that the

woodcutter should wield the pen as deftly and easily as he does the axe, the examples of those who have scaled the literary ladder and achieved fame have been comparatively few and far between.

Fortune was kind to Rosegger in this respect, and we are told that it was while occupying the temporary position of a wandering journeyman tailor, whose mission it was to accompany his master from village to village in quest of employment, that our author became acquainted with that fabulous-sounding personage, a philanthropic publisher, who put him in the way of supplementing and correcting his hitherto defective education by sending him to the commercial school at Graz, which he frequented from 1865 to 1869. Travel and the acquaintance of cultured men did the rest; so that Rosegger, who was an apt scholar, was able to publish his first successful work long before he had attained his thirtieth year. Since that time he has been a steady and fertile producer; but contrary to the habit of so many prolific writers who make use of the name they have achieved as a shield wherewith to mask careless or inferior work, with Rosegger each new production of his pen marks a higher degree of refinement as compared with its predecessors.

Many of Rosegger's stories are too purely local to bear translation, and would be almost incomprehensible to those who are unacquainted with the classes of which they treat; but, as a worthy and lucid specimen of the author's genius, '*Jakob der Letzte*,'¹ one of his most recent works of fiction, may here be selected for mention.

The subject is one which will

¹ *Jakob der Letzte*: Eine Waldbauern-Geschichte aus unsern Tagen. Von P. K. Rosegger.

be patent to all, seeing that it has become a more or less burning question in most civilised European countries—namely, the influence of the game-laws as affecting the peasants' existence; or in other words, the rights of man *versus* stag in many of the Austrian mountain villages. The picture here drawn is one which, to all those who know the country, will possess the absolute veracity of a photograph, as with pitiless deduction the writer proves the downfall of the peasantry to be a foregone conclusion under existing conditions.

The scene is laid in a remote Austrian mountain village named Altenmoos, consisting of but a score of houses, one of which, belonging to Jakob Renthof, has been handed down from father to son for many generations past. This little community has hitherto led a peaceful and comparatively prosperous existence, when with the advent of a new territorial proprietor an evil day breaks in for Altenmoos. Wishing to convert the whole district into an extensive deer-park, the new proprietor sets to work systematically to oust the peasants from their homes by fair means or foul. By liberal offers of money he induces many of the more thoughtless landholders to sell their patrimony; while those more long-sighted men who turn a deaf ear to his bribes, are worried and persecuted till their spirit is broken and their power of resistance annihilated.

The story opens upon a wild Pentecost Sunday afternoon, on which, as sometimes happens, departing winter turns back again on the threshold of her exit to discharge a last Parthian arrow. A furious storm is sweeping over the country, scaring the swallows which have scarcely arrived, and

showering white snowflakes into the cherry-trees already laden with blossom.

Several neighbours, taking refuge from the inclement weather, drop into Jakob Renthof's home towards evening, and there ensues the following conversation:—

"‘A fine Pentecost weather this!’ said Knatschel.

"‘True enough,’ chimed in the hunchbacked old servant in his own peculiar long-winded and indefinite fashion. ‘It is long since the cherry-trees have bloomed so bonny white, and that is likewise true.’

"‘Twill soon pass away again,’ quoth Jakob.

"‘Nine months’ winter and three months’ cold,’ retorted the old servant; ‘at least so goes it here with us in the mountains.’

"‘Come to the table,’ invited Jakob, addressing the neighbour, ‘and cut thee off a piece of bread.’ So saying, he took out of the drawer a large bread loaf with a knife, laid both on the table, and sat there down himself.

"Knatschel took a place, filled his pipe from out the tobacco-pouch, drew a pair of dainty steel tongs from his breeches-pocket, and held them out to the little girl, saying, ‘Go, lassie, and bring me fire.’

"While the girl, running to the kitchen hearth, soon returned with a glowing coal between the tongs, said Knatschel—‘Yes, neighbour, I have settled things otherwise. Good lassie, shalt get a fine husband some day.’ He blew the coal to a red heat and placed it in the pipe. ‘Ay, neighbour, he continued, between the puffs, ‘I have settled matters otherwise.’

"‘What meanest?’ asked Jakob.

"‘I am sick of this life at Altenmoos. A fool he who neglects to better his lot when he can do so.’

"Jakob looked at him inquiringly.

"Knatschel bent forward towards him, emitted a further couple of puffs, so that the blue cloudlets of smoke floated perpendicularly in the air, and said half aloud—‘I have sold my house.’

"Then he stealthily watched the

effect which this piece of news would produce on the neighbours. But as Jakob continued sitting as immovably as though he had not understood the words, Knatschel repeated them—'I have sold my house.'

'A slight quiver of the eyelids was Jakob's only answer, but he still remained motionless, gazing interrogatively at Knatschel.

'Take my advice, Jakob, and do the same,' said Knatschel. 'Cast it from thee, this wretched Altenmoos, where a fellow must toil his whole life long only to be able to starve peaceably in his old age. Leave the bother and the worry. The Kampelherr pays well. He is willing to buy Renthof only to oblige thee, he says, if art willing to sell. And he pays well. Thou knowest my piece of land—seventy *Joch* altogether, including the pasture and the common. Give a guess how much he has paid me down for it, the Kampelherr?'

'Maybe a hatful of dollars,' interrupted the old hunchback.

'The devil pays as much for a poor soul,' remarked another farm-servant, as he sat down alongside on the bench.

'But Knatschel, disregarding this remark, merely said again, 'Guess, Jakob, how much he has paid me down in hard cash?'

'And is it in earnest, neighbour?' now asked Jakob, 'that verily hast sold thy house?'

'Hast ever seen a thousand¹ before?' grinned Knatschel, untying his well-worn pocket-book.

'The brand-new bank-note lay upon the table. Jakob stared at it as though it had been a ghost, which one gazes at with mingled curiosity and horror. The farm-servants craned their necks and peered dumfounded at the apparition.

'Might I just gaze a bit at the sinful plaister?' muttered the old servant, as he limped towards the table.

'Such a plaister could do us no harm,' jeered another; 'maybe it might even serve to cure thy gall and thy gout, Lutschel Peterl.'

'True for you there; and it seems

to me as if all this might well be so,' said the old man.

'Tis lucky indeed that we have finished praying the rosary,' said one of the maids; 'for having once seen such a picture'—she pointed to the thousander—'there would have been but small devotion left.'

'Go along!' pronounced a precocious youth; 'such a rag of paper only serves to buy a place in hell. I can have that cheaper if I wish.'

'And the same may be true as well,' assented Lutschel Peterl, as he crouched down again in his place by the stove, while the others still viewed the wonderful note from a respectful distance.

'If a man be wise,' now put in a maid, 'I'm thinking that he may just as well buy heaven with it. Is it not so?'

'And that is true, verily true, heaven upon earth'—so said Lutschel Peterl; 'for the other heaven, the one up yonder, costs us nothing except our life—hi, hi, hi!—and that is true.'

'There!' sniggered Knatschel, as pompously, like a player producing a prime trump, he threw down the second thousand florin note on the table. 'Here is a second one.'

'*Sapperment!*' exclaimed Jakob.

'What say you, neighbour?' now cried Knatschel. 'A good year this one, is it not, for all that it snows at Pentecost?'

'He has given thee two thousand for house and ground?' asked Jakob in a low voice.

'And thou canst have three for thine,' said Knatschel. 'Waste no time in reflection, neighbour, but put on thy water-boots and go up to the Sandeben where the Kampelherr is sitting at the butcher's. His purse has a terrible big belly, I can tell thee. As a poor villager wilt go away, and as a fine gentleman come back home.'

'Home?' asked Jakob, shaking his head. 'How can a man sell his home?'

And Jakob remains deaf to all persuasion and flattery, even

¹ Thousand florin bank-note.

though he sees how one by one all his neighbours are drawn into the cunningly laid traps set for them by the Kampelherr. Bravely he fights against the march of fate, and spares neither prayer nor advice in order to avert the ruin which he sees coming on his neighbours; but all in vain. Then comes a day when he hears a report that Guldeisner, the richest and most important peasant proprietor at Altenmoos, is about to follow the example of the rest and sell his property. Scarce believing his ears, but with a feeling of deadly terror in his heart, Jakob, accompanied by a couple of others, repairs to Guldeisner's house in order to try his powers of dissuasion.

They find Guldeisner, the wealthy bachelor, sitting sullenly with a brandy-glass before him, which he has already emptied and refilled oftener than is good for him. Half sulkily, half defiantly, he confirms the truth of the report. Yes, it is true; he makes no secret at all of the matter. The Kampelherr has offered him thirty thousand florins in hard cash for his property, and he is on the point of closing with the offer.

"The two peasants exchanged glances.

"Guldeisner,' now said Rodell, 'I have no more heart left to dissuade thee. It is a large sum.'

"A fool I were to refuse.'

"A cursedly large sum.'

"But Jakob laid his hand on Guldeisner's arm, and said—'And yet will I dissuade thee, neighbour. Think well of it. If we take from our forest a fresh larch-tree and transplant it down to the valley, roots and all, and there give it the best soil and the richest manure, and sunshine and water in plenty—the

larch-tree will not bear transplantation, least of all when it is once full-grown; and it is the same thing for a mountaineer.'

"Rubbish!' laughed Guldeisner; 'from worse to better has never yet disagreed with a man.'

"Neighbour,' continued Jakob, stretching out his hand on the table towards the *Grossbauer*¹—'neighbour, stay here! Thou art one of us. Thy forefathers were born on this spot, and have died here; they have lived here peaceful contented lives, and have here grown older than men often grow out yonder. No Guldeisner has yet let himself be bribed away by money and fine gentlemen's words, not since those large fir-trees were planted there before the house. Far and wide the farm is known and honoured as a solid and respectable heritage from father to son. The blood of the Guldeisners is like a fresh fountain-head, but out there it would be dispersed in the sand; and for our sake as well, Franz, do not desert us. Thou hast many kinsfolk here at Altenmoos, people who look up to thee and lean upon thee, and to whom thou art a prop. Thou dost not feel it, for thou art strong. Here thou art prosperous. Stay with us! See, we shall all hold fast together, and if ever misfortune befall thee—which heaven forbid!—we shall be thy true comrades, as thou to us.'

"Spare thy breath, Renthofen,' interrupted Guldeisner, indifferently.

"No, it is not possible,' continued Jakob. 'Thou canst not go away from here, even if thou triest. Wilt see how interwoven is the man with his own soil, with each and all the trees and herbs that grow upon it, even with every little beetle on the grass-blades, and with the birds on the tree-tops, still more by far with the cattle on the pasture. Thou wilt see that it is so. Thus in the prime of life thou canst not do without work, nor can the work do without thee. The peasant perishes without employment. And if a change is

¹ The term *Grossbauer*, in contradistinction to *Kleinbauer*, is used to designate the holder of a peasant property exceeding a certain value.

wanted, Guldeisner, so take to thyself a good housewife. Thou hast only to choose far and wide. With a dear wife and children by thy side, thou wilt soon understand the importance of thy solid farmhouse. Give me the word, Franz! Remain at home!

"During this speech the Guldeisner had meanwhile emptied the third glass of spirits. His nostrils now began to dilate.

"Best thanks," he gasped; "but I want no tutor. Whether I remain single or take a wife, that is no business of thine—cursed simpleton! There is the hole made by the carpenter. There—there!"

"Well, well, Guldeisner," remarked Sepp, as the three peasants rose to their feet, "there is no need to take such trouble to kick us out. We are ready enough to go. Good night or good morning—which ever suits thee best."

Guldeisner's departure serves to accelerate the downfall of Altenmoos, and with admirable dexterity the writer has described the many links of small circumstances, each tiny and insignificant in itself, but which in their united strength form the chain which is destined to drag down the peasants to their ruin. Everywhere the right of the peasant comes into collision with the right of the landlord, and in the contest which ensues it is invariably the former which goes to the wall.

When the river belonging to the Kampelherr outruns its bed and overflows the peasants' meadows, destroying their crops, they seek redress from the law; but it is legally proved to them by learned advocates that they have nothing to complain of. They durst not catch the fish which, by this accident, have been swept on to their fields, for the fish belong to the Kampelherr; but when a careless peasant suffers his cow to stray on to the landlord's territory, the cow is taken up for trespassing,

and has to be ransomed back by its owner. Then why should not the landlord be likewise compelled to ransom back his fish that have strayed on to other ground? inquires an injured peasant; but he is kindly advised to go home and not trouble his head about points of law that are too hard for his understanding.

Everything has to give way to the trout and the deer, and by-and-by the whole district is tyrannised by these creatures. No one may venture to throw a stone in the river for fear of disturbing the fish; while even a harmless tourist, who, deeming himself alone in the forest, takes the liberty of shouting aloud out of mere exuberance of spirits, is roughly collared by a passing forester and called to account for his rashness.

Jakob, left alone as the last peasant proprietor of Altenmoos, is stubbornly resolved to fight his enemy to the bitter end. The final catastrophe is brought about by a red-coated calf of Jakob's, which, having strayed to the forest, is there shot down by the implacable gamekeeper. "Good!" thinks Jakob, whose patience is exhausted; "if he shoots my calf, then will I in return shoot down his deer whenever they stray into my field." This is contrary to law; but seeing that he can get neither redress nor protection from the authorities, the sorely tried man is goaded into taking the law into his own hands. Thus it comes about that one fine day he spies a roe-deer grazing in his oat-field, and stealthily stalking it with his gun, he suddenly finds himself face to face with the gamekeeper.

"Jakob crept on till he reached the edge of the field, and letting himself down upon one knee, settled the barrel between the corn-ears towards the animal, which, perfectly unconscious

of his approach, stood among the oats nibbling the ears from off the stalks.

"Halt!" now sounded from yonder by the elm bushes. "Peasant, now I hold you fast!"

"The gamekeeper, Ladislaus, was crouching there, and raised up his double-barrelled gun against his cheek. Jakob held his own gun in a firm grasp, and seeing that he was being aimed at, he too altered the direction of his barrel.

"Down with the gun!" shouted the gamekeeper.

"Remove your own and I will do the same," returned Jakob, without altering his position.

"Away with the gun, or I shoot you down."

"I am but acting in self-defence," said Jakob, and both guns remained fixed upon each other.

"Renthofen," called the gamekeeper, "it goes against me to kill you, and my advice is good. Remember that my gun has two barrels!"

"Mine has one," returned Jakob, and his eye lit up with a strange fire.

"Surrender!"

"Rather die!" said Jakob.

"The ball whistled past close to his cheek. He pulled the trigger. With a piercing shriek the gamekeeper Ladislaus sprang up, only to fall down lifeless amid the bushes.

"So—now I have done," said Jakob, flinging away his gun and seizing hold of his head with both hands as though he would wrench it from its trunk. "Murderer! murderer!" he cried aloud with shrill voice. "So must it end! To judgment! To the gallows! So must it end!"

And as though pursued by ten thousand furies the wretched man takes to flight, and deaf to the call of his friend Natz, who seeks to detain him, rushes blindly in the direction of the lake.

Next day his corpse is drawn from the cold green waters, and having—as a murderer and suicide—forfeited his right to Christian burial, Jakob Renthofen, the last

peasant of Altenmoos, is laid to rest in a solitary spot in the forest.

Had space permitted, we would fain have given some further extracts from the story, illustrative of the many subtle delicacies, the covert suggestions of humour or philosophy, the exquisite appreciation of both living and inanimate nature, which peep out on almost every page. The episode of Jakob's wife, who, when she seeks to present a petition to the emperor in hopes of obtaining her son's release from military service, is trampled down by the surrounding crowd, is admirably depicted; likewise the story of the same soldier son when, overpowered by home-sickness, he deserts, only to be recaptured and led back to his regiment, ultimately to redeem his honour by a glorious death on the field of battle.

If Rosegger is to be regarded as the child of nature, so in like manner Max Nordau—whose name has been already mentioned more than once in these columns—may be termed the embodiment of science and civilisation. His writings all breathe the very quintessence of the nineteenth-century spirit; and whereas the Styrian peasant gives us faithful reproductions of the lives and thoughts of a primitive uncultured people, the Hungarian doctor loves to probe and lay bare those diseases and abnormities of the human race which are the outcome of a distorted and corrupted state of society.

The work which it is our present intention to notice is neither a complete novel like '*Gefühlskomödie*' or '*Die Krankheit der Jahrhunderte*,' neither is it a philosophical and psychological dissertation such as '*Convention-*

ellen Lügen,' or the set of essays which are being published under the title of 'Entartung.'¹ Of much more unassuming but of decidedly more pleasing nature than any of the aforementioned, this work, as indicated by the title of 'Seelen Analysen,'² is merely what it pretends to be, a series of fragmentary psychological studies. There are five stories contained in this short volume, any one of which might have served as basis for a more complete work of fiction; but Herr Nordau has no doubt acted wisely in selecting this more condensed form of narration, for, as we already had occasion to remark, he lacks some attributes of the complete novelist, and excels rather as an analyst than as a constructor.

Of these five stories—which all deserve to be read—there is one which stands out from its fellows like a diamond of pure water among a handful of common pebbles, although it covers a space of scarcely thirty pages. The title of this little gem is 'Blasirt' (*blasé*), an expressive French word for which unfortunately our language has no equivalent, for the combined epithets of satiated, world-weary, blunted, and surfeited, but imperfectly convey what is so tersely and forcibly conveyed in these two syllables.

Of course it is a man who suffers from this fashionable complaint of our century; for, paradoxically enough, a really *blasée* woman is a thing very rarely to be met with. From whatsoever cause it may proceed, it is un-

doubtedly true that the majority of women preserve their interest in life far longer than their coarser-fibred mates; a result which may possibly—though not certainly—be accounted for by the fact that to them is mostly denied the opportunity of emptying the pleasure-cup to its dregs. Returning, however, to the case in point, the name of the present *blasé* individual is a certain Prince Ludwig von Hochstein Falkenburg, the head of an illustrious German house, who having since his birth been used to possess everything which the world can give, as a natural consequence has discovered life to be unspeakably wearisome, flat, and unprofitable. Being clear-sighted and cynical, he is honest enough to acknowledge to himself that his social successes and *prestige* are wholly independent of his own merits, and he feels a sort of bitter rancour against fate because of the crushing sense of his inherited name and fortune, which have so completely overshadowed his own personal individuality. The following fragment of conversation between Prince Ludwig and a shrewd physician whom he had consulted for some trifling ailment, will best serve to elucidate the former's character:—

"'Give your life more substance, Prince,' returned Dr Bäcker. 'Strive for something.'

"Prince Ludwig laughed ironically.

"'For what should I strive? Everything which you others labour painfully to acquire, I already possess in superfluity. Money? I cannot contrive to spend half my income unless I were to light my cigars

¹ Of this work, entitled 'Entartung' (Degeneration), only the first volume has appeared as yet.

² Seelen Analysen: Novellen von Max Nordau. Berlin: Verlag des Vereines für Bacher Freunde, 1892.

with hundred-dollar notes, or try to bore a hole through the earth. Woman's favour? My visiting-cards suffice to procure for me more of it than my constitution can stand. Honours? At the age of twenty-six I possess the highest decorations, and have the precedence over all others with exception of a few princes of the blood. Power? Listen, dear doctor; I verily believe that were I to shoot down a slater from the roof merely by way of sport, the matter would have no further unpleasant consequences for me. There remains, therefore, but fame and immortality. My name is already probably rather better known than that of Goethe. Wherever I show myself I am a far greater lion than the first poets and men of science, and every Prince Hochstein is sure in advance of at least two lines in every encyclopædia, even if he has done nothing further than merely taken the trouble to be born, and to die at a reasonable age. For what, therefore, should I strive?

"For self-contentment," returned Dr Bäcker; 'and that you will only find when, as Goethe says, you earn again by your own effort that which you have inherited from your fathers.'

But this interior content, which to acquire is the greatest art in life, is unfortunately out of Prince Ludwig's reach. He has not the self-denial to apply himself seriously to the mastery of any particular art or science, even though endowed by nature with ample capacity for such work. His life is therefore frittered away in a futile pursuit of pleasure, which always evades his grasp. Once when, on returning from the tiger-hunts in India, he is asked at his club how he has amused himself, he gives the following answer:—

"Amusement?' he answered, with a shrug of the shoulders; 'as if that existed in this vale of tears! There is nothing particular in a tiger-hunt after all. The danger and excitement are all for those poor Hindu devils

who act as beaters. I sit in my howdah on the back of a remarkably peaceful elephant, and shoot at them as at a target. Buy from a menagerie one of those large Asian or African cats, place it in a cage in your park, and shoot it dead. It is much the same thing. The surrounding decorations will be somewhat less effectively coloured, the subordinate actors less numerous, and there will be rather less noise and movement on the stage—but that is rather an advantage in my opinion; and one has, moreover, neither the heat nor the mosquitoes to endure.'

"The hearers laughed, but one old gentleman said to the Prince—

"You are struck with a mental colour-blindness, my dear Prince, and I would not care to select you as engine-driver for directing my life's train.'

"The old gentleman had hit the nail on the head. Prince Ludwig viewed life in a uniform grey tint. How wonderfully true are Schiller's words!—

"Etwas wünschen, und hoffen, und sorgen,
Muss der Mensch für den kommenden
morgen;
Dass er die Mühsal des Lebens ertrage,
Und das ermüdende Gleichmass der Tage.'

"But Prince Ludwig neither 'wished, nor hoped, nor feared,' and when he thought of the future it always appeared to him in the form a loudly yawning semi-drowsy monster. Like a parched man tormented by thirst, he longed for a sensation of excitement; he pursued this Will-o'-the-wisp across the earth without succeeding in finding it."

At last, when he is just on the point of starting for Norway in quest of reindeer, his plans are abruptly altered by the outbreak of the Franco-German war of 1870; and it is on the battle-field of Metz that at last he finds that of which he had been so long in search. He had been actuated by no very acute patriotic feelings when he had applied for readmittance into the German army, but

merely by a sense of fitness, coupled with a lurking hope that a campaign might possibly turn out to be more amusing than reindeer-shooting.

At first his hopes seem once more doomed to disappointment; for, accompanied by two skilled servants, and with unlimited sums at his command, he experiences nothing of the hardships of camp-life, and for personal bravery or original acts of valour there has hitherto been no occasion.

Then comes the fateful day of Metz, when for hours the dragoon regiment to which he has been appointed in the capacity of major is kept drawn up inertly on the shoulder of a hill, slightly shrouded by brushwood, waiting for the moment when the time for action will come.

"Some batteries had been driven up to the crest of that side of the gorge occupied by the Germans, and were sending forth a lively discharge of shells. Small detachments of infantry lay behind the guns on the ground at short intervals apart. Somewhat farther back stood the dragoon regiment, the troopers all dismounted, each man holding his charger's rein looped over his arm, and with weary, almost apathetic expression, waiting for further orders. Evidently the engagement had long stood thus at the self-same point. The enemy's shells fell mostly into the gorge, but few of them reached the level ground on this side, and even these had made but little havoc as yet. Only a shattered *Laffette*, and two or three holes in the earth, which was surrounded by a loose wall of yellowish clay, gave to the spot something of the character and local colouring of a battle-field. Just here the ear took more part than the eye in the mighty day's work. From in front, behind, everywhere, came the thunder of cannons; to the right, from a short distance, there rattled the sharp discharge of musketry, and

the incessant fearful clamour which filled the air rose and fell like the sound-waves of a mighty orchestra.

"On a piece of rising ground in front of the dragoons were grouped numerous officers, who were looking attentively towards the French detachment. Conspicuous among them was a major, smoking a cigarette and gazing dreamily into the distance. Aged about thirty, he was of rather tall, slender figure, with a pale, narrow face, to which cold grey eyes and sarcastic lines about the colourless lips, overshadowed by a reddish-fair moustache, imparted a somewhat hard and not altogether prepossessing expression. In the midst of this animated scene, surrounded by all these excited young people with their fresh, sunburnt faces, he, with his reserved impassible countenance and somewhat careless bearing, looked strangely world-weary and enervated. A female eye passing in review the group of officers, would scarcely have lingered with pleasure on precisely this head; a male observer, however, must necessarily have been struck by it as undoubtedly the most intellectual physiognomy of all those present.

"Removing the helmet in order to pass his pocket-handkerchief over his damp brow, he disclosed a somewhat sparse head of hair, specially thin towards brow and temples, and at the same time a carefully tended aristocratic hand, with long, thin, bloodless fingers. Despite the levelling uniform coat, his whole appearance betrayed him to be a very distinguished gentleman, and in truth this officer was no other than Prince Ludwig von Hochstein Falkenburg-Gerau, head of the non-reigning line of a German principality."

After a long weary time of waiting and watching, some life and movement begins to come at last into the immediate surroundings of the dragoon regiment. The 38th infantry brigade receives orders to advance upon the enemy, and presently, in quick marching order, row upon row of soldiers sweep down into the adjacent

gorge, to reappear presently on the other side.

"The advancing regiment was the 3d Westphalian one. It had passed by the group of dragoon officers so close that Prince Ludwig was able to distinguish each face and figure. The poor fellows had been on their legs for fourteen hours, marching incessantly beneath the glowing August sun. Their young blooming faces were covered with a thick layer of dust, which perspiration had glued together to an unsightly mask. Their uniforms were soiled with disfiguring stains of clay, indicating the spots where short halts had been made. But nothing now betrayed the deadly weariness of the heroic band. The inflamed red eyes were shining with warlike exultation; the parched throats had regained the full strength of voice in order to shout 'Hurrah!' the feet that just now had dragged themselves so painfully along the dusty highroad were now raised with a light, almost soaring motion, as though the whole regiment had quaffed of some invigorating beverage as it moved into the line of fire.

"With redoubled energy the cannons continued to shoot over their heads across to the French; from the depth of the gorge rose up a thousand-fold roar of 'Hurrah! hurrah!' intermingled with the rapid roll of drums, and single loud shouts and cries. Prince Ludwig gazed after the on-storming troops, whose foremost men were already scaling the opposite slope.

"'Poor devils!' he thought. 'There they go cheerfully into the jaws of death as to a village dance. They will go on shouting hurrah till they are hoarse, or till silenced by a bullet. And what are they thinking about? Nothing, in all probability. They are merely possessed by a blind impulse to conquer. And what signifies victory to each of them individually? What profit will it bring to him? What amelioration of his human lot, even should he escape death on the battle-field? The glory of the German name? For myself possibly, though not certainly, this might have some value, but even that is highly

problematical. My uniform, indeed, might acquire an accession of brilliancy, but then I wear it so seldom. If I go to Japan next year, possibly the Mikado may receive me with greater distinction than if I belonged to a vanquished nation; but whether we beat the French, or they us, my position at the Paris Jockey Club, or at the *Cercle de la Méditerranée* at Nice, will remain unchanged. But those obscure people down there, how are they affected by military glory, and by the power of a victorious Fatherland? They will be conscious of no reflection of it in their villages. The position of tax-gatherers and gendarmes towards them will remain unaltered, and that is all that they see of the Fatherland. And yet they are inspired. The fact is undeniable. I can, so to say, touch it with my fingers. For this result we have to thank the poets who have painted military glory and the Fatherland in such glowing colours, and the schoolmasters who have inoculated the poets' words into the people's souls. Marvellous power of mere words alone which can stimulate a prosaic rustic joyfully to sacrifice his life for an abstract idea, for a mere coinage of the brain!

"Such were his thoughts, which can neither be denied nor extenuated. But even while these shot through his mind with lightning-speed, he was conscious of an internal movement which surprised and puzzled himself. It was a strange sort of perplexity; he felt all at once ashamed and embarrassed. He had the feeling as though these silent thoughts had been spoken aloud, and as if a circle of grave noble faces had listened, and were now regarding him silently, but with a species of compassionate contempt. From out some impenetrable abyss of his soul, to which his sober, critical, and sarcastic judgment could not reach, a deep, imperative voice rose up, bidding silence to his scepticism. 'I am in the right,' his reason presumed to murmur. 'You are wrong,' growled the second voice from the depths. 'I will not consciously cheat myself into the fraud of a romantic self-delusion,' objected reason; but now it seemed

to Prince Ludwig as though these last words had been spoken by a stranger, from whom he must necessarily turn aside indignantly."

For some time the result of the contest seems doubtful, and one German detachment after the other is drawn into action, till at last comes likewise the turn of the dragoons.

"Prince Ludwig had followed the course of the engagement with growing excitement, and had alternately felt his heart beat loud and joyfully, and painfully contract with diminished pulsations. The present moment seemed to him to be a critical one, and glancing round, he saw this same feeling reflected in the looks and faces of the other officers.

"But already the colonel had beckoned to his orderly, and had swung himself into the saddle. A first trumpet-signal now sounded; throughout the dragoon ranks there ran a sudden movement, and in the twinkling of an eye every man was on horseback; sword-scabbards clanked against stirrups, and curb-chains rattled on the bits of head-tossing steeds. Then a second trumpet-blast; loud neighing, panting, pawing, and stamping; swords flew out of the scabbards, and the detachment of riders was set in motion.

"Prince Ludwig looked at his watch; it marked half-past six o'clock of the evening. As he advanced at the head of the first squadron, at a short distance behind the colonel, his aide-de-camp, and the trumpeter, there came over him a strange feeling such as he had never yet experienced; the painful suspense, the devouring impatience which for the last half-hour had caused his arteries to hammer, and his blood to tingle up to the finger-points, now resolved themselves into the satisfied consciousness of action directed towards a definite object.

"He no longer pondered and criticised. He felt as though the doubting spirit had been expelled from his mind, and as if willingly, unhesitatingly, and confidently as a child, he

obeyed an order which filled his whole being with an irresistible impulse. This man, just now so proud of his own personality, who had never sought his pleasure but in the unshackled exercise of his own will, now felt his individuality shrink away into nought. He was now but a mere pebble in a mosaic, which only in its entirety was raised to the level of a masterpiece. Something mighty, which might either be called a law of nature, or of that will whose expression produces the history of nations, had entered his soul and taken complete possession of him. Not he himself was now guiding his fate, but something stronger than himself, outside of him, had taken its direction out of his hands. Had he been the first and most illustrious of men, a Newton, a Goethe, or even a world-redeeming Saviour, just now he would have weighed no more in the mechanism of the world's history than the nameless rustic at his side; he would have possessed no more than the value of a tiny screw or rivet, amongst scores of its kind. And yet, strangely enough, this disappearance of his personality in a whole, like the dissolution of a sugar-lump in water, caused him neither regret nor discomfort. On the contrary, it was a hitherto unknown sensation of delight which thrilled his whole being with pleasurable tingles. He felt himself at once very small, and yet with something infinitely great within him, whose dimensions had far outgrown the limits of his own personality. He had the sensation of being borne along unresistingly by a mighty power, and the thought struck him that just so must Ganymedes have felt when he flew heavenwards betwixt the rustling eagle's pinions.

"Now, at last, he was experiencing that deep and intense feeling for which he had always yearned, and this result he had achieved by coming out of his own selfish reserve and taking part in a general action."

The cavalry charge is described in Nordau's best manner:—

"It was a picture which might have been taken from one of the old

Norse legends. The cuirassiers yonder, advancing towards the setting sun, glittered and shone in fantastic glory; their naked sword-blades appeared like so many leaping tongues of flame; helmets and cuirasses blazed as though heated to a red glow. The whole long line was steeped in a halo of blinding light. The German dragoons had the sun straight in their rear. The long grey shadows of horses and riders scoured over the ground in front of them, resembling a phantom army of ghosts leading on the living men in their charge against the proud cuirassiers. And now, with a fearful thunder-sound, the two lines clash together, and the fabulously beautiful picture of just now is instantaneously transformed into a horrible formless chaos."

The charge has ended with the complete rout of the French cuirassiers; and when at last the enemy has been put to flight, and the German riders draw rein on the banks of a little stream, Prince Ludwig, stroking the neck of his faithful steed, and looking round

him with a long-drawn breath, seems to wake from a dream. And then before he has time to realise what is coming, he is struck full in the breast by a stray French bullet, and sinks unconscious to the ground.

"When he recovered consciousness he found himself lying on the trodden-down grass, his head pillowed on a saddle. His uniform coat was unbuttoned, and numerous comrades were busied around him. He felt no pain, only an unspeakable weariness and a strange indescribable sensation, like a sort of internal gurgle, that seemed to rise up to his throat, forcing him to gasp for breath like a drowning man.

"What do you feel, Prince?" asked the lieutenant-colonel, bending anxiously over him.

"I feel," he returned softly, "as though I must cry out aloud, 'Long live the King! Long live the Fatherland!'" And after a little pause he added, all but inaudibly, while an almost imperceptible smile played over his pale lips, "But this is not a public meeting."

"These were his last words."

MOB S.

THE year 1893 is a great centenary anniversary. We have no intention of inflicting on our readers a *réchauffé* of the French Revolution, à la Mr Rigby, or of recalling to them those visions of the "raw mechanic's bloody thumb," which haunted the pillow of Sir Aylmer Aylmer. But we may fairly choose the beginning of the year '93 for saying a few words on the subject of mob violence, and of the imbecility with which it has too often been encountered, both in this country and others, both before and after the great convulsion of a hundred years ago. In the winter of 1793, the Reign of Terror was at its height in Paris. In the previous August the Tuileries had been stormed by the mob, and Louis XVI. and royal family sent prisoners to the Temple. This was followed by the massacres of the prisoners. In September the National Convention met for the first time, and decreed the abolition of royalty, and as a king had now become useless, in the following January he was murdered. That the reform of the French Government might have been accomplished without these atrocities is now universally admitted. That it was not so accomplished seems to have been exclusively due to the weakness of the Government, and the toleration of popular excesses till they had got beyond all control.

If we commence this article with some remarks which seem to savour of truisms, our readers should remember that there are numerous precepts and maxims, both political, social, and religious, of which the world, although per-

fectly familiar with them, requires to be from time to time reminded, as circumstances arise investing them with fresh significance. The inalienable rights of man, for example, is a phrase to which no sensible person attaches any real importance. But foolish people may occasionally make it necessary to repeat that in a civilised community the rights of man mean only his rights as a citizen—those, that is, which he can exercise without injury to others, or violation of the laws by which the community of which he is a member has bound itself together. If he wishes to go outside of these, he must quit the political society of which they are the rule, and betake himself elsewhere. This well-known truth is embodied in the legal maxim *sic utere tuo est alieno non lēdas*. If the representatives of a single class have a right to assemble in large numbers in the heart of a busy and populous metropolis, to the obstruction of ordinary traffic, and to the great annoyance and inconvenience of peaceable and industrious citizens, the Government which represents all classes has at least an equal right to interfere when the obstruction and annoyance have passed a certain limit and reached a height at which they put a stop to public business. When that point has been passed is a question for Governments to determine; but if they allow it to be transgressed with impunity, they make themselves answerable for consequences which, if they have ever contemplated, they must have believed to be impossible; and it will be partly the object of this paper to point out the folly of any such

belief, and to show with what startling suddenness impunity begets audacity, till what began as a common riot may end in an attempted revolution. The original purpose with which a large crowd is gathered together, and the particular objects which the orators who address them have in view, may be either culpable or laudable. But that makes no difference in regard to the risks which they involve. As no chain is stronger than its weakest link, so it may truly be said that no mob is safer than its worst elements. The more well-disposed among the crowd have no control over these, and can neither prevent them from following in procession nor from taking advantage of the confusion and possibly the darkness which may ensue to carry out designs of their own with which the main body of the meeting has no sympathy. Every great open-air meeting is attended by a contingent of this character, the camp-followers of the regular army, ready for any mischief, and only restrained from committing it by the vigilance and activity of a small body of men, which cannot always be adequate to the occasion, or guard every weak point.

The thieves and ruffians who hang about the great open-air meetings in London, and have no other objects in view than plunder, liquor, and destruction, the pillage of shops, the breaking of windows, and the pleasure of insulting or robbing well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, may no doubt be the occasion of great loss, terror, and anxiety to those whom the law is for the moment unable to protect: and we presume it will be admitted by the more sane and rational section of the Radical party that even mere life and prop-

erty are things to be protected from violence—if it can be done without too great an abridgment of the rights and liberties of the masses. But we readily admit that the modern English mob—we use the word in no disrespectful sense, but simply as the readiest to hand—has ideas above those of mere riot. We know that its leaders would prevent if they could anything in the shape of vulgar disorder, which only serves to put society on its guard, and indefinitely postpone the golden age which they anticipate. But what we have to consider is this, that the roughs and rogues, however sincerely disowned and repudiated in the beginning, might be found highly useful allies in the end—in the event, that is, of a real conflict with the authorities; and that desperate individuals, who are never wanting on such occasions, might use them as instruments for carrying disturbance so far as to bring us within reach of changes which we do not feel called upon to specify.

Speaking only the other day in London, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster is reported to have said that

"In England democracy had surrounded itself with fewer checks and safeguards than in any other country: the venerable throne still remained, and served to conceal the greatness of the changes that had taken place; but no institution could now withstand any general demand of the mass of the people, seeing that they possessed in the popular House of Parliament an assembly, whose vote, given however hastily, could effect the most revolutionary change. The mass of our people, were, however, well disposed, and would listen with respect to the views of those in other classes. It was well to remember that upon the wisdom, the good sense, and the self-restraint of the masses rested this splendid edifice, and that

everything we could do to bring political knowledge and judgment within the reach of the masses was now more than ever called for."

This is to say, in other words, that we have no constitutional backbone or power of resistance left: that the monarchy, the Church, and the aristocracy, our commercial credit, our colonial empire, and our place among the nations, exist only upon sufferance, and at the mercy of a class who, in moments of excitement, are at the mercy of the worst among them. Not all the education in the world will prevent the respectable people who assemble in Trafalgar Square from giving place in the day of battle to the more reckless and brutalised spirits who flock in from the slums of Whitechapel, or from submitting to whatever leader shall suggest the most daring and criminal undertaking. These are the men—we apologise again for repeating such a truism—these are the men who always come to the front in times of turbulence, and who have shown us over and over again the folly of waiting to take precautions until they have appeared upon the scene.

If Mr Bryce is driven to make the admissions contained in the above extract, we shall hardly be thought to have exceeded the bounds of moderation either in what we have said or in what we are about to say. In fact, we do not go so far as Mr Bryce. We do not believe that it is within the power of a hasty vote of the House of Commons to sweep away all our institutions—"the splendid fabric," as Mr Bryce well calls it, bequeathed to us by our ancestors. We believe that the numerous and powerful body who represent the intelligence and the property, the great traditions and the splendid history of Great Britain, backed up as they would be by a

large section of the working classes, have still in their hands the means of repelling such attacks upon our existing political and social system as Mr Bryce is here supposing, if they only have the courage and foresight to be wise in time, and to look full in the face the contingencies which he here foreshadows.

Mobs may be divided roughly into three classes. There are those which have their origin in the conduct, or the treatment, of obnoxious or popular individuals, as the case may be, such as Sacheverell, Porteous, Wilkes, Queen Caroline. Secondly, there are those, and these, of course, the most numerous, which are caused exclusively by the action of the Legislature in either maintaining or enacting what the people consider bad laws, or in refusing what they consider good ones. Mobs of this kind were the Excise mob in 1733, the Gordon riots in 1780, the Reform riots of 1820, 1831, and 1866, and the Press riots and Reform riots in France in 1830 and 1848. The third class of mobs, mobs which are in their inception and original design political and revolutionary, and instigated by persons aiming at the destruction of Governments and a fundamental change in the condition of society, began, we may say, with the first French Revolution. But mobs of the second kind may easily become mobs of the third, either through the mismanagement of the authorities, or by the action of political and social anarchists who see their opportunity, and have the skill and boldness to make use of it. As no English mob of this class has ever achieved anything approaching even to a momentary success, we have been right in despising them, and in laughing at those who appre-

hended any serious danger from them. But we are only right in so doing as long as we know that with all parties alike the principle of authority is safe; and that it will never be so far neglected as to allow of a mob assuming more formidable proportions, and, emboldened by impunity, attempting to change the constitution. When we cease to be assured of this, the situation is altered.

But it is not merely the victory of the mob that is to be feared. Any collision at all, either with the police or the military, entailing bodily injuries or loss of life upon the combatants, would make the defeat of the rioters only a shade less disastrous than their triumph. It should be our object to prevent a conflict, however sure we may be that the police will be successful; and that is only to be done by taking care that the mob never gets out of hand in the first instance, and that the conditions prescribed by the Government are steadily enforced.

The hands of the executive have been very much strengthened by the creation of the police force. When it was necessary to employ soldiers to deal with any ordinary riot, it is hardly to be wondered at if disorder was often permitted to reach a great height before it was suppressed. There was a natural reluctance in England to call out the troops for such a purpose. A standing army was one of the most unpopular appendages of the most unpopular dynasty in our annals, and under the two first Georges, and even in the reign of Anne, no Whig Government felt anxious to employ it. But now that we have no such reason for hesitating to employ a quite different kind of force in the suppression of popular tumults, there is no excuse for

any Government which neglects to do its duty to the public.

Although the mobs of the eighteenth century led to very lamentable results, they were attended by little or no political danger, because they almost always reflected the opinions of a considerable body of the public, and often of a section of the aristocracy who took good care to keep them clear of democratic tendencies. This is eminently true of the Sacheverell mob in 1709. The Government had made Sacheverell a martyr, and the working classes who were Churchmen and Tories were easily induced to get up a demonstration in his favour. According to Burnet, whose house in St John's Court, Clerkenwell, narrowly escaped from being burned, men of rank were seen among the crowd throwing money to the rioters from their carriage-windows. Overflowing with animal and ardent spirits, the mob in a light-hearted manner burned half-a-dozen conventicles, killed a Whig or two in Lincoln's Inn Fields, thrashed a few more, and satisfied with this indication of their principles, after a nice little holiday of three weeks, returned to their usual occupations. The Guards were certainly called out, but the rioters always managed to evade them.

It was thought that Sacheverell would not have escaped so easily had not the House of Lords been alarmed by the conduct of the mob; and when it was known that he was only suspended from preaching for three years, his partisans hailed the sentence as a triumph. The effect upon the London populace was still more marked than it was upon the Whig peers. They had tasted blood. They had braved the law with success. They had indulged

their natural taste for havoc and outrage with almost absolute impunity. Henceforth the mob increased in turbulence for several years, till in 1717 we find Addison goaded into writing as follows in the 'Freeholder,' No. 50—words not altogether inappropriate to our own times: "If that extraordinary lenity and forbearance, which has been hitherto shown on those occasions, proves ineffectual to that purpose, these miscreants of the community ought to be made sensible that our constitution is armed with a sufficient force for the reformation of such disorders, and the settlement of the public peace."

But between 1710 and 1733 no such outbreak as the Sacheverell riots is recorded. In the last-mentioned year, however, we come to the famous Excise Bill of Sir Robert Walpole, which nearly cost him his life. Here we are to suppose that the mob were clearly in the wrong, and the Government as clearly in the right; yet they were overborne by violence and intimidation. A ferocious mob assembled in Palace Yard, penetrated to the lobbies, and besieged the doors of the House of Commons. The Tory Opposition tried to make the best of it. Sir John Barnard, member for the City, one of the most sensible and well-informed members of the House of Commons, thought it very hard "that merchants of figure and character might not come down to the lobbies to consult with their friends on questions which affected their own interests." Unfortunately these men of figure and character were totally unable to control their less responsible allies. No doubt there were many such men who were honestly opposed to the Excise Bill. But when they were most wanted they were

not to be found. What Walpole himself thought about it is well worth quoting:—

"There is now a most extraordinary concourse of people at our doors. Gentlemen may say what they please of the multitudes now at our door, and in all the avenues leading to this House; they may call them a modest multitude if they will; but whatever temper they were in when they came hither, it may be very much altered now after having waited so long at our door. It may be a very easy matter for some designing seditious person to raise a tumult and disorder amongst them; and when tumults are once begun, no man knows where they may end: he is a greater man than any I know in the nation that could with the same ease appease them. For this reason I must think that it was neither prudent nor regular to use any methods for bringing such multitudes to this place under any pretence whatever. Gentlemen may give them what name they think fit. It may be said they came hither as humble supplicants, but I know whom the law calls sturdy beggars; and those who brought them hither could not be certain but that they might have behaved in the same manner."

Walpole, as we know, was obliged to give way in spite of his parliamentary majority. The mob had fairly overawed the House of Commons, nor were they satisfied with the withdrawal of the obnoxious measure. They burned to wreak their rage upon the author of it. On the night when the concession was announced, they assembled in greater crowds than ever, and beset all the avenues to the House. When the news of this blockade was carried inside, several of Walpole's friends went out to see if it was true. They came back and told him that he could never hope to make his way through the mob, and must retire by some private exit. But Walpole, who was really the "brave

fellow" which both George II. and Dr Johnson declared him to be, refused to show himself afraid of "the rabble," or give them any reason for saying that the abandonment of the bill had been wrung from him by personal apprehension. There was no end, he said, of flying from such threats as these; so with half-a-dozen friends on each side of him, he marched out to face the foe. Fifty constables were employed to keep a passage for him. But the mob easily broke through them, and a free fight ensued, in which the superior numbers of the enemy soon began to tell. One ruffian had already seized Walpole by the throat. Several of his supporters were severely injured: and then at length when their lives seemed to be in instant danger, the gentlemen drew their swords. The mob gave way before the flash of cold steel, and Walpole eventually reached his carriage and got home unhurt. But where were "the men of figure and character" all this while? Where they always will be, we are afraid, on such occasions, safe in their own dining-rooms.

It matters little what the reason may have been which prevented the Government from summoning troops to their assistance. We are concerned only with the consequences. Whether it is regard for an unpopular dynasty, or fear of a Radical constituency which deters a Minister from taking the necessary measures for preserving the public peace, signifies nothing from our present point of view. There might in 1733 have been some discontent among the troops, but enough could have been found for the purpose. Walpole's conduct is redeemed from the charge of weakness by the gallantry with which he confronted

danger when it threatened only himself. But had the affray ended differently, had either his own life or the lives of any of his defenders been sacrificed, history would hardly have acquitted him.

Four years after the Excise mob occurred the Porteous mob, with which all our readers are familiar through Scott's immortal description of it. It only teaches us what a mob *can* do when it is thoroughly determined, and when the authorities hesitate to act, either from natural imbecility or fear of the severity with which their conduct will be scrutinised. We shall shortly have instances of both.

A whole generation passed away before the London mob again made itself formidable. This was in 1768 on the imprisonment of Wilkes in the King's Bench. Wilkes and Liberty was now as popular a cry as High Church and Sacheverell had been sixty years before, and from the date of Wilkes's committal, April the 29th, to the day fixed for the meeting of Parliament, May 10th, the neighbourhood of the prison was occupied by an angry mob, who showed more than once a disposition to break it open. In this intention they were baffled; but when it was known that on the morning of the 10th a more determined and better organised attempt was to be expected, a strong detachment of the Guard was ordered to the spot, and soon found that the mob were quite ready to try conclusions with them. They pelted the soldiers and the magistrate who accompanied them, and finally went to such lengths that the Riot Act was read, and the troops received orders to fire. Six men were killed, and fifteen persons wounded, including two women. B

the prison would certainly have been stormed, and Wilkes set at liberty, a most disastrous precedent, had the magistrate not acted as he did. The coroner's inquest returned a verdict of wilful murder against one of the soldiers, and he and the magistrate, Mr Gillam, were both tried on the capital charge. Both were acquitted. But the risk they had run was not lost upon the minds of the authorities when the next great riot broke out.

This was twelve years afterwards, when the Gordon riots—which, like the Porteous riots, have had their *vates sacer*—but for the spirit displayed by George III., might have laid London in ashes. In the year 1778 some of the most oppressive of the Roman Catholic disabilities had been repealed, by an Act which gave great offence to zealous Protestants both in Scotland and England. Riots took place both in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and Protestant associations were formed in both places. In the following year another was established in England, and of these confederated associations Lord George Gordon was the president. In the session of 1780 he undertook to present a monster petition to the House of Commons, and the 2d of June was fixed upon for that purpose. Accordingly on that day, which fell on Friday, he convened a great Protestant meeting in St George's Fields, where Bethlehem Hospital now stands—and, such is the irony of events, the site of a Roman Catholic cathedral—and by ten o'clock in the morning, found himself at the head of from fifty to a hundred thousand men prepared to do his bidding. The composition of the mob does not seem to have differed very greatly from that of the Excise mob, or of

many other mobs in our own day. One-third of it may have consisted of honest fanatics, one-third of such persons as are always attracted by mere curiosity to scenes of this description, and one-third of ruffians and vagabonds, who found Protestantism an excellent excuse for plunder. Lord George divided his army, decorated with blue cockades, into three columns, and marching them across the bridges, got them to their places outside the Houses of Parliament by two o'clock in the afternoon. No special constables had been sworn in, and no troops were in readiness. The authorities relied on "the good sense" of the people, and on the invitation given by Lord George Gordon to the magistrates of London, Southwark, and Westminster to accompany the procession, and help in the preservation of order. But what would twenty magistrates have done with no other force at their back? When the mob reached their destination, they found themselves masters of the position, and it was soon seen what their good sense and moderation were worth. As members began to come down, all sorts of outrages followed. They broke Lord Mansfield's carriage-windows, and tore his robes. They pulled off the Archbishop of York's lawn sleeves, and threw them in his face. They dragged the Bishop of Lincoln from his carriage, which they smashed to pieces, while he himself with difficulty made his way into an adjoining house, whence he was obliged to escape by the leads. Lords Hillsborough, Townsend, and Stormont were violently assaulted; and the Duke of Northumberland, because he had a gentleman in black with him, whom the mob declared to be a Jesuit, was seized by these cham-

pions of the Bible, and deprived of his watch and purse. It is amusing to remember that all this time the Duke of Richmond was moving a Resolution in favour of Universal Suffrage.

Meantime Lord George Gordon had taken his seat in the House of Commons, and had moved that his petition should be taken into consideration forthwith. But when the House was ready to divide, it was found impossible to do so, because the mob was in possession of the lobbies, where they kept up a continued roar of "No Popery!" and "Repeal! Repeal!" Lord George Gordon encouraged them and told them to persevere; and if at this moment he had been committed, as he might have been, to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, London would have been spared the horror of the next five days. However, a party of troops were privately sent for by Lord North, who soon cleared the lobbies and dispersed the mob in Palace Yard. Then the House divided, when eight members voted in favour of taking the petition into immediate consideration, and a hundred and ninety-four against it. The House then adjourned till the following Tuesday. Such was the first act in this memorable drama.

The second began the same night with the burning of the Sardinian and Bavarian chapels; and the play recommencing next morning, was kept up with great spirit till the following Wednesday. We need not recapitulate all the incidents of those five dreadful days. The Lord Mayor showed himself as incompetent as the Ministry, and suffered the riots in Moorfields to proceed unchecked, until the mob, finding that nobody interfered with them, began to assume a fiercer aspect; and the more

dangerous elements intermingled with them speedily obtained the ascendancy. In the course of the next few days they sacked the houses of Sir George Saville and Sir John Fielding, and burned the contents before Lord George Gordon's residence in Welbeck Street. A similar fate befell Lord Mansfield's house in Bloomsbury Square, whose splendid library and invaluable collection of private papers perished in the flames. The mob, now master of the town, stormed and burned Newgate, the King's Bench, the Fleet, the Marshalsea, and several other jails. They broke open Clerkenwell, and set free the prisoners; and in the course of the day made an attempt upon the Bank of England, which, however, was defended by soldiers, encouraged by the presence of one who had now become a firm friend of order, John Wilkes. In the evening of the same day they broke open and set on fire the distillery of Mr Langdale, a Roman Catholic, and drank confusion to the Pope in gin which flowed down the gutters. Men, women, and children lay huddled together on the ground, drunk and stupefied, and many of them were burnt to death.

All this time, little or nothing was done to arrest the progress of the riots. The officers in command of the troops at various points refused to fire on the mob though engaged in the commission of felony before their eyes till the Riot Act was read, and no magistrates could be found to read it. It is the deliberate opinion of sober and liberal-minded historians that, in a very short time the riot would have become an insurrection, and might have ended in a revolution, had not the king stepped forward at the eleventh hour to do what his Ministers

should have done at first. The mob had now flung off the authority of Lord George Gordon, and was directed by other leaders aiming at the overthrow of the Government. On Wednesday, the 7th of June, the king called a meeting of the Privy Council, and appealed to the law officers of the Crown to determine whether the Riot Act bore the construction placed upon it—that is to say, whether it was necessary to wait for the reading of the Riot Act before interfering with persons engaged in a felonious act. Wedderburn answered “No,” and that it was competent to the King in Council to order the military to suppress a riot without the authority of any other magistrate. A proclamation was accordingly issued, and the Gordon riots were put down. Lord Mansfield afterwards stated in the House of Lords what has ever since been accepted as the law upon the subject.

“The acts of the insurgents,” he affirmed, “were acts of treason and felony. Every man might by the common law, and at the requisition of authority was bound to, assist in suppressing a riot, and much more to prevent acts of treason and felony committed in his sight. A soldier, by assuming the military character, did not divest himself of the privileges or duties of a citizen, and differed from no other man in respect of his right to interfere in the case of a felony or a breach of the peace.”

The loss of life was, of course, very great. Between three and four hundred persons were shot; many in the tumult were thrown off the bridges and drowned; and many were burned to death. “It is the highest humanity,” said Lord Mansfield, “to check the infancy of tumults.” “The Gordon riots,” says Lord Stanhope, “only show how slender an ability suffices,

under certain circumstances, to stir, if not to guide, great masses of mankind, and how the best feelings and principles may soon in practice equal the worst.”

“The various accounts of these riots which I have seen,” says Mr Massey, “show a close resemblance in the principal incidents to the Bristol riots in 1832, of which I was an eyewitness. In each case disturbances originated in political passion. In neither would serious consequences have ensued but for the imbecility of the civil power. At Bristol the riot soon lost its political character, and became an indiscriminate attack on property. A great part of the mischief was done by boys. The only personal sufferers were the rioters themselves, many of whom were shot and cut down by the soldiery; many also died drunk in the streets; and others perished in the conflagrations they had kindled.”

It may be well to add that neither the British public nor any considerable political party approved either of the original purpose of the meeting in St George’s Fields, or of the march to Westminster to present the monster petition. We see, therefore, that neither the general good sense of the people, nor the orderly behaviour which may prevail at the commencement of an open-air assemblage, is any guarantee against deplorable consequences, should the spirit of disorder once break loose, and meet with no immediate check. Mobs as naturally tend towards riots as drinking does towards drunkenness. What begins as legitimate conviviality may terminate in frantic orgies.

It was said at the time that the Priestley riots were not nipped in the bud, because the authorities sympathised with the mob. Dr Priestley was the leader of the English Unitarians, a man of science, and a strong Radical. At the

time of the French Revolution he was residing at Birmingham, and in 1791 he proposed to celebrate the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille by a public dinner. The mob, who at the time were all for Church and King, broke up the dinner, smashed the windows of the inn, burned Dr Priestley's house with his valuable library and philosophic apparatus, plundered many others, and carried their ravages into the adjoining country, where much valuable property was destroyed. They remained in possession of the town from Thursday to Sunday, when a body of dragoons arrived, and order was restored. It seems probable that in this case the magistrates were helpless. But if they really had held their hands from any such motive as was attributed to them, a calumny long since discredited, their conduct would have been thrown into the shade by subsequent performers on the same fiddle, though not belonging to the same party.

We may pass briefly over the "Peterloo Massacre," as it was called, which does not illustrate so clearly the points we desire to make prominent. It may be enough to remind the public in passing, that what occurred at the Peterloo meeting has been grossly misrepresented and exaggerated, and that whatever loss of life did ensue was in consequence of the resistance offered by the mob to the execution of a magistrate's warrant by the officers of the law. Only six persons altogether were killed, and of these six, one was a private in the yeomanry, and another a special constable.

But the Bristol riots, to which we have already referred, on a smaller scale, and inspired by a different feeling, are the Gordon riots over again. In 1831 Sir Charles Wetherell, one of the most

violent opponents of the Reform Bill, was Recorder of Bristol. At the end of October he was to open his Commission, and on the 29th made his entry into the city. He experienced considerable difficulty in reaching the Guildhall, and still more in returning from the Guildhall to the Mansion-House, where of course he was to dine with the Mayor. But that banquet never took place. In spite of the resistance of the constabulary, the mob surrounded the Mansion-House and broke in the doors. The guest of the evening had to fly for his life over the roofs of the adjoining houses. The mob gutted the premises and carried off Sir Charles's portmanteau, which, when opened, was observed amid great laughter to contain no braces—it being generally understood that Sir Charles dispensed with these useful articles of attire. Colonel Brereton with the 14th Dragoons now arrived upon the scene, drove the mob from the Mansion-House, and prevented them from reassembling by patrolling the streets all night. In the morning, however, he withdrew the troops for the purpose of rest and refreshment; and during his absence the mob got together again, and made another rush for the Mayor's residence. The lower storeys were now bare to the gaze of the hungry and thirsty multitude.

"Apparet domus intus et atria
Longa patescunt:"

kitchens and back-kitchens, spits and saucepans, haunches of venison and pheasants ready trussed upon the dressers; and in a dark corner what looked as if it might be the cellar door. A rush was made; knives, forks, and corkscrews were dispensed with. What could not be eaten was

carried off; and then came the raid upon the wine. Infuriated with drink, the mob returned into the streets, and set to work burning and pillaging in every direction, without any interruption from the military, who had now returned to the scene. Though the Riot Act was read, and the magistrates urged Colonel Brereton to charge the rioters, he refused to do so, on the ground that his men were "too tired." Shortly afterwards he prepared to leave the ground, when the soldiers were at once attacked. They fired on the mob in self-defence. But Colonel Brereton, afraid as it would seem of the responsibility cast upon him, promised the people there should be no more firing, and marched off his men to a village two miles distant.

Then came a repetition of the scenes which have been described in an earlier page. The prisons were forced and burned, the Mansion-House and the Bishop's Palace were soon in flames also, and the incendiaries then spread over the whole city, ransacking private houses, and afterwards setting them on fire. That Sunday is still well remembered in Bristol. From Clifton Hill Charles Kingsley, when a school-boy, looked down upon the conflagration through the autumn fog which hung over the city like "one vast dome of red-hot iron," the roar of the mob and the crackling of the flames ascending from the valley like the sights and sounds which he found afterwards described in the 'Inferno.' The present writer has himself talked with an eyewitness of the scene, the late Dr W. Carpenter, who always declared that the soldiers did not return till the riot had exhausted itself; and that, when all the mischief had been done and

there was nothing more to be feared, they charged headlong through the silent streets, in which responsible people were just beginning to show themselves, killing or maiming many innocent and well-disposed persons. This report, however, must be received with caution.

An inquiry was instituted into the conduct of the troops, and to avoid a court-martial Colonel Brereton shot himself. The unfortunate officer was no coward in the ordinary sense of the term; but in the circumstances in which he was placed, the personal courage which does not fear violence is less valuable than the moral courage which does not fear responsibility. It is this last kind of courage the want of which is likely to be felt most frequently in dealing with popular tumults. But in the case of Colonel Brereton it must have been something exceptional, as he had the authority of the magistrates at his back, and his personal responsibility was a phantom of his own creation.

The Bristol riots, like the Priestley riots, had their origin in a purely political excitement. The Nottingham riots, when the castle was burned, and the houses of the neighbouring gentry attacked or threatened, took place about the same time; but we do not know that the authorities were there chargeable with any want of courage or promptitude. Here too, however, the mob was master. Not satisfied with the havoc committed in the town, they spread terror through the neighbouring villages. Most of the country gentlemen were away from home on magisterial duty, and their families were left without any protection but their servants. Mrs Musters of Colwick Hall—Byron's Mary—on the approach of the rioters,

fled for safety to the shrubberies, and died three weeks afterwards of the cold which she caught there. The alarm extended into Leicestershire; and we have known persons well who sat up all night in a country-house near Loughborough in hourly expectation of an attack.

The Chartist mob which assembled on Kennington Common in 1848 shows us what did *not* happen when 100,000 men were *not* allowed to march down to Palace Yard to present another monster petition. The Gordon riots could have been prevented as easily as what might otherwise have been the Chartist riots, had a Duke of Wellington been present in the year 1780. The mob found the bridges closed against them, and were obliged to wait on the other side of the river while a few of their leaders were permitted to pass through with the petition; and all went off quietly. But can any one be found mad enough to say that these precautions were superfluous, or to deny that there was any danger of the mob turning from politics to plunder, as they had done from Popery to plunder? The Duke of Wellington was the last man in the world to give way to anything like panic. But no man in the world knew better than he did what elements of danger and disorder lurk in every large mob; how completely the security of life and property are at the mercy of an accident, the blunder of a single blockhead, or the violence of a single madman; and how, when once a conflict has commenced, let it be terminated as speedily as may be by the victory of order, it must necessarily leave behind it a legacy of bitter memories, helping needlessly to exacerbate the social dissensions of the future.

The next illustration of how not

to deal with mobs is removed from the 10th of April by about the same interval which separated the 10th of April from the destruction of Nottingham Castle; and brings us down to a period which to many of us is quite recent history. We mean the "affair" of 1866, when a Reform mob being denied access to Hyde Park, tore down the railings, defeated the police, and held their meeting in spite of them. The main point to be remembered in connection with these disgraceful scenes is the confident assertion of the police that they could have kept the mob out of the Park if only they had been "let alone." Had they been allowed to take the measures which their own experience dictated, the park railings could never have been touched, and the dignity of the Government and the authority of the law would equally have been preserved. As it was, the mob engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with a disciplined police force, and beat them, their success being due to the conduct of the authorities, who restrained the police from putting forth their full strength, or using it to the best advantage, whichever of the two it was. It so happened that on this occasion no serious disorders followed. The Life Guards were called out, and watched the neighbourhood of the parks, dispersing little knots of people wherever they were gathered together, during the greater part of the night, and in the morning all was quiet. But to judge from what followed some twenty years afterwards, London may have had a narrow escape. Be this so or not, the mob has since that time again tasted of the cup which it drained to the bottom in the last century; and as it has not changed its nature, being composed in much the same

proportions as it was then of honest enthusiasts, vagrant idlers, political adventurers, and occasional criminals, we should be infatuated not to guard against the outbreak of similar propensities. The mob which beat the police in a pitched battle six-and-twenty years ago—which reduced some of the principal thoroughfares in the West End of London to the condition of a stormed city given up to pillage, and robbed and insulted ladies in their own carriages, only seven years ago—cannot yet be regarded as an innocent and harmless monster from which no mischief need be feared.

It is further to be borne in mind that a London mob once obtaining the upper hand of the police, as they did in 1886 and 1866, would be a mob with very different objects in view from those entertained, or at least professed, on either of the above-mentioned occasions. We may laugh at the Social Democratic Federation, and with great reason, as long as we take care to keep them in their proper places. But we have read what has recently been uttered by speakers at Clerkenwell Green and elsewhere: and though such menaces are ridiculous as matters stand, let these political lunatics loose upon the streets for only one night, and we might have very little cause for merriment. If by any mismanagement or mistake the police were for a time overcome; if there was any hesitation in calling on the military to assist them,—what might not have happened in the meantime? The destruction of the West End clubs, which have recently been described by the social philanthropists as centres of iniquity, would probably be followed by an invasion of

Belgravia, and who can say but what it might extend to St James's and Buckingham Palaces? We need not speculate on further contingencies. The above are quite sufficient; and it is unnecessary to add that a mob which had been powerful enough to effect such havoc as this would not be crushed without a deplorable loss of life. Granted that such a spectacle is in the highest degree improbable in this country, it is certainly not impossible. The French Revolutions of 1830 and 1848 sprang from just as small beginnings as the Social Democratic Federation and the meetings in Trafalgar Square. The electoral law and the Press Ordinances of Charles X., the refusal of Parliamentary Reform by Louis Philippe, were not more serious incentives to insurrection than would be the rejection of some Radical measure by the House of Lords after it had passed the Commons.

Or, again, take the case of some highly unpopular statesman—such as, happily, of late years we have not witnessed—and suppose a mob in possession of the streets for ever so short a time, what might be his fate? It is curious that the only individual we can select as answering to this description should be one who for many years, both before and after that period, was the most popular man in her Majesty's dominions, the Duke of Wellington. When in November 1830 William IV.'s visit to the City was given up, it was partly because the Lord Mayor elect had given information that an attempt would be made upon the Duke's life. The Duke himself offered to stay away; but it was known that, irrespectively of the Duke, a rising had been planned for that night, partly directed against the new

police, who were as unpopular as the hero of Waterloo. The Government were ridiculed at the time. But they undoubtedly took the wisest course. And if the mob had either beaten or outwitted the police, and had the upper hand for a few hours, the Duke might have had great difficulty in escaping from them. The cast-iron shutters put up in the following year were long a familiar sight to Londoners. We must remember that, however much society at large may have changed for the better, the lowest stratum of all has not changed, and that lawlessness, cupidity, and ruffianism are just as rife in it now as they were in the days of Sir Robert Walpole or Lord George Gordon. We see by what a very thin and precarious partition after all we are divided from the elements of violence which underlie all civilised societies, and, like the winds in Virgil, are always chafing under the curb, and ready to break out at the first opportunity—

“*Illi indignantes magno cum murmure montis
Circum claustra fremunt.*”

No doubt when the police prove too weak we always have the troops to fall back upon. But to be effectively and mercifully employed, they must be employed in time, and employed vigorously. It is better not to use them at all than to use them feebly, ineffectually, and timidly. When it comes to powder and ball, the quickest and strongest measures are the kindest; anything else only enrages the mob without really intimidating them. Before a shot is fired or a sabre drawn, the authorities should have made up their minds that the mob must be not only dispersed but crushed.

If the rioters are not panic-stricken at the first volley; if the streets are not cleared at the first charge; if measures are so taken that the mob only for a short time are able to stand up against the soldiers; if there is any real hand-to-hand fighting,—we are within measurable distance of barricades.

We have reminded our readers that the police attributed their failure in 1866 to the conduct of the authorities. We may add this, that as soon as the police force stationed at the Marble Arch began to see that the mob was too strong for them, troops should have been sent for at once; the parks should have been promptly cleared; and no meeting, or semblance of a meeting, should have taken place. Instead of this, after the mob got in, they were allowed to assemble, speeches were made, and it was proclaimed that the meeting prohibited by the Government had nevertheless been held in spite of all their efforts. When all was over, the Life Guards appeared upon the scene, as the dragoons had done at Bristol; and they may possibly have prevented any further rioting. But the victory of the mob in a pitched battle with the police, which was won on that May afternoon, has never since been forgotten, especially as they not only beat their opponents hand to hand, but reaped the solid fruits of their triumph in the concession of what they had demanded. The affair of '66 has this further important lesson for us, that like many other riots, it showed the impotency of the leaders to control the movements of their followers. All that Mr Beales had designed to do was to put the intention of the Government to the proof. It was his object to make a formal demand for admission to the park,

and, if prevented by force, to retire, with the evidence he wanted, to Trafalgar Square. He accordingly, when turned away from the Marble Arch, made his way back to Charing Cross, exhorting all his followers to do the same, and to make no attempt to force an entrance into the park. The tail of the mob paid no attention whatever to this advice, and they would be no more amenable to it in the future than they have been in the past.

The three French Revolutions of 1789, 1830, and 1848 furnish perhaps the best-known illustration of the danger and the folly of allowing mobs to have their own way at first, in the vain hope that they will run their course and then subside. Whatever we may think of the vices and abuses of the old French monarchy, most people will agree that it might have been either remodelled or removed without the perpetration of those horrors which, apart from their intrinsic barbarity, threw all Europe into a panic, and created a prejudice against reform in general, both in this country and abroad, responsible for half of the political and social troubles which are now surrounding us. And who and what were answerable for those horrors? The Government of Louis XVI., of which the weakness and incapacity has been sufficiently exposed by M. Guizot in the last chapter of his History, though it goes no further than 1789. Had the French executive in 1789 been equal to the occasion, order might have been kept in the streets of Paris, and leisure have been gained for the consideration of necessary changes without the intervention of ruffians, butchers, and tigers. M. Guizot tells us quite enough. We have no occasion to consult anybody else

for the causes which destroyed society, brought "a venerable throne" to the ground, and a virtuous, indulgent, and liberal sovereign to the block. We will not repeat thrice-told tales. But one fact ought not to be omitted. When the Paris mob invaded the Tuileries on the 20th of June, and subjected the king to the grossest insults, their only provocation was that he had exercised the right of dismissing his ministers, and of refusing to sanction two decrees of the Assembly. We prefer to take a few incidents from the two late Revolutions in 1830 and 1848, as approaching more nearly, perhaps, to English conceptions of a conflict between the Government and the mob.

It is improbable that the elder branch of the Bourbons would have long continued to reign in France, even had Charles X. died upon the throne. But what we are concerned with at present is the means which were employed by the Government of 1830 for defending themselves against an insurrection. They might have had a good cause or a bad one. But their folly was the same in either case. It was on the 25th of July 1830 that the well-known "Ordinances" were issued,—the first abrogating the liberty of the press, and placing it under the control of the Minister of the Interior; the second dissolving the newly elected Chamber, which had not yet met; and the third promulgating a new electoral law, including an extensive measure of disfranchisement, by which it was intended to cut the claws of the Liberals. If we can imagine in England the Crown passing a Reform Bill by an Order in Council, we shall see what Charles X. was doing. Whether these measures would or would not have

effected the desired object, it ought to have been foreseen by the king and his Ministers that they would give rise to great dissatisfaction, not at all unlikely to end in open resistance. *Yet they took no precautions whatever.* There were not more than six thousand troops, including *gendarmes*, available for the defence of Paris. These could have been increased to twenty thousand in a few days. But nothing was done, and nothing seems to have been feared. After signing the Ordinances on the 25th, the king had gone out hunting, and remained at St Cloud. Officers applying for leave of absence had it as usual. And on the eve of the 27th, when an immense mob, largely reinforced by the men thrown out of work through the suspension of the newspapers, and breathing vengeance against the Government, was already in occupation of the streets, Prince Polignac was giving a grand dinner to his colleagues.

Even now, however, it was not too late. On the 27th the mob and the troops had come into collision, and the mob had rather got the worst of it. Had the Government employed the night in removing from the gunsmiths and guard-houses, from the arsenal and powder-magazines, all the arms and ammunition which they contained, or have placed guards where this could not be done, they might still, perhaps, have defied the insurgents; for it was now evident that a regular insurrection had begun. The necessity for taking such measures was urgently pressed upon the Government, but in vain. And by eight o'clock the next morning the mob had increased to some seventy thousand combatants, of whom more than half were well provided with muskets and cartridges. Marmont, who was in

command, lost his head; the few troops at his disposal were badly distributed; the troops of the line, who would probably have remained faithful had the insurrection been more promptly dealt with, refused to act; and by three o'clock the next day all was over. Marshal Marmont withdrew all the troops to St Cloud for the protection of the king's person; and the Paris mob were left undisputed masters of the metropolis.

The Revolution of 1848 is but a reflection of the above. Want of vigour at the commencement was the cause of all that followed. The National Guard would probably have done their duty if the Government had done theirs. But the exhibition of weakness by the authorities, combined with the growing confidence of the populace, produced its natural effect. Still it is quite possible that the disturbances of February might have blown over for a time, but for one of those accidents to which all such tumults are liable, and which constitute, indeed, one of their principal dangers. Something of the same kind occurred in 1830. Up to the evening of the 27th, the troops had not used their arms, but on that evening a gun was discharged from a house window at a detachment of the Guards which was passing underneath, said to have been fired by an Englishman. The soldiers answered with a volley which killed Mr Foulkes; and this was the first blood shed in the Revolution of July. In 1848 the accident was still more disastrous. It had been announced to the mob that the Guizot Ministry had resigned. All thoughts of violence had been laid aside, the people were in thorough good humour, and were marching through the streets singing, when,

as they approached a body of troops drawn up near the hotel of the Foreign Minister, a maniac stepped forward out of the crowd, and shot the commanding officer dead upon the spot. The soldiers of course fired, and several persons were killed. During the night a quantity of bullocks' blood was poured upon the ground; and the next morning it was pointed out to the mob by those who were determined to overthrow the Government, as the blood of scores of unoffending citizens who had been massacred by the troops. After this of course the mob would listen to nothing, and the king, not choosing to face them, fled from his post, and made way for another Republic.

The responsibility from which the present Government has not shrunk, of again permitting political meetings to be held in Trafalgar Square, is one that we do not envy them. All's well that ends well; and we can only hope that, contrary to all experience, the mob will be guided by its moderate members, and not by its more violent or rapacious ones. But when we remember that, of the whole number of persons collected together on such an occasion, probably not more than a fourth or

fifth part either knows or cares anything at all about the objects which the leaders and managers of the demonstration have or profess to have at heart, we cannot be blind to the conclusion that thousands must be present in the procession who have no other motive for joining it than the opportunity which it affords for the execution of very different designs. If by any misplaced confidence in the good sense and forbearance of such vast multitudes the means provided for holding their more dangerous elements in check should prove inadequate to the emergency, the Government might rue the day when they took upon themselves to repeal the regulations enforced by their predecessors in office. It is quite within the power and probably within the purpose of the Socialist agitators to press them for still further concessions, which, Radicals as they are, they would feel it impossible to yield; and in that event, if the meetings in Trafalgar Square are continued, there will be danger of very serious results. Is the present Government one that can be trusted to take the requisite precautions to meet such a contingency, or to act with the necessary vigour when disorders actually break out?

CHRISTIAN GREECE: BIKELAS AND THE MARQUESS OF BUTE.

THE continuity of Roman policy and Greek culture in the Eastern half of the Roman empire, associated so familiarly with the name of Constantine, for a thousand years after Romulus Augustulus vacated the seat of the Western empire on the Tiber in favour of a vagabond Gothic barbarian, is unquestionably one of the most notable phenomena in the political history of the world; and yet it is a phenomenon with the facts of which it is not uncommon to find very intelligent persons either very imperfectly informed or altogether ignorant. Why? Partly, no doubt, from the lamentable neglect of history in our scholastic and academical repertory; but more particularly, perhaps, from the nearer relation of the Western Rome to ourselves, built up as we are from fragments of the mighty empire which once meant the whole of civilised Europe. How England became England, France France, and Spain Spain, is a question which we can answer only by some knowledge of the details of that splendid ruin, set forth so eloquently in the first six volumes of our greatest British historian. But Constantinople, though geographically on European ground, is to our Western imagination connected more with Venetian sea-rovers and Turkish marauders than with any continuous policy of a stout self-sustaining dynasty. But no serious student of history will be content with such superficial side-glances at such a singular political fact as the continued existence of the East Roman empire, through a period when all Western Europe was undergoing the

throes of a new birth, and passing through stages of the most significant variety. He will endeavour to realise distinctly from what causes the Western empire fell, scarcely five hundred years after its foundation by Augustus Cæsar; while the Eastern Rome, governed in the same fashion by a series of absolute monarchs, from the desertion of Rome by Constantine to the taking of Stamboul by the Turks, in the middle of the fifteenth century, lasted more than twice that period. The causes that led to the early fall of the Western Cæsars are patent enough. Military violence, oriental luxury and sensuality, and the infatuation of absolute power, ruined Rome: military violence, which, under an elective monarchy, means a continual succession of broils and bloodshed by a class of men to whom the sword was law, and who had been allowed by masters who were in fact their slaves to become the arbiters of all social disputes; oriental luxury, which means the annihilation of the self-dependent hardihood, on which the safety of states depends; and the possession of absolute power, which in the hands of weak or wicked governors turned citizenship into slavery, and substituted wholesale massacre for authoritative law and discriminating justice. How could an empire stand, which lived in a chronic state of civil war; and sometimes, to satisfy the ambition of contending factions, literally tore itself to pieces, having three or four absolute masters at the same time?

In endeavouring to point out the causes that led to the more tough longevity of Eastern Rome,

we must carefully distinguish two periods. The first period is that which is contained in the first three-quarters of the fifth century, from the invasion of Italy by Alaric in the year 401 to the year 476, when the successor of Augustulus retired from the public troubles of a rickety throne to the private seclusion of a suburban villa. Why did the masterful Visigoth at that critical finale of Roman history not strike the humiliating blow at Constantinople, which now for three generations had been the ostensible head of the Roman empire, instead of contenting himself with the then secondary sojourn of the Cæsars? In fact he did go first to the Eastward section of the empire, and planted his foot firmly on the very ground where the Macedonian had planted his camp, and received his captainship as destined conqueror of the East, from the Bosphorus to the Tigris, and from the Tigris to the Hydaspes; but with all his barbarian lust to follow in the footsteps of the great Alexander, he was sensible enough to know three things. First, that though the pomp and pride of Rome was now on the Bosphorus, not on the Tiber, the rich spoils which had been accumulated for ages in the West were more likely to promise a substantial booty than the newly equipped splendour of the East. Again, because the Bosphorus was not the Tiber, and protected the new Rome with a much more potent cincture than anything that Father Tiber and his pretty confluent the Anio could present. There was no Golden Horn in Rome, no briny barrier, which only a well-appointed navy could surmount; Ostia, with whatever naval aid it might boast, was twenty miles from the capital.

And yet again, his kindred Teuts and Goths had long ago made themselves at home, in various respects, in the country south of the Alps, and were prepared to give him information or active aid in his victorious march to the old Western capital. Accordingly, he made a paction with Arcadius, the then Emperor of the East, to hold his ground with the state of a king as commander-in-chief of Eastern Illyricum, which included Greece, while he marched with his main force directly on Rome; and in the year 410 tramped the statues of the Cæsars triumphantly under foot. Following in his track, the future spoilers of the Roman empire drifted in a devastating manner, westward and south-westward, wiping out France and Spain and Africa successively from the fellowship of Western Rome, and leaving the name and the strength of the empire to be represented by Constantinople. The second period starts with the notable fact that there is no longer any Western Rome, any Rome at all in the large political sense, but only the half of that mighty empire of the Cæsars, which embraced the best part of the civilised world, from the Caspian Sea and the Tigris in the east to the British Isles and the Spanish and African headlands on the west. Constantinople might indeed call itself Rome, a mighty city, the centre of Roman administration and Roman rule, Roman ideas and Roman pretensions; but to a hostile eye, looking at what Genseric was doing in Rome, and what the Ostrogoths and Lombards were preparing to do in places where the Scipios and the Cæsars had established their claim to a world-wide supremacy, would not this new Rome look rather like a place of refuge for the

remnant of a broken dynasty unable to maintain itself in its original stronghold? and in the next and following centuries, when Italy meant anything but Rome, were there not hostile eyes from more than one side, ready to pounce upon the fallen giant, and deal out to the new Eastern Rome the same measure of retributive subjection which Alaric and Atilla and Genseric had so sweepingly dealt to the West? Most certainly there were. Were there not Avars and Bulgarians, Sclavonians from the north and from the west, drifting down like hailstones on the fairest provinces of classical Greece, literally obliterating the ancient population, but destined to appear afterwards as the biform creatures, half brigand, half patriot, that made themselves so stoutly prominent in the struggle for national independence in 1821?¹

And were there not Persians near neighbours in the East, not forgetful of what a proud boast their predecessors the Parthians in the same district could make of having broken the strength of the Roman army under Crassus, in the palmy days of the Republic?—and were there not Seljouk Turks, spreading themselves with sacred fury and tiger-like ferocity over the rich cities of Asia Minor, where St Paul had preached his most prosperous gospel, and over which St John had spoken the ominous warnings of his apocalyptic trumpet? Assuredly the soil was sown with danger on all sides; and how did a motley people, neither Greek nor Roman, but a crude mixture of both, the devoted mark of so many hostile armies, destined in the end to succumb, manage so

long to keep their ground? The answer lies in the excellence of the administrative machinery established by Constantine, and followed by his successors. To such a mass of loosely welded materials, consistency, unity, order, and efficiency could be given under the circumstances only by an absolute authority from above, supplying the want of a formative soul from within. A Roman people, with Roman feelings and Roman character, such as had conquered the world by the sword of the soldier and the sentence of the lawyer, did not now exist; and what had come in its place in the latter days of the Western empire,—a military despotism, in which the head of the State had become the creature of contending factions, with the sword in their hand, and violence for their law,—was, in political action, essentially self-destructive. Nothing remained, therefore, but a purely bureaucratic despotism, a government by an ordered array of public servants, who on their several platforms obeyed the nod of the supreme director, as the men on a railway, at their several stations, obey the whistle and the signal of those who direct the train. How this widespreading governmental machinery was carried out in all its detail, the student of history will find learnedly set forth by Gibbon in his admirable seventeenth chapter; but the main point, of course, was this, so to dispose of the military force as to keep it in a state of dignified dependence, ready for action at any moment against aggression from without, and at the same time as little as possible in a position to make themselves arbiters of the

¹ On this curious blending of brigand and patriot, a most interesting book is '*Kolocotronis, the Poet and Warrior*' (London: Fisher Unwin, 1892), by Miss Edmunds, a lady well known by her Hellenic sympathies and publications.

supreme power. Of course, in an elective monarchy, occasions could not be wanting for court intrigue and military ambition conspiring to weaken the central force of the State, by making it subserve the passion and the fret of the hour; and the number of Byzantine emperors who either mounted on steps of murder to the throne, or were cast from it by the hand of the assassin, is unfortunately too great to allow us to imagine that the cunning machinery of the Byzantine bureaucracy was altogether free from the lawlessness and the violence that had ruined the empire of the West. On the whole, however, there can be no doubt that there was in the Eastern empire a cohesion, a unity, and a systematic strength sufficient to repel the fitful assaults of less regularly marshalled forces; and even when, as on several occasions, these foes stood at the gates of the new Rome with battle-axe in hand, the immense wealth of a city, the centre, for centuries, of the commerce of the East, enabled the heads of the State to buy off an invader whom it might be difficult to beat. Add to this the not infrequent possession of the throne by men of great military and administrative talent, such as Heraclius, Leo the Isaurian, Basil the Macedonian, and other men who, by a single stroke of a persistent firm hand, regained the ground which their feeble predecessors had lost. And, keeping always in view the great strength of the position, against which only a persistent and sustained attack like that of Mohammed II. in 1453 could prevail, we shall have no difficulty in understanding how, so far as an array of physical forces was concerned,

Eastern Rome should have maintained her position so stoutly, through a long series of not ignoble dynasties, beyond the term of her Western sister. But there were moral causes also, which worked quietly and must not be overlooked. First, there was the inherited social action of the Roman law, which, from Theodosius and Justinian downwards, gave to the subjects of the empire a certain security, which they could not expect from the dominance of the Seljouk Turks: then, in the absence of anything that deserved the name of public feeling and national tendency, there was a certain unity of social force in the Christian Church essentially Greek, which the continued antagonism of Paganism and Christianity through the fourth and fifth centuries could not allow to grow up in the West; and, lastly, though there was nothing in the great mass of the people that could deserve the name of patriotism, still, amid all their imperfections and corruptions, there prevailed in influential quarters a feeling that they were Romans, and as such, entitled to hold their heads high, and not bite the dust basely before the violence of an ignoble conqueror. Animated by these feelings, Palaeologus, the last Emperor of the East, fell in the mid-heat of the capture as manfully as a Christian martyr or a Spartan Leonidas.

We have been led to make this hasty sketch of the wonderful continuity of Greek political action and Greek culture during the long chaotic period of the middle ages from the perusal of the remarkable volume on the subject lately put forth by the Marquess of Bute, of which the title is given below.¹

¹ *Seven Essays on Christian Greece.* By Demetrios Bikelas, translated by the Marquess of Bute, K.T. Gardner, Paisley: 1890.

The noble Marquess, though he only appears in this volume in the secondary character of a translator of a series of essays by a living Greek of literary reputation, is not the less entitled to the special thanks of the British public for the intelligent labour he has spent in making these essays the common property of all who read the widespread English language ; for, as remarked above, the whole subject of Byzantine and post-Roman Greek has either been neglected altogether by professed scholars, or hastily dismissed with a few words of superficial generalities and partial points of view. Our English point of view in judging of Greek matters has been, on the whole, unfortunately anything but favourable ; and this, not only from the general want of charity observable in international judgments, leading to condemnation rather than to approval, but from special political influences. During the first two centuries after the Turkish occupation, England, along with the rest of Europe except Venice, seems to have regarded the extinction of the Greek name from the political world as an accomplished fact ; and when, by the peace of Carlowitz in 1718, the Queen of the Hadriatic was obliged finally to resign all claims to the most vital centre of Greek life—the Morea—no man dreamt of acknowledging a separate independent political existence in Greece, any more than they were dreaming of a French Revolution or a battle of Waterloo. Greece was part of Turkey, as Ireland was part of Britain, that was all. But over and above this very natural ignoring of the Greek name and the Greek people in the European world, there came a positive determination and a traditional policy, from considerations of the balance

of power, to keep Greece where it lay, trampled beneath the hoof of the Turk. A black cloud was looming from the north-east ; a stout political power was seen advancing step by step and stage by stage from Moscow to Constantinople ; and the fear of Russian sway in the Mediterranean made it our policy to maintain a strong Turkey, and prevent the possibility of a troop of lawless Greeks and Albanians in the mountain-holds of Epirus and the Morea dreaming of some modern Thermopylæ and Salamis in the resurrection of a liberated Greece. And, finally, when the progress of events, starting from the great French ferment of 1789, brought this dream of a liberated Greece into the arena of diplomatic discussion, had it not been for Russia and her kindly sympathies with her co-religionists south of the Thessalian Highlands, and her ambitious regards towards her infidel neighbour south of the Pruth, it seems extremely doubtful whether either England or Greece would ever have given their names to the Triple Alliance, which ended in the “untoward event” of Navarino in 1825, and the final establishment of an independent Greece in 1830.

Such being our precedents, and such our predisposition towards rather an unfriendly view of Christian Greece and Christian Greeks, no better corrective to our one-sided habit of judging could possibly be applied, than the statement of the other side of the case from such a learned and judicious Helene as Demetrios Bikelas. There is not a single scene in the whole progress of that wonderful drama, from Constantine to King George, which he does not touch with the feeling of a brother, the hand of a master, and the impartiality of a judge. The essays are seven, and

their mere names will be sufficient to indicate the range of reading, and the sphere of political judgment, which the wise treatment of such a various theme implies; "The Byzantine Empire," "Byzantinism and Hellenism," "The Subjects of the Byzantine Empire," "Greece before 1821," "The Formation of the Modern Greek State," "The Territory of the Greek Kingdom," and "The Greek Question." In the first of those essays, after fairly admitting the barbarities and butcheries, which stand in the front of the record of the ten dynasties, which occupied the throne during the 1000 years of the duration of the empire,—barbarities, however, be it well noted, which belong to the general character of oriental despotism, and to the evil conditions of an elective monarchy, not to Greece,—he stands stoutly on the fact, which our learned Helene, Finlay, has also strongly accentuated—that in a series of seventy-six emperors and five empresses, who exercised imperial sway during that period, "there never was long lacking to the Byzantine throne the manly virtue which that lofty station demands; and the greater number of the sovereigns who occupied it showed themselves not unworthy of their seat, and were no dishonour to the pages of their country's history, or the people whose life they represented:" while, in another place, with the true spirit of philosophic history, he remarks, that it is as unjust to judge the Byzantine empire by the crimes which occasionally defiled the palace, as if we should estimate the French people by nothing but the Massacre of St Bartholomew and the Reign of Terror in 1791. And further on, when taking a special review of the array of barbarous hordes from East and West who, century after century, in vain

spent their strength to blot out the Greek name from the Bosphorus, as they had already done the Latin from its antecedent on the Tiber, he makes the following short summation of the invasive exploits of the Normans, in terms not over complimentary to us:—

"The invasion of Byzantine territory by the Normans may be regarded as an incident cognate with the Crusades, although, as a matter of chronological sequence, it began somewhat earlier. After their conquest and occupation of a portion of Northern France, these barbarians adopted the use of the French language, but they did not relinquish their own customs, their nomadic instinct, and their hunger for conquest. In the year 1016, a Norman army poured into Italy and seized the provinces still ruled by the Eastern empire. Between 1081 and 1084, Robert Guiscard made two expeditions against Greece; but although he began by defeating Alexis I. (Komnenos), he did not succeed in establishing any permanent foothold. About sixty years later, the Normans attempted a new expedition against the empire. They captured Corfu and harried the mainland. But the Emperor Manuel I. (Komnenos) repulsed them, carried the war into Italy, and compelled them to sue for a thirty years' peace. Meanwhile the same race conquered England. The difference of their fortunes in the two countries is a sufficient proof of the comparative superiority of the Byzantine empire at the time."

In the second essay, on Hellenism and Byzantinism, mainly occupied in correcting and qualifying the sweeping generalities of Montesquieu and the severe verdict of Gibbon with regard to the character of the Byzantine Government, there occurs a notable passage in reference to the relations of Church and State in Constantinople, which displays, in a few striking examples, the attitude which Christianity, from its lofty moral platform, can always main-

tain against the iniquity and the lawlessness of the secular power. Here it is :—

“It was not the normal state of things for the Patriarch to be the tool of the Emperor, or for the Emperor to be the slave of the Patriarch. On the contrary, history has preserved the record of plenty of cases where the jealousy of the civil or of the ecclesiastical powers for their respective independence brought them into something very like collision. In fact, the truth is, that the annals of the Byzantine empire bear more traces than do those of many modern European nations of a continued effort to put in practice the celebrated principle enunciated in Italy by Cavour :—*‘Chiesa libera in Stato libero’*—a Free Church in a Free State.” For instance, the Patriarch Polyeuktos forbade the marriage of the Empress Theophano with the Emperor John I. (Tzimiskes), with whom she had been an accomplice in the murder of her husband, Nikephoros II. (Phokas); the Patriarch Nicolas continued firm in refusing the Holy Communion to Leo VI. (the Philosopher) after he had contracted a fourth marriage, in defiance of the canons of our Church, with Zoe Karbonopsina; the Patriarch Ignatius publicly passed over the Cæsar Bardas, in consequence of his sin with his half-sister, when the prince, then in the plenitude of unlimited power, came up to communicate at the altar. Many more such examples could be cited, following, in great measure, from attempts of the State to intrude within the sphere of ecclesiastical authority. The point of view from which such things were regarded can perhaps hardly be better summed up than in the words addressed to the Emperor by Theodore of the Studium when the autocrat had taken to meddling in the Iconoclastic controversy : ‘O King, unto thee hath been committed the civil State and the army. See thou to them. Leave the Church to pastors and teachers.’”

In the third essay, on the Subjects of the Byzantine Empire, their character and their works,

Mr Bikelas, always in agreement with the judgment of our learned Byzantine historian, George Finlay, has an interesting indication of that branch of Greek literature which the general neglect of the subject, even by profound scholars in this country, will be our apology for presenting at length :—

“It may now be permitted to touch upon the subject of literature. This is a standard by which it is always possible to measure the intellectual development of a nation. In this particular the Byzantine world has been very much cried down. Is there anything to be said upon the other side? I shall not cite the fourth and fifth centuries, which are rendered illustrious by the names of Basil, of the Gregorys, of John Chrysostom, of Synesios, of Zosimos, of Stobaios, of Mousaios, and of so many others. These men are generally looked upon as the last representatives of classical culture. The fact is, on the contrary, that all of them, and especially the doctors of the Church, should be considered as among the earlier glories of the Byzantine period. Taking only one or two names in each succeeding century, we find in the sixth the remarkable historians Procopius and Agathias. In the seventh lived George of Pisidia, whose works, while they do not justify the contemporary judgment which compared them to the tragedies of Euripides, are a striking proof of the living tradition of the classical poetry. The eighth century was the period of John of Damascus, surnamed ‘of Golden Streams,’ whose religious writings have become the basis of orthodox systematic theology, and whose words of prayer still lend a voice to the faith and love of Christian hearts throughout the Greek churches. The ninth century is marked by the name of Photius. The tenth affords the examples of two imperial authors, Leo VI. (the Wise) and Constantine VII. (Porphyrogenetos) as a proof of the esteem in which the pursuit of letters was held upon the throne itself. In the eleventh century, Suidas compiled his Lexicon, and Kedrenos his History. The twelfth is distinguished

as the period of the learned Bishop Eustathios and of the lettered Princess Anna Komnená. The thirteenth and fourteenth increased the roll both in numbers and merit, and in the fifteenth the fall of Constantinople was the means of obtaining for Italy the presence of those learned men who bore with them the intellectual testament of classical Hellas. Thus, the last benefit which the dying East conferred upon the new-born West, was to transmit to her that heritage of ancient culture of which she had been the jealous guardian during so many ages. The emigrants of Constantinople completed the work which had been begun by the immigrants of the Crusades. These two things—first, the Crusades, and, secondly, the diffusion of the ancient culture by Byzantine scholars—comprise that epoch of germination during which Western Europe, hitherto shapeless and semi-barbarous, grew into modern society.

"We certainly do not find in the Byzantine authors the same depth and originality which mark the ancient writers whom they copied. Far from it. But there are many of them who cannot be read without both profit and pleasure. In doing so we are at least reminded of their early predecessors. In a word, we cannot condemn Byzantine literature as having produced no remarkable works. And the prejudice with which they are habitually viewed is curiously and strikingly proved by the fact that certain poems which had been lauded to the skies for centuries as the compositions of Anacreon, have now been proved by modern criticism to be the productions of anonymous Byzantine writers. If such were the verses written at Constantinople, who shall say how many works, instinct with a grace truly Greek, may not have been the product of the same atmosphere, but now lost for ever!"

While on the subject of Greek medieval literature, it may be well here to make a passing remark on the language in which that literature is couched. On this point, as on the general subject of medieval and modern

Greece, the most superficial notions, the most narrow prejudices, and sometimes the most complete ignorance, are found to prevail. It is not uncommon, even amongst men of large culture, to hear Greek talked of as a dead language, and of modern Greek as a barbarous corruption, bearing pretty much the same relation to the language of ancient Athens that Italian does to the language of Cicero and Cæsar. Nothing could be a greater mistake. So far from being a corruption, in any fair sense of that word, it is the only language that has come down to us from ancient times in the most perfect purity, without one single foreign patch on the fair face of its presentment. Certain changes the language, no doubt, has undergone in the course of the centuries, just as the English of the present hour is, in some points, notably different from the English of Chaucer; but these changes in the case of Greek are much fewer and more slight than is the case with our British tongue, which, from the loss of its native formative force, has gone through a process of borrowing and patching to such an extent as makes, to a philological eye, corruption its normal state, and purity a pedantic offence. As contrasted with this, the few changes that modern Greek has undergone consist in a curtailment or loss of the superabundant wealth of their verbal forms, with the use of the auxiliary verb *θα* and *ἔχω* for the compound tenses, quite analogous to the use of *av* for our conditional mood in classical Greek. Beyond this, as any one may see by a glance at the Greek writers, from Phranzes in the fourteenth century to Tri-coupi, Paparregopoulos, and Paspates in the present, there is little or nothing of any significant difference between ancient and modern

Greek ; and one might as well call a magnificent old yew-tree corrupt from which a few superfluous branches had been lopped, as to apply that term to the language used in the debates of the Athenian Parliament, or the leading articles in the daily newspapers. In fact, the perfect purity of the Greek tongue, transmitted to us now for a period of nearly 3000 years, from Homer downwards, is a phenomenon altogether unique in the history of human speech, and can only be explained by the proud consciousness which the Greek people possess of using a language which conquered the moral world in the form of the Christian Church, and the intellectual world in the form of philosophy and science. Dowered with such a catholic organ of varied human expression, the Greek of the present day may well be pardoned for indulging the proud feeling that, while all the most highly gifted nations—Hebrews, Romans, English, and French—have borrowed, and must borrow from him, he will not condescend to borrow from them ; he will not be a traitor to himself.

There are two considerations, however, which it would be unfair to omit, as an apology for those who have been accustomed to believe that modern Greek is a corrupt language. The one is, that there exists in Greek, as in all languages, two platforms, or strata, which run parallel to one another, and of which the lower may in some sense be called a corruption. The lower stratum is the idiom of the great mass of the people, especially the uneducated or less educated classes, as distinguished from the language of literature, of education and culture. Thus, in England, we have a Dorsetshire dialect, a Lancashire, a

Yorkshire, and a Cumberland variety, forming a lower stratum of the cultivated English speech ; call it vulgar, call it popular, call it corrupt as you will, there it is. Corrupt it certainly is, in one sense—viz., in so far as, from pure carelessness or unlicensed foreign admixture, it habitually deviates from the standard norm ; but looked at in a different aspect, so far from being a corruption, it presents sometimes to the eye of the historical philologist the original type of the word, which has been lost by the softening process of later times, and assumed the form which fashion and fortune have conspired to dignify with the stamp of classicality. Thus, for example, there can be no doubt that the popular Greek *αυγόν*, for an egg, is the original pure type of the word, which has been corrupted into the Latin form *ovum*, when the *γ* is softened into a *ν*, and the classical *ᾠόν*, where, as in the French *père*, from *pater*, the consonant which separated the vowel elements altogether disappears. In the same way Scotch, though it may, from a merely grammatical point of view, be looked on as a corruption of English, is, in not a few respects, the oldest form of English, and as much entitled to hold its ground alongside of the English of Shakespeare and Milton as the Doric dialect of the Greeks did in the choral odes of tragedy alongside of the Attic Greek of the dialogue. The overlooking of this bi-stratification, and the confounding of two things so essentially different as the style of the ballad poetry of the people and the standard of polished speech in literary usage, may, no doubt, have been one cause of the supercilious superficiality with which some scholars are accustomed to denounce the

so-called modern Greek wholesale as a barbarous corruption. The second consideration that may be allowed to serve as an apology for these unreasonable denouncers is of an altogether different description. It originates purely with ourselves. From the breaking off of all living intercourse with the Greek people, after the absorption of their name and nation by the Turks in 1453, we were thrown upon our own insular imaginations in regard to the living use of the living Greek tongue. To us it became practically a dead tongue, and we dressed it up as a dead body, without regard to any functions it might be called upon to exercise as a living form of historical expression between man and man. And in this way we took it upon ourselves to deal with Greek as we did also with Latin, and pronounce it in any way we pleased, or as the habit of our English ear might lead us. A greater barbarism than this, in the handling of any language, living or dead, cannot be conceived; for every language has its own music—what Cicero calls its *cantus dicendi*—as essential to its character as the mere printed symbols of its significance called letters; and the organ which apprehends this music is the ear, to which every mispronounced word is a jar and an offence; and, worse than this, not rarely a bar to all mutual understanding. What intelligent foreigner—French or German, for instance—would know of whom we were speaking, if any person should be so ignorant as to pronounce *Lord Abérdeen* or *Lord Dufferin*, or the Duke of *Devónshire*, with the accent on the penult instead of the antepenult, the favourite accent of our English tongue? And yet this is precisely what we do with Greek,

when we say *ἀγαθός* instead of *αγαθός*, and *θέος* instead of *θεός*. The practical consequence of this is, that a highly educated Englishman, who has spent five, or, it may be, ten, years in the study of the Greek language at Harrow and Oxford, may yet not be able to utter a single intelligible sentence of kindly human recognition or social significance with the people from whom he professes to have derived the most potent stimulants of his intellectual growth; and this unhappy wall of separation, raised up between a noble people and a noble language, he may justify to himself by saying that they talk a barbarous language,—whereas he himself is the real barbarian, and not only a barbarian, but a systematic corrupter and abuser of the accent of a language which has been handed down, with characteristic persistency, from the Alexandrian grammarians, through the Greek Church and the Greek people, for a period of more than two thousand years. May we not hope that we are now, at last, not far from the day, when some large-minded and large-hearted Hellenist in Oxford will come forward and perform the same service to Greek that the late Professor Munro of Cambridge did not many years ago to Latin, and enter a public protest against a pedagogic practice, equally contrary to philological science, to the comity of nations, and to political expediency?

The remaining four essays of Bikelas's exhaustive volume—"Greece before 1821," "The Formation of the Modern Greek State," "The Territory of the Greek Kingdom," and "The Greek Question"—cover a space of political rather than literary interest, on which it would lead us into too wide a field to enlarge here. Suffice it to say,

that in his judgment on the Greek question, as it now stands, he shows in every sentence that moderation and good sense which are not always united with the patriotic enthusiasm which the name of Greece is so calculated to inspire. He is a warm advocate for the equilibrium of the Balkan States, as settled by the Treaty of Berlin in 1878. There is plenty of room, he says, in the Balkan peninsula for them all; and their respective aspirations can be combined in one common understanding, as soon as they agree to a common policy of compromise and conciliation. He has no dreams about St Sophia being turned again into a Christian temple; and, as a practical man, though, of course, no lover of the Turks, he has no scheme either for driving them back to their native Asiatic wilds, or enthroning a Christian Russia on the shores of the Bosphorus. The probability is, to his view, that Turkey will give up her western provinces, which are to her a source of weakness, and concentrate herself in Thrace. If she could only rid herself of the difficulties caused her by those European territories, and rest upon Asia, she would still secure herself a long era of prosperity for Constantinople. And with regard to the future shaping forth of a compact Greek kingdom, he speaks with equal decision and moderation, as follows:—

“There may be still some warm hearts, some enthusiastic imaginations, that delight in visions of the past, and are roused by the great idea of raising again the Christian empire once enthroned at Byzantium. But that idea has long ago ceased to gov-

ern the thoughts of those who nowadays guide the destinies of Greece. It no longer actuates the movements of our national policy. It is not the object of the Greek people to set up a Greek empire at Constantinople. What we are struggling and longing to do is this. We hope to have a Greek State with a northern frontier starting eastwards from the Adriatic at some point north of Corfu, and reaching the Ægean at some point east of the Chalcidic peninsula, including such part of Macedonia as is Greek. The island of Crete would be our farthest limit southward. We would fain see Montenegro aggrandised, and, between such a Montenegro and ourselves, an emancipated Albania, either autonomous or attached to ourselves by a brotherly tie. We would wish that our northern frontier should meet those of a fully expanded Serbia, and of an enlarged and united Bulgaria, embracing not only the actual Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, but also all territory which is really inhabited by a majority of Bulgars.

“These are the limits of Greek aspiration!”

And such also must be the limits of our interview, for the present, with one of the most learned, intelligent, and judicious representatives of living Greek literature. There are, thank heaven, of such not a few; and there can be no doubt that it would be for the advantage of our higher learning, as well as a wise move in our European policy, to cultivate them, both in their life and in their books, somewhat more largely than we have been accustomed to do. In such a course of kindly recognition the Marquess of Bute stands forward in this volume as a noble example to us all.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

ORNAMENT.

De gustibus—of course, yet there is no subject which people dispute so fiercely, or on which they dogmatise more confidently than questions of taste. Mr Hamerton, in his essay on the "Death of Friendship,"¹ dwells on the bitterness caused by difference of opinion, and, putting theology or religion first, and politics second, he assigns the third place to divergence in critical doctrines in art as a source of estrangement.

This is natural enough, considering how essential sympathy is in the enjoyment of the beautiful. No mind so finely trained, or naturally of such sensitive fibre as to be stirred by a lovely picture, a cathedral aisle, or a Grecian frieze, but straightway longs for the concert of another mind in beholding it. Such a nature is impatient of solitude in presence of grand scenery or in hearing of noble music, and the man will not rest till he has shared his delight with those with whom he is accustomed to hold communion. A French writer — was it Sainte Beuve?—pronounced conversation a sacred thing, the real communion of saints. If conversation is tarnished at its source by disagreement on matters keenly affecting sensibility, right communion cannot ensue: conversation takes the form of argument, and no one was ever converted by that.

It is, if possible, less useful to argue on matters of taste than on any other subject. If your ear is so fully educated as to receive the highest pleasure from Wagner's music, you may despair of con-

vincing your friend who is satisfied by the airs in the *Barbieri*. To put an extreme case. If your friendship has no other basis of sympathy than in music, it will cease, that is all. And Mr Ruskin may discourse with the voice of men and of angels on the eternal supremacy of Venetian Gothic over Grecian architecture, yet never move the judgment of him who has once embraced the perfection of the Parthenon. Even the echoes of that consummate strain of human accomplishment, wakened in the Italian Renaissance, and feebly reverberating through our streets and squares to this day, will ever touch some men more nearly than the full chord of the Doge's Palace or Giotto's Tower. Style is dead with us now, but we possess the galleries of the ages to wander through, and each one lingers round the beauty which touches him most closely. Many remain insensible, and therefore indifferent: so much the more reasonable for those who do care for the adornment of our land to take thought for the means employed to carry it out.

Ornament is created when the surface of structural forms is made to receive lines of calculated symmetry, which may either simply mark it off into rhythmical proportion, enclose flat or relieved spaces, or, by arabesque, or geometrical design, or adaptation of natural forms, carry the eye agreeably over tracts which, without the aid of decoration, would give an unpleasant feeling of barrenness.

¹ Human Intercourse, 105.

Colour may be introduced, but is not essential to the purpose. Ornament is to architecture and furniture what variations are in music or an *obbligato* accompaniment to a melody. Perhaps by a juster analogy it may be said that ornament is to form what music is to sound. We perceive sound by means of atmospheric waves beating on the ear-drum, and irritating the auditory nerves. These sound-waves, when caused by the concussion or friction of two or more bodies, by the sudden liberation of electric fluid or of confined gases, are created with a rapidity not exceeding 25 to 30 in each second of time, or about 15 times as many in a minute as the wing-strokes of a flying heron; and the sensation on the ear is that of ordinary noise, such as a peal of thunder or the postman's knock. But sound caused by vibration, either of a strained string or of metal, is not only the result of infinitely more numerous waves produced in a second, but also of waves varying greatly in shape. Sound of this kind is known as tone, which is the basis of music. In Helmholtz's scale the lowest musical note is C in the contra octave C,—B, produced by 33 vibrations or sound-waves per second; the highest is B in the fourth marked octave C'''—B''', produced by 3960 vibrations or sound-waves per second. Between these two extremes, comprising seven octaves, is contained all the music of which human senses are susceptible. Difference in *timbre* or quality of tone is caused by difference in the form of the sound-waves created by different instruments.

But the perception of tone or musical notes depends upon a much more complicated and deli-

cate structure than that which in the human ear receives the impression of ordinary sound or noise. In the deepest and most secret recess of the auditory chamber is situated the coil of the cochlea, containing an instrument of the utmost delicacy, called, after its discoverer, the fibres of Corti. These bow-shaped fibres exceed 3000 in number, arranged somewhat after the fashion of the interior of a piano; and just as the layers of rods and cones in the retina of the eye, vibrating responsively to the various coloured rays composing white light, convey to our perception the sense of colour, so these fibres of Corti, vibrating responsively to tone and its various notes, convey to our perception the sense of music. The reader most likely knows all this already, and is wondering what on earth it has got to do with the subject of this paper. Well—this much, that the faculty of perceiving beauty in ornament seems to be seated in some compartment of an organ or department of the intelligence not yet identified more precisely than that of the faculty of memory. That it is innate seems to be shown by the early preference which children exhibit for some forms over others, quite independently of association with external ideas. Most children will be found to have favourites among the characters of the alphabet, and agree in preferring H, R, and S to G, P, and T. M is esteemed more highly than N, and D than B. Something indefinable in the form of certain capitals touches their æsthetic sense more favourably than that of others. Grown persons feel the same indefinable preference for certain groups of letters over others, but there is

a remarkable difference in the sensitiveness of various races to this delicate kind of beauty. The Teutonic peoples are far behind others in this respect. Most of us feel that the name "Thomas" is harsh and unmusical: in abbreviating it we accentuate its disagreeable quality by preserving the first and homelier syllable; but the Italians intuitively dwell on the second and softer half, and their endearing equivalents to our "Tom" and "Tommy" are "Masaccio" and "Masolino." Just as in some races the faculty of apprehending and producing music is more highly developed than in others, so the faculty of enjoying and creating ornament is variously manifested. But whereas scientists, who can minutely describe the physiological action of sound, are baffled in tracing perception of fitness and proportion of ornament among the known functions of any organ, that quality is usually referred to as artistic instinct.

That this connection of harmony in sound, or music, and harmony in form, or ornament, is not merely a fanciful illustration, may be proved by a simple experiment. Place a drum on or beside a piano, and sprinkle some fine sand on the parchment. Then let chords or a simple short air be played on the piano; the sand will be seen to move into symmetrical forms under the influence of the sound-waves.

Again, an interesting series of experiments has lately been conducted showing the effect of sound-waves upon sensitive films of gelatine spread upon glass. Musical tones cause the gelatine to assume elaborate and beautiful forms, varying according to the *timbre* of the instrument or voice, and

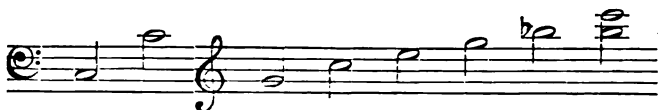
showing the intimate relation of sound and form.

More recent signs are not wanting that we are on the threshold of discovery reaching into domains hitherto the exclusive possession of poets and dreamers. The forces which affect our sensation through the avenues of hearing and sight are often figuratively spoken of as if they were subject to identical laws; the interchange of terms between the arts of painting and music is habitual, but, hitherto, could not be defended on the ground of scientific accuracy. We recognise the happiness of the well-known analogy traced by a blind man between scarlet and the sound of a trumpet, because those who can both see and hear accept the aptness of comparison between the two forces which powerfully affect, one the optic, the other the auditory, nerves. But scarlet is not the exact analogue of a trumpet-blast. The sensation of colour is imparted to the brain by means of vibratory waves communicated to the all-pervading medium, ether; that of sound by similar waves communicated to the denser medium, atmosphere. If the analogy between scarlet and a trumpet-blast were a true one, each should affect the sensorium by means of vibration of a rapidity similar in proportion to that caused by other colours and tones. But that is not so. The pitch of a tone increases with the number of vibrations in a given time; the tone of a trumpet is high, because it causes relatively rapid sound-waves. But the vibrations caused by a ray of red light are few compared with those caused by other rays, for the vibrations arising from the red end of the spectrum amount only to about 456 billions in a second, whereas

those from the violet end amount to about 667 billions. So the blind man was only vaguely successful in comparing a lively sound with a vivid colour.

The agency of colour and sound-sensation has, of course, been explained long ago; but it is only within the last twelvemonth that the researches of Professor Balmer have established a veritable analogy between the laws governing light and sound. In order to understand his method it is necessary to bear in mind the difference

between mere noise and a tone or musical note. Noise is simple; tone is compound. When a tone is sounded, its harmonics also become audible—that is, corresponding tones are called into being by the creation of the fundamental tone. When C is struck on a piano a trained ear perceives in the note the C an octave higher. The relation of harmonics is perfectly well understood; and, taking C as the fundamental tone, the first seven harmonics may be thus expressed in notes:—



Thus the known harmonics of any given note may be listened for with certainty by the musician.

Professor Balmer has applied an analogous system to the investigation of the spectral lines yielded by incandescent matter, and has found "that the exact number of vibrations which produce each of these lines increase in the same succession as the number of vibrations in sound harmonics: the growth of the numbers can be expressed by a simple formula, analogous to that used for sound." Incandescent hydrogen yields to the spectroscope a spectrum of four bright lines in the visible solar spectrum—that is, within the span of decomposed light forming the colours of the rainbow. Besides these four Mr Huggins has discovered ten more, beyond the violet end of the spectrum, and these fourteen lines, composing the known spectrum of hydrogen, were arranged by Professor Balmer to correspond with the harmonics of a note of music. This enabled

him to search further, and by means of his scale he has been successful in identifying five additional lines placed exactly where the application of his formula caused him to look for them; so that the spectrum of hydrogen, originally defined as consisting of four bright lines, is now recognised as yielding no fewer than nineteen.

It is evident then that, inasmuch as ornament depends for its effect on forms and colours so disposed as to reflect rays which shall reach the eye in harmonious succession or coincidence, we have to deal with a subject as susceptible of, and dependent on, rules based on innate properties as we have in music. The eye is an organ of a sensitiveness not less exquisite than that of the ear. But the ear—even the untrained ear—is intolerant of discord. How comes it, then, that men can endure vicious ornament with more indifference than they do discordant music? Not only so, but they are willing to pay heavily for

ornament, ignorant of its merit, regardless of the limits within which it contributes to the beauty of the objects to which it is applied, or of how far repetition is endurable. Mere indifference to ornament would be intelligible; deliberately to refrain from or prohibit it might, under conceivable circumstance, be meritorious or prudent; there would, at all events, be consistency in either course. But what gives the matter importance is that, will we or nil we, ornament is forced upon us: it is the subject of enormous public and private expenditure; in addition to which Parliament annually votes a vast sum of money to the instruction of those who are to produce it. Hence the subject is one surely worthy of some consideration.

It so happens that these thoughts are being committed to paper during a railway journey, and as this sentence is being penned (or—with stricter accuracy—pencilled), the train draws up at a wayside station in Scotland. Near at hand is a villa of considerable size approaching completion. The design is pleasing and suitable to the climate; the material is admirable stone, and no doubt the workmanship is excellent; for it is a common mistake to suppose that medieval masons were better handicraftsmen than are to be found now. If the architect be competent and the specifications liberal, no fear but our masons will do their part worthily. But this unfinished villa yields an instance of misapplied and therefore vulgar decoration. There is no detail more characteristic of Scottish architecture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries than the “crow-step”—a simple device whereby

the long slopes of a high narrow gable are broken into a stepped outline. It is thoroughly effective, and changes what would be a forbidding feature into a pleasing one. But in this modern adaptation of a venerable style, the architect has applied crowsteps to the gables of all the dormer-windows, showing a complete misapprehension of the intelligent purpose of the earlier builders, which was to relieve a long inclined line, without irritating repetition in dormer-gables, which are themselves a relief to monotony of roof, and are seldom or never so treated in old examples.

But misapplication of material in ornament is as common as that of design; and an instance is at hand in the first-class compartment of the carriage in which I am travelling. It is the property of the Midland Railway Company, and is as luxuriously appointed as one is accustomed to expect when travelling on their system. Blue cloth cushions contrast agreeably with fittings of bird's-eye maple: there are no tiresome advertisements of soap that you don't want, or cocoa that you don't like, or cherry-brandy that you are better without; only convenient notices of the company's hotels along the route, and other information which it concerns the traveller to know. Nevertheless there are two little details, not apparently of much moment, yet bearing on the question of the right application of ornament. The number of the carriage is painted in gilt numerals on the mahogany lining of the door, and the ceiling of pretty white wood is picked out with gilt beading, amounting, according to a rough and rapid calculation, to some 122 lineal feet. Now the numerals would be just as legible if painted in white or colours; and

122 feet of gilt moulding at, say, 2d. a foot, cost 20s. 4d. The number of the carriage is 214. Supposing the company has no more than 214 carriages with two first-class compartments in each (a calculation far short of the real amount), that is, twice $214 = 428$ times 20s. 4d. = £435, 2s. 8d. spent on gilt beading. An appreciable sum, even out of the resources of a great company, but unworthy of comment, were it not part of a system which is debauching and deadening the public taste. The ceiling would be better without these gilt lines, of which the most obvious effect is to attach an air of sham to the honest brass fittings below. Not a single additional passenger is attracted to these carriages by means of the gilding, which is part of a silly and needless fashion, rendering the eye insensible to the perception of beauty.

Gold—not yellow, but the hue of the precious metal—yields the most satisfying colour-sensation of which the human retina is capable. It behoves the designer to employ it most sparingly, save where an effect of utmost splendour is aimed at. Unhappily, many people with no right to splendour desire to be splendid; everybody, seeing that society has become impatient of sumptuary laws, has a legal right to be as splendid as he can. Every hackney-driver on his cab, every publican on his premises, every publisher on the miserable cloth covers of his Christmas books, may vie with his neighbour and rival in the cheap and lavish use of what is the ideal of costliness and rarity, in the fictitious display of what used to be the emblem of truth—pure gold.

The evil resulting from this is

twofold. Gold has alike ceased to be used by the designer, or regarded by the beholder with any reverence; for, taking excessive advantage of that property which makes it possible to spread it in infinitesimally thin layers, it is used to impart merit to faulty design and spurious value to cheap material. It is not a single jackdaw, but every contemptible or obscene bird that flaunts itself in peacocks' plumes. Gold is flared on our aching orbs from every direction, till we lose perception of its quality, thereby sacrificing the most exquisite of chromatic perceptions. Like the people of old Tyre, we "heap up silver as the dust, and fine gold as the mire of the streets."

Ormolu (the gods be praised!) has passed temporarily out of vogue: do not our hearts grow heavy at the remembrance of wedding presents in the style of five-and-twenty years ago; and what guarantee have we against a return to the barbarous custom of loading harmless bridal couples with candlesticks in ormolu, paper-knives in ormolu, *éluïs*, writing-cases, clocks, photograph-frames in ormolu? None, it is to be feared, in the taste of the public; the only hope lies in the forbearance of manufacturers. Two monuments of supremely imbecile conception survive to this day amid the wreck of those gifts which served to accentuate a marriage in which (alas! how many years ago) it was my privilege to bear one of the two leading parts. They seem ugly enough now to have been caskets of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness; yet they were then of the latest and most ingenious design, and formed the outward and visible signs of hearty goodwill and affec-

tion. One of them represents a rustic gate, which will not stand upright as any satisfactory gate ought to do, but reclines at an angle, supported from behind by an ormolu prop. You open it, and behold—a photograph. Why a photograph? Why not, just as appropriately, penny stamps, luggage-labels, or diachylon plaster? Had the designer been required to explain the fitness and merit of his conception, seeing that there is no innate beauty in an ill-made and decrepit gate, he could but have pointed out how cunningly it had been plated with gold.

The other ornament consists of a group formed of three Lilliputian croquet-mallets, supporting a Brobdingnagian ball, which, on being opened, displays an ink-pot. Again, it has been sought to exalt the amazing puerility of this design by electro-plating. Not less successfully might you pour champagne of the finest growth over the throats of African savages, in order to improve their manners. The chances are that after the draught their savagery would force itself on your cultured susceptibility with aggravated intensity.

And yet, O Pallas Athene!—and yet, O fellow-creatures of the Etruscan goldsmiths and of Benvenuto Cellini! at the time these articles were constructed there had been, in this land of ours, during more than the span of a generation—for upwards of thirty years—schools of design supported by grants of public money. Nor is there yet much sign of improvement, though now the sum annually voted exceeds £500,000 a-year.

Why is it that, after ages of culture, and with easy access to thousands of examples of the subtle handicraft and brain-work

of earlier peoples, we can only produce in one generation objects that earn derision in the next. Long before the Christian era Etruscan jewellers devised a cunning method of granulating the surface of gold. Modern craftsmen recognised the value of it as enhancing the quality of gold ornaments, but were hopelessly baffled in attempts to imitate it. But the secret still lingered among the gold-workers of the Abruzzi, from whom, not many years ago, Signor Castellani succeeded in extracting it, and the mystery was solved. And how has it been applied? In the exact and servile imitation of objects designed thousands of years ago, the beauty of which our workmen fail to rival and rightly despair of excelling.

We gaze, not, so we affirm, unmoved, on Michel Angelo's monuments of the Medici in the Sagrestia Nuova of S. Lorenzo at Florence; what demon then drove us to smear with tawdry gilding the statue of the good prince whom all the nation wished to honour? If Englishmen, as they aver, are capable of being conscious of the dark enigma propounded by the bowed head and shadowed face of that Duke of Urbino, how can they tolerate the bedizened effigy of Albert in Hyde Park? Let none of us hereafter be caught smiling at the Mikado of Japan, who, in his fervour for Western institutions, caused the metal plaques of empty sardine-tins to be collected and affixed as ornaments to the shakos of his body-guard.

In no decorative craft is the use of gilding more scrupulously restricted than in heraldry; unhappily, none has come more fully under the doom—*corruptio optimi pessima*. Governed by rules of ex-

traordinary rigidity, its emblems formed a system of chivalrous hieroglyph, charged, even for unlettered understandings, with historical and ethnical information. Confusion has fallen upon its code; few eyes can now trace its hidden meaning; the precision of its phraseology is laughed at as tiresome jargon, and suspicion attaches to the most illustrious scutcheons, because of the impunity with which they may be filched by ignoble persons. Still that might be condoned from an æsthetic point of view, but worse has come to pass. The masterly abstractions of living forms devised by the early heraldic painters have suffered from a diffused smattering of zoology, and they have been corrupted by a clumsy naturalism into badly drawn lions, stags, and eagles—spiritless caricatures of menagerie specimens. To increase the realism, shading has been introduced, whereby the pure gem-like tinctures and firmly limned outlines, characteristic of heraldic drawing, have been smirched and blurred. Sir Walter Scott had not a faultless taste in decoration—far from it; witness the plaster-casts of carvings in Melrose Abbey, which, painted in imitation of oak, serve as cornices to the rooms in Abbotsford; but how justly incensed he would have been at the ornament which a witless binder has been allowed to stamp on the covers of the latest edition of the ‘Waverley Novels’ (*curd* Mr Andrew Lang)! A podgy lion, with nerveless, pusillanimous tail, jigs it on a golden field. *This* the Scottish lion which erewhile kept the English leopards at bay? Why, it would not give the least enterprising field-mouse one moment’s apprehension. And where is the double tressure counter-flowered—

crowning grace of the national shield?—the tressure which to have the privilege to bear was counted a meet reward for the most precious service to king and country. Oh for one hour of

“Sir David Lindesay of the Mount,
Lord Lion King-at-Arms,”

so he might read this varlet a lesson on the reverence due to knightly things!

But, lavish and indiscriminate as is the use of gilding among us, there is yet room for thankfulness, inasmuch as its use has not yet been sanctioned in dress. Smart ladies of the Roman decadence aped the hetairæ of the East in gilding their breasts, but modern nymphs find their swains so susceptible that they have not found it necessary to have recourse to this allurements. False jewellery, also, is forbidden among people with any pretension to culture; moreover, perverse and backward as our standard in decorative costume may be, we have, so far, refrained from applying gilding to our Sunday hats, and “golden slippers” constitute a poetic ideal reserved for a different state of society.

There is another class of objects in which ornament has been the subject of admirable restraint. Gilding is never used now in the decoration of private carriages. It is difficult to assign any reason for this, for it was otherwise of old, as is testified by the archaic ornamentation of royal and other carriages of State; but so it is, that however gaudily a lady’s drawing-room may be fitted, and however offensive to right taste may be every detail of her house, from the bedroom wall-papers to the dining-room chandelier, her brougham will be a model of rich sobriety.

The coachpainter's art is no debased one; he relies on deep, pure tones, relieved by prescribed lines of lighter hue, and half an hour may be very pleasurably spent in studying the panels of carriages in the Park.

The tradition of the craft has been taken up by railway companies; the departures from it noted above are exceptional to their general custom. With the introduction of American cars a less chaste style has been brought in; but these are rather rolling houses than carriages, and the use of in-laid wood and bright metal fittings is not inappropriate. It is interesting to note the association with the old road coaches maintained in the distinctive colours still in use on the main lines of railway. The London and North-Western Company paint their panels claret and white, the Great Western chocolate and white; the Midland has inherited lake, the London and South-Western apricot; while the Great Northern, probably from motives of economy, have broken with tradition, discarded paint altogether, and rely on plain varnish.

Is gilding, then, to be absolutely prohibited by strict canons of taste? Is it never permitted to indulge the eye with the feeling of gold, except in objects made of the solid metal? Are we not to rest satisfied till Mr Ruskin's aspiration is literally carried into effect, that all shall be gold that glitters, or, rather, that nothing shall glitter that is not gold? By no means. Have you a casket of jewels or a cabinet of papers more precious than the mass? then let the key thereof be distinguished from common keys by gilding. Let gold flash from the gates of

your palaces, from the domes of your temples. Let the delicate tooling on bookbindings of costly leather be as veins of living gold; it shall survive into a better day when cloth bindings shall have gone to that limbo which is their only just destiny. To lavish gold in order to make common things conspicuous is like the shedding of gentle blood in a tavern brawl; but it is right art to display the precious metal in the form its peculiar properties enable the workman to give it—in leaf or dust.

It is especially adapted for use on picture-frames, both on account of optical effect and because a good picture is something precious and rare. It is no exceptional thing for a painted canvas to be sold for far more than its weight in guineas. But we have become so familiar with the application of gold to picture-frames as to have overlooked certain changes in their character brought about of recent years—changes which are not for the better. So soon as a picture leaves the easel and is placed on a wall, some device becomes necessary to separate it from the surroundings or from neighbouring pictures. Perhaps none is so effective as that of fitting it into a panel or other defined wall-space; but this, of course, is only possible when the wall is fashioned for the picture or the picture specially painted for its position on the wall, neither of which conditions it is usually convenient to provide in domestic architecture. So the canvas is generally fitted into a wooden frame, to be suspended from the cornice. But the natural tints of wood are not vivid enough to isolate the enclosed space from confusion with drapery or wall-

surface: nor will it do to paint it a strong tint which would clash with or react on the artist's colouring. It was very early discovered that a gold surface, though its hue is yellow, owing to its peculiar lustre, does not possess in a perceptible degree the blue or violet reaction of yellow. The most delicate tints may be laid close beside it: the only effect is to enhance their proper quality. Moreover, gold clashes with no colour: it is distinct from any pigment employed in painting, and *ought to be* distinct from anything employed in the decoration of a wall on which paintings are hung. Alas that it should be necessary to comment on the execrable practice of introducing streaks and splashes of gilding into the design of wall-papers!¹

Therefore the use of gilding on picture-frames is intelligent and commendable. But the design of the frame should be kept scrupulously within its proper function. A frame may be heavy; the picture within will be so much the more completely severed from external interference. It may be carved, but only with the intention of letting the light penetrate interstices, and so be less obtrusive than if reflected from a flat metallic surface. But the design of the frame must have no significance of its own to compete with that which it encloses. The moment the beholder remarks on the beauty of a frame, rely upon it, something is out of place.

This principle was deliberately set at nought by the modern Pre-Raphaelites. Holman Hunt, the late D. G. Rossetti, and others,

thought out their frames as carefully as they did the subjects represented inside them. In his picture of the "Finding in the Temple," Mr Hunt introduced an edging of ivory between the gilding and the canvas, although it is well known that oil-painting suffers in effect from a white margin. His object was to convey the impression that the whole exhibit, canvas and frame together, was something of extraordinary merit and preciousness; but the means were unworthy of such an accomplished painter, for it is by the picture not by the frame that an artist's work shall be esteemed.

The fashion set by this school of painters may be traced in the self-conscious arrogance of certain frames displayed in the Royal Academy Exhibition each year. Wrong, wrong, wrong! and the Council would do well to consider whether it is their object to encourage the exhibition of paintings or upholstery, and, if both, whether they had not better assign separate rooms for the purpose. The excuse is offered that certain pictures are of a decorative character and intention. Then their proper place is not in a frame but on a wall or ceiling. They ought not to be suffered in any but the simplest temporary frames for convenience of exhibition.

One of these artists, the late Mr D. G. Rossetti, who was also an author, must be held responsible for setting the unsound example of expending time and thought in designing covers for his own books; not *binding*, mark you! but covers of common

¹ This is written with due remembrance of Mr Alma Tadema's gold room; but the difference between his deliberate scheme and the house-decorator's aim at display is perfectly apparent.

cloth; not designs to be wrought on enduring leather by patient skill of cunning craftsmen, but to be mechanically stamped with a pattern, which, however meritorious in original conception, must infallibly become wearisome when repeated by the thousand and dishonoured by union with cheap and perishable material. If the shepherds hold so loosely to right principles, what wonder if the flock go astray!

On the whole, considering the present condition of architectural decoration, the man possessed of sensitive taste is rather to be consoled with than envied. Our lot is cast in an intellectual atmosphere the very reverse of that described by Mr Symonds as pervading Italy during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In that age, "from the Pope in St Peter's chair to the clerks in a Florentine counting-house, every Italian was a judge of art. . . . During that period of prodigious activity the entire nation seemed to be endowed with an instinct for the beautiful, and with the capacity of producing it in every conceivable form."¹ In our age and in our nation the demand for ornament is as ceaseless, the supply as profuse, as it was during the full tide of the Renaissance; but discretion in its application, genius in design, and understanding of its spirit, seem to be asleep or dead.

To few manufactures has indifference to the art of building lent such an impetus as to that of wall-papers. Like a parasitic growth, they have spread through our houses, increasing in luxuriousness with the increase of decay, obliterating every other form of

mural decoration, and substituting cheap cleanliness for sagacious adaptation and delineation of structure. Wall-papers were little used in Europe before the eighteenth century, though they had been long before that applied to house decoration by the Chinese. Those that were first manufactured in the West were adaptations of design from Italian brocades, and at first they were used in an unobjectionable manner, just as hangings of the costlier material were employed—namely, to fill spaces between obvious structural lines—and, so applied, no objection could be made to their use. On the contrary, the invention brought it within the means of almost every householder to fill blank wall-spaces with agreeable tracery and harmonious colour. But the cornice, frieze, and dado remained intact: coigns were protected with moulding or plaster-work, and the inmate might feel that he was living in a built room and not in a bandbox. But gradually the wall features disappeared; paper crept over everything except window and door openings, even into the very angles of the walls, and it is nothing uncommon now on entering a saloon of considerable pretension and proportions to find the walls closely covered with paper from floor to ceiling, save a narrow skirting-board to protect the plaster from the housemaid's broom and a cornice reduced to a meagre moulding. Mr Walter Crane, in a recent number of a contemporary, takes credit to our house-decorators for the greater refinement recently achieved in the designs of wall-papers. It is not so much the design that has been at fault as the use of wall-papers.

¹ Renaissance in Italy: The Fine Arts, second edition, 4.

Keep these in their proper place, and the design is of less moment than the colour. The fact is, too much importance attached to design is calculated to tempt the designer to prove how clever he is and how much he knows of the orders of art. There is an insufferable degree of self-consciousness in most of the art papers produced, and people have to be reminded that wall *space* is not the place for ornament, but wall *structure*. With most of these ambitious wall-papers a paper dado and paper frieze is supplied. Can anything be more puerile? What does Mr Crane say to the tradesman who pastes a block-printed paper frieze round a room already furnished with a frieze of its own? It is to be feared, seeing that this is no uncommon arrangement, that its full absurdity is not apparent to every eye.

Taste is nothing if not fastidious; but the fickleness of fancy, brought about by absence or ignorance of principle in ornament, is a wholly different and lower influence. There is nothing in art more remarkable than the steadfastness with which sound style was adhered to throughout the vast period of Egyptian civilisation. The method of that wonderful people in producing mural decoration is shown by some unfinished designs discovered in the ruins of Thebes. The space intended to receive ornament was marked off with red chalk into small squares. Then with a brush the artist limned the outlines of his design, preserving a just proportion between the surface to be sunk and that to be in relief. Afterwards the plain surface was chiselled away, leaving the ornamental figures countersunk, the utmost effect being obtained by

the least possible amount of relief. The figures were afterwards brilliantly coloured, and sometimes the ground also received a coat of paint. Consistent reserve forbade that temptation to realism which ever besets the workman with perfect command over his tools and material. In the figures employed individuality is kept sternly subordinate to masterly unity of effect.

This method of design endured with little change for nearly five thousand years. Compare with steadfastness such as that the feebleness of purpose in our modern school of design. For the nonce, we are impatient of the objects which gratified the sense of ornament in the early years of the present reign. We get rid, at almost any cost, of the heavy mahogany sideboards, the chairs with gouty legs, and the polished rosewood tables, bequeathed by our fathers. Nothing will serve but in the styles known as Old English, Queen Anne, or Chippendale. But who shall say that, in a dozen years hence, people will not be as eager to "pick up" examples of early Victorian work as they are now to exhume articles long since relegated to the house-keeper's room or the servants' hall? There is an example of this unaccountable caprice in the reaction lately manifested in favour of cut glass. Very few years ago nothing would please but glass blown to the utmost thinness, either plain or engraved with ornamental designs. But now we have returned to the heavy faceted decanters and goblets which we were brought up to despise. Which is the stricter taste? Undoubtedly that which we have just discarded; for the special quality of glass, which can be rivalled in no other material,

is its transparency and capacity for being blown into exceeding lightness. When cut into facets, the former quality is impaired; the latter is not displayed, and the object depends for beauty on its brilliancy, in which it competes at a disadvantage with rock-crystal. The virtue of an art consists not less in bringing out the highest quality of material than in revealing the mind of the artist.

The same consistency of purpose which characterised Egyptian decorative art distinguished the work of Grecian designers. If the frieze of the Parthenon be carefully examined, it will be found how resolutely the figures of men and horses are kept subject to the dominant motive of ornament. It is not merely a collection of statues or a sculptured narrative. That the sculptor had the power of realism, who can doubt in the presence of masterpieces of Greek statuary? But he possessed the higher power of subordinating parts to the whole, that power which, it has been suggested above, is the result of a faculty, as yet undefined, corresponding to the faculty of music. The frieze was instinctively recognised by Greek architects as the proper place for ornament; the name it bore with them *ζωόφορος*, *zophorus*, the subject of life, marked it out as the field for display of living pageantry; artistic instinct forbade that it should be so used irrespectively of the general architectural effect. So in that perfect symphony of form, the Parthenon frieze, though each limb and fold of drapery is true, everything is made to serve the general harmony, like chords in processional music. One who has devoted much attention to the study of Greek art lately remarked on the relation maintained in this

masterpiece of mural sculpture between the relieved figures and the ground-space; each piece of relief is balanced by an empty space of the same extent, though, of course, different in shape, so that could the *relievo* be compared with the *basso* in the whole design, they would be found to correspond in extent.

There is something pathetic in the pains we take to be ornamental. We spare no expense—we lavish ornament in a degree that no race, except the Moors, have exceeded, and yet it won't come right. The principal public building erected in England during this century is in a style exclusively the property of the southern half of this island. Westminster Palace, constructed in the Tudor style, a form of debased Gothic, which is the only contribution ever made by English architects to the art of building, is covered—every foot of it—with mural ornament. Imagine it to be in ruins; imagine a party of antiquaries excavating it two thousand years hence, and compare their reward with that which crowns the labours of exploration in the ruins of Thebes, of Athens, of Rome. How wearisome it would be to exhume tens of thousands of stone panels, all carved to exactly the same pattern; hundreds of yards of black-letter inscription of pious and loyal ejaculation, repeated with the persistence of Moslem texts on the porticos of the Alhambra.

Yet there is room for hope. The first step towards amendment is to know that one is wrong. Mr Ruskin has prevailed by his insistence on the paramount necessity of truth to make people dislike graining in imitation of marble or wood, a mode

of surface decoration almost universal when he published the 'Seven Lamps of Architecture,' and peculiarly vicious because of the suspicion it entails on genuine material. Mr Crane justly congratulates us that it is hardly to be seen now in better-class buildings, plain painting or staining having been generally substituted. A little more patience—a little more perseverance—on the part of teachers and critics, and other corrupt tastes may disappear. The most hopeful sign is that it is rather deadness than corruption of taste that has to be combated. There is no reason to despair of a high national school of design by reason that we are of Teutonic race. Nations from time to time are born to artistic perception and performance; and, after a while, die to it. The gift of ornament may be latent among us, as it was among the Latin race till, in the thirteenth century, it was born to mighty life in Niccola Pisano.

Besides, there is a strong current of Celtic blood in our veins, and no race ever excelled the early achievement of that race in exquisite workmanship and intellectual quality of decoration. It was all the more remarkable because, in this country at least, it took precedence among them of architecture, generally the first of the arts to rise from the level of barbarism. Ornament has died among the Celts as it has died among the Greeks and the Italians; is it incompatible with the ruling passions of this age—science and commerce?

Though the Teutonic genius has never yet excelled in ornament, which, with some notable exceptions, has generally received from the hands of workmen of Germanic race a harsh, uncouth, or jejune

character, yet the Northern people could build in a masterly fashion unknown to medieval Italy. Not until Bramante and Michel Angelo designed, and Vignola and Palladio studied, among the ruins of Roman splendour, and stirred the dry bones of the dismembered empire, was there anything to compare in grandeur with the cathedrals of Germany, France, and England. The decoration of Salisbury Cathedral pales into triviality, it is true, before the splendours of Siena and Orvieto; but the structures of these Italian examples are almost contemptible compared with the splendid unity of the English architect's achievement. Lofty gables were reared, not to sustain the flattened roof, which lay far below and quite independent of them, but to form frontispieces for the display of precious material and intricate design, as in the churches of Crema and Orvieto. The fabric of the building served but as scaffolding for the display of gorgeous ornament, which, in Northern Gothic, was only suffered to ripple round capitals and cluster sparingly on the western façade. Even now we can build. It is true that Westminster Palace has none of the reposeful grace of Somerset House or Greenwich Hospital, but it is a master-work of its particular style; and after evil and overdone ornamentation have combined with a wretched site to impair the effect to the utmost, there remains with it that merit which Italian builders neither strove for nor obtained—the majesty of unity.

To one European race only has it ever been given to unite the gifts of noble building and perfect ornament. Were it not for Greek art and the monuments it has bequeathed, it had been held im-

possible to excel at once in structure and decoration. But who shall say, with that example before him, that the like shall never be again? Stupidity and ignorance are more easily overcome than vicious habits. The vigour of Italian Renaissance was owing to the fostering policy of the rulers of the people, which led the rivulets of wakening art, feeble at the source, into channels conducting them to the full-flowing river of national art. The London County Council has, in domestic affairs, functions almost identical with the Italian Republics. In power it is scarcely inferior to the Commonwealth of Florence; in funds it vastly exceeds it. Its members have decreed a spirited policy in public works; may they raise up another Arnolfo del Cambio for their architect. Then may be witnessed again that which came to pass in the fruitful season of Italian Hellenism — while the artist spread his colour on the wet plaster, the goldsmith fingered his wax model, or the sculptor struck

his clay into forms of immortal beauty, the reflex action of the brain gave birth to sonnet and ode; for Orcagna and Giotto, Lionardo and Michel Angelo were all accomplished poets, as if the artist spirit in them would not suffer such beautiful material as their native speech to go to waste.

'Tis a pretty dream, though one that may perchance disturb the slumbers of ratepayers. When the Florentines determined to complete the bronze gates of their Baptistry, they invited the sculptors of Italy to submit competitive designs. The umpires awarded the prize to Lorenzo di Cino Ghiberti, who was 49 years accomplishing the work, and received for it during that time 30,798 golden florins — a formidable figure if rendered in the modern equivalent of currency, and somewhat dwarfing the salary of £700 a-year which, it is said, the County Council lately fixed on as adequate remuneration for their chief architect and master of the works!

HERBERT MAXWELL.

OUR MISSION IN EGYPT.

WHEN the present Premier, rather more than a year ago, condemned "the burdensome and embarrassing occupation of Egypt, which, so long as it lasts, must be a cause of weakness and a source of embarrassment," and hinted that it would be the duty of his followers on succeeding to power to "deal with" it, there was presented to us the possibility of one of the greatest political wrongs of the present century being perpetrated. For England's desertion of the duties which she has been led to undertake in Egypt would have been nothing less in the eyes of all civilisation, except of the one Power which foresees imaginary gains in our abandonment of the country. But the New-castle programme was an Opposition manifesto and not a Ministerial declaration; and Mr Gladstone, in a "position of greater freedom and less responsibility" is quite a different person from the Premier who has to answer for the interests and obligations of his country to his sovereign and to the nation. His accession to office, instead of being the signal for throwing over our Egyptian obligations, has been promptly followed by an unexpected effort to secure our influence in far more remote African regions; and however short or long lived his administration may be, we have good hopes that it will be able to claim a share, with its predecessor, in the glory of regenerating Egypt.

And that it is glorious work which we are doing in Egypt, no one who knew the country in older days and can contrast its present workings towards civilisation and prosperity can entertain the slightest doubt. However mixed may be the motives entering into our mission in Egypt, whatever political

interests we may have at the same time to take into account, the whole aim of our exertions in Egypt since the occupation has been to make of her a strong, free, well-governed, and prosperous State. Had we not even the remotest shade of self-interest in the security of the country, were we without those stakes in its well-being which we admittedly possess, our exertions in behalf of Egypt could not have been exercised with more disinterested effort; and we cannot think that any civilised Government finding itself committed to such a work would encounter the ignominy of putting it aside except under the weightiest of all possible pressures—the absolute impossibility of carrying it on.

The chance of the Egyptians has come at last, and they have waited long for it. From the earliest dawn of history we know them to be what we have found them in our own day, the patient, oppressed, plundered, and poverty-stricken helots of a hundred dynasties. In the great pyramids; in the ruins of the magnificent cities and temples which modern research is bringing up to the light of day; in the ruined canals and reservoirs which he made but might not use; in the cities, harbours, and monuments of the Ptolemys; in the magnificent mosques of the Caliphs, —we can still trace the blood and sweat of the unfortunate tillers of the soil of Egypt, for the *corvée* comes to us in an unbroken line from as many thousands of years before Christ as it existed in His era, if the sculptures and inscriptions tell a true tale. Wave after wave of invasion swept over Egypt, Persian, Macedonian, Roman, and Muslim, each carrying revolution through the country, but none do-

ing ought to raise the hapless mass of the people. The Christianity of Byzantium concerned itself as little about their wellbeing as did the Muhammadanism of the Caliphs; and they continued to suffer and exist until we become acquainted with them in our own day as the wretched fellahin of the Nile valley, the mainstay of the nation and the prey of the Government. Who shall say that after so many centuries of waiting, it was not time for some civilised Power to come to their rescue?

The best results of a revolution are most frequently the indirect ones—results which the actors in it did not aim at, and could not foresee. So it was with the attempt of Arabi Pasha. To have substituted for the Khedival power a military dictatorship, tempered by the danger of mutiny, would have done little permanent good to the country, even if it had happened to be an immediate improvement upon the government of the day. But Arabi's revolt led to the introduction of a small British garrison into Egypt, which has secured the peace and stability necessary for effecting a reorganisation of the country, and for carrying out a reformation of the abuses under which the people have groaned from time immemorial.

If we date the serious commencement of Egyptian reform from 1884, when the ascendancy of English influence began to be effective, we shall find that, short as the period is, a wide-reaching and firm basis has been already laid for the future prosperity of Egypt. It is true that Egypt is still but a Land of Promise. But that promise is so full both to the Egyptians themselves and to the

general interests of civilisation, that it would be the most signal misfortune both for the interests of Egypt and for the good repute of Great Britain, if it were marred by any hasty or jealous interference with the means of its being brought to fruition.

One of the latest visitors to Egypt, Mr W. Fraser Rae, in a useful work entitled '*Egypt To-Day*,'¹ has done good service by his popular summary of the signs of progress which he saw around him, and by his generous appreciation of the high aims of the English officials who have devoted themselves to the work of saving Egypt for the Egyptians. A still more recent writer on Egypt is Mr Alfred Milner, the late Under-Secretary for Finance in that country, whose book² also affords a very comprehensive view of the work that is at present being carried out under English auspices. Familiar with the inner workings of the Egyptian Government, Mr Milner very frankly exhibits the difficulties which the English have to encounter in their task at the hands of native officialdom, and also how successfully these have been surmounted by an outlay of tact and perseverance. Mr Milner is very outspoken in his opinions, and his characterisations of some of his fellow-workers seem to us to challenge criticism; but he stands boldly up for our occupation, and his whole work may be put forward as the case for its maintenance. It comes at a seasonable time, and ought to be carefully studied by all who are interested in the future of Egypt.

We need scarcely repeat over again the story of how Egypt became hopelessly involved by Ia-

¹ *Egypt To-Day: The First to the Third Khedive.* By W. Fraser Rae. London: Bentley. 1892.

² *England in Egypt.* By Alfred Milner, late Under-Secretary for Finance in Egypt. London: Edward Arnold. 1892.

mail's extravagance until the creditor Powers had to step in, and endeavour, with but little success, to manage his finances for him. We have no apology to offer for Ismail, whose splendid squandering would have speedily ruined a nation with double the revenue of that of Egypt; but we are loath to believe him so dark a villain as Mr Fraser Rae paints him. He had ambitions for his country as well as for himself, and the list of efforts at internal reform made during his reign is by no means a short one; and that they mostly proved abortive cannot be altogether charged to his fault. Two events of his reign at least deserve to be recorded to his credit—the construction of the Suez Canal, and the abolition of slavery; and there is very little doubt but that the expectations which he founded upon the Canal, and the lavish expenditure which the associations connected with it tempted him to launch out into, hastened an end which, otherwise, would ultimately have been inevitable. That he did his best to plunder Egypt at his departure was likewise true—what oriental despot would not have done the same? That Egypt was well rid of Ismail there can be no question; but when his reign comes to be reviewed, it will be found that his extravagance was its most culpable feature.

With the purchase of the Suez Canal shares by the Conservative Government in 1875 and the application made by Ismail shortly after for the assistance of English officers in his administration, the hand of England began to make itself felt in the internal government of Egypt. But between the Dual Control established in the interests of the creditors and the resistance offered by the Egyptians, the introduction of any salutary reforms became an impossi-

bility. This grew more apparent when Tewfik took his father's place. With many admirable qualities that would have commanded respect in the ruler of a settled constitutional State, Tewfik had nothing of either the despotic authority nor of the subtle *finesse* of Ismail. Hemmed in on one side by the Controllers and on the other by his Ministers, he could not give effect to his good intentions towards his people, and he was too conscientious to remain altogether supine. The authority of the Khedivat had been shaken by the interference of the suzerain in his father's deposition; and he himself had always a similar fate hanging over his own head. It was the Powers that had moved the Porte to action, therefore it behoved him to prove subservient to the Dual Control, than which, says Mr Fraser Rae, "nothing more effective could have been invented if the object had been to ensure failure and mischief in the conduct of public affairs." On the other hand, he had to dread what actually befell, the mutiny of a starving army, which even in his father's time had shown warning signs of insubordination.

"Everything which was done in Egypt by France and England led to rendering the country more dependent upon foreigners, and the Khedive more and more of a figurehead. The Commission of Liquidation, which was appointed in April 1880, at the instance of the Great Powers, effected reductions of expenses and other financial arrangements in the interests of the bondholders, and further lessened the Khedive's authority. A large reduction was made in the army, against which the Egyptian officers rebelled; and their riotous, if not outrageous, conduct led to the obnoxious order being rescinded, the army being increased, and the pay of the soldiers and sailors in the Khedive's service augmented to the amount of nearly £60,000 a-year."

The Egyptian officers had once made themselves felt, and unless Tewfik was to submit to be the puppet of a band of Pretorians, a conflict between them and the Khedive was inevitable. Attempts have been made to give the colour of a national movement to Arabi's mutiny; but the indifference or aversion with which the great mass of the Egyptians viewed the revolt, showed that they expected little benefit from the change to a military régime. But to Egypt and the Egyptians Arabi Pasha's insurrection proved indirectly the most signal blessing that could have been vouchsafed to them. France withdrew from active rivalry with Britain, and England could now apply herself with freedom to the task of reforming the administration, and releasing the country from its crushing burden of debt. The presence of a British force was not more necessary for the protection of British interests than for the safety of the Khedival government and the re-establishment of the prosperity of the country. We had to bear the burden of the Soudan troubles—a heavy enough one even had it entailed no more than the sacrifice of that priceless life at Khartoum; but it ought to be distinctly borne in mind that only the presence of a British force in Egypt kept back the wave of Muslim fanaticism, and prevented the Mahdi from establishing himself at Cairo or Alexandria, whence he might very well have set the whole world of Islam in a blaze.

Last month we entered fully into the question of the Soudan, and need not here again allude to the dangers that at one time may be said to have menaced almost the whole of north-eastern Africa. Our purpose at present is to review the progress which is being effected under English auspices, and to show

how necessary it is for the welfare of the country and our own credit that no hasty interference with it should take place until such times as the new institutions have taken a sufficiently firm root. And we do not deem it necessary to enter into any consideration of the Egyptian constitution, believing that at present to be a very secondary—when it is not a very unsatisfactory—factor in the Egyptian problem.

The root of all good government and order in an oriental country is the pure and impartial administration of justice. Justice in Egypt has always been notoriously venal, unequal, and tardy beyond that of most Muhammadan States. Lane has drawn a curious and painful picture of the Egyptian courts under Mehemet Ali, and more recent observers have not been able to record much improvement previous to our arrival on the scene. If justice was done at all, it was in a rough and summary manner, and by accident as often as not; while the poor who were unable to bribe, and whose existence might often depend upon the issue of a suit, rarely succeeded in obtaining a fair hearing. The mixed tribunals instituted by Ismail proved to be an unmixed misfortune for all except foreigners; and the Courts of Appeal and of First Instance established by the same Khedive were crippled by the incompetence and corruption of the lower tribunals. When Lord Dufferin was sent to Egypt, his report was that the chief requirement of the country was justice.

"What passes under that name," wrote his lordship, "is a mockery both as regards the tribunals themselves and the *corpus juris* they pretend to administer."

"Corruption," says Mr Fraser Rae, "often took the form of a refusal to render a decision till the judge had received what he considered to be an adequate payment. Those who were poor had to submit to wrong rather

than apply for a judicial decision. It was accounted foolish for a fellah to go to law with a pasha; and if two fellahin were in litigation, the one who had a pasha as his friend was certain of success. This sad state of things blighted life in Upper Egypt after the dwellers in the Delta could go into court without fear, and without having to rely upon bribes or the support of a protector to win the favour of a judge."

It was only after the establishment of the new courts under our influence that even Lower Egypt could be cited as an exception. The first step was the erection of five Courts of First Instance in Lower Egypt, and an Appellate Court at Cairo, presided over by judges whose salaries were fixed on a scale which raised them above the temptation of corruption. There was too much prejudice and too many vested interests concerned in the obstruction of justice for the new courts to be allowed to work smoothly, and about two years ago there seemed to be some danger of a break-down of the judicial system. The arrival of Mr Justice Scott, however, who had previously been a judge in the mixed courts, and his appointment as judicial adviser to the Khedive, happily prevented any such catastrophe. Justice Scott instituted a thorough inquiry into the machinery of justice, and his report laid the basis of an efficient and trustworthy judiciary down to the humblest tribunals—the most difficult to deal with. Unfit judges were removed, and their places filled by men of capacity and probity with a legal training. The number of courts was increased without increasing the number of the judges. Justice was brought to the door of the people, who before had sometimes to travel hundreds of miles with their plaints; cases were determined in as many months or days as they had previously occupied

years; graduated sentences were apportioned in criminal convictions; and a supervisory committee with inspectors was constituted to closely overlook the working of the tribunals, which promptly steps in when there is any need for its interference. Considering what the condition of the Egyptian courts was so recently, we fully share the satisfaction with which Mr Justice Scott records this early result of his labours:—

"The improvement is great. The law is clear and may be known to all. The tribunals are free from arrears. Their agency is spread throughout the country. Government itself is liable to be sued for any abuse of power. The courts are no longer used as engines of private malice. The dread of arbitrary intervention is passing away. The poorest peasant feels that his rights and liberties are safeguarded."

It was the denial of justice and the hopelessness of obtaining any redress for oppression that made the Egyptian fellah the miserable creature that we have known; and there are good hopes, now that he can avail himself of the protection of the law for securing himself in his rights, that his undeniable good qualities, his industry and frugality, will make him a prosperous and independent member of the State, and that, as Mr Fraser Rae says, "A new Egypt will serve as a model among Muslim countries."

The reform of the courts necessarily implies to some extent the reform of the police, who in Egypt have been the oppressors instead of the protectors of the people, and one of the chief agencies in the perversion of justice. The Oriental of the class the native policeman is drawn from uses power only to abuse it; he has been accustomed to have free recourse to torture to gain his ends; and provided he establish

the case which has come into his hands, he reckes little whether justice or the reverse is the result. An effort may be made to place the judges by adequate salaries beyond the risk of temptation; but in the case of the policeman this is manifestly impossible. Even in India, where an excellent police system has been at work for many years, and the closest supervision has been maintained over the working of the force, it is with the greatest difficulty that tyranny and corruption have been kept in check by the firm hand of the higher police authorities. In Egypt much has already been accomplished in this direction. There is seldom any of those painful cases of torture and of conspiracy among the police which used to disgrace its courts now brought to light; but there is evidently still much to be accomplished before the fellah can come to regard the policeman as his natural protector instead of his natural enemy.

Next to justice, the most efficient agency in the making of a free people is education, and in this department likewise we are able to show some progress for our few years of occupation. The history of education in Egypt is a curious one, reflecting as it does the individual views and characters of its recent rulers. As a seat of Muhammadan learning, Egypt, and Cairo in particular, has always been justly renowned; but the narrow training of the mosques, though well calculated to turn out learned theologians and excellent ecclesiastical lawyers, was soon found to be quite unfitted for producing men of affairs in this modern world. Mehemet Ali, who had himself attained middle age before he could read or write, resolved in his own lordly way that Egypt should be educated; and fifty primary schools, each de-

signed to educate a thousand boys, sprang up at his word. Board and education were to be given free; but so little were these appreciated by the people that the schools had to be filled by conscription, and the pupils, according to tradition, marched in gangs, sometimes in chains, to these seats of learning. An inspection of these schools took place under Ibrahim, when both teachers and pupils bore so strong a testimony to the worthlessness of the public education that the Pasha had them forthwith closed. Ismail on his accession restored the national schools, which by this time had become very popular, and there was a general rush to obtain a European education, which was recognised as the surest passport to public employment. By this time French influence was paramount; many of the teachers had received their training in France; and French ideas and French culture were generally in the ascendant. The higher education was to be obtained exclusively in France itself, and thither Ismail sent a number of the most promising students to complete their education. But down to the rebellion of Arabi Pasha Egyptian education had only succeeded in producing military officers and an official class, while the mass of the people who received any education at all were left to the mosque schools and the instruction of the Muhammadan hedge-pedagogue or *fikee*.

By Tewfik's time education was become so popular that it could be made to some extent self-supporting, which was all the more necessary as the debt was encroaching upon the not very munificent expenditure which the State had hitherto devoted to it.

"The State," Mr Fraser Rae tells us, "could not then afford to support many boarding-schools in which no fees were paid, and where the pupils

received pocket-money monthly. Parents were called upon to meet the cost of their children's education. The charge made for boarders ranged from £14 to £20, and for day-pupils, from £6 to £18. Bursaries or scholarships were instituted, and the pupil who obtained one was educated for nothing. If absolute poverty could be pleaded, the doors of the school were thrown open gratuitously to a limited number of pupils."

Although among ourselves the State has assumed the charge of instructing its future citizens, it has been the universal experience of the world that education to be appreciated must be directly paid for. Judged by this test, Egypt is now showing a most gratifying desire for enlightenment. The sum of £2323, paid in school fees in 1881, has risen to £20,000 in 1891—"figures," as Mr Fraser Rae justly remarks, "that have an eloquence which would be marred by comment." Unfortunately, the State, on its side, has not been able to make an adequate response. The Department of Finance, in the interest of the bondholders, is ever ready to cut down the educational estimates; and the grant for education, which was in 1883 £103,000, has in the interval been as low as £68,888, and in 1891 had only worked its way up as far as £91,000. It is useless to cavil at a retrenchment that is in all probability inevitable. Egypt must be extricated from her financial difficulties as a preliminary to general education as well as every other element of progress; and this can only be effected by the most careful management and improvement of the revenues extending over a course of years. Yet we are inclined to think that Mr Fraser Rae has justice on his side when he complains that the interests of the bondholders are pressed too hardly against the education of the people.

"It is quite possible," he says,

"without impairing the efficiency of the preposterous department which is entitled the Treasury of the Public Debt, to save £10,000; and the addition of such an amount to the Budget of the Department of Public Education would be an inestimable boon to the younger generation of Egyptians. But the holders of sinecures in the Treasury of the Public Debt would make a great outcry, and the representatives of the Great Powers would refuse to help Egypt in economising her expenses, if this rational proposal were formally made. That splendid but unhappy country has been crippled by those who formerly led her into extravagance, while those who would now guide her in the right path find their task almost insuperable."

Egypt is tolerably well provided with the means of technical and special education, which only wants being extended to be of immense general benefit. More or less efficient schools of law, medicine, and engineering are in existence; two years ago a college of agriculture was established, which, if turned to a good account, may send forth instructors to teach the fellahin the means of making the most of their opportunities. The present students come chiefly from the landowning class; but the college will fall short of its true value if it fails to send forth popular instructors to induce the very conservative fellah to practise a more modern and scientific method of tilling the soil. But perhaps the most important of all these special schools is the *École des Arts et Métiers*, founded by Mehemet Ali, which provides a technical training of a very high oriental standard. "The pupils who pass through a five years' course leave the school well qualified to earn their bread in any part of the world where competent wood-engravers, house decorators and painters, brassfounders and copper-smiths, ironfounders and telegraphists, cabinetmakers and carpenters,

printers and lithographers, are in demand." Other towns in Egypt are now pressing to have branches established within themselves. So far as we have seen the results of the *École des Arts et Métiers*, there seems to be one very noticeable defect in its teaching—a neglect of the principles of oriental art, which is all the more inexcusable with such splendid efforts of native genius as are to be seen in the mosque of the Sultan Hassan, or in the Ghoooreeyeh, or in the mosque of Kait Bey, in its immediate vicinity.

There are two very difficult problems before the Egyptian educationists which can only be solved by time and the maintenance of English influence. One is the substitution of English for French as the language of culture, and English for French methods of training. This subject is naturally surrounded by jealousy and rivalry; but if the English continue to remain in Egypt until the country can stand alone, the difficulty will by that time have been settled of itself. The second is a much more important one, so far as the mass of the people is concerned. It is the comprehension of the indigenous and vernacular schools within the State system of education. There are some 5000 or 6000 Arabic village and mosque schools scattered throughout Egypt, in which the education is of the most primitive and secularly worthless character, comprising often little more than the teaching of reading and instruction in the Koran, with sometimes lessons in writing. Many of these schools, we believe, have advanced of themselves of late years; but though they afford to the Government the readiest means of popular education, they have been sadly neglected. We are aware that the heads of the Muhammadan faith have a distrustful suspicion of all innovations in

teaching, especially of those coming from a European source; but surely it would be no impossible task for the Government to win their confidence and enlist their sympathies, as has been done with such excellent results in India, and thus secure a combination of sound elementary teaching with the study of the Koran in every village in Egypt.

More noticeable to the general public than all our other achievements in Egypt have been the great public works completed and put in progress during the last ten years, to find a parallel for the greatness of which we shall have to go back to the days of the Pharaohs. In the prosecution of these schemes is bound up the whole of the future material welfare and prosperity of Egypt and its population, and our task in Egypt will not have ended until we have seen them brought to a successful conclusion. As an example of how English engineering skill can triumph over a work abandoned in despair by the native Government, and ridiculed as impossible by foreign experts, we may refer to the completion of the Nile *barrage*, perhaps our greatest triumph in Egypt, won for us by the skill and genius of Sir Colin Scott Moncrieff. This work has a remarkable history. Its object was to throw a dam with gates over the Rosetta and Damietta branches of the Nile, where the main river splits up into them at the head of the Delta. The project was first mooted by Buonaparte's French *savants*. It was revived under Mehemet Ali, by M. Linant de Bellefonds, a distinguished French engineer, who drew up the plans and estimates, fixing the cost at rather more than a million and a half sterling. The *corvée* was set in motion; the stones collected for the work covered 2000 acres. But after £1,800,000 sterling had been

spent, the work was abandoned by Said Pasha, although his predecessor had actually gone the length of proposing to pull down the Pyramids to provide material. Ismail again took up the question of the *barrage*, and consulted Sir John Fowler, who gave it as his opinion that the work might be made efficient for an outlay of £1,200,000. No action, however, was taken, and the idea of the *barrage* was abandoned by the Egyptian Government in favour of irrigation by pumping from the river, which could be turned to a small immediate financial account.

Such was the state of matters when Sir Colin Moncrieff, who had gained great irrigation experience in India, arrived in Egypt, and examined the *barrage*, now fast crumbling to ruins. Assisted by Mr Willcocks, another eminent irrigation engineer, who had also served in India, he examined the ruins, and resolved if possible to save the works, and put the *barrage* into a condition of efficiency. This was in 1883, and by the spring of next year, for an expenditure of £25,000, the Nile had been raised nearly a foot and a half behind the gates when the river was at its lowest ebb; and the benefit to irrigation was immediate and remarkable. The bumper cotton crop of that year induced the Government to reconsider the question of completing the *barrage*; Sir Evelyn Baring secured the assent of the Powers to an irrigation loan of a million; and the work was seriously commenced in 1885.

"Year after year the engineers continued their labours in the teeth of difficulties which would have daunted less energetic and determined spirits. The working season was short. While the *barrage* was repairing, it was always in use, and this, as Sir Colin puts it, is equivalent to 'mending a

watch and never stopping the works.' Still there was uninterrupted progress, and in 1890 the task was accomplished. Great in itself, the triumph is the greater when it is considered that men of high scientific attainments had pronounced the restoration and finishing of the *barrage* impossible except at an outlay of £1,200,000. The sum expended when the end was reached was £405,170. If the cost of the temporary measures in 1884 and 1885, and some extras to give a finish to the whole, are reckoned, the total does not exceed £464,000."

It is in works such as these that England is writing the records of her occupation on the face of Egypt. It is impossible within our limits to even name the many public works on foot which are rapidly transforming the Delta into a fertile garden cut up by navigable waterways. Prominent among them is the new Tewfikieh Canal, opened two years ago at a cost of £372,900. We must be content with the following summary of a few of the chief works given by Mr Woodruff, the correspondent of the 'New York Nation,' as quoted by Mr Fraser Rae.

"A few instances of the economies effected by the English engineers may not be uninteresting. In 1885, at a cost of £5000, for cutting a main drainage channel between the Canals Tanah and Gabadah, 30,000 acres, water-logged and worthless from salt infiltrations, were reclaimed. In 1886, a new head-channel was given to the Kurtamia Canal, at a cost once for all of less than £2000, thus saving an annual outlay of £1500 for silt-clearance. The Samana Canal had been neglected for twenty years, and all the lower portion of the tract it should have supplied with water had been thrown out of cultivation, and was inhabited by a few Bedouins; but a judicious expenditure of £3000 on the canal brought back into cultivation 50,000 acres, and the deserted villages are all rebuilt. To clear the Sahel Canal of silt each year used to require 13,000 men working for 40 days; but by a junction canal and a

siphon, the canal now clears itself—or, in other words, by an expenditure once for all of £5400, an annual saving of £7000 has been effected. . . . In former days a poor man was completely at the mercy of his rich neighbour and of the corrupt native inspector, who, unless bribed, would not open a sluice at the critical time for the crops. Now, the poor no longer have to bribe for water; they have confidence in the English inspectors, and have learned that petitions will be listened to and wrongs redressed."

Another great project, which is designed to be among irrigation dams what the Forth Bridge is among viaducts, the construction of a *barrage* in Upper Egypt for regulating and utilising the waters of the Nile, has been so recently described in these pages that we need not again refer to it.¹ If carried out, the gain to the Egyptian revenue and the extension of cultivable land will be on a scale not easily computable at present. Sixty millions sterling is the estimated return for an expenditure of £5000 on this work, which we trust to see speedily put in hand, so that Upper Egypt may at length have its share of benefits which have accrued to the Delta from the English occupation.

While we are considering the prospects of Upper Egypt, we may cast a brief glance at the Fayoum, "that fertile, abnormal, neglected, quaint old province," as Sir Colin Moncrieff calls it in his preface to Major Brown's admirable monograph on that oasis.² The late Laurence Oliphant, who visited the Fayoum shortly after the occupation, was among the first to direct prominent attention, in this Magazine, to the antiquities of the

Fayoum, as well as to its modern possibilities. Whether as Lake Moeris, the land of Goshen, or the Arsinoite nome, the Fayoum has always been one of the most interesting corners of Egypt; and if in the new scheme for regulating the Nile a second Lake Moeris is to be added to the marvels of Egypt, it will not be the least wonderful instance of history repeating itself. The history of the old Lake Moeris, now vanished from ken, and a constant source of speculation to the archæologist, is thus told by Miss Brodrick in her excellent version of Marriette Bey's '*Aperçu*':—

"We know what the Nile is to Egypt. If the periodical rise of its waters be insufficient, then part of the land must be inundated and must remain barren. On the other hand, should the rise of its waters be excessive, the dykes are swept away and whole villages are submerged, so that the land that should be fertilised is destroyed. Egypt is therefore perpetually threatened with two equally formidable misfortunes. In the face of such formidable catastrophes, Amen-em-hat III., a king of the Twelfth Dynasty, conceived and put into execution a truly gigantic project. Buried in the desert on the western side of Egypt there lies an oasis of cultivated land, which is connected by a sort of isthmus with the country watered by the Nile. Towards the centre of this oasis stretches a large plateau whose general level is that of the Egyptian plains; on the west lies a natural lake thirty miles long. It was in the centre of this plateau that Amen-em-hat undertook to excavate an artificial lake that should cover a surface of ten million square metres. Should the overflow of the Nile be insufficient, the water was brought into this lake and stored up, so to speak, for the irrigation not only of the Fayoum but of the whole left bank of the river as far as the

¹ "The Egyptians and the Occupation"—'Maga,' Nov. 1891, p. 709.

² The Fayoum and Lake Moeris. By Major R. H. Brown, R.E. London: Stanford. 1892.

sea. Did too high an inundation threaten the dykes, then the great reservoirs of the artificial lake were to be opened, and when its waters in their turn overflowed, the overflow was let out by a flood-gate into the Birket-el-Kurun. The two names which the Egyptians gave to this wonderful work of Amen-em-hat III. have both become historical. From one *Meri*—that is to say, the lake *par excellence*—the Greeks drew their tradition of a king bearing that name; while the other, *P-ium*, an old word meaning the sea, has become in the mouths of modern Arabs the appellation of a whole district owing its fertility to the endowment of a Twelfth Dynasty king.”¹

Whether or not the schemes now under consideration are to result in the creation of a new Lake Moeris, to rival the great work constructed by the Pharaoh of 2466 B.C., the Fayoum is likely to benefit largely by any irrigation works on the Upper Nile, and the province, which has recently begun a fresh career of prosperity, will become one of the most prosperous districts in Egypt.

But with all these important works, and the considerable outlay which they necessarily involve, it is satisfactory to know that there is already some relaxation of the financial pressure, and an ultimate prospect of lightening the heavy burden of the country. Mr Milner has a valuable and instructive chapter on the financial struggle in Egypt, which he describes as a “race against bankruptcy.” The English occupation of Egypt has effected a complete change in the attitude of the creditors. Instead of clamorously demanding their pound of flesh, blood and all, they now find it to their interest to take a benevolent concern with the pro-

gress of the country and the welfare of the people. “As a matter of fact,” Mr Milner tells us, “now that it has been once established that the resources of Egypt, under present management, can bear the interest of the debt at its present rate, the last people an Egyptian finance minister, nominal or virtual, need trouble his head about, are these very bondholders.” Even the Commissioners of the Caisse, the special guardians of the creditors’ interests, “are more occupied nowadays with projects for employing their reserve fund in developing the wealth of the country than with needless anxieties about the coupon.”

The debt of Egypt, which had only exceeded by a little three millions sterling at the accession of Ismail, had risen to ninety-eight millions at the time of his deposition, involving a charge for interest upon the revenues of £3,410,000 per annum. Adding to these the Turkish tribute, the interest on the Suez Canal shares, and other external obligations, we find that about four and a half millions, one-half the revenue of the country, had thus to be sacrificed, while the taxation of the land had risen 50 per cent. The provisions of the Law of Liquidation fell short of the necessities of the situation. This law “not only suppressed the extravagances, but it trenchoned upon the necessities, of government.” Mr Milner condemns the Sinking Fund as a mistake. Its immediate application was certainly premature. But before the administration was again thrown into confusion by Arabi’s insurrection, a reduction of nearly a million had been effected in the debt. The rebellion, the burning

¹ Marriette’s ‘*Outlines of Egyptian History*,’ translated by Miss Brodrick: London—Murray. We are glad to see that this useful little work, the value of which is greatly enhanced by Miss Brodrick’s notes, has reached a second edition.

of Alexandria, and the troubles in the Soudan, made a serious addition to the debt of the country, and paralysed the economical arrangements of the Government. In 1883-84 a new loan became necessary; but while the revenues pledged to the bondholders had so increased that £800,000 of the capital could be redeemed, the administration was struggling with a deficit of £1,600,000. The necessity for effecting a fresh adjustment of the revenues, and for raising a new loan, led to the agreement effected in the London Convention of 1885, which is now the regulating principle in Egyptian finance.

"There are two points to be noticed in that important agreement," says Mr Milner. "In the first place, it empowered Egypt to raise nine millions sterling by means of a loan guaranteed by all the Powers, and to make the annuity of £315,000 set aside for the service of this loan a first charge upon the revenues assigned to the debt. With the security afforded by the guarantee of the Powers, the new money was obtained on excellent terms. The nominal amount borrowed in order to obtain £9,000,000 of ready money was only £9,424,000; and as the interest did not exceed three per cent, the annuity of £315,000 not only sufficed to cover that interest, but left a substantial sum over for the reduction of the capital. To obtain nine millions in cash for an annual payment of £315,000 was something unheard of in the history of Egyptian finance."

Out of this loan a million was spared for irrigation, which saved the system, "and with it the finances of Egypt." Under the Convention of London, the debt was raised to 104 millions. Last year it had reached nearly 106½ millions, but this does not represent fresh borrowing, being due to the Conver-

sion and other remunerative economies. Meanwhile the revenue of Egypt has risen since the London Convention from a little over 9½ to more than 10½ millions, and that in spite of a lightening or repeal of the imposts that pressed most heavily on the country. In fact, the country in the short period of six years has been placed in a position of solvency, and Mr Milner assures us that if proper measures are taken to encourage productiveness, "Egypt may in a generation attain a degree of prosperity as undreamt of now as her present position of solvency was undreamt of only six years ago."

The Egyptian problem is a complex one. Its factors are numerous and diverse, and its possible solutions manifold. But at present the whole question resolves itself into this—Is Britain to be allowed to perfect the great work which she has taken in hand? Are we to persevere in our task, "burdensome and embarrassing" as it is, according to Mr Gladstone, until we have freed the country from the crushing weight of its obligations, and placed the interests of Egypt on a firm, free, and prosperous footing? We have done much in a very short time; but we might as well have done nothing if our work is to be abandoned to the Egyptians themselves, before they are fitted to carry it on in the spirit in which it has been initiated. As we have said, our achievements in Egypt during the last few years are such as Britain may justly feel proud of; and it would be treason both to civilisation and humanity to plunge that hapless country once more back into the difficulties and disorder from which even yet we are only still struggling to raise her.

A RETROSPECT AND A PROSPECT.

THERE is no greater sorrow, says the poet of Italy, than to recall times of happiness when one is in misery. It is in such a sorrow that we find ourselves, when we remember the condition of our country twelve months ago, and contrast it with that which we contemplate to-day. Seldom, indeed, has a year opened more full of hope and promise than 1892. The Unionist Government, having completed five full years of official existence, could look back upon its work with complacency and satisfaction. It had inherited, indeed, no easy task. Its predecessors had exhibited a capacity for blundering, and an incompetence for administration, rarely discernible in British politicians. They had played fast and loose with every question upon which they had attempted to legislate. Their foreign and colonial policy had been marked by a feebleness and indecision which had lowered the position of Great Britain alike in the eyes of foreign nations and of our fellow-subjects in the colonies: they had trailed the British flag in the dust in South Africa; they had incurred the imperishable disgrace of having left Gordon to be done to death by savages, whom the presence of a single British regiment would have restrained; in contempt of colonial public opinion, they had permitted other nations to annex territories essential to colonial development; and had shown themselves utterly unable to grasp the idea of an imperial policy, under and by virtue of which the flag of Great Britain should be honoured and her power respected from one end of the world to the other.

NOR was their home administration more easily to be defended. Recognising the advance of the forces of democracy in this country, they had never been able to appreciate the necessity of guiding those forces with a firm hand upon a distinct and definite path of progressive improvement; but by delusive promises intended to capture the votes of the masses, and by mischievous and unpatriotic attempts to set class against class for their own political advantage, accompanied by a system of unscrupulous misrepresentation of the views of their opponents, they had produced an unhealthy state of public opinion in quarters where, but for their misconduct, it would never have existed, and had fostered a spirit of discontent and disquiet, of which the fruits have not yet been fully gathered. They had encouraged agitators, by feeble concession to any agitation which appeared for the moment popular; and had shown by their whole conduct an incapacity to understand that firmness is at least as necessary as concession in the government of a free people.

PERHAPS, however, their strongest condemnation is to be found in their melancholy mismanagement of Ireland. It was not only that their complete misunderstanding of the character of Irishmen was lamentably displayed in the alternate wheedling and bullying which characterised their so-called Irish policy. Apart from and beyond this, they fell into the fatal error of persuading themselves that the ordinary principles of right and wrong, of honesty and dishonesty, were not applicable to Ireland and to Irishmen; but that,

by some occult and mysterious process, the simple laws of justice and equity could and must in that country be modified and rendered agreeable to the people, who were to be dealt with as if equity and justice were susceptible of adaptation to popular sentiment, instead of being principles by which popular sentiment should be steered and guided, and to which the inhabitants of every civilised community must for their own sakes conform and submit. So it came to pass that, by the leaders of the so-called Liberal party, crime and outrage in Ireland were practically excused if not absolutely justified: the breaking of legal contracts; the combination for purposes declared by judicial authority to be unlawful; the persecution of peaceful citizens desirous of discharging their social obligations,—were all more or less condoned by those whose bounden duty it was to have repressed these evils with a strong hand, and to have vindicated the authority of the law. Then, finally, there came that great act of tergiversation on the part of the leader of the same party, which threw into the shade all his previous achievements (many as they have been) of a similar character, and which for the moment was too strong for the credulity of his adherents, so that it shattered into fragments that party which, built up in a long course of years by a succession of consistent Liberal statesmen, had unhappily surrendered itself to the leadership and guidance of the renegade Tory who had never been anything but a Tory until the leadership of the Tory party in the House of Commons had become the indisputable right of his great political adversary.

Never should it be forgotten that the best years of Mr Glad-

stone's life were passed in active opposition to the Liberal party, that so lately as 1859 he was described in Parliamentary Guide-books as a "Liberal Conservative," and that he never finally broke with Conservatism until his rejection in 1865 by the University of Oxford. Those, therefore, who talk of Mr Gladstone's long services to the Liberal party are oblivious or ignorant of the real facts of the case; and the melancholy truth must be told, that the great Liberal party has been cajoled, mesmerised, and humbugged by a political charlatan who never either understood or appreciated Liberal principles in their true sense. Never was there a more cruel misrepresentation employed against a body of politicians than that which accuses Liberal Unionists of having deserted their party. It was Mr Gladstone and his personal following who broke up and ruined the old Liberal party, because they deemed it expedient, in the presence of eighty-five Irish Nationalists, to depart from the tacit understanding by which loyal men of all political parties had continuously agreed to allow no prospect of political advantage to tempt them from the constant and unswerving support of the integrity of the British Parliament and the British empire. The Unionist Government, then, took office in 1886, as the result of the general election, which showed beyond doubt that the Liberal party had been shaken to its foundation by Mr Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule, and proved to demonstration that there were a goodly number of Liberals throughout the country who preferred principles to party. Unhappily, however, the personal influence of Mr Gladstone, increased by his mischievous and unpatriotic appeal to the

masses against the classes, was sufficient to hold together the organisation of his party, and gradually to unite under his leadership the rank and file of his former following throughout the country. In every English and Scottish county a goodly portion of the educated classes fell away from the leader who strove to make them believe that a divided Parliament would tend to strengthen a united empire. But these men were assailed in the most unscrupulous manner and in the bitterest language. They were abused as deserters, they were told that they were Tories (because, forsooth, they held to the old loyal policy which Tories and Liberals had alike held until the days of Gladstone!), and they were treated as if they had committed some unpardonable crime against political morality, because they had refused to be dragged through the mud at Mr Gladstone's bidding.

In spite of all this, however, these men gallantly stuck to their principles, and the political history of Great Britain records no more honest, hearty, and loyal alliance than that which prevailed during Lord Salisbury's Government, and still prevails, between the Conservative party and the Liberal Unionists. That alliance was from the first productive of unmixed benefit to both sections of the Unionist party. It taught the Conservatives that to be a Liberal was not of necessity to be a Revolutionist, and it taught the Liberals to recognise that true Conservatism was by no means opposed to progress. So it came about that between the years 1886 and 1892 the Salisbury Government was able to command a steady majority in the Unionist House of Commons, and to pass various measures upon subjects of

which the Gladstonian Administration had spoken much but performed little or nothing. During this period the country enjoyed an almost unprecedented tranquillity at home and abroad; the forces of disloyalty and illegality in Ireland gradually gave way before the firm and faithful administration of the law; public confidence was restored; and, with the exception of the depression under which the agricultural interest has long been suffering, the general condition of the country was satisfactory, and the people contented.

Unhappily, however, the usual process of undermining the position of her Majesty's Government had been going on ever since their accession to office. It is unavoidable that it should be so in a country depending upon representative institutions, especially with a franchise which throws a preponderance of political power into the hands of the masses. It must not be supposed that the careful improvement of their organisation throughout the country, or even the flagrant misrepresentations with which they assailed their opponents, were by any means the sole weapons which contributed to the victory of the Gladstonians at the polls. These indeed were powerful engines of warfare, but still more powerful was the fact that it was impossible to confine the issue upon which the general election was to be fought to the simple question of Home Rule. It was the old, old story over again. Every crotcheter was ready to vote against the Government which had opposed or ignored his own particular crotchet. Teetotalers, who cared nothing for Home Rule or who were absolutely opposed to it, voted for the Home Rule candidate who was for Local Option or

Local Restriction, if the Unionist was not of the same way of thinking. Labour candidates, and candidates who talked fluently about the Rights of Labour, polled largely among the operative classes, without any reference to Home Rule; whilst in some constituencies men openly avowed that they supported the Radical candidate on account of his general politics, and because they thought there was no danger that Home Rule would ever be passed. Moreover, in spite of earnest appeals from the Protestants of Ulster, British Nonconformity to a great extent followed the political leader who dangled before their eyes the tempting bait of Disestablishment in Wales and Scotland, and was evidently prepared to extend the principle when political exigency might require the extension. Indeed, when we come to look closely into the matter, and consider the numerous agencies which were at work against Lord Salisbury's Government, the wonder is, not that they were defeated at the polls, but that they should have so held their own as to be able to claim a majority of seventy votes in the English constituencies.

It is a serious thing to reflect that, in spite of this majority, and of the fact that England, both as regards wealth and population, is beyond doubt the most important member of the United Kingdom, the faulty distribution of political power which we endure at this moment practically deprives her of her proper weight and influence in her own government. It is, however, idle to indulge further in a retrospect of the past. We may find it easy to impute blame to individuals, and to satisfy ourselves that things ought to have been differently arranged. Such reflections are always among the

consolations of a defeated party. But the truth is, that there has seldom been a Government which went to the country with a better record than the Government of Lord Salisbury. During their tenure of office they broke no promise; they violated no pledge (for the accusation that they were pledged against that enforcement of the law in Ireland which inaccurate politicians call coercion was an accusation as absurd as untrue); they made honest attempts to deal with the subjects upon which the popular voice appeared to demand legislation; they lightened taxation; and they had every right to expect that recognition from their countrymen which would have secured to them the retention of office, and to the country the continuance of a strong and patriotic Government.

But since the wisdom of the electorate has decided otherwise, it is useless to look back upon and recapitulate the merits of the departed Government. Our task is rather to look calmly at the prospect before us, and to discover what grounds there may be for hope that those who now, by the turn of fortune's wheel, navigate the ship, may bring her safely through the shoals and quicksands which are to be encountered in her passage. The first reflection which occurs to us when engaged in this task is, that there is a marked difference in the parliamentary position of the present Government when contrasted with that of Lord Salisbury. The latter had a majority which, although it included men who called themselves Liberals, and others who bore the name of Conservative, was, as a matter of fact, a homogeneous majority, agreed upon general policy, and acting together in a frank and loyal spirit. Her

Majesty's present advisers have no such thing as a homogeneous majority. Their followers, indeed, call themselves Liberals, but the moment that we descend to an analysis we shall find that they are not only composed of different sections, but of sections who differ. What affinity have the Irish Catholics—drilled, guided, and ordered by their priests, and bound to take their politics from their spiritual advisers—with the great body of English Nonconformists, who deeply disapprove the creed of their temporary allies, and who regard priestcraft with pious horror? What true fraternity, again, can exist between the considerable body of Liberals who have bound themselves to support the compulsory Eight Hours Bill and those who have steadfastly refused to do so, and have even denounced it as a restrictive and illiberal measure? It was easy enough—as the work of destruction is always easy—to carry this heterogeneous crew into the same lobby in order to turn out Lord Salisbury's Government. But the moment that the work of construction begins, the repetition of the process will be difficult of accomplishment. Our subtle Gladstonian, out of office, can shift round about, and fence and quibble over a question until the questioner hardly knows whether he is in agreement with him or the reverse. But as soon as the same man has to decide whether he will or will not legislate in a certain direction, evasion and subterfuge no longer avail him, and he is obliged to pronounce himself one way or the other.

Here, then, begins the difficulty of our Gladstonian Government, and it will be interesting to see how they are to steer safely through the rocks which threaten

them on every side. The very constitution of the Government, moreover, is a difficulty of itself. Men may argue, if they please, that Home Rule has had a larger share than we are disposed to allow in bringing Mr Gladstone back to Downing Street; but there is one thing which no one will dispute, namely, that his immediate ex-official following had very little to do with such a result. It may be said without fear of contradiction of the present Ministers that, with one or two exceptions, there probably never has existed a Government in Great Britain the members of which, as individuals, had less popularity or less weight in the country. For the most part, these men are either discredited politicians who, after wavering to and fro, have stuck to Mr Gladstone as their only chance of being dragged out of the mire of mediocrity to which they naturally belong, or novices who have obtained office solely in virtue of their personal devotion to Mr Gladstone. These men—the old hacks and the new Prætorian Guard—have gathered, it is true, the fruits of victory, but the victory was not gained by them. It was the Radical and Labour parties in Great Britain and the clerical nominees in Ireland to whom belong the honours (?) of the day. And these are the men whom Mr Gladstone has rigidly excluded from his Cabinet, and to whose share scarce a crumb has fallen in the distribution of the minor places of the Administration.

We do not wish to impute either selfishness or a want of patriotism to our Radical friends, but they must be more than mortal if they regard their present position with satisfaction, or even with equanimity. We do not propose to discuss the question of

Mr Labouchere's disappointment, which amused the public for a few days, but has long since ceased to be interesting to any one but Mr Labouchere himself. It must not, however, be forgotten that in recent sessions of Parliament Mr Labouchere had posed as a Radical leader, with the apparent recognition of the Gladstonian front bench, and that his position was such as to justify him and his friends in considering his exclusion from the Government as something savouring of ingratitude on the part of the "revered leader" on whose behalf he had worked so hard in the constituencies. If, whilst bearing this in mind, we recall the fact that Mr Labouchere and those who act with him have earnestly and consistently advocated the abandonment of Uganda, we shall find on this ground alone a very legitimate pretext for a considerable estrangement between the two wings of the Gladstonian army. This estrangement, moreover, will not be rendered less bitter by the recollection of the debate of last session, in which Sir William Harcourt certainly appeared to share the opinion of Mr Labouchere. A debate in the new Parliament upon this question is not unlikely to prove the initial parliamentary difficulty of the new Administration, and it will be one full of interest to both sides of the House. It seems impossible that Mr Labouchere should abstain from forcing the matter upon the attention of the House of Commons and the country. He has already denounced Lord Rosebery as "Salisbury's man," and declared that he has no confidence in him or his policy. Lord Rosebery, meanwhile, in a speech at Whitechapel during the recent elections, pronounced his opinion to be that there should be

continuity in the foreign policy of Great Britain; and in a still more recent speech to a deputation which waited upon him with regard to the withdrawal from Uganda, has pretty plainly intimated that this was not a policy which he would recommend. There is no doubt, indeed, that Mr Labouchere's views have been, if they are not still, shared by members of the present Cabinet; but the expression of public opinion upon this subject has been so decided, that the Government have already resolved to send a commissioner to inquire on their behalf, and the selection of the commissioner (Sir Gerald Portal) gives us hope that we shall not have a repetition of the disgrace inflicted upon us in the case of the Transvaal by Mr Gladstone and his former Government. The prospect, therefore, as regards this difficult question, is not disheartening; but if so, it must be borne in mind that the country derives encouragement solely from the fact that the Minister whose succession to the Foreign Office was hailed as a sign that Lord Salisbury's policy would be continued is the Minister whose views are believed to have inspired the Government in their present action. The same thing may indeed be said with regard to Egypt, where a policy of scuttle would probably be adopted but for the continuity of policy to which Mr Gladstone's Government is impliedly committed by the presence of Lord Rosebery in the Cabinet. For certain members of the Cabinet, indeed, the prospect would not be so pleasant, if they were not so habituated to the practice of explaining away speeches and abandoning opinions, that the process has probably ceased to be as disagreeable to them as it would be to ordinary mortals.

There are, of course, other questions which cloud the prospect upon the ministerial horizon, and which may have a greater or less effect upon the permanence of their majority. The Welsh Disestablishment Bill and the Labour questions stand prominently among such, and it may be confidently predicted that both these questions will create further difficulties with Mr Gladstone's majority. It is, however, the Home Rule Bill which will, of course, be the *pièce de résistance* of the coming session, and with regard to that measure the reticence of Mr Gladstone and his colleagues continues to exist. We are perfectly contented that it should be so. An enormous change in the constitution of the United Kingdom cannot be carried in a hurry. It must be exhaustively discussed in Parliament, and it must be for a reasonable time before the country, so that its provisions and probable effect may be fully understood. If the matter is "kept dark" until the last moment, the only result will be to render its passage through the House of Commons still less probable, for the 313 Unionist members will of course take care that such a measure is minutely and fully discussed in every detail, and the longer the bill is kept from the public eye the longer will of necessity be the time required for such discussion. It would be idle to attempt at this moment to repeat the arguments by which we have, in previous numbers of this Magazine, pointed out the objections to the various proposals which have been before us with regard to Home Rule. The prospect is not one of an inviting character. We foresee dreary debates, Irish rows, the *clôture* invoked, scenes verging on disorder, and futile attempts on the part of Government

orators to prove that division promotes unity. But it passes our prophetic powers to say what may be the precise form which Gladstonianism may take in its attempts to accomplish its one great and absorbing desire—i.e., to keep its majority. If it could be so happily managed that the House of Lords should be brought into hostile contact with the House of Commons, the heart of the Gladstonians would rejoice within them, and a dissolution at such a moment would give them the cry of which, when the Home Rule bubble has exploded, they will be sadly in want.

But it may not be so easy to bring about this desired state of things, and at the present moment, with Home Rule and the Newcastle programme both before them, the position of the Ministers is hardly one to be envied. There is nothing wonderful, then, in the small attempts at popularity which individual members of the Government have been making since their accession to office. Mr Asquith must be taken first, for his sudden rise to high office has placed him in a conspicuous position, and entitles him to priority of notice. Mr Asquith had before him, very shortly after his accession to office, the question of the Trafalgar Square meetings. As far as the legal aspect of the question was concerned, the new Home Secretary spoke out with sufficient boldness. He entirely indorsed the views of his Conservative predecessor, that there existed no legal right by which the masses could claim to meet in Trafalgar Square. Then, having rightly vindicated the legal position of the matter, Mr Asquith went on to exercise his power as Home Secretary by allowing meetings to be held on Saturdays, Sundays, and Bank

holidays. It was a little hard upon certain bodies of resident ratepayers, to whom Mr Asquith had promised an interview in order to hear their objections to these meetings, that he should have decided the case and granted his permission for such meetings without waiting for the interview. This, however, was only natural in a Radical Minister, to whom resident ratepayers are of small account in comparison with the loafers, idlers, and worse, who, according to Mr John Burns, constitute a considerable portion of a good many metropolitan meetings. The Home Secretary's decision, however, is somewhat curious when one comes to consider it. Of course the main reasons why meetings have been forbidden in Trafalgar Square are—(1) the interruption of the traffic; (2) the possibility of disturbance; (3) the annoyance to shopkeepers and other resident ratepayers. Mr Asquith appears to think that the last have no right to object to proceedings which may exercise a serious effect upon their trade and deteriorate the value of their property; and in deference to the mob, who have no legal right in the place, he deprives these ratepayers of their undoubted rights—namely, of the right to the quiet enjoyment of their property, and of free passage to and from their places of business. And then, as if to make matters rather worse, he chooses Saturdays, when Londoners who can do so love to rush away to the country, to allow meetings in the immediate vicinity of the station of one of our largest railways, greatly to the inconvenience of the travelling public. It is the true Gladstonian policy. The mob who assemble at the command of a demagogue or of a union, and who have no earthly

business to be at Trafalgar Square save to use it as a thoroughfare, are to be petted and considered at the expense of the orderly and tax-paying portion of the community. If you desire to obtain Gladstonian sympathy, the simple and only way is to make as much noise as you can, disturb peaceable people, create confusion and uproar, and by all such means as quiet citizens avoid and detest, bring the subject upon which you desire to legislate "within the sphere of practical politics." In the present instance Mr Asquith's little bid for popularity was unprovoked and unnecessary. People had seen the justice of the decision of the previous Home Secretary, which for the sake of public convenience forbade public meetings in Trafalgar Square, and they were perfectly willing to acquiesce in this sensible and salutary state of things. But promises made when accession to office seemed improbable, had to be kept when office had been obtained. Consequently the door is opened which it will be difficult to shut hereafter, and although many meetings may take place without public disturbance, such may at any time occur, and meanwhile an unnecessary strain is put upon the police, and the dwellers in the neighbourhood are scandalised and annoyed, in order that Mr Asquith's promises may be redeemed.

Mr Henry Fowler's bid for popularity is of a different kind. He has made use of his position as President of the Local Government Board to reduce the qualification for the office of guardian of the poor all over England to a rateable value of five pounds. So far as the qualification goes, a man is probably neither the better nor the worse for being rated at five or at fifty pounds; and when no qualification is required for a member

of the House of Commons, it seems unnecessary to haggle about the matter in the case of a poor-law guardian. But the fact of its sudden reduction by Mr Fowler is both amusing and instructive. We are supposed to live in a country which is governed by constitutional usages. Yet here is one of our Radical Cabinet proceeding after the fashion of pure and unadulterated despotism. He awaits, may, he permits, no discussion in Parliament, no indication of the feeling which either the rural or urban constituencies may entertain on the matter; but with a ruthless hand he proceeds at once to make a very considerable change in our local constitution, of his own will and pleasure. So much for Radical respect for representative opinions. There may be objections to be urged against the change which do not occur to us at the moment, and it may work in a different manner from that anticipated by its authors. Some, no doubt, will consider it as a blow aimed at property, which, even now, has no great preponderance of power in our local institutions; some may regard it as the only means by which the labouring class could be directly and adequately represented on Poor Law Boards. These are points fairly to be considered: but the amusing part of the affair is the off-hand and arbitrary way in which Mr Fowler has exercised his official powers, which, had it been a wicked Tory who had so acted, would have been denounced by the virtuous Liberal press as a sin beyond redemption.

But if Mr Asquith and Mr Fowler have laid themselves open to criticism by any step in their official action since office fell to their lot, there is another individual who has done far more

than either of them to oblige us to lament over our present political prospect. Mr John Morley has taken action of a somewhat strange character. It must at once be confessed that his position was delicate and difficult. Along with other members of the present Government, Mr Morley had voted for a proposal made by the Nationalists with regard to restoring the evicted tenants in Ireland, and in support of their general right to be restored to their farms. Now any one endowed with ordinary intelligence and common honesty will at once see and admit that no measure which proposed to restore evicted tenants *en masse*, or to classify them all upon one equal footing, could possibly be reasonable or just, because the circumstances differed so widely in the various cases. To put it shortly, there are evicted tenants who would have paid their rents but could not; there are others who could have paid but would not; and there are still others who neither could nor would pay. To deal with all these upon one and the same footing would be a most unjust proceeding. If there was to be any process of reinstatement, it is evident that the only fair way would have been to institute an inquiry by means of an impartial and competent tribunal to investigate the original cause of the eviction, and all accompanying circumstances which would bear upon the claim which was advanced for reinstatement. Such an inquiry might indeed be open to the objection that, after all, the landlord had in all these cases merely exercised his legal rights, and endeavoured to recoup himself for non-payment of rent by the only means permitted him by law. But the legal rights of Irish landlords have already been

so entirely disregarded and set aside by Gladstonian legislation, that no objection upon this score would have been likely to be urged. No Irish landlord and no British Unionist would have been surprised at the issue of a Commission empowered to make the inquiries to which we refer. But what certainly did surprise the world at large was the constitution of the Commission which was actually issued, and the instructions under which it acted.

Until the Report of Mr Justice Matthew's Commission has been presented to Parliament, it would be premature to discuss this question at length. This, however, must be said—namely, that first, the limitation of the scope of the inquiry, forbidding the absolutely necessary discovery of the causes of ejection; secondly, the one-sided complexion given to the Commission by the omission to appoint one single commissioner who could be said to represent the views of the landlords; and thirdly, the conduct of the inquiry by the chief commissioner, which was followed by the prompt withdrawal from the Commission of two of his colleagues,—have entirely destroyed by anticipation any weight or value which the Report might otherwise have had. The plain truth is, that the aim of Mr Morley, and the Gladstonian Government who are responsible for his action, has all along been, not to do justice between Irish landlords and Irish tenants, but to fulfil their promises to the Nationalist members, and to secure their support in the coming parliamentary struggle. Nor is this question of the Irish tenants the only one which hangs like a dead-weight around the neck of the Government. They went so far when in opposition, in their attempts to

conciliate and hold together their Irish allies, that the latter claim it as their promise that the dynamitard felons should be liberated from the imprisonment which they have so well deserved. Here again are our Gladstonian rulers upon the horns of a dilemma. If they refuse—as it would almost seem they must refuse—to let those ruffians loose upon society, they alienate at least a portion of their Irish allies, who are pledged up to the neck to support no Government which will not yield upon this point. If Government, on the other hand, should yield to this demand, assuredly they will drive from the ranks of their supporters every one who really sets the preservation of law and order and the security of life and property before the exigencies of party and the love of office.

But we have not yet reached the end of the eccentric imbecilities of which Mr Morley has been guilty. Having taken office amid the repeated assurances of his colleagues that coercion was to come to an end, it was necessary that something should be done, although that something would be difficult for those who knew, as well as Mr Morley knew, that the only coercion enforced in Ireland was the coercion of criminals, to prevent them from committing crimes. But something had to be done. Accordingly, with a great flourish of trumpets, it was announced that the Coercion Act would be suspended. What, however, is forgotten, or not generally known, is the fact that Mr Balfour had already suspended for some time the most stringent provisions of the Act, so that all that was left to Mr Morley to do was to suspend certain provisions which, for good reason, had been left alone. One of these was the

provision that, in cases of murder or attempted murder, there might be a secret inquiry before a prosecution was undertaken; and the other, that there might be a "change of venue" when it appeared that a fair trial could not be had in a particular locality. It is difficult to see how either of these provisions could be fairly called coercive. Mr Morley may yet find that the first is indispensable to the punishment of crime in parts of Ireland; and the second seems to commend itself to our common-sense as a reasonable and useful provision. It is not obvious that the suspension of these provisions can possibly do any good to anybody, and we can only hope that they may not do the mischief of which there seems at least a possibility.

But in this somewhat hasty action, and in the appointment of his unhappily constituted Commission upon the evicted tenants, Mr Morley does not seem to think he has done enough to gratify the Nationalist or Clerical party upon which the Gladstonian majority entirely depends. No reader of Mr Morley's writings will be likely to accuse him of any partiality to the priests of the Church of Rome, or indeed to those of any other Christian denomination. It is therefore all the more marvellous that the Irish Secretary should have been able to bring himself to the point of endorsing and approving the action of the Meath priesthood at the election which has just been the subject of an election petition in which their conduct has been emphatically condemned by a judge of their own creed. That Mr Morley should have deemed it befitting his position, and in accordance with his duty, to hurry over from Ireland to defend these men before his New-

castle constituents, is one of the most remarkable proofs within our memory of the lengths to which even men of philosophic minds can be driven by the stress of party feeling and the pressure of political emergency. The excuse for Mr Morley must be found in the damage doubtless inflicted upon Mr Gladstone's Government by the proof afforded of the manner in which his Irish majority has been secured, and of the composition of that majority. Mr Morley calmly tells his Newcastle audience that "all this about priestly domination, so far as English parties are concerned, is *cant*." Our Protestant nonconformists have swallowed a good deal for Mr Gladstone's sake, but one would imagine that this last morsel must be almost too tough even for the digestion of a political dissenter. All cant! A Roman Catholic archbishop is proved to have published a pastoral in which he assumes the right to direct the political action of a constituency, and declares that the people must take from their clergy their political as well as their religious faith. Supported by this pastoral, the priests throw themselves into the struggle between the Parnellite and the Anti-Parnellite candidate, denounce the friends of the former in their chapels, and even go so far as to threaten them with the terrors of the next world if they refuse to follow priestly dictation in the present. They actively interfered throughout the whole election; they exercised their spiritual powers in a manner entirely destructive of all freedom of election; they have been emphatically condemned by the Catholic judge before whom the petition was tried; and yet, because they are supporting the Nationalists who support Mr Gladstone, Mr

Morley is ready to excuse and condone their offence, and declares that it is all cant to protest, as we do and must protest, against that priestly domination which has at length been exposed and brought to light before the eyes of the world!

Every one who reads the newspapers may form his own opinion as to the composition of the body of the Gladstonian Nationalist members. They number some seventy-two or seventy-three returned by Irish constituencies, in every one of which they have been supported by the preponderating clerical influence. Let Mr Morley declaim as much as he likes, he cannot gainsay or explain away the fact that these priest-elected men constitute Mr Gladstone's majority, and hold the fate of his Government in their hands. It is idle to attempt to hoodwink and deceive men of ordinary intelligence into the belief that this is only what has happened before, and that the Irish party has played "the same part in English politics during the last sixty years." No one knows better than Mr Morley that this is an inaccurate and misleading statement of the real facts. It is only partially true of a small portion of our history—namely, of Lord Melbourne's Government from 1837-41, when the Government majority was so small that the comparatively insignificant number of Irish members who went by the name of "O'Connell's tail" had it in their power to bring about a ministerial crisis at almost any moment. But even at that time Mr Morley's account of the state of affairs does not disclose the truth. Then, as always until very recent times, both political parties in the State were agreed in the loyal maintenance of the union between Great Britain and Ireland,

and the only attempt to disturb it,—namely, by Mr O'Connell in 1834—was defeated by an enormous majority (523 to 38), composed of members from both sides of the House. Never, until in recent years, has there been any Irish party of appreciable strength which has based its existence upon a demand to alter the relations between Great Britain and Ireland, and the appearance of such a party has entirely altered the conditions of the question.

We have, moreover, to bear in mind two material facts—first, as regards the strength of the Anti-Union party, that Ireland has at least twenty members more than she has a right to in the Imperial Parliament; and, secondly, that if the number which she ought to have was fairly distributed according to the population and taxation of the country, it is more than probable that the relative numbers of Unionist and Nationalist members would be altered in favour of the former. But be this as it may, Mr Morley's assertion with respect to the position and power of any Irish party during the last sixty years cannot be maintained, and nothing that he can advance touches or diminishes the importance of the real point—namely, that in questions affecting the relations between two integral parts of the British empire, the political party which advocates one particular view has only a majority by means of men returned to Parliament by the unscrupulous exercise of spiritual influence on the part of the Roman Catholic priests. It may of course be attempted to represent Meath as an isolated case, but such a statement will not bear a moment's investigation. It is perfectly well known that the same priestly influence which carried South Meath for

the Anti-Parnellite Home Rulers was exercised in many other constituencies; and in the petition against the Parnellite, Mr Redmond, in East Clare, clerical interference seems to have been extended so far as to compel an ignorant girl to "put her mark" to a statement which she never made, and much of the evidence given against the anti-clerical member appears to have been carefully collected and arranged under the guidance of priests.

This, then, is the system, and these the practices, of which Mr Morley poses at Newcastle as the defender and justifier, and there is no escaping from the plain inference that if Mr Morley and Mr Gladstone continue in office, Ireland will be ruled by and through the priests, freedom of election will altogether disappear, and that body of Catholic ecclesiastics who have already done their best to frustrate and nullify the efforts of the head of their religion in the direction of obedience to the law, and the fulfilment of legal obligations, will find that by the aid of the British Government they will be enabled to defy the law, as they have defied the Pope, and to control the British Parliament by the votes of the unhappy dupes whom they drive like sheep to the poll in support of their nominees.

Our prospect, then, as regards Ireland, is not a bright one, even if we had not to deal with a measure of Home Rule, which must at length be placed before the country and justified by its authors and supporters. The power of the priests, as evidenced in the elections to which we have just called attention, will of course be increased by any measure which gives greater power to their nominees. Speaking at Whitechapel

on the 23d of June last, Lord Rosebery boasted of the restrictions contained in Mr Gladstone's Bill of 1886 upon "the establishment and endowment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or imposing any disability, or conferring any privilege, on account of religious belief;" and indignantly asked his audience whether they supposed that, "if there were any danger to the Protestant religion in Ireland, Great Britain would endure it for a moment?" This is all very fine talking, but is there any sane man who believes that an Irish Parliament returned by the priests will submit to such restrictions, or will not find a way to defeat or to evade them? Moreover, if the Parliament to be offered to Ireland by Mr Gladstone is to be anything but a sham—if it is to be that National Legislature without which we are told Ireland will not be satisfied—these and other restrictions will not be tolerated, and will be swept away the very first moment that the exigencies of a British Government render necessary some further concession to the demands of Ireland. For to suppose that these demands will be satisfied by any Home Rule Bill which the Imperial Parliament is now prepared to pass, is to suppose that which is wholly unlikely, and entirely opposed to all the experience of the past. Weak and unprincipled concession, such as has characterised Mr Gladstone's Irish legislation from first to last, never yet settled any question or satisfied any body of discontented people. This is a certainty to which we may at once make up our minds; and the only question to consider is whether we shall be better able to resist unreasonable and extravagant demands from Ireland after we have once surrendered to her

the power which will henceforth enable her to advance such demands with the weight and authority of a National Legislature to support them.

It is not, however, from Ireland alone that clouds arise to darken the prospect of our future. The Gladstonian promises, scattered far and wide in the reckless spirit which has marked the party since 1886, are coming home to roost. They cannot be ignored. The demands of the Radical and Labour parties must either be satisfied or rejected. If the former, everything that is moderate and constitutional will be driven from the Gladstonian ranks; if the latter, the Government tenure of office is scarce worth a month's purchase. The Unionist party, meanwhile, stands upon firm ground. The demand for "one man one vote" causes Unionists no uneasiness, because they are perfectly ready to concede it as part of a large and well-considered scheme of redistribution of political power, and to refuse any peddling and one-sided dealing with a question which affects the whole constitution of our representative system. Neither has the Eight Hours question any terrors for Unionists, who are ready to consider favourably any such claim advanced by special trades on account of special trade circumstances, but will resist the attempt to impose a universal restriction upon labour against the wishes of many of those who live by the work of their hands. Upon the Land question also the Unionists occupy a sound position, for while they repudiate those socialistic doctrines of land-nationalisation which would divert capital from the land and render insecure every species of property, they are prepared to remedy any defect in our Land Laws which can

be shown to injuriously affect its distribution among a larger quantity of owners, and to promote such a result by every legitimate means.

But on all these, as well as upon a variety of other subjects, the members of the present Government have so committed themselves that their difficulties are great, if not insuperable, and the work of holding together the motley team which they have to drive will test to the utmost the ability of the Gladstonian leaders. The prospect, then, of the New Year contrasts very sadly with that which we had before us twelve short months ago. An honest attempt to govern the country upon sound and safe principles has indeed been recognised by the English constituencies, but their voice has been overborne and silenced for the time. The electorate in too many places has allowed itself to be deceived by the gross misrepresentations, the unscrupulous mendacity, and the lavish promises with which the Gladstonians have fought the battle. Still, there are compensating thoughts even in this hour of temporary sorrow. It is well that the Home Rule party, British and Irish, should have an opportunity of putting into a practical shape the strange and discordant theories which they have dangled before our eyes for the last six years. It is well that the upholders of those who have defied the law in Ireland should themselves be once more responsible for the administration of the law. It is well that those who, for party purposes, have played with and encouraged the professors of wild and socialistic doctrines should have to deal from the Treasury benches with the demand to apply those doctrines in a practical form.

And, last if not least, it is well that the spiritual tyranny of the Irish priests should have been proved upon oath before the world; that the statesman who, above all others, had denounced clerical influence, should have been forced to the front as the defender of this very influence when exercised in favour of his own friends; and that thus we have had demonstrated beyond doubt and beyond contradiction that the so-called Liberal party of to-day, or at least that portion of it which ranks itself under the Gladstonian banner, no longer reverences and cherishes that freedom of opinion and action which in past days

were the sacred watchwords of Liberalism, but is ready, for the sake of power and place, to put its neck under the heel of clerical intolerance, and to crouch in humble obedience to any and every body of men by whose aid a parliamentary majority may be secured. Well indeed may Sir Edward Reed, or any other Liberal in whom is left a vestige of independence, raise his voice in earnest protest against the men who have dragged the name of Liberal through the dirt, and whose present possession of office constitutes the dark cloud which for the moment overshadows our prospect of the future!

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Vol. CLIII.

EARLSCOURT: A NOVEL OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

CHAPTER VI.—EARLSCOURT.

THAT excellent little work, 'A Guide to Earlsport and its Environs, with Notes on Elsedale Antiquities and Scenery' ('Earlsport Mercury' Office and all stationers), informs us that in the reign of Alfred a certain Norse Jarl named Swein sailed his pirate ship into the mouth of the Else, and having gathered together all that he could plunder, built for himself a stronghold which was called the Jarl's Court, and settled his followers in a hamlet close to the natural harbour formed by the river as it flows into the sea, which henceforth went by the name of the Jarl's port. To this ancestor the Swaynes, who were lords of the manor of Earls court and the lower stretches of Elsedale in Plantagenet and Tudor times, referred their origin, and there seems no reason why we

should cast discredit upon the belief.

Referring to the authority which we have already cited, those who are anxious to follow the fortunes of the Swayne family through the wars of the Roses, and other commotions miscalled civil, we may mention that in the time of James I. the family dignity and possessions threatened to devolve on a female; and though the former was unimpaired, the latter appear to have been considerably dilapidated. A generation before, one of the daughters of Earls court had married John Colpoys, a citizen of London, who was fishmonger to Queen Mary of zealous memory, and accumulated a large fortune through the pious observances of her Court. He was afterwards sheriff of London under Elizabeth; and his son, John

Colpoys also, was among the earliest of her successor's Nova Scotian baronets. The rising Colpoys had helped the declining Swaynes, until the possessions of the latter had been all mortgaged to the former; and Sir John Colpoys had gallantly settled the matter by taking the lass with the land. The lands of Earlscourt thus remained in the Earl's line, although on the distaff side, and the Colpoys were as proud of their Norse progenitor as ever the Swaynes had been.

From the days of Sir John down to the American war there is nothing to record of the baronets of Earlscourt. They were loyal to King Charles, but did not draw their swords for him; they abhorred Cromwell, especially after the Restoration, but never thought of taking up arms against him. They waited quietly until the glorious Revolution of 1688 was fairly effected before making up their minds that it was a signal deliverance for the country. Under the Georges they bought boroughs, and made themselves and their members a power in Parliament. Their politics were not of a decided cast, to judge from the way in which their influence was cast now in one scale, now in another. Sir George Colpoys's conduct was said to be the foundation of Walpole's aphorism, "Every man has his price;" but this is probably a slander originating with the detractors of the family, of whom there have always been plenty.

The services which Sir Robert Colpoys rendered to the State—he could command four votes in the House, besides giving his own—during the stormy debates on the American rebellion, induced his gracious Majesty to raise him to the peerage; and he was hence-

forth known in Earlsport, where a statue was erected to him, as "the great Lord Earlsfield," and he is thus denominated in the 'Guide-Book.' The superficial persons who write histories of England have, however, either carelessly overlooked or jealously ignored the eminence of the first Lord Earlsfield. There had been a promise, too, of subsequent promotion to the dignity of an earl-dom, but when the four Earlsfield votes in the Lower House were scheduled away in the Reform Bill of 1832, the Earlsfield claims were disfranchised with them. Sweyn, the second Lord Earlsfield—it was a trait not peculiar to the Earlsfield family that their names got more Norse the further they got away from the eponymic Norseman in their pedigree—the second Lord Earlsfield, we say, would have hid his head in his mantle, if he had worn one, at the national ingratitude. It was the doing, too, of the Whigs, whom he and his ancestors had always followed and served, and henceforth the Earlsfields boasted more of their sacrifices in the cause of freedom over the Reform Bill than if they had given a Hampden to the field or a Sidney to the scaffold.

But enough of these dryasdust details, which are, however, essential to the reader's comfort and understanding. Let us now make the acquaintance of the Earlscourt family at the time when events are about to bring us into intimate relations with its members. And here we may conveniently borrow from Sir Bernard Burke's invaluable work.

"EARLSFIELD, BARON (Olaf Swayne Colpoys), of Earlscourt, co. Siltshire, in the peerage of the United Kingdom, s. his father as fourth baron 24th May 1850; m. January 1851 Margaret,

youngest daughter of Henry, third Earl of Beechborough, and by her (who died 30th September 1854) has issue a son—

"HAROLD SWAYNE, born 13th March 1852."

Turning back to the family of Olaf, third Lord Earlsfield, we find it to comprise the following members—

"I. OLAF, his successor.

"II. GEORGE SWAYNE, M.P. for Earlsport.

"III. JAMES; formerly a Colonel in the army; m. Eliza, widow of Captain Bolter, and has issue.

"I. HENRIETTA, m. Major Firebrace, 15th Dragoon Guards, who died October 5, 1857.

"II. DOROTHEA."

Over this latter entry in Burke, Lord Earlsfield could not help casting mournful eyes. The ladies of Earls court, since the days of the first Lady Colpoys, had always been discreet and sensibly behaved women, and had never burdened the estates with such hosts of sons and daughters as had broken down the fortunes of the Swayne family. They always produced a male heir, as was their bounden duty, and there might perchance be two sons in every second or third generation as a wise measure of precaution. As a rule they had eschewed daughters, and if one accidentally made her appearance, she either died young or strengthened the family connections by a good marriage. But the mother of the present peer had not been so circumspect, and had recklessly presented her lord with three male and two female children. Conduct so inconsiderate, so at variance with the traditions of the family, could not fail to affect the filial respect which Lord Earlsfield owed to his parent's memory, especially as he himself had mainly to bear the burden of her domestic prodigality. His brothers had not

been successful in their respective careers; his sisters had only been a trouble. Mrs Firebrace, who since the death of her husband—an event which the gallant major's relations brought directly home to the lady's temper and extravagance—had resided at Earls court, and had contributed in no small degree to add to the dulness and discomfort of the household—Mrs Firebrace had been a woman of the world, had loyally assisted her husband in running through his fortune, and had quitted society on his death with a reputation that was not, as ill-natured people said, altogether flawless. She had now become exceedingly devout after a disagreeable fashion, and took great pains to make every one understand the saving change that had come over her. "If I had died when he died, I should have gone to hell with the major," she was wont to remark, in the assured confidence that no such fatality was likely to overtake her now. It would be unkind to say that Lord Earlsfield sometimes wished husband and wife had never been divided, but Mrs Firebrace was certainly one of his greatest worries; and he would never have had her in the house if another home had been open to her, and if he had not had a dread that she would be safer under his own eye.

Dorothea, his younger sister, was an heiress in her own right, but to the head of the house she was both a trouble and a responsibility. Her aunt, Lady Pye, the East India director's widow, had bequeathed her large fortune to Dorothea Colpoys, but it was fettered with the condition that she must marry to the satisfaction of Lord Earlsfield; and in the event of her dying a spinster, the money was to revert to the

possessor of the title. Suitors were not wanting, nor was the lady loath; but the high standard of qualifications which Lord Earlsfield had set up for his sister's husband did not seem likely to be attained. One aspirant after another was dismissed on what Lord Earlsfield declared to be sufficient grounds; and though Dorothea fretted and wept, and murmured that her life was being sacrificed for her money, she stood in too great awe of her elder brother to venture on open rebellion. Meanwhile she was allowed the full use of her fortune; she availed herself of her liberty as a *femme sole* to travel about and reside where she pleased—and as a rule, any other place pleased her better to reside at than Earls court. Yet she chose to consider the old house as her home; and when she returned thither from her travels, Lord Earlsfield would mark with satisfaction that her fresh colour was fading, that wrinkles and crow's-feet were beginning to threaten, and even cosmetics were being freely resorted to. If she could only be safely conveyed into unmarriageable spinsterhood, Lord Earlsfield would be a happier man, and his son a very much richer one. But Dorothea was yet young, comparatively speaking, and though Lord Earlsfield had made up his mind that she should not marry if he could prevent it, yet there still remained the possibility of some suitor turning up to whom no exception could be taken with any show of justice. To any one under the rank of an earl or a marquis Lord Earlsfield felt that he could righteously refuse to give his sister in marriage, and he was accordingly careful to invite no middle-aged bachelor or widower of that rank to Earls court while his sister was at home.

As for his brothers, Lord Earlsfield could only regard them as a source of unmitigated trouble. He tolerated George, the member for Earlsport, whose apathy in the House, impecunious habits, and occasional lapses from the paths of propriety and rectitude which a member of the Earlsfield family and a British legislator ought to follow, caused him constant vexation. Yet in some respects George was a necessary evil. It was right that Earlsport should be represented by a Colpoys; and George's assistance might even be wanted to carry on the line, failing Lord Earlsfield's own son. Lord Earlsfield did not intend his son to fail, and had made all the arrangements in his own mind to prevent such a calamity; but he could not afford to altogether ignore the fact that Providence might order events not exactly in accordance with his intentions, although he, Lord Earlsfield, almost felt that he would be wronging Providence by any such supposition.

His feelings towards his youngest brother were quite different. From first to last he had been a fatal mistake. In the first place, he had no business to be; but having been, his duty was to be as little burden and bother to his family as an intruder could be. But Colonel James Colpoys did not take this view of the relationship. True, he never now turned up at Earls court, and had held no communication with his lordship since the latter had refused once for all to aid him with another penny in his difficulties. But out of sight was not out of mind in the case of Colonel Colpoys. The omniscient organs that record social scandal had a tender regard for the doings of Colonel Colpoys. They spoke of him as "Jim Col-

poya," as "the Hon'ble Jim," or as "Colonel Jim," in a tone of familiar affection, probably out of gratitude for the paragraphs which he afforded them. They informed Lord Earlsfield of the extent of his brother's losses to a penny in backing *Mayflower* for the Oaks, and how the "Hon'ble Jim" was conspicuous by his absence on settling day. Or, under the smart heading "Jim not a Joseph," his lordship would read that his brother's differences with Sir Potiphar Grains were to be settled by Lord Penzance, and not at Ostende as the colonel had proposed. Or that the retirement of Jim Colpoys from Arthur's was not unremotely connected with the violent altercation which Sub-Lieutenant Greene's parents had raised over a game of hazard played there and its results. These facts were bad; but the familiarity with which the journalists treated his brother's name—the family name—was, in his lordship's opinion, a thousand times worse. Great heavens! the idea that his brother, the brother of Lord Earlsfield, the great-grandson of the Great Lord Earlsfield, the lineal descendant of Earl Swein, should be spoken of by these vulgar wretches in their public prints as "Jim"! It was too much; and Lord Earlsfield distinctly repudiated being his brother's keeper any longer. Mrs Colonel Colpoys was, his lordship understood, a fitting helpmate. She was the widow of Captain Bolter, a well-known racing and gaming man, and her personal attractions, and the use she put them to, had led to her being known as the "Decoy-duck" at Homburg and Baden-Baden. Yet the children of these people were near akin to the title; and failing his own son and his brother George, Lord Earlsfield knew that the colonel's eldest son

would be some day master at Earls court. The idea that the maintenance of the Earlsfield honours and dignity might devolve upon a branch which had never been able to preserve the little respectability which they had possessed in their present obscure station, would sometimes prey upon Lord Earlsfield like a nightmare after reading those paragraphs.

There was, however, another trouble of a more personal and deeper character at Lord Earlsfield's heart than the worry and annoyance which his brothers and sisters caused him. He was a widower, with only one son, and that son, people whispered, was mad. This Lord Earlsfield would never allow, but in his heart of hearts distressing fears of his son's future were never long at rest. There was a thin strain of insanity among his late wife's family, the Beechboroughs, but it had never manifested itself in worse phases than peculiarity, and violence, and gentlemanlike excesses, and none of them had ever had to be put under restraint. Harold Colpoys had from his boyhood been subject to fits, which only passed away to leave his mind for a time greatly obscured. The few authorities whom the father condescended to consult were not sanguine. They recommended a private tutor in preference to Eton and the university. The boy showed a strong taste for mathematics and science, greatly to Lord Earlsfield's delight, who remembered that the Marquis of Worcester, in the seventeenth century, who had been regarded as mad, had showed similar predilections, and yet made a reputable peer, and was the father of a duke. An excellent tutor and companion had been found in the shape of a learned officer of Engineers, whom

Lord Earlsfield had tempted by a large salary to undertake the delicate charge. Captain Carshalton and his pupil mostly resided on the Continent, travelling hither and thither, and taking up their quarters for greater or less periods at the chief centres of learning and science. Lord Earlsfield was greatly cheered by the good news of his son's mental and physical progress; but now Captain Carshalton had been called away to a valuable colonial appointment, and Harold must return to Earlscourt. He was now nearly one-and-twenty, and could no longer be kept in leading-strings, if he was to be held as a responsible person.

To his speedy return Lord Earlsfield was looking forward with a strange mixture of anxiety and tenderness. His love for his son was the soft point in his hard character, and he sometimes trembled to think how wholly the complete fabric of his happiness and plans leant upon this somewhat frail prop. Lord Earlsfield loved his son with a father's affection and something of a mother's jealousy. He knew that the other members of the family regarded Harold with nervous apprehension on his short visits to the Court; and his intense affection made him suspicious that they would be pleased to see the future head of the house declared insane, and to enter themselves on the enjoyment of his heritage. His lordship had, however, deep-laid schemes of his own, which he never breathed to mortal, for preventing such a contingency. All that was tender in Lord Earlsfield's nature was bound up in Harold, and for him there was no sacrifice which it would be too great to make. The young man would be rich, rich beyond the

majority of his equals in the peerage; and though Lord Earlsfield had saved and exacted and denied all his life long, he felt that, could the next step in the line be safely bridged over, the salvation would be cheap at the cost of all his accumulations.

There is only one other inmate of Earlscourt whom we need particularise. Why Mary Donne should have her home at the Court was a question that people had never been able to answer to their satisfaction. That her father, Colonel Donne, a distant cousin of the Colpoys family, had been the closest and only intimate friend of Lord Earlsfield's life, that they had been school-fellows, and had sat together in the House of Commons, was held by those who thought they knew Lord Earlsfield best, to be no sufficient reason for his generosity to the colonel's orphan. Still less did it explain the fact that Mary Donne was the only one of the family who was exempted from Lord Earlsfield's sternness and arrogance. He had even cautioned his sister, Mrs Firebrace, against worrying the girl with her austere religious views, and told her point-blank that if she did not make Miss Donne comfortable, she would have to provide herself with another home. Mrs Firebrace, who had no wish to resign her position at Earlscourt, had given a grumbling assent, but did not dissemble her conviction that both her brother and Miss Donne would sooner or later find themselves in proximity with her late husband, of warm memory. And so Mary Donne, from the time she quitted school, had settled down at Earlscourt, the only glimpse of bright young life to be caught in its grim and cheerless circle.

CHAPTER VII.—CLUB TATTLE.

There are not many idle people in Earlsport, and the club seldom begins to fill up until after five o'clock. Then as business drops off in the town below, people crowd into the club to read the London morning papers, which are afternoon ones in Earlsport, to have a cigar and perhaps a quiet game of billiards, or a rubber at whist, until the time came to present themselves at their own dinner-table. There were no bow-windows to lounge at in the Earlsport Club, nor was there any particular want of them—for the building occupied a corner in a quiet road, and looked across at the respectable windows of Messrs Sperlin Brothers, family grocers and wine merchants. It was not the fault of the club that it occupied such an unobtrusive situation, for it had both the means and the inclination to establish itself in more pretentious premises in Earlsfield Square. But Lord Earlsfield had his own idea of the fitness of all things. He willingly conceded the right of the Earlsport citizens to be social in a quiet *bourgeois* fashion, but he would not be doing his duty by them were he to encourage ostentation and extravagance. And as Lord Earlsfield was the owner of Earlsport, the club had no choice but to remain where it was; so, though his lordship had once been a patron, and though his name still figured in the list of life members—it had long ago been omitted from the trustee and committee lists—the club as a body resented this exercise of terrestrial providence, and conceived itself to have a grudge against him.

Grumblers said the coffee and reading rooms were little better

than 'Change warmed up again; and the smoking-room was the natural refuge of those who had no business of their own, or who were able to leave their mercantile interests behind them in their counting-houses. And here in a particular corner, round a big arm-chair, which in club slang was known as the "seat of the scorner," were wont to gather those who had any gossip of which to unburden themselves. The "scorner's chair" was sacred to Squire Horseley, who had once been a landed proprietor in the county, and who, like Abou Hassan, had spent first the one-half of his fortune, and then tied up the rest in a snug independence, which he did not care to augment, and could not diminish. Like all men who are cynics more by profession than by temperament, he delighted in scandal, and never failed to cap a bad construction by a worse. When he had hounded on the pack until the quarry was fairly run to earth and devoured, he invariably turned round and hunted the hunters, until they had little reason left to congratulate themselves on having joined the chase with him. Ned might have set up for a satirist had he chosen to conclude his talk with a moral; but he was on too formal terms with his own inner nature to dream of taking such a liberty with it.

To Squire Horseley, occupying his usual seat with a large glass of vermuth - and - soda by his elbow, and a pipe full of strong and bitter tobacco, enter Charley Hanmer, the Alderman's son, and Tom Cotts, the managing director of the Earlsport and Baltic Steam Navigation Company, which owned a steamer running three

times a-year to Riga, and a fleet of smacks engaged in the coal traffic of the coasts—two persons of no small consequence in their own estimation. The Squire eyes them askance, relapses into his newspaper, and patiently waits for them to open their budget.

"Beastly hot afternoon," says Charley; "and this place is stuffy as an oven. I can smell Sperlins' herrings here as well as if there were a barrel of them in the room."

"Don't wonder at that; he buys them from your father," comments the Squire, without raising his eyes.

"I say, Horseley, have you heard that Brancepeth's young hopeful has turned up again?" put in Cotts. "I met him as I was coming up to the club, apparently in full feather. I don't know where he has been, or what he has been doing, but he must have come from some place where the art of cutting is cultivated to perfection. I was going to cross over and speak to him, when he showed me the cold shoulder as plainly as possible."

"There was always a deal of self-respect in the Brancepeth family," remarks the Squire, absently.

"He is on his legs again, at any rate," said Charley Hanmer. "He has bought the Dunes House all to himself. Paid six thousand down on the nail for it; and Repps the upholsterer told me that he has taken all the furniture at valuation. Gad! when I was at Bullong with my sisters the summer before last, I saw him going about with a sketch-book under his arm, and wearing boots with hardly a heel to them."

"So I have heard," said Ned; "you told it all over the town as soon as you came back."

"I suppose, then, old Brancepeth killed the fatted calf, and fell upon Master Stephen's neck in the bank parlour. It must have been very touching to see," observed Cotts.

"Very," replied the Squire; "there was always so much natural affection among the Brancepeths; and the banker must have inherited 'the Brothers' shares of it as well as of the stock. I always thought their spirits must have become part of the capital when they died."

"You are all wrong about young Brancepeth," returned Charley Hanmer. "I happened to be in the bank when he came in, and you never saw such a scare as he gave them. The clerks all turned their backs upon him; and old Jellicoe shook as if he had been a bailiff with an execution. He never asked for his father at all, but pulled out his cheque-book and paid for the Dunes House as carelessly as if he had been a partner in Rothschilds'. I waited and saw the whole thing. It was as good as a farce to see the consternation among Brancepeth's people."

"A most improper proceeding," said Ned, in a tone of grave reprehension. "By all the laws he ought to have come back in rags and repentance, and been kicked out with a shilling and a ticket for the soup-kitchen. Shocks my faith in an overruling Providence. But where has he got the money, Charley?"

"How should I know? He did not look as if he was on the way to make much when I saw him at Bullong. I wish he would tell me where he picked it up, and whether there is more to be had there as readily."

"He must have broken the bank at some gambling place and brought home the plunder," sug-

gested another man who had been drawn towards the group by the sound of their conversation.

"Or gained the first prize in a German lottery," put in Tom Cotts. "I knew a man once who was set up in that way."

"He was a painter, was not young Brancepeth?" asked the new-comer. "Perhaps he may have made a great hit with a picture, and sold it for a fortune. Any one seen anything about it in the papers?"

"No," said Ned; "curiously enough, I haven't seen anything about it in the papers, though I daresay Stephen Brancepeth's paintings were bad enough to be praised in them."

"Bah!" said Dr Horniblow, whose knowledge of the private affairs of Earlsport far exceeded the limits of his practice, and who now slid his chair into the circle. "You don't know anything about the matter; and what is more, you would not guess for yourselves when this time next year comes."

"Every one has not your opportunities of getting at people's secrets, or your knack of turning them to account, Horniblow," said Mr Horseley with great blandness: "but read the riddle to us."

Dr Horniblow felt somewhat doubtful whether he was being complimented, but no one minded, or professed to mind, what Ned Horseley said.

"The fact is, the old banker has come completely round, but does not like to own his softness. But he has given the young one a very liberal allowance, and they are to carry on before people as if the quarrel still existed, till some excuse comes round for openly making up the peace. I had a stiff tussle, I can tell you, with the banker before I could get him to make any terms."

"I can easily suppose that," rejoined Horseley, "and it is so good of you, Horniblow, to expose yourself to odium and snubbing among your patients, by trying to make peace among them. They told me the other day in the bank that old Brancepeth was unwell, and Jellicoe added that 'that fool, Horniblow, had given him an overdose of medicine, and they had had to send for Dr Pegus.' That, of course, would have merely been a figurative allusion to your good advice."

"Of course, of course," said Dr Horniblow, colouring and shifting somewhat uneasily on his seat; "that is the way the banker would put it, and I am glad he saw Pegus. Pegus is a young man who deserves to get on. He has fair abilities, Pegus has, and he will get more experience as he gets older."

"Did you read that leader in the 'Mercury' this morning about Lord Earlsfield's refusal of the race-course?" inquired Charley Hanmer of the company in general. "His lordship must have felt touched up a bit. It was not half-bad telling him that he must give up imagining that he was a feudal baron of the middle ages, and that the people of Earlsport were not his villains, as he would find out at the next election. Only Slasher misspelt 'villains' with an 'e' instead of an 'a,' you know. He is a half-educated beast, Slasher, with all his pretensions."

"I wonder to hear you say so, Hanmer," rebuked Ned. "Don't you see by every leader that he writes that he has all the classics at his finger-ends? How else would he be able to show you the resemblance that Lord Earlsfield bears to Nebuchadnezzar and Nero, and Commodus and Hippias, and all the tyrants of antiquity? It would be long enough before

you could draw a parallel between his lordship and Tarquinius Superbus, like the one which Slasher gave you the other day."

"I don't want any parallel to make me know that Lord Earlsfield's a brute," said Hanmer, indignantly. "If you had seen the self-sufficient way in which he leaned back in his chair the other day, when we went as a deputation to ask for the course. He folded his hands and crossed his legs, and looked at us as if we were half-a-dozen poachers brought up before him to get three months apiece; and then he began to speak about the injurious influence of the turf upon the morals of the commercial classes, and how it tempted to gambling and fraud. You would have thought that we were all to be in the dock for embezzlement in three months' time according to him."

"He may hold his tongue about that," burst in Tom Cotts, "considering the paragraphs you read in the Society papers about his brother the colonel's goings-on; and the member with all his smoothness and nice speeches is more mixed up with horse-flesh than he would like his lordship to know."

"By Jove, won't we make it hot for the Honourable George when he next shows his face on the hustings!"

"And make good the adage," remarked Ned, "about the reward which a certain class of quadrupeds bestow upon those who cast pearls before them. If silence is golden, George Colpoys has endowed his constituency richly."

"The sister came home the other day," observed Cotts. "I saw her at the station coming off the 2.40 train. She is ageing visibly. I don't believe she'll ever get married."

"I don't expect she will," commented Ned; "she has always wanted so badly to get a husband."

"I saw her, too, at Bullong," said Charley Hanmer, who was quite aware of the advantages that his two months' Continental experience gave him in Earlsport. "She was there with her maid and courier at the same time as we were. Patronised all the artists in the place, especially those who were good-looking."

"And she would be a deuced good catch for an artist or for anybody else," cried old Colonel Cowrie across the room. "She got all her aunt Lady Pye's money; and her husband, Sir Jasper Pye, had three stars at his name in the Leadenhall Street books, and half-a-dozen indigo factories in Behar to boot. I know for a fact that the whole of the Pye money went to the Honourable Miss Colpoys. I remember old Pye in Calcutta well when he was a judge of the Sudder. He never took a bribe of less than ten thousand rupees in his life;" and the colonel, whose career had never exposed him to such lucrative temptations, subsided into his cigar with a sigh at the recollection of his own slender savings.

"Ah, but it is tied up!" said Mr Mold of Fossebray & Mold, the lawyers, who, though he did not wish to be considered as one of the *habitués* of Ned Horseley's corner, could not refrain from sometimes putting the young men right from his superior sources of information. "Lady Pye left the interest of her money only to her niece, and even that is conditioned upon her marrying with Lord Earlsfield's sanction. If she marry any one without his lordship's approbation the money falls to him."

"Quite proper," quoth Ned. "Under the same circumstances I should take very good care that my sister did not throw herself away upon any unworthy choice. You may be sure that Lord Earlsfield will exercise great discrimination in choosing a husband for his sister: the sort of man who would not have any children might have a good chance. And yet, knowing people make mistakes. There was Louis Philippe's little blunder in the Spanish marriage, although the odds were long on his side."

"Yes," said Dr Horniblow; "I believe a marriage could have been arranged between the Honourable Miss Colpoys and Lord Milltimber, the Earl of Elsedale's eldest son. In fact, Lady Elsedale told me as much when I was attending her for bronchitis; but Lord Earlsfield made an objection about his being three years younger, as if that mattered, when they were both in the county, and neighbours as it were. But Lord Earlsfield showed so much opposition and temper that the Elsedales withdrew their son from the negotiations."

"And there was Sir Miles Waring," added Charley Hanmer. "I have heard she was mad about him, but Lord Earlsfield raked up all the stories about his gambling and about women, and swore

he would never consent to her wedding such an immoral man. And Miss Colpoys said she would marry him in spite of her brother, and that his lordship might keep her aunt's money; but Sir Miles took fright at that and made off."

"She was sweet, too, on Weatherport, the barrister whom Lord Earlsfield brought down here to conduct the canvass against the Tory candidate at the election before last," said Mr Mold; "I believe he asked my lord's permission to pay his addresses, but got a terrible rebuff for his presumption. They say he'll have the next judgeship."

"Though they made him Lord Chancellor, it would not remove Lord Earlsfield's objection to letting the East India money away from his grasp," replied Ned; "and Miss Colpoys is doomed to virginity as sure as ever was Vestal, unless she falls in with some one bold enough to run away with her for herself, and the chances of that are getting less. But here is George Fossebraye, who is her lawyer, and who can tell you all about her better than any one else."

But upon that, as upon most other subjects relating to his client, George Fossebraye preserved such a discreet reticence that the talk speedily drifted to other topics.

CHAPTER VIII.—HALF-HOPES.

"And you mean to tell me, my dear, that he has not called on you, or written to you, or done anything?" said Mrs Fossebraye, ticking off the several divisions of her question on her forefinger.

"Why should he?" answered Cloete Sparshott, calmly; "you know all that was over long ago. I don't wish to meet him again,

and to have the old stories raked up."

"Why, they will be raked up whether you meet him or not. Every one has been asking me, 'Has he been to see Cloete Sparshott yet?' 'Is he going to marry Cloete now?' And what can I say? I know no more about it than any one else," rejoined

Mrs Fossebraye with an injured air.

"You may very safely say No to both questions," said Cloete, in a very decided voice.

"And why, Cloete? Why should you say so? He has come back evidently in good circumstances, and unmarried. I suppose you are angry because he has not been to see you yet. But he will come, Cloete; you mark my words, he will come. I know men well;" and Mrs Fossebraye gave her head a sage shake, as if her knowledge of the male sex were quite encyclopedic.

The Fossebrayes lived in a roomy old house in a quiet and unfashionable quarter of Earlsport, which had once been built for two maiden ladies of the Earls court family about the beginning of the eighteenth century, and which the late Mr Fossebraye had acquired from his lordship for a long lease at a nominal rental. The streets round about were poor enough, but the Lodge was shut in by lofty walls and thick shrubberies from all unpleasant associations of the neighbourhood. It was a pleasant old house for those who, like George Fossebraye, could appreciate its homely charms, which were still further engrained in his heart by recollections of childhood and of family love. It was in vain that Mrs Fossebraye contrasted the situation of the Lodge with the superior advantages of Earlsfield Crescent or Colpoys Terrace, where the nerve-centres of Earlsport society were situated. In vain she bewailed the thousand ailments which she was doomed to suffer on account of the confined atmosphere and unwholesome surroundings. Her husband's one strong point of domestic obstinacy was his clinging adherence to the home of his father.

George Fossebraye was a popular man in Earlsport. He was wealthy, had a good position, and was the head of the most reputable legal firm in the town. But these advantages might not have secured him so much goodwill without an alloy of envy, had there not been something in his situation which appealed to their compassion as well as to their respect. "Poor George Fossebraye, what a pity he is not clever!" had been the comment of the town ever since he left school and took a stool in his father's office. Old Mr Fossebraye himself had said so; and Mr Fossebraye's right to judge of cleverness was undeniable, for his abilities alone had raised him from a drudging clerk to the command of the best legal business in the county. The old man was not easy to please with his son's parts; and because he saw none of that ambitious eagerness to grapple with difficulties, and to push himself forward, which had raised himself in the world, he made more of what he considered his son's dulness than was just. "He would never make a lawyer," the old man mourned as he compared George's slowness with the rapidity with which he himself could master a case or write out an opinion; and when he was gone he feared the house of Fossebraye would go down with him. In these ideas he was supported by the testimony of his managing clerk, Mr Mold, who skilfully ran down Mr George's capacity in the same proportion as he magnified the abilities of his principal; and before Mr Fossebraye died, he had clearly made up his mind that the sole way of saving his son from discredit, and his firm from ruin, was by giving George Mr Mold as a mentor and partner in the business. George again

gave proof of his dulness by not being able to appreciate this arrangement, but he had always deferred loyally to his father's views; and upon the old man's death the firm began as Fossebraye & Mold. The reason of this arrangement was readily grasped by the Earlsport public. When George Fossebraye gave sound advice, as he generally did, or brought some difficult business to a successful issue, his client regarded him with pleased wonder, and would remark that "George Fossebraye was not, after all, such a dolt as people said." But, notwithstanding, he would go away with the idea that the acknowledged genius of Mr Mold had something to do with the matter, although the latter had not been concerned at all in the business. Mr Mold received credit, and cheerfully accepted it, for being the mainstay of the house; but slow as George Fossebraye was, the old clients preferred giving their confidence to him rather than to his more brilliant junior partner.

Public opinion regarding George Fossebraye was fully corroborated by the step which he took about a year after his father's death. People were hopeful that as he was at least quiet and prudent, he would marry some sensible woman who might make up for his own deficiencies, and be of assistance to him in this way through the world. Earlsport had no want of young ladies well endowed with mental cleverness, and many mammas would have readily taken George under their wings. But, as all agreed afterwards, it would have been expecting too much of George Fossebraye to profit by such consideration. He fell in love with Magdalen Cathcart, the spoilt child of an old Indian general who had married a relation of Mr Sparshott, the vicar. Mag-

dalen had served to sustain the part of Spartan helot in the homilies of Earlsport mothers. She had been spoiled from her infancy; she was silly and injudicious; she had no control over her temper and less over her tongue; she said the wrong things to the right people, and made matters worse by blundering explanations. It was quite clear now, even if proof had not been needed before, that poor George was not clever, or he would never have picked out such a wife. It was no answer to this argument that Magdalen had the free beauty of a wood-elf, or that the general, her father, had brought a heavy store of Indian rupees back with him to his native town. George Fossebraye was too dull to be supposed to be susceptible to beauty or to be influenced by prudent motives. That most of the other unengaged young men in Earlsport society were also running after Magdalen and the general's money-bags did not palliate George's folly one whit. One wise head cannot be made out of two foolish ones, and old Mr Fossebraye's ominous predictions were gloomily recalled by way of an epithalamium.

The fortunes of George Fossebraye and his wife, however, bore out the old adage, that the unexpected is what always happens. They got on as quietly as if the wisdom of Solomon and Minerva had been combined in the regulation of their household. At least they furnished no food for the gossips, and in Earlsport that spoke volumes for their way of living. People could only express surprise that they managed so well, and ascribed their felicity to a mutual want of judgment. They saw just enough of society to prevent their neighbours from being able to complain that they

avoided it, and withal they lived so much by themselves that no one in common conscience could charge Mrs Fossebraye with being gay or extravagant.

As you look at Mrs Fossebraye in a lounge before the fire, in her old-fashioned drawing-room, you will easily account to yourself for George falling in love without needing to have recourse to abstruse psychological speculations. She is fair, with silky fair hair so soft and fine that its plaits and braids scarcely impair the natural curves of her head. She had no colour but the rich cherry rose on her full lips, and the delicate yellow of her long drooping eyelashes. But she has two black eyes which of themselves serve to give animation and expression to her whole face, and through which, rather than through her features, her moods of mind may be read. There was witchery in these eyes which could bend men to their will, and it was no wonder though George was lost when he looked into them. Perhaps it was as well for him that there were lines of weakness and indecision in the rest of the face, which suggested the neutralisation of the strength of which these eyes spoke, although the softer curves heightened rather than marred her beauty.

Cloete Sparshott was standing by the fire, her arm resting upon the mantelpiece, and her side-face turned towards her cousin. She was gazing thoughtfully into the fire, with her colour slightly heightened by the previous conversation. It was the first time Mrs Fossebraye had seen her since Brancepeth's return, and Madge had been all anxiety to learn the news. The flirtation which she had so injudiciously promoted between the two young lovers had been a romantic episode in her somewhat humdrum married life,

and now she was eager to get her hand in again.

"You'll see I am right," she repeated, shaking her head positively. "Stephen Brancepeth has come back single. That obstinate old father of his has given in, although he does not like to own it. Stephen will be at your feet again in a fortnight, and in six months you will be mistress of the Dunes House."

"I beg, Madge, you will dismiss the notion. Stephen Brancepeth is nothing to me nor I to him. All that was over with our boyhood and girlhood. He is a man and I am a woman now, and we both know the paths in life we each have to follow."

"Don't be silly," said Mrs Fossebraye, impatiently; "if Stephen Brancepeth is still quite free, he won't be able to keep away from you. Living there in that lonely Dunes House all to himself, and with nothing to do, he is bound to moon about love, and to think about you. Every walk he takes about the place will recall you to him; and if not," added Madge, determinedly, "it will go hard with me if I don't fall upon some way of prodding his memory."

"Madge!" cried Cloete, facing round with a set and serious expression on her face, "if you have any regard for me you will do nothing of the kind. I beg you will never mention Mr Brancepeth's name to me nor mine to him. I have suffered enough from people's talking, when I was too young and silly to have known better. It is hard enough for me to have Mr Brancepeth coming back at all," added the girl, with a quiver in her voice.

"Do you not love him now?"

No answer.

"Do you know that he loves any one else?"

Still Cloete held her peace,

though she was controlling herself with a visible effort.

"Then," cried Madge, triumphantly, "there exists no just and lawful impediment why things should not be as they were. Don't interrupt me, Cloete; I know it all. You would not stand between Stephen Brancepeth and his father, and he lost heart when the old man seemed likely to hold out. I never thought Stephen Brancepeth a hero; but he is a right good fellow for all that, and I shall never rest until I have made it up between you."

"Spare your pains, Madge," replied the girl hotly. "I have no wish to meet Mr Stephen Brancepeth again; and if I have to do it, he must be nothing more than a mere acquaintance. I have got my lesson, and have learnt it. Perhaps it has done me good. But at all events *that* folly is over, and I shall never forgive you if you try to involve me by any of your tricks."

"You wilful chit," said Mrs Fossebraye, as Cloete stooped over her to kiss her good-bye, "be thankful that you have wiser heads than your own to think out what is best for you;" and Madge shook her own fair head, as if a monopoly of sagacity was contained therein.

"Don't, Madge," was Cloete's parting words; but out in the street, on her way home to the Museum, Mrs Fossebraye's words fluttered and disquieted her. Stephen Brancepeth had come back, and had given no sign of

his presence to her. He himself had thrown her up in the depths of his despair, and he showed no signs of recalling his resolution now that he was evidently once more in prosperity. A feeling of bitterness passed over her mind when she recollected that she had at the first offered to sacrifice herself to save the breach with his father. She could almost hate Stephen Brancepeth at the thought of it; but she loved him still. But she assured herself she would be brave. She had her duty to her father; she had the strange old man of the Museum to devote herself to; and if she wished to marry, Cloete thought, with pardonable pride, that she would find plenty of eligible suitors in Earlsport. She had not been without proofs of this, though her "lesson," as she called it, had made her cold and circumspect beyond her years in intercourse with the young men whom she met at Mrs Fossebraye's, or the vicarage, or the few other houses whither she was in the habit of going. She would be brave, and face this trial to which the return of Stephen Brancepeth threatened to expose her, so firmly that no one—and Stephen himself least of all—should be able to guess the anguish which it cost her. But deep down in her heart there was a consciousness of the frail basis on which these firm resolutions rested—perhaps a hope against hope that it was not yet too late for Stephen himself to come and explain all.

CHAPTER IX.—ONE TOO MANY.

The lights are not up yet in Mrs Fossebraye's drawing-room, and the firelight shows her to the best advantage in the rich crimson velvet robe which she has

judiciously selected to set off her fair charms. Mr Mold leans over the back of a chair fronting her, for he likes to come early on the evenings when the Fossebrayes

have a dinner-party. It looks kindly and paternal, and Mr Mold has no objection to Earlsport noting the affectionate solicitude with which he watches over the welfare of his partner and his partner's wife. Mr Mold is not at all ashamed of the charge which old Mr Fossebraye left him, and freely gives his friends to understand how heavily its responsibilities weigh upon him; and so he always makes a point of being the first arrival, that he may assist in receiving the guests like one of the family.

"It is very good of you to come, Mr Mold," says Mrs Fossebraye; "you see, one doesn't quite know whom to ask to meet Mr Stephen Brancepeth, his coming back has been so queer. And then he has shut himself up altogether in the Dunes House, and hasn't called upon any one except George."

"Just so," said Mr Mold, rolling his eyes in the darkness; "quite so; one can't say whom he would like to meet. But of course he will be very glad to find Earlsport society opening its doors to him again; and he could begin in no better place than here."

"That's just it," said Mrs Fossebraye, accepting the compliment. "Mrs Alderman Hanmer was dying to ask him, as she always runs after any one people are talking about. She wanted Charley to leave a card at the Dunes House, and get a promise from Mr Stephen Brancepeth as soon as possible to come to her Thursday's dance. But he told George that though he couldn't refuse to come to him he was going to live very retired for the present."

"Quite so," said Mr Mold; "he has his reasons. In fact I think it a very sensible thing of him not to go about much just

now," he added in an oracular tone, as if these reasons were perfectly patent to him.

"And do tell me, Mr Mold," cried Mrs Fossebraye, raising herself in her chair and looking coaxingly at him from behind her hand fire-screen, "what is all this mystery about Mr Brancepeth's money? George won't tell me a word about it, and he says he will be nasty if ever I ask him about it again."

"And Mr Mold will be nasty too, if you bother him about it," said George, coming in out of the darkness. "Pretty lawyers we should be if we told our clients' secrets to such a chatterbox. We might as well publish them in the 'Mercury.'"

"Ah! then there is a secret," exclaimed Mrs Fossebraye, joyously, and shaking her head sagely. "I knew there was; and why shouldn't I be told it? I never tell anything. It is a shame to treat me like a child. Is it not, Mr Mold?" Mr Mold's eyes again rolled inwards and he shook his head, but whether he might be understood to deprecate this want of confidence on the side of his partner, or Mrs Fossebraye's capacity for keeping counsel, was not further expressed.

"Did you have a note from Ned Horseley this afternoon, Madge?" asked George, turning his back to the fire with so manifest an intention to take the good of it that Mr Mold felt compelled to cede his position on the hearth-rug and take a chair immediately behind Mrs Fossebraye's elbow. "I met him at the club a little ago, and he said he had to go to Beechborough by the mail. We shall be thirteen at dinner."

"Oh, that is all right!" replied his wife. "Mr Horseley sent his apologies in the forenoon, and as

I was driving through Earlsfield Square I ran up-stairs to the Museum and asked Cloete Sparshott to come."

"Madge!" ejaculated George, in a tone of deep distress. "How on earth could you do such a thing? And after what I said to you, too. How could you be so imprudent as to ask Miss Sparshott?"

"Whom else could I ask on such short notice?" returned Mrs Fossebraye, innocently. "I don't think of standing on ceremony with dear Cloete. And what else could I do, Mr Mold?"

"You know that I pointed out to you how imprudent it would be," cried George, walking about the room impatiently; "you know quite well how people talked about Brancepeth and Cloete before he went away. If you have no regard for Brancepeth's feelings, you should have some for your own cousin. It will just set people gossiping again."

"But, dear George, do you not always tell me never to mind how people talk? I am sure they talk enough about us living here all by ourselves, in this horrid old place; and don't you always tell me never to mind what they say? Doesn't he now, Mr Mold?"

"Confound it!" cried George peevishly, "I wish you would make an effort to talk sense for five minutes for once in your life. I took particular care that no one was to be asked to dinner who would in any way embarrass Brancepeth by old associations. And here you have asked Miss Sparshott of all others. The bare fact of their meeting here will make people rake up the old story again. I wish I had given Brancepeth a bachelor dinner at the club. I am surprised that Miss Sparshott's own good sense did not tell her that she ought not to have

accepted an invitation to meet Brancepeth so soon. I always thought she had more judgment."

"She didn't know," cried Mrs Fossebraye, producing her pocket-handkerchief, and making unmistakable preparations for tears. "I didn't tell her who were coming; and it is very cruel of you to abuse poor Cloete, who is so poor and has so few to be kind to her, and all because she is my cousin" (sob, sob, sob). "Is it not cruel, Mr Mold?" Mr Mold's eyes rolled more wildly in his head than ever, but he made no answer.

"I am not abusing Cloete," said George, doggedly. "I am not abusing anybody. It is because I have so much regard for Cloete that I would not have people given occasion to talk about her by bringing her here to meet Brancepeth. It is intensely annoying"—here a loud double knock came to the front door, arresting Mr Fossebraye in his angry walk through the room.

"I am going to have hysterics—I feel them coming," sobbed Mrs Fossebraye, settling herself on her chair in a proper attitude for a faint. "How could you, George, be so cruel when you know I am so nervous? Get me my vinaigrette, please do, Mr Mold."

"Don't, Madge, don't be a goose!" cried George in terror. "What will people think? I don't mind Cloete's coming a bit. We will make the best of it. Pull yourself together, there is a dear. The Hammers are coming up-stairs," and while Mr Mold's back was seasonably turned, looking for the vinaigrette, George stooped down and kissed his wife. The hysterical tendency promptly vanished, and in another instant Mrs Fossebraye was all smiles, to receive the salutations of Mr and Mrs Alderman Hanmer.

ATHANASIA IN SEARCH OF A CREED.

A DIALOGUE.

Time—Sunday morning.*Scene*—A comfortable fireside.*Persons*—ALGERNON and ATHANASIA.

Algernon. Now, Athanasia, it is past ten o'clock, and time you were getting ready for church, or we shall be late. I know by experience what a lengthy affair is your Sunday morning toilet.

Athanasia (after a pause). Algy darling, if you don't mind, I—I think I would rather not go to church this morning.

Alg. Why, what is the matter? You haven't caught the influenza, have you, or any of the other fashionable complaints of the day?

Ath. No, Algy, it's not that.

Alg. Well, what is it then?

Ath. (still hesitating and blushing slightly). I hardly like to tell you, but as you ask me I will. The fact is, I have been thinking a good deal lately of my position with regard to matters of spiritual belief, and, after turning the matter over in my mind, I have at last come to the conclusion that the Church of England, with its barren formalism and cut-and-dried dogmas, entirely fails to satisfy my innermost feelings and aspirations, and I cannot therefore conscientiously attend its services.

Alg. (bursting out laughing). Goodness gracious! what can be the matter with the girl?

Ath. I wish you wouldn't laugh, Algy. I think it's very unkind of you, as I really feel very deeply on the subject.

Alg. How long have you been taken like this, Athanasia?

Ath. Why, you know I have often spoken to you about these

things, and told you that I was in search of something new and unconventional in the way of religion. My cousin Susan, who is awfully clever, you know, says that this is essentially an age of spiritual unrest and inquiry, and that what is wanted now is a New Religion which, while preserving all that is fundamentally good and true in the older systems, will accommodate itself to modern ideas and discoveries. I think that is what she said; but you know I am not very well up in these matters, so possibly I may have misinterpreted her.

Alg. I see. And so you intend to join the lost sheep who have strayed from the Anglican fold, and to wander forth in search of some more attractive spiritual habitation than the Church. It is evident you are becoming infected with the disease of the hour, dogmatic dyspepsia, and have got it pretty badly too. It's quite as fashionable as the influenza, and apparently even more catching.

Ath. Well, one mustn't be behind the times, you know. If I understood Susan rightly, she said that there must be a complete reconstruction of religious philosophy. I don't quite know what that means; but, as I said before, cousin Susan is awfully clever, and wouldn't say so if it were not the fact.

Alg. What particular religious diet has cousin Susan put you upon? These learned ladies gen-

erally have some favourite regimen of their own.

Ath. Oh! she told me I must get up the "new ideas," and begin by reading 'Robert Elsmere.' I did try hard to master it, but the theological views of that consumptive young curate failed to arouse my enthusiasm, and I really had to give it up.

Alg. That's an encouraging symptom, anyhow. I suppose, then, we need not expect to see you enrolled as a sweet girl-graduate of University Hall, and reading the German theologians—or at any rate mastering their names, which is a sufficiently formidable task in itself.

Ath. Oh dear, no. I don't at all feel inclined to assist in the attempt to reconstruct Christianity on the lines laid down in a three-volume novel, which, as I have said before, did not particularly interest me.

Alg. Quite right, my dear. You had better wait until I have founded my new Society for the Propagation of Prigs, with its affiliated Syndicate for the Promotion and Pushing of New Religious Systems. In the present temper of the British public I think they ought to be a great success, as everyone nowadays wants to have a private creed or "ism" of his own. Your religious dilettante flits like a bee from flower to flower, sipping the sweets of every system and remaining constant to none.

Ath. Don't be so cynical, Alg. You must remember that this is a speculative age, and, as cousin Susan says, modern thought overleaps the bounds of the finite and the conventional, and shapes out for itself new forms of belief and fresh spheres of action.

Alg. Oh, does it? It seems to me that modern thought is fussing

and bothering itself about a lot of things it had much better leave alone. Modern thought is rapidly becoming a nuisance. Why can't you let cousin Susan and the other clever people, as you call them, keep their notions to themselves, and rest content with the old faith of your forefathers?

Ath. *Alg.*, I cannot. I sometimes feel quite upset at bidding good-bye to those dear old Bible tales and the beliefs and ideas of my childhood, and yet ever since I was a little girl I have been infected with this craving for religious novelties. I have tried all sorts of things, but somehow nothing seems to satisfy me for long.

Alg. Yes, it's like choosing a new bonnet. As soon as you have ordered one, you see something you like better, and take a violent dislike to the first. So with your religions. Directly you have hit upon something which you think will suit, you find in it some hitherto unsuspected flaw which compels you to look out for another.

Ath. That is perfectly true; and no one feels it more than I do myself. I often wish I hadn't such an inquiring mind. It would have saved me so much trouble could I have remained constant to those strict evangelical principles in which I was brought up.

Alg. Why, Athanasia, I always thought you were among the highest of the High Church. Your name is hardly suggestive of Calvinism; and, if I remember right, it was at the house of one of our fashionable West End divines that I first made your acquaintance.

Ath. Oh, that was later. It was a smart young Ritualistic curate who first converted me. He was so good-looking, and preached such lovely sermons, and

played lawn-tennis quite divinely; and—and—oh, Algy! if I had not come across you just about that time, goodness knows what might have happened.

Alg. (smiling). What an escape the poor man had! Just fancy my pretty little agnostic the wife of a High Church parson. It would have been Mr and Mrs Robert Elsmere over again, only with the positions reversed. But the theological opinions of the curate do not seem to have made a very abiding impression, in spite of the charms of his personal appearance.

Ath. No, they did not. As soon as his influence was removed I plunged into the opposite extreme, and became a Salvation lass in General Booth's Army. By the way, Algy, do you think that man really wants all the money he gets simply to further his own ends? That dreadful Mr Huxley and the papers are always suggesting such terrible things about him, and saying he wants to form a trust, or something of the kind, all on his own account.

Alg. I really can't say, my dear. But pray, tell me, what rank did you attain in the corps of Christian corybants?

Ath. Oh, I was nothing but a poor slum-sister; and I used to explore the dens of Whitechapel in full Salvation uniform—blue serge gown, coal-scuttle bonnet, and all. It was too awfully frightful for anything, you know; but still one had to do it.

Alg. As to the costume, I am not sure that I do not prefer the blood-red of General Booth's battalions to the dull blue of our modern "advanced" ladies. And I am sure, Athanasia, you could not look otherwise than charming, whatever you had on.

Ath. I won't be flattered in this

way, sir. Other women may like it, but I fancy myself superior to these little weaknesses of our much-abused sex. I consider compliments an insult to the understanding.

Alg. Very well then, my dear. In future I will pay them to your head at the expense of your personal appearance. But, to return to our muttons, you seem to have gone through a vast variety of spiritual experiences for a person of your immature age.

Ath. Oh, you haven't heard half of them yet. It was only the other day that I met a friend who wanted me to become an Esoteric Buddhist. He said that he himself was a theosophist or oculist, or something, and——

Alg. (laughing). "Occultist," I suppose you mean.

Ath. (petulantly). I have no doubt that you are right, Algy, but that is no reason why you should laugh at me. These clever people use such awfully long words. It's enough to muddle any one. Well, this friend said that Esoteric Buddhism was just the thing for me, and that I ought to take it up seriously. He assured me that it had nothing to do with spiritualism, and, what I did not know before, that it was quite possible to be a theosophist and a Christian as well. I know it is the fashion to laugh at theosophy, but I really don't see why people should ridicule it.

Alg. I quite agree with you that some of its theories seem perfectly reasonable, though the belief in the Mahatmas provokes mirth. Take, for example, the doctrine of re-incarnation. That strikes me as a very sensible one. If it be the fact that the soul is imperishable, while the body decays, why should every baby that is born be accommodated with a new soul when

there must be so many old ones that would do equally well? Besides, think what a multiplicity of existences the orthodox doctrine assumes.

Ath. Very possibly. All the same, I shouldn't like to think that my soul was a second-hand one, Algy, or that somebody else was to have the use of it as soon as I had done with it.

Alg. You forget that the spirit, not the body, is the true Ego, and that in your next existence you will be your same self, only encased in another fleshly envelope. In any case, I don't see anything absurd or irrational in the idea. And I like, too, the Buddhist's theory of ethical causation, which they call *Karma*.

Ath. What is that?

Alg. *Karma* may be described as the Law of Consequences, by which a person's good or evil conduct in each successive earth-life determines his happiness or misery in the next. Every shade of virtue and vice thus meets with its due recompense. "What ye sow, that ye shall reap," and many chances are given to the soul of finding salvation. Its eternal bliss or torment is thus not, as Christianity teaches, determined by the one brief span of years comprised in a single earth-life.

Ath. In that respect the theosophical theory appears the more reasonable of the two. And I am sure I must have been a model of propriety in my last earthly existence, as I have been most awfully happy ever since I married you, Algy darling.

Alg. Quite so, my dear; and if you persevere in the same blameless course of life and develop the spiritual side of your nature, you will doubtless compass higher stages of perfection until you finally attain Nirvāna.

Ath. I am by no means sure that that particular form of self-extinction is a consummation so devoutly to be wished. The Buddhist Nirvāna has always seemed to me anything but a satisfactory end to one's earthly career. It would be so very uninteresting to find oneself merged in the Universal Sum of Things, or whatever it is they call it. I would much rather retain my individuality after death, and for ever. I think, too, it would be nicer if one could also keep the higher and purer of one's earthly tastes and affections.

Alg. As regards the future state, then, you profess yourself a good orthodox Christian?

Ath. Certainly; since to my mind the doctrines of Christianity are in this respect far more comforting than those of any other system.

Alg. Quite right, my sweet little eclectic. You are entirely *en rapport*, as the spiritualists say, with the religious tendencies of modern "culture," which frames its creeds in accordance with its own private tastes and predilections. Select such fragments as please you from the multifarious systems offered you, and throw the rest overboard. The truth of our beliefs is a matter of quite secondary importance. The real question to be considered is whether they are "comforting" or not. We "yearn" after this thing and that, and to yearn after it is to believe in it. In my younger days, for instance, we were taught that if we were wicked we should be consigned to a place where the thermometer always stood at an inconveniently high temperature, and where things would be made physically unpleasant for us all round. To the medieval saint who practised abstinence and asceticism there was something rather pleasing than

otherwise in the notion of evil and unbelieving persons being made thoroughly uncomfortable. Nay, even in our own day people are not wanting who imagine that the contemplation of the non-elect frizzling and frying in the nether regions will add zest to the delights of Paradise. But these are the exceptions. Ours is a luxurious pleasure-loving age, and it is scandalised at the idea of its creature-comforts being so rudely interfered with. Hence it has constructed for itself a milder system of retribution in which the mind is supposed to be afflicted with remorse, but where bodily torment does not find a place. True, that to arrive at this result it has had to make liberal applications of that "universal solvent of absurdities — the allegorical method," as Professor Huxley has it, and to wrest certain perfectly plain and explicit passages of Scripture from their obvious meaning. But this is quite characteristic of modern theology in its latest phases. We are all for figurative canons of construction now. Symbolism is running amuck. Not a year passes but some text or passage is given some far-fetched recondite meaning which nobody had ever dreamed of before, and which its author certainly never had in his mind when he wrote it; and now Mrs Humphry Ward, taking the cue from her favourite German theologians, proposes¹ at one fell swoop to transfer the Fourth Gospel "from the sphere of history to that of poetry, and from that of literal to that of ideal truth." Just think what a boundless field for speculation and the exercise of a lively imagination this system of private interpretation opens up. There is

a convenient simplicity about it, too, as the Bible can thus be made to cater for all tastes. One would like to know, however, where the process is to stop. Protestantism, like Gaiety burlesques, is continually being brought "up to date," and we shall soon have symbolised the greater part of Holy Writ into a sort of pretty fairy tale.

Ath. You are sadly satirical, darling, and you are wandering from the point we were discussing just now.

Alg. That is so, Athanasia, and I accept your rebuke. I only wish to point out that to sleek, well-fed persons like our latter-day dilettante religionists, the theories concerning future punishment to which I have alluded are more consolatory than the old-fashioned notions, and that to justify them recourse must be had pretty freely to the "allegorical method."

Ath. Well, you don't mean to tell me you yourself believe in the old-fashioned hell, with its devilish torments, and lakes of fire and brimstone, and all that?

Alg. I certainly never expressed myself in that sense. Far be it from me to put myself at variance with the current of modern thought. As a matter of fact, I believe each nation constructs its *inferno* according to its own ideas of what is most unpleasant. The Mohammedan *Jehannum* is warm because the Arabs suffer from heat. *Per contra*, if I mistake not, the Scandinavian hell is cold. Personally, I am inclined to think that the wicked Londoner will be consigned to the back slums of some vast infernal city wrapped in an everlasting yellow fog.

Ath. Algy, you are waxing flip-pant. I do wish you would try

¹ Address at the Opening of University Hall, p. 29.

and be serious. To return to what we were talking about just now, don't the theosophists claim to have the power of getting out of their bodies and going about in astral form? I should awfully like to be able to do that. Wouldn't you?

Alg. I hope you won't try, Athanasia. I have far too strong an affection for your dear little *rupa*, or material body, not to mention a certain sneaking attachment which I still entertain for this poor worn-out old carcass of my own, to desire that either of us should go gadding about in a disembodied state.

Ath. Ah! Algy, dear, I am afraid the bonds of the flesh still hold you in thrall. I should like to see you devote your energies more to the development of the spiritual side of your nature. Indeed, I am inclined to think we ought to try and suppress the animal part of us altogether.

Alg. Why, you wicked little puss, I do believe you have been reading the 'Kreutzer Sonata.'

Ath. No, Algy, I haven't; but Susan lent me the other day those funny books of that dear delightful Mr Laurence Oliphant, 'Sympneumata' and 'Scientific Religion,' and I must say they made a great impression on me.

Alg. Yes; I found them on the table the other day—strange mystical medleys, yet characterised, withal, by a breadth and elevation of style that enthral while they bewilder the reader. But why muddle your poor little brains with these misty rhapsodies?

Ath. (pouting). That's just like a man. You think your wooden heads contain all the wisdom of the world, while the "misty rhapsodies," as you call them, are for us women. Be it so: we are content. To us, more than to

you, it is given to appreciate the lofty idealism, the deep and tender sentiment, of Laurence Oliphant's works. To you he is a dreamer of the wildest dreams: to many of us he is a seer whose ecstatic vision pierced beyond the veil of ephemeral things into the Infinite beyond, revealing, if but dimly, some of its inner mysteries. May I ask, by the way, if you have really read the two books in question?

Alg. Certainly I have. They say, amongst other things, that the division of the human race into male and female is all a mistake, due to our wickedness and degraded nature. Man in his original and more perfect state was androgynous or bisexual—that is, both male and female. As a corollary to this theory we must regard every lady and gentleman of our acquaintance as respectively the divided male and female section of what was once a being that united both sexes in his own person, the said person, however, being of an ethereal and semi-incorporeal nature. For example, you and I, Athanasia, supposing you are really my sympneuma, or affinity—

Ath. (earnestly). I am quite sure you are, Algy darling.

Alg. (smiling). I am enchanted to hear it, my dear. Assuming it to be so, your Ego and mine are the complementary parts of our former undivided Self, which, though now sundered in twain, will eventually reunite and form a single biune creature.

Ath. That *will* be delightful. It strikes me you must have made a pretty close study of these "misty rhapsodies" to be able to explain them so well.

Alg. Yes, I often read these things out of curiosity. But I really think you might get hold

of some more sensible religion than that. If you must have an "ism" of some sort, why don't you try Theism or Positivism, or follow the lead of the chairman of the London and Brighton Railway, and become a "Modern Zoroastrian"?

Ath. As to Positivism, I have already considered it, and it does not please me at all. Some time ago I heard one of Mr Frederic Harrison's annual orations, and I must confess that, notwithstanding the aura of omniscience that seemed to float around him, I was not greatly impressed. I almost think I preferred the address of the High Priestess of University Hall at the opening of that institution.

Alg. Well, perhaps I would rather be an Elsmerite than a devotee of the Religion of Humanity. The latter has always appeared to me to labour under this disadvantage, that, viewed in the abstract, Humanity is a rather vague and unsatisfactory sort of divinity, while in the concrete it is continually making a beast of itself. I really could not bring myself to worship at the shrine of the Great Unwashed. Besides, how absurd to see mankind turning itself into a sort of vast mutual admiration society—the many-headed beast bowing down in adoration of itself.

Ath. True. And then what an insignificant section is Man, after all, of the vast scheme of the universe! No; taking one thing with another, I don't think Positivism will do for me.

Alg. I am afraid that you are rather difficult to please, Athanasia; and it strikes me you will be getting your ideas slightly mixed if you go on at your present rate.

I really don't see what is to become of you—unless, by the way, you would like to join Mr Stead's "Church of the Future." Perhaps that might suit you.

Ath. Pray, what are its distinctive doctrines?

Alg. I don't know that it has any, except that, as its founder says,¹ his "ideal Church will include atheists; it will run a theatre, and be the proprietor of a public-house;" and all the members of the new Church are to be Christs. He further goes on to tell us that "this was revealed to me in Holloway Jail."

Ath. An admirable place, doubtless, for prophetic inspiration. But, with all due deference to the oracle of Holloway Jail, I think the average mind requires something more definite and less catholic than his system. I am sure it would not content me. Indeed, I fear none of these new religions are entirely satisfactory, and I shall probably end by settling down into sheer blank agnosticism, or else remaining in the old established faith.

Alg. You might do worse than the latter, Athanasia. As for the agnosticism, you are welcome to your "Gospel according to Don't Know," if you think you can suck out any consolation from a state of self-complacent nescience. I do not look upon it as an enviable condition myself.

Ath. As far as the consolation goes, I might retort upon you your remarks about people believing things merely because they are "comforting," concerning which you were pleased to be gently ironical just now. And, after all, what is there so terrible in the word "agnosticism"? It only expresses a literal fact. Why

¹ The Religious Review of Reviews, February 1891, p. 186.

should we say we believe when we don't know what to believe? And why should we say we know when there are some things about which we can know nothing? You yourself admit that religion presents problems, many of which are insoluble. Surely a rational person, on finding himself in the presence of an impenetrable mystery, holds his judgment in suspense?

Alg. That is so, but, at the same time, it is quite unnecessary for him to advertise his wisdom, as he usually does, in Socratic fashion by trumpeting forth his ignorance to the world. In other words, it is not agnosticism *per se* that is so objectionable, but rather that aggressive form of it which is so much in vogue just now. Your unbeliever can so seldom keep his views to himself, and he takes a truculent delight in continually "rubbing it in," whenever he fancies he has scored a point in his polemic against orthodoxy. Just think what a constant source of joy that "story of the Gadarene pigs," as he irreverently styles it, has been to Professor Huxley! For my own part, religious doubts and problems do unquestionably force themselves upon me, as upon most men, but I cannot say I feel any wiser or happier on that account. Still less do I desire to obtrude those doubts upon my more fortunate fellow-creatures to whose minds they have not yet presented themselves. Why should I perturb with my agnostic mud the pure pellucid waters of their faith? There are a large number of excellent people in the world who hold certain definite opinions on matters of dogma, and by the light of those opinions lead happy and well-ordered lives. Indeed, their religious conceptions form in many cases the very foundations of their moral nature; and I therefore fail

to see what is to be gained by sapping those foundations — at any rate until we have something better to put in their place. In short, hold your agnostic views if you must, only don't go about publishing them *urbi et orbi*.

Ath. I don't quite see how we can ever expect to find a firm basis for our faith except by investigating the various religious systems brought to our notice. You men, I know, think women have no business to meddle with such matters, and you quote Tenyson in support of your views—

"Leave thou thy sister when she
prays,
Her early heaven, her happy
views;
Nor thou with shadowed hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days."

That may be all very well for some women, but it will not do for all. Many of us refuse to be spoon-fed any longer in questions of belief; and the spirit of the age is against receiving anything on blind trust.

Alg. That is perfectly true. But why aid the spirit of the age in its unholy work of fostering and encouraging the cackling of our religio-philosophic geese? They make far too much noise as it is. Can't you let it alone? You may perhaps remember Waldershare's remark on this subject in 'Endymion.'

Ath. No. What was it?

Alg. "As for that," he said, "sensible men are all of the same religion." "And pray, what is that?" inquired the prince. "Sensible men never tell." That is exactly my view. I disapprove entirely of the modern craze for novel religious sensations. If you must have doubts, like most thinking persons in these days, keep

them to yourself, and don't go worrying other people with your "new thoughts" and "bases of belief" and "reconstructive philosophies," and so forth. You will only muddle your poor little head, while you are also lending a hand to that prig-manufacturing process which is making such dreadful strides in the present generation. And what I want to know is, What good does it do? What does it all lead to? Has one man been made better or happier or wiser by all the prosing and ranting of the last twenty years on the subject of religious reformation?

Ath. Oh, Algy, you should not talk like that! Many of the people who write and speak on these matters are, at any rate, very much in earnest.

Alg. Yes, I know. We are all very much so nowadays. I often wish there were a little less of this so-called "earnestness" about. Life is a sorry affair at best, but it would at least be more tolerable in this country if we could manage to appear a trifle less serious at times, and cry occasionally "Vive la bagatelle!" This is especially true with regard to solemn young men who are troubled with religious doubts. For such people there is nothing like the fine old prescription of the college tutor, "Take two glasses of port *per diem*, and gradually increase the dose till the symptoms disappear." The worst of it is that so much of this earnestness is barren of practical result. In olden times if a person was really in earnest he got up and did something worth doing. Now he is apt to become lost in shallow and unprofitable speculation, in which case he either rants upon platforms about the nature and character of the Deity, or else sits down and writes a theological romance of portentous length and

abounding in religious disquisitions. Our modern evangelists appear big with tidings of mighty import, but what very ridiculous mice are their "new ideas" when brought forth to the light of day!

Ath. I quite agree with you about the didactic novels. I never can understand how it is they are so popular.

Alg. Nor I, either. It is one more example of how *moult tristement* we English take our pleasures. The vagaries of that eminently prosaic entity, the Nonconformist conscience, may be an interesting study to the practical politician, but in fiction they are decidedly tiresome. Nevertheless these efforts of the "new theology" to reconcile the irreconcilable, to effect compromises where no compromise is possible, have a strange fascination for the lower-middle class. After all, what is Protestantism but dogma meeting common-sense half-way?

Ath. The interest in theological controversy is by no means confined to the lower-middle class, Algy. But I must confess to finding it less attractive in literature than from the pulpit or platform.

Alg. The worst of platform oratory on religious topics is that it lends itself so readily to irreverence and charlatanism.

Ath. How so? I don't quite understand you.

Alg. I mean this, Athanasia, that charlatanism, which is everywhere rampant, batters on the absurd craving which exists nowadays for eccentric notions of every description. It is given to few of us to possess genius, but eccentricity is a good cheap substitute, and this species of intellectual margarine is almost as highly prized as the genuine article. For instance, a man may write an insufferably tedious play or novel;

but if it only contains some element that is unconventional or *bizarre*, it is sure of some measure of success. The same holds good in the domain of religious controversy, where, especially, people hanker after novel and startling effects. Suppose, then, some smart and fairly well-educated young man, who is also endowed with the gift of speech and has "views" on matters dogmatic, desires to create a sensation, and to earn notoriety and a competence for himself. Nothing can be simpler. He has but to hire a temple, or chapel, or hall, and to advertise the fact that he intends to hold forth on some new doctrine which he has recently patented. A crowd of religio-philosophic sensation-seekers, whose brains are bursting with the "new ideas," and who profess a noble scorn for all forms of established faith, gather to hear him. The orator has taken fairly well the intellectual measure of his audience, which represents more or less that of the average world of modern "culture." He begins by informing them that the existing presentations of Christianity and the Deity are all wrong, the inference, of course, being that he is the man born to set them right. He then proceeds to reconstruct the Almighty on some new and improved principle of his own, and, surveying his work, pronounces it very good. He scarifies the theologians, and demolishes with a few airy sarcasms the ancient fabric of the Catholic Church. He trots out the well-worn agnostic arguments, and the familiar difficulties which beset the true believer's path, with the air of one who is enunciating some profoundly original doctrine. These topics constitute the chief stock-in-trade of your ambulatory religious reformer, just as cheap

cynicism, second-hand epigrams, and paradox, are the armoury of your unconventional essayist or playwright.

Ath. What is paradox, Algy? It is one of those difficult words one is always hearing without exactly understanding their meaning.

Alg. Paradox, my dear, may be described as the uttering of falsehoods without the intent to deceive, but simply in order to appear smart. It is a pretty form of literary conceit much affected by our latter-day apostles of art and culture. You see it is so very hard, if you confine yourself to the truth, to avoid falling into platitude.

Ath. Thank you for enlightening me on a matter which I ought to have found out for myself. But I interrupted you in your description of the platform-preacher.

Alg. I do not know that there is much more to say. The speaker probably adds a few cheap jokes on the Athanasian Creed, with perhaps a parody on a hymn or two; whereat the long-haired youths and budding female agnostics in the audience smile and wag their heads approvingly, and whisper to each other, "What a wonderfully clever man Mr So-and-so is!"

Ath. You are terribly severe, Algy. Nevertheless, I cannot help sympathising in some measure with the interest your imaginary audience evinces in the philosophy of religion. Surely you will yourself admit that it is a strangely fascinating study?

Alg. It may be fascinating, but it is most unprofitable, and brings us no nearer to our goal. All we do is to get lost in a wilderness of speculation, no mountain or landmark to guide us; and, as they say happens with men walking in the desert, our wanderings always

bring us back to the same spot, slightly sadder and more wearied, perhaps, but decidedly no wiser than when we get out.

Ath. Well, but what are we to do? Most of us have moral and religious aspirations which require to be satisfied; while, do what we will, we cannot accept the old doctrine in its entirety.

Alg. No doubt that is so. But cannot we minister to those moral aspirations by simply doing the duty that lies nearest us, as Carlyle says, and chattering less about the philosophy of this thing and that, and the pillars of faith, and the like? Plain common-sense folk, at any rate, would, in my humble opinion, do well to leave such exalted matters to ladies and gentlemen of more commanding intellect, who apparently cannot exist without discussing them. Remember the scope of the human intellect is finite—I should almost prefer to say infinitely small,—and though Rationalism gives itself great airs in pointing out the contradictions of Christianity, it has yet to explain its own. We cannot solve these problems, so why should we rack our brains in the vain attempt? Have we not enough to believe in as it is? Truth, honour, justice, the distinction between right and wrong—these are surely something.

Ath. Yes; we can believe in *hem*, certainly.

Alg. Well, it is Emerson, if I mistake not, who tells us that "this faith avails to the whole emergency of life and objects." However, if, as you rightly say is the case with many of us, religious convictions of some sort are a necessity of our moral nature, have we not the faith of our forefathers—this poor battered Christian religion which many are now

beginning to hold so cheap, but which you will agree has at least so far served its purpose well! And after all, it is the creed in which we were brought up.

Ath. The fact that you and I, *Alg.*, were born in it, is surely only a matter of accident.

Alg. Certainly. I admit unreservedly that we, or for the matter of that the Archbishop of Canterbury himself, might just as well have been Confucians or Niam-Niam fetish-worshippers, had fate so determined. As it happens, however, Christianity is the established faith of our country, and as such it has the first claim on our allegiance, to say nothing of its own intrinsic merits as a religion. For, if you prefer it, we may consider the question from a sternly practical point of view. As an active principle of good amongst mankind, Christianity stands without a rival. By far the greater part of the benevolent and charitable work in the world is still done by persons who adhere to one or another form of established belief. I have yet to learn that agnosticism has produced a Father Damien or a Sister Rose Gertrude.

Ath. Granted that the Christian religion is the most perfect that has yet been offered to man, how are we to choose among the many forms under which it is presented to us? That is what puzzles me.

Alg. Therein undoubtedly lies the difficulty. Our latter-day Christianity is a very Proteus. Indeed, in some of its most modern guises it is almost unrecognisable. My own idea is that it is simpler and safer to follow as far as possible the old lines, though I have no wish to dogmatise on such a subject, or to embark on a theological controversy with you.

One thing only I would say. If, as it seems, the inventive spirit of the age must find a vent for its talent in the manufacture of new religions, let those who frame them cease masquerading as Christians and trading under false names. By all means let them exhibit their dogmatic novelties to an appreciative public, but in heaven's name let them give over tricking out their sorry wares with such rags and scraps of a venerable creed as they may fancy convenient or appropriate to their purpose, and labelling their puppets with titles that do not belong to them. Let them avoid torturing plain passages of Scripture out of their obvious meaning, and adopting any fanciful interpretation that fits in with their peculiar theories. A truce to exaggerated symbolism. We can at least be honest in the matter; and, whether the Bible be true or not, we may give the authors of it credit for meaning what they said, except of course where a metaphorical interpretation is clearly intended.

Ath. You are treading dangerously near the brink of one of those theological controversies which you so strongly deprecate, so I will not attempt to answer your arguments. As far as I understand it, your main contention is that religious questions are best left alone, at any rate by the majority of people.

Alg. Most decidedly; because, as I have already pointed out, discussing them does us no good whatever. Moreover, if we examine the matter closely, we shall see that the modern passion for analysis, as exemplified by our fretting and fussing about the philosophical bases of our belief, is mainly the offspring of egotism and an exaggerated self-consciousness. Take my own case. I can

well remember the time, in the days of my callow youth, when what are called the "new ideas"—they are all as old as Methuselah—were beginning to come upon me. I caught them just as I caught the mumps and the chicken-pox, the only difference being that, while I was ashamed of the latter, I was inordinately proud of my infectious complaints in their spiritual form. What a clever dog I thought myself, how immeasurably superior to the ordinary run of commonplace folk who were content to remain in the old-fashioned notions! But now a riper experience tells me that I have lost more than I have gained, and that "modern thought" is a poor substitute for the sense of peace and contentment which might have been mine had these problems and questionings never suggested themselves to my mind. I am quite aware, to revert to a subject that we touched upon before, that considerations of personal comfort or experience can in no way affect the question of the truth or falsity of the doctrines under review. But at least they might make us pause and reflect before rushing eagerly to the destruction or the undermining of beliefs which have stood the test of nearly twenty centuries. I am often astounded at the light-hearted fashion in which people contemplate an event fraught with such momentous consequences, as though the loss of our faith and moral certitude were necessarily an occasion of pride and rejoicing. If we have proved God to be a myth, and the religion we took in with our mother's milk a delusion, is that a thing to crow and chuckle over? You and I agree that the religious idea—I use this term for want of

a better—is absent only in quite exceptional natures. In other words, most of us feel the need of some sort of spiritual guidance. Formerly we had such guidance. Now it would seem we are to have nothing—unless it be an indefinite number of *réchauffés* of older religious systems dished up to suit individual palates. And as for the new positive morality, what is it but Christianity with the religion left out? No: the longer I live the less cause for congratulation I see in the spread of the modern critical and sceptical ideas. They do but breed indifference and a spirit of listless dejection in matters, not only of faith but of morality; for, say what we will, the moral sense of mankind has its foundations deep in religion, and will go down with it. Add to this that our morbid analytical tendencies are doing their best to poison existence. A universal pessimism paints life to the greater number of us in the most sombre hues. We are all very sad, and fancy ourselves martyrs to what we are pleased to call the truth. At the same time, like true Britons, we take a gentle pleasure in our sadness and our martyrdom.

To me, however, all this is the reverse of satisfactory; and if the result be that joy and steadfast hope are superseded by a feeling wellnigh akin to despair; if, instead of being God's children, with a destiny commensurate with the grandeur of our heritage, we are mere helpless automata in the vast evolutionary scheme; if all we have to look forward to is to

“drop into the jaws
Of vacant darkness, and to cease;”

if yonder blue firmament, instead of being our eternal home hereafter, is but a “painted dome” arching in the tragic farce of human existence,—then I for one cannot help feeling that we were better as we were. But come, Athanasia, we have talked enough on these matters. Suppose you put on your bonnet and come with me to church; in which case I will accord you the privilege, dear to your sex, of having the last word in our argument.

Ath. Very well, Algy, as you wish it so much, I will. But we shall be awfully late. And I mean to have my New Religion all the same.

HUGH E. M. STUTFIELD.

SCANDAL ABOUT QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THACKERAY says that Queen Mary has still admirers who "conspire for her in history." He might have added that the less fascinating Elizabeth also enjoys the same advantage. The conspirators on Elizabeth's side work by the simple and easy process of not mentioning all the facts in the case, and that case the extraordinary one which makes the question of the guilt of the English queen an exact parallel to the charges against the Queen of Scots. Cunnor Hall was Elizabeth's Kirk-of-Field; Leicester was her Bothwell; Amy Robsart answers to Darnley; and if Elizabeth be really involved, her sin was greater than Mary's, for Darnley had given Mary cause of deadly hatred, and Amy Robsart had done nothing to harm Elizabeth. Here the writer must frankly confess that he cannot believe Elizabeth to have been guilty, while in his heart he is unable to acquit Mary. But this belief is rather the result of intuition than of evidence.

When Mary, Elizabeth's guest, was her prisoner in 1568, she was informally tried, by a secret and slovenly tribunal, for being "act and part" in the murder of Darnley, on the ambiguous evidence of the Casket Letters. The English Commission decided nothing, except that Elizabeth was too good and pure to admit Mary to a personal interview. Elizabeth herself was anxious not to see her captive, and she thus had an excuse for not seeing her. But had the latter met in private, Mary might have appealed to Elizabeth as a sister in misfortune. Seven short years ago Elizabeth had been in as manifest danger from a

charge of complicity in murder as Mary now was. Much more certainly and openly than Mary, before Darnley's death, ever encouraged Bothwell, had Elizabeth encouraged the suit of Leicester. Meanwhile Leicester, or, to speak more correctly, Lord Robert Dudley, was a married man. His wife died suddenly and strangely. Elizabeth was not advised by a council of her nobles to marry Dudley. She was not beset and carried off by Dudley. Mary, on the other hand, had her nobles' request that she should marry Bothwell under their own hands, and she might at least plead that Bothwell forcibly carried her away, whatever we may think of the value of that plea. Herein alone lay the difference between her case, on a first view, and Elizabeth's. Elizabeth did not marry Dudley, though Cecil thought she had; Mary did, under stress of events, marry Bothwell. Had Elizabeth married Dudley, and been attacked by the Duke of Norfolk and other nobles; had she been defeated and fled into Scotland; had the Catholic cause been victorious; had Elizabeth been tried in Scotland as Mary was tried in England,—then the two cases would have been absolutely parallel. If no letters of Elizabeth's to Dudley were produced, on the other hand Elizabeth had told the Spanish ambassador that Dudley's wife was "dead, or nearly dead," four days before Dudley's wife (who was in her usual health) died by accident, or by murderous design. This remarkable statement of Elizabeth's is carefully left out of view by one of the persons who "conspire for her in history."

It is plain, at least, that when Elizabeth refused to see Mary in 1558, she acted with sagacity. For Mary had an arrow in her quiver which must have gone home—the statement that Elizabeth had been almost exactly in her own position. This has always been evident to readers of Mr Froude's first volume on the reign of Elizabeth, though Mr Froude, while bearing heavily on Dudley, does not press for a moment on the case as regards the queen. Probably most people take their vague ideas of the affair from 'Kenilworth,' in which Scott uses his customary freedom with facts. He dates 'Kenilworth' in 1575, when Amy Robsart had for fifteen years lain in her grave in St Mary's Church in Oxford. He introduces Shakespeare as already the author of 'The Winter's Tale,' and, in brief, "composes" historical events as artists select and compose the features of nature in landscape. Scott absolves Leicester (as he calls him), and casts the blame on the villany of Varney, his man. Now, though Varney does not appear conspicuously in the affair, Scott may have guessed right: retainers of Dudley may conceivably have gone beyond their commission, or been resolute where he was irresolute, and "made sikket," as in the case of the Red Comyn.

The fairest way of stating the circumstances is to follow Mr Froude, who is not prejudiced against Queen Elizabeth, and who discovered a curious compromising letter at Simancas. The point established by this letter is absent from the article which Canon Jackson wrote for the defence in the 'Nineteenth Century' (March 1882). Nobody will accuse Canon Jackson of intentional unfairness. He was communicating certain fragments of information found

by himself among the interesting MSS. of Lord Bath at Longleat, and no doubt his preoccupation with these may have obscured his general view of the problem. Still, as Thackeray says, he "conspires" by this doubtless unwitting *suppressio veri*.

In 1559 it was highly desirable that Elizabeth should marry, and secure the succession. On April 18 and 29, 1559, De Faria, the Spanish ambassador, wrote to Philip: "They tell me she is enamoured of my Lord Dudley, and will never let him leave her side." Now Dudley had married, in 1550, when he was about nineteen, Amy, daughter and heiress of Sir John Robsart. Sir John's wife had been a Mrs Appleyard, and he had a son John, Amy's half-brother, of whom more hereafter. About the married life of Amy and Dudley we know little. Dudley was in the Tower for Lady Jane Grey's affair, and was released in January 1554. In 1557, Amy, as a letter of hers shows, was in a position of trust, paying money for Dudley to some poor people in Dudley's absence, and staying with a Mr Hyde, an old friend of the Dudley family, not far from Abingdon. Elizabeth came to the throne in November 1558, and made her old companion Dudley her Master of the Horse. At this time he was much about the queen's person by virtue of his office,—moreover, "she will never let him leave her side," says De Faria. It is now that Amy goes to Cumnor Place, of which Forster was tenant; while Mrs Owen, the wife of its owner (the queen's physician), with two other ladies, Mrs Forster and Mrs Odingsell, a sister of Mr Hyde's, were also there.

"Mr Forster purchased the house from Dr Owen after Amy's death," and on his own death left

it, with a charge on it, to Leicester.¹ While they resided at Cumnor Hall, Amy and the Forsters had different servants. Forster died in 1572. Scott, who publishes his epitaph, observes that his character, as given on that authority, differs greatly from the churl of 'Kenilworth.' He was Leicester's chief controller of expenses. Canon Jackson shows that Amy had millinery to her heart's desire, though in the novel she had only one opportunity of "shopping." When she went to Cumnor is not absolutely certain, — "not much before the very last year of her life" (1560), thinks Canon Jackson.

To return to De Faria's letters. In April 1559 "Dudley is in such favour that people say she" (the queen) "visits him in his chamber day and night." This was not part of Dudley's duties as Master of the Horse. "Nay, it is even reported that his wife has a cancer on the breast, and that the queen waits only till she die to marry him."²

Thus in April 1559 Leicester was on very familiar terms with the queen. On no such terms was Mary with Bothwell. Meanwhile Leicester's wife, at Cumnor probably, is believed to be dangerously ill. There was no truth in that report. Whether the state of affairs was conducive to Amy's happiness any reader may conceive. On September 7, 1559, Lady Sidney told the new Spanish ambassador, De Quadra, that there had been a plot to murder Elizabeth and Dudley. Elizabeth, therefore, pretended to think of marrying the Archduke Carlos. In October the Duke of Norfolk was speaking against Dudley.

Elizabeth also quarrelled with Cecil, "for what cause God knows," probably about Dudley. On November 15, 1559, De Quadra told Philip that Lord Robert Dudley "has sent instructions to have his wife poisoned," and "all the dallying with us" (about the queen's marriage) "is merely to keep Lord Robert's enemies in play till this villany can be executed. I have learned also certain other things as to the terms on which the queen and Lord Robert stand towards each other, which I could not have believed," though he *did* believe that Elizabeth was possessed of a devil!³ On December 27, De Quadra writes to the Bishop of Arras: "You would be astonished to know the things which take place here, but the less they are spoken of the better. I will not write of them."

We now enter the last year of Amy Robsart's life, 1560. On August 27 Cecil "dare not write" — to Throgmorton in Paris — "that he might speak. God send her Majesty understanding." On September 25 Randolph answered a lost letter of Cecil's, of September 11. Cecil's first words, compared with the reports bruited abroad by the French, "so passioned my heart, that no grief that ever I felt was like unto it."

What had Cecil written on September 11? The news of Amy Robsart's death was publicly known in London on that day!

We now come to the darkest hint of all. The dates must be carefully kept in mind. On September 8 Amy Robsart died. On September 11 De Quadra wrote to the Duchess of Parma. His letter, in Mr Froude's book, is headed "London, Sept. 11." He

¹ Canon Jackson, 'Nineteenth Century,' 1882, p. 424.

² Simancas MSS., *ap.* Froude, i. 85. London, 1863.

³ Froude, i. 148.

writes to give information about "great and unexpected matters."

1. "On the 3d" the queen had told him she would marry the Archduke.

2. "She has just now" (September 11) "told me drily that she does not intend to marry, and that it cannot be."

Between September 3, when the queen was determined to marry, and September 11, when she was determined not to marry, Amy had died, and Leicester was free.

3. De Quadra goes on: "After my conversation with the queen" (which, as will be seen, must be that of September 3) "I met the Secretary Cecil." Now De Quadra, by "after my conversation with the queen," *may* mean "some days after," but nobody would read his words in that sense. Every one would take them to mean, on September 3. Cecil said he wished to retire from affairs. Dudley was "master of the business of the State, and of the person of the queen," with the intention of marrying her. The queen was moping in her palace, "to the peril of her health and life." "Last of all, he said that they" (who?) "were thinking of destroying Lord Robert's wife. They had given out that she was very ill, but she was not ill at all; she was very well, and was taking care not to be poisoned."

So said Cecil on September 3, as far as we can gather.

"The day after this conversation" (September 4), "the queen, on her return from hunting, told me that Lord Robert's wife was dead, or nearly so, and begged me to say nothing about it. Assuredly it is a matter full of shame and infamy. . . . Since this was writ-

ten" (on September 11) "the death of Lord Robert's wife has been given out publicly. The Queen said, in Italian, *Que si ha rotto il collo* (she has broken her neck). It seems that she fell down a staircase."¹ Elizabeth, who was too pure to breathe the same air with Mary Stuart, was, according to her own minister, moping for love of a married man. She stayed in the house to the peril of her royal health. On receiving news that the married man's wife was "dead or nearly so," she went out hunting, and, for whatever reason, could not keep her story to herself. Yet the married man's wife was alive and well, and only died, by an accident, four days later. After which Elizabeth renounced her express promise to marry another suitor, the Archduke. Of Cecil, who told the tale, and of Elizabeth, we may say, as some one quoted by Mr Froude said of Mary and the Bishop of Ross, "What a queen, and what a minister!"

These are the circumstances, these words of the queen and Cecil, which Canon Jackson never even distantly alludes to in his argument for the defence. The queen's cause has also been advocated by Mr Gairdner.²

Mr Gairdner tries to explain away Cecil's remarks to De Quadra. Cecil only wanted to frighten De Quadra, and "his words must be construed according to the object he has in view." Cecil may have heard gossip about the poisoning, "and even thought it not incredible." This is making a pretty character for Cecil: he not only tattled against the honour of his queen, but he tattled falsely. Mr Gairdner omits to mention, as bearing on Cecil's real opinion, his letter to Throg-

¹ Simancas MSS., ap. Froude, i. 278-281.

² Historical Review, i. 235.

morton of August 27: "*I dare not write that I might speak. God send her Majesty understanding.*" He omits Randolph's acknowledged receipt of "information of an extremely agitating kind," as Mr Froude calls it (September 11, September 23). These two coincidences—Cecil's not daring to write what he thinks on August 27, and his desolating secret letter to Randolph—coincide with his conversation with De Quadra, and leave no doubt as to what was in his mind—the purposed poisoning. Now gossip about poisoning was natural, and not very important, when the queen was so familiar with a married man living apart from his wife. But when a minister believes in the story, alludes to it in private letters, and discusses it with a foreign ambassador, things look very black. Yet Mr Gairdner does not allude to these letters of Cecil's. Mr Gairdner next tries to show that when the queen told De Quadra that Amy was "*dead, or nearly so,*" she spoke *after* the event. But Amy was found quite dead: we are not merely "*nearly dead*" when we have broken our necks, or had them broken for us. There could be no mistake about the matter. It is precisely the expression, "*dead, or nearly so,*" which suggests so much. The words are meaningless when the death and the cause of death have been ascertained. Mr Gairdner, none the less, argues that the queen spoke *after* the event of the 8th September. First, De Quadra does not say, in so many words, that his conversation with Cecil occurred on the day (September 3) of his first talk with the queen. He only says: "I spoke with the queen, afterwards I met Cecil, and on the following day

the queen told me Lady Dudley was dead or dying." But De Quadra, heading his letter September 11, says, "Just now the queen told me that she does not intend to marry." Mr Gairdner is driven to say, "Though he appears to have begun his letter before the 11th, the day on which he certainly finished it, there is nothing to prevent our supposing that he began it on the 9th or 10th, and had the interview with Cecil that same day. Now even on 9th September Elizabeth must have known of Amy's death." How? Leicester was at Windsor on September 9, when he got the news. On September 11 the queen was in London; probably she was at Windsor on September 9, otherwise she could scarcely have known so early. But, however this may be, there is nothing in the letter to show, or as far as we see to suggest, that De Quadra began his letter before the day he dated it, the 11th. If he heads his letter September 11, as in Mr Froude's copy, then he wrote it from the beginning on September 11; he did not commence it on the 9th or 10th, after an interview with Elizabeth on one of these days. Had he done so he would have said, "*just now,*" or "*to-day,*" "*the queen on her return from hunting told me*" of Amy's parlous state.

Mr Gairdner's theory requires us to believe this: A man had an interview with the queen on September 3. He also (*ex hypothesi*) had an interview with her on the 9th or 10th. He is (still *ex hypothesi*) writing on the 9th or 10th. He speaks of his interview of the 3d, of a conversation with Cecil "*afterwards,*" and of another conversation "*the day after this,*" by which phrase *he means the day he is writing on!*

And he heads his letter, "London, 11th September"!

We have never seen the advocates of Queen Mary Stuart driven to contentions quite so strange as this,—quite so desperately at bay. For De Quadra, to suit Mr Gairdner, cannot be writing before the 9th, for Elizabeth could not have heard of Amy's death before the 9th; and he is labouring to prove that Elizabeth said she was "dead, or nearly so," after news arrived of the fact. Therefore De Quadra must be writing on the 9th or 10th. But his interview with the queen cannot, if it is to help Mr Gairdner, be earlier than the 9th. Yet De Quadra, instead of saying, if he is writing on the 9th, "the queen told me to-day," or if he met her on the 9th and wrote on the 10th, "the queen told me yesterday," of Amy's condition, dates the conversation "the day after" this undated talk with Cecil!

To argue thus is certainly, in an innocent and Thackerayan sense, to "conspire in history" for Elizabeth. No Marian has so decidedly allowed his affections to influence his judgment.

Here, then, we have *damnum minatum*: popular report, the words of Cecil, declare that Amy is to be poisoned; the queen says she is dead or dying; and then comes *malum secutum*, Amy breaks her neck.

In what circumstances did Amy break her neck "down a pair of stairs"? Mr Bartlett, a local antiquary, found that "it was a circular newel stone staircase" that Amy fell down,—as Mr Gairdner says, "a corkscrew staircase." On the other hand, the event was described at the moment as "a fall

from a pair of stairs," which, "in the West of England, means a staircase with two landings."¹ About the whole business a messenger was at once sent from Cumnor to Dudley at Windsor, "by whom I do understande that my wife is dead, and, as he saithe, *by a fall from a pair of staires*. Little other understanding can I have from him," and nobody has had "other understanding" ever since. Dudley's letters and demeanour are entirely compatible with innocence, and lend themselves to no other interpretation; which, of course, only deepens the mystery. The letters, or rather copies of them, are in the Pepys collection at Magdalene, Cambridge, and are published in Lord Braybrooke's edition of Pepys. They state that on Sunday, September 8, there was a fair at Abingdon. Mr Gairdner can find no record of such a fair; but it was the Feast of Our Lady. Very early on Monday, Dudley sent Sir Thomas Blount, one of his officers, from Windsor into Oxfordshire, on what errand we know not; Blount met Bowes coming from Cumnor with the following news: On Sunday, Amy sent all her people to Abingdon. Mrs Odingsell, sister of Mr Hyde, declined to go. Amy was left in the house with this lady, Mrs Owen, and Forster's servants. Nothing is here said about Forster and Varney. When Amy's servants came back from the fair, Amy was lying dead at the foot of the staircase in the hall. How long had she been dead? Why was she allowed to lie there? Here all information stops. No record of the coroner's jury can be found.

On receiving Bowes's message,

¹ Canon Jackson, 'Nineteenth Century,' p. 426.

Dudley did not hurry from Windsor to Cumnor as soon as a horse could be saddled. It is urged, with truth, that his presence at Cumnor might have unduly influenced a jury, yet a fond husband could hardly have stayed at Windsor. On Tuesday Blount heard from Amy's maid, Mrs Pinto, "who dearly loved her," that "she judged it chance, and neither done by man nor by herself, for she was a good virtuous gentlewoman, and daily would pray upon her knees; and divers times I have heard her pray to God to save her from desperation." The girl, however, denied that she suspected Amy of suicidal tendencies. Her desperation, for all that we are told, may have been theological, like Cowper's, or may have been produced by Dudley's relations with the queen, and by the rumours of an intended attempt on her life. But no one would commit suicide by jumping down "a pair of stairs"; and if Amy was so desperately ill as Elizabeth announced, she would not be running at top speed down a corkscrew staircase, as Mr Gairdner suggests. As to Dudley, he commanded Blount to "use all devises and means for the learning of the truth," "the bottom of the matter," and to bid the coroner choose "the discreetest and substantial men for the jury." He also sent for Amy's half-brother, Appleyard, and her illegitimate brother, Arthur Robsart, to attend the legal proceedings. The jury "could find no presumption of evil dealing." Dudley suggested that a second jury should be summoned, but this was perhaps not done,

though a second jury may have sat.¹

Certainly, on all this showing, Dudley was guiltless. But Canon Jackson, innocently conspiring again, adduces Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, ambassador in Paris, as "harbouring no suspicion or unkind feelings on Dudley's part towards the wife of his youth." Yet Canon Jackson had before his eyes what Mr Froude says about Throgmorton: "He at least refused to credit the Cumnor Inquest."² "Sofar, methinks," Throgmorton wrote to Cecil, "I already see into the matter, as I wish myself already dead, because I would not live to see unto that day," of Dudley's marriage to Elizabeth.³ "If it take place, we shall be *opprobrium hominum et abjectio plebis*." He finally sent to Elizabeth his secretary, Mr Jones, whose letter to Throgmorton is in the Hardwicke Papers (i. 163). Jones carried Throgmorton's message verbally: he "vehemently inveighed against Dudley's race," but the queen only laughed! "She thereon told me that the matter" (of Amy's death) "had been tried in the country, and found to be contrary to that which was reported, saying that he" (Dudley) "was then in the court, and none of his at the attempt at his wife's house." As Mr Froude says, "this expression admits that there had been an attempt of some kind, and by some one." Neither Canon Jackson nor Mr Gairdner alludes to this curious phrase of Elizabeth's, which only serves to darken the obscure. The queen heard Jones graciously, "even when he rehearsed the terms of *veneficii et maleficiis reus*." The queen was looking ill;

¹ Froude, i. 287, note 2.

² Ibid., i. 296.

³ October 26, 1560, in the Hardwicke Papers, i. 121-124.

"the matter of my Lord Robert doth much perplex her, and it is never like to take place." She had deferred creating him a peer, cutting up the papers with a knife.

Thus we make no progress: we only find that Throgmorton, at the moment, was no believer in Dudley, as Canon Jackson, by a curious letter found at Longleat, shows Lord Huntingdon to have been, or like Throgmorton, who also wrote a letter of condolence, to have pretended to be.

There remains one circumstance in which Mr Gairdner shows Mr Froude to have pressed too hard on Dudley. We have heard of Appleyard, High Sheriff of Norwich, Amy's half-brother, whom Dudley sent to the inquest. In 1567 Appleyard was examined by the Council concerning certain words which he had used about the affair. "He admitted," says Mr Froude, "that the investigation had, after all, been inadequately conducted." In fact, Appleyard did not so much admit this, as admit that he had said this; and, under pressure of prison and hunger, he withdrew his remarks. His evidence is worthless to either side. First, when he grumbled against Leicester, he was really trying to "black-mail" him, to extort money or money's worth. When he withdrew his imputations, it was under stress of bonds, ruin, and imminent starvation. The story, in a nutshell, is this: In 1567 (the year of Mary's trial, such as it was, about the Casket Letters), Appleyard was called before the Council, to answer for certain words concerning Leicester. He said that, in 1566, a mysterious stranger had offered him £4000 to reopen the

Cumnor affair. He had refused, and he spoke of it to Blount, Leicester's man, who was riding to Cumnor the day after Amy's death. He admitted that Leicester had procured him the office of High Sheriff of Norfolk and Suffolk, "to gain him credit and countenance," the year after Amy died, and that Leicester had got him posts of emolument; but it is plain that he expected more. He admitted having said that he had often asked Leicester "to countenance him in the prosecuting of the trial of the murder of his sister." He admitted having said that, though he held the earl innocent, yet there had been foul play. He admitted having said that the jury (the second jury?) "had not as yet given up their verdict."

This is Appleyard's "confession,"—that is, he confesses to having spoken about what he could do as he would. Another witness, Tryndell, had heard Appleyard "use words of anger, and say, among other things, that he had, for the earl's sake, covered the murder of his sister." Thus Appleyard, since Amy's death, had been a hanger-on of Leicester, disappointed, surly, and threatening.

Next Blount writes to Leicester, after this examination of Appleyard's before the Council.¹ Blount tells Leicester that he, too, has been examined, as Appleyard admitted having spoken to him. He gives Leicester a *précis* of his own evidence before the Council, which was to this effect, Appleyard's brother-in-law, Huggon, had warned Leicester that "court persons" were practising on Appleyard. Thereon Leicester sent Blount to ask Appleyard what was going on.

¹ The letter, in which some pages are missing, is in the Pepys Collection. Mr Gairdner publishes what is extant (Hist. Rev. i. 251).

Appleyard would not write, but promised to call on Leicester. He never came. Blount visited him again, and was told the story of the mysterious stranger and the bribe,—“a strange tale,” as he himself says. Still Appleyard would not visit Leicester. Again Blount was sent to Appleyard, but only saw Huggon, who confirmed his story of the interview with the mysterious stranger, having witnessed it from the leads of his house. At last Blount brought Appleyard to Leicester in the open air, near Greenwich. They spoke angrily, and Leicester “would have drawn his sword upon him, if they had been alone.” Finally, Leicester left Appleyard “with great words of defiance.” Leicester then told Blount that Appleyard “was a very villain.” Here the letter ends abruptly.

What Appleyard was doing is obvious. He was saying that he had offers of money (from Norfolk and Surrey, it seems) if he would open the Cumnor matter, and he was attempting to extort blackmail from Leicester.

Appleyard was now consigned to the Fleet Prison, which made him change his tune. He writes abjectly to the Council, asking for a copy of the verdict on his sister's death, “whereby I may see what the jury have found.” If he really was at the inquest, this is a curious request. He adds that he has to buy his own food, and has very little money. So he writes on the last of May 1567. On the 4th of June he writes again. He has seen the verdict, “in which I do find not only such proofs attested under the oaths of fifteen persons, how

my late sister, by misfortune, happened of death, but also such manifest and plain determination thereof” as quite suffices him, and “I have no further to say of that cause.” He adds that he has been in prison for a month in “sickness and most miserable poverty,” not having “money left to find me two meals.” A letter found at Longleat shows that, on June 6, he was brought before the Star Chamber, and “showed himself a malitious beast, for he dyd confess he accusyd my Lord of Lecyster only of malyses.”

What Appleyard confessed, under such a screw as the Council put on, is worth no more than what he said to extort blackmail. How fifteen persons can have seen and testified to the manner of Amy's death is a mystery; and a mystery is “the attempt at her house” of which Elizabeth spoke to Jones. The verdict which satisfied Appleyard in prison did not satisfy Throgmorton in Paris. Throgmorton was a very shifty person. On October 10, 1560, he wrote to Dudley a letter of condolence on “the cruel mischance to my lady your late bedfellow;” but we have seen what his real opinion of the mischance was, as expressed by Jones to the queen.¹ On May 9, 1567, Throgmorton, now on friendly terms with Leicester, wrote to him about Appleyard's examination before the Council.² In 1571 Throgmorton died, and was said to have been poisoned by Leicester! Events subsequent to Amy's death may be studied in Mr Froude's History. Dudley and the queen amused De Quadra by a proposal to marry,

¹ The letter of condolence is quoted by Mr Rye in ‘The Murder of Amy Robsart, the Brief for the Prosecution,’ from State Papers, Foreign, Elizabeth, 1560, xix. 625.

² Published by Mr Rye.

and bring back the Church, if the King of Spain would support them. Cecil, in a private memorandum, noted Leicester as "infamed" by his wife's death—that is, *taré*, of ill repute. The queen continued to load Leicester with gifts and honours; much scandal was spoken about them,—but scandal is always spoken of eminent people.

To conclude, Dudley's letters to Blount, if carefully read, are exactly what an innocent man would have written. As to Varney and Forster, there is not a tittle of evidence in support of the charges made against them in 'Leicester's Commonwealth,' nor is it even certain which of two Varneys is intended. Forster received many favours from Leicester, but that is no proof, nor are there presumptions of guilt in benefactions to the Odingsells.¹ Amy Robsart did not die in an untenanted house; there were several ladies in it at the time. Her own maid, who "dearly loved her," declared her death to be an accident. The suspicion entirely rises from the coincidence of the death with the rumours of intended murder, and from the strange circumstance of her body being left, apparently for several hours, where it fell, till

the servants found it on their return from the fair. Of all the rumours, the most strange and startling are those attributed to Elizabeth—first, in announcing the death before it occurred; next, in speaking of "the attempt at her house," not elsewhere alluded to by any one. So here we leave the mystery, only remarking that, as Elizabeth succeeded in life, she was left unscathed, whereas Mary Stuart, in circumstances curiously parallel, was practically condemned unheard. The only absolute conclusion we can reach is, that Elizabeth had no moral right to stand on her stainless character and refuse an interview to Mary, when Mary was labouring under a charge like that of which Elizabeth's own Ministers thought her possibly guilty. But then Mary, in Paris, had said that Elizabeth "was about to marry her horse-master, who had killed his wife to make room for her." And this very "horse-master" was proposed by Elizabeth, later, as a suitable husband for Mary. Mr Froude thinks the proposal was honestly made. So natural and likely was it that a proud queen would marry a man whom she had described as a murderous horse-master!

A. LANG.

¹ These are all traced in Mr Rye's 'Brief for the Prosecution' (London, 1885), pp. 52-60.

WINTER SUNSHINE.

AUTUMN has fallen into winter, and the days are at their shortest: the woods are bare; the ways are sodden; nature is dead, and light and colour are departed. Let us too depart, say many of us,—let us betake ourselves to brighter skies, or to the warmth and sociability of the town; for winter in the country, with its damp and dulness, is a failure; dry pavement, well-lighted streets, even when fogs make darkness visible, and good company, are better things.

But is nature dead? Has all colour and light departed? And do they who say these things know the country as it is to be known in winter? Do they know the solemn beauty of its gloom; the mystery of its veiled skies; the bright gleams which light up the brooding clouds? Have they stood to watch the wonderful gradations, blue and brown and russet, all melting into each other in sweetest unity, as they spread over a wide winter landscape? How, at other times, can they discern the intricate tracery of leafless woods, seen against a grey, sombre sky, or as they are reflected in dark, still pools,—the overflow of autumn rains which vanish with spring warmth and drying winds? and who but those who know it well can tell the charm of winter sunshine?

It is not too much to say that there are parts of England which, to be seen at their best, they must be seen in their winter aspect.

I know such a country; full of beauty it may be in summer, but its real charm is only to be known in winter months. It is a "barren and dry land, where no water

is," and in the particular district to which I allude there are very few springs, and only two streams, one of which is hardly to be called such, as it makes its way slowly and sluggishly through the wide, thirsty valley; bounded on the north by a chain of chalk hills, and on the south, rising in a gradual slope to a ridge of moorland clothed with self-sown fir and brushwood, and with an undergrowth of heather and fern. As soon as winter moisture, either of rain or snow, disappears, so also disappears much of its charm. Consequently we cannot boast of a great variety of flowers; few ferns are to be found in the woods or by the wayside. *Brakes* there are in plenty, but they do not attain to any height or abundant growth. Sometimes we come upon a root of *Male fern* on the shady side of a hedgerow; here and there some dark-green fronds of *Polypody*; and in the depth of the fir-wood are roots of *Blechnum*, or *Hard fern*; but these are fast disappearing as each year brings more depredators to carry them off for sale. Even primroses are shy except in favoured places, and cowslips only flourish in the lower pastures where the soil is heavy. Of heather there is plenty, though somehow the heather of the south lacks the charm of the northern to those who know both. Associations are strong, and memory clings to the accompaniments of the one, and recalls the sweeps of purple bloom on the wide hillside, or the tender blush of ling carpeting a forest of giant firs, broken by mossy boulders, or crowning a grey rock round which the rapid brown water swirls and breaks, as

it flows from the "hills of the West" or the Grampian range.

In summer the woods seem to be too heavy with dense foliage. Now they are bare; we can see through them, and mark the crimson glow of a winter sunset through the tall stems. And, looking nearer, we hardly miss the bright blossoms of May and June—so charming, so delicate, and so subtle in their tints are the mosses, the lichens, and even the fungi, which in damp winter days are set like gems on the banks, and on the stems and branches of the trees.

Come with me this fair December morning, and let us make the most of the short daylight and the sun, which is softly shining through long level bars of pearly grey, streaking the faint blue of the southern sky. It rained heavily all night, and now—

"The morn is up again, the dewy morn;
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with joyful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb."

This steep pathway, which after a thunder-shower becomes little more than a water-course, will lead us up to the heather-clad waste—a long ridge of high ground sloping up gently to the south. The broken banks, rising steeply on either side as we ascend, are of grey sand; gnarled and knotted oaks, tall fir and birch trees, meet overhead; while the ground beneath is covered with a tangle of brown heather, bright green whortle-berry (leafless now), and russet fern. Here is a mass of it overhanging the pathway, of a russet so bright as to make an almost violent contrast with the dull

green and brown of the heather. But no contrast here offends, for all the colours blend, and are *in tune*, which, as all painters of landscape know, is the great unattainable charm,—that *harmony* of nature, so rarely caught. Here orange melts into brown, green softly fades into silvery grey; while overhead the rounded masses and sombre green of the Scotch firs, seen against the blue of the sky, have a marvellous grace in form and intenseness of colour.

Undisturbed as yet by quiet footsteps, shy wild creatures are to be seen for a moment, only to flit away as we approach. A rabbit who had found a nook in which to sun himself darts into sight, and we see his white tuft of a tail disappearing up the bank. A wren pipes his little song, and pops in and out among the lower branches; and up above we can just discern the ash-coloured back, and hear the faint tap, tap of a nuthatch. A moment later, and with a saucy fling of his tail a squirrel springs lightly into the oak, and sits chattering and scolding on a bough overhead; and now above, erect in the sunshine, stands a brilliant apparition—an embodiment of sunlight and of rainbow colours. A gorgeous pheasant, as yet unconscious of a watcher, his bright eye glancing, his rich plumage of golden brown, with a sheen of blue, and green, and scarlet, is seen but for a moment, and then slips silently into the brushwood. This sheltered ravine or gully in the midst of the woods is a favoured haunt of all the wild creatures, bird or beast, who can brave the winter cold, and who yet love the sun. Fronting the south, it is filled to-day with pale misty sunshine, lying warm on the soft grey of the pathway—bringing out, in intricate light and shade,

every branch and twig of the leafless trees, and revealing mysteries of colour in the stems and branches.

And, near at hand, no brilliant summer glow would reveal more vivid velvet green, or softer tints of grey or rich russet brown, than these fleeting gleams of winter sunshine reveal to-day in the moss and lichens which clothe the steep banks, and are set like gems on the dark moist earth; for they are the very products of winter, the spontaneous growth of autumn rain and mist, and they withdraw themselves, with few exceptions, as soon as the sun gains power to dry their delicate organisms.

Few of us know how much of the charm of winter, its soft and delicate colouring, is owing to the presence of these humble and minute members of the vegetable kingdom; especially on such days as these, when the rare sunshine lights up some sheltered nook, or throws fitful gleams into some deep woodland dell. Who that has eyes for such things has not been struck by the variety and exquisite colouring of the stems of leafless forest-trees? On the broad trunk of a beech-tree, for instance, whose bark is almost as smooth as ivory, we see a flush of the finest golden green, which spreads up all one side of the bole. We may call it the colour of the bark; it is, in fact, the infinitely minute growth of a *Lepraria* or *Spiloma*, which has its specific organisation and distinct means of propagation as others of the vegetable kingdom, though to the eye and touch it is but the thinnest film or powdery crust upon the surface which it colours—and which in winter may be seen not only on trees, but on thatch, old posts, and rails, and even on the ground, staining them with vivid-

est green, pale yellow, or orange, through the damp winter months. Grey or orange, golden or dull green, all combining to make up the various hues and shades of colour which charm those who care to wander in woodland ways or by tangled hedgerow paths, though the paths may be sodden with wet, and though winter winds may rave through the woods.

These beauteous creations belong to the tribe of "flowerless plants," placed by botanists in the large class of Cryptogamia; and to those who would make these their study, there is in the limited area immediately around us to-day a world of delight. It has been a wet autumn, and December has hitherto been free from frost, except such as sufficed to strip the few remaining leaves from the trees, and it is this which has encouraged the spontaneous growth of vegetation whose very life depends upon moisture, not only in the earth but in the air.

But the study requires the utmost patience and careful observation, as any one will testify who has endeavoured to go a little way only into it. The organisms are so minute, the differences between them so intricate and unexpected (we can, indeed, take nothing for granted in natural things), the inferences are so contradicting, that the most patient and learned investigators are brought to a standstill, and find it almost impossible to lay down rules hard and fast as to where ferns become mosses, mosses merge into lichens, and lichens encroach upon fungi; or to distinguish with any certainty between the species. The system pursued of old by Linnaeus has been set aside by most modern students, and this is not surprising, as he seems never to have used the microscope in his re-

searches—a fact of which, indeed, he made a boast. Only the most powerful lens can reveal the structure and mark the species in Cryptogamia. At present the highest authorities seem to be our own Hooker, with other learned Scottish and German professors, and they have made things easier to the unlearned by giving us fern *allies*, moss and lichen and fungus *allies*, which overlap the borders of these intricate tribes as hitherto prescribed, and which prove how little we can bind nature in any trammels of science.

There are, however, some broad rules which may guide us in attempting to identify the tribes or families into which cryptogamic vegetation is divided, besides the two, one of which includes *Acrogens*, those flowerless plants in which we distinguish stems and leaves, as in many mosses—and *Thallogens*, in which we find neither, as in lichens and fungi. These rules may serve us in a general way, but they would by no means satisfy the truly scientific botanist.

We may take in some measure for granted that, while mosses are identified by propagation taking place from seed-vessels or capsules,—each with its minute organisms of veil and lid,—containing the spores or pollen to be discharged from the capsule when ripe, and mounted on longer or shorter footstalks; the generic character of lichens is shown in scattered wart-like forms or lumps, or in tubercles in which the seed is embedded on the fronds, or which are found at their extremities. That while lichens attach themselves to various substances, living or dead, we find death or decay always originating the growth of fungi. Only a true scientific botanist can, however,

distinguish the line of demarcation, if indeed there is any, between lichens and fungi.

Why, those may ask who are of an unscientific mind, should we burden these delicate and minute creations which grow in all the wanton freedom of nature with long names, the very meaning of which is unknown to most of us, or force them into tribes and families, classing them and docketing them as we do the work of our own heavy hands? An enthusiast in the science can alone answer that. For ourselves, we might be tempted to think that the sudden burst as of light laughter we hear among the trees is not the yaffel of a woodpecker flitting from tree to tree, but that of a wood-nymph—a hamadryad, hiding behind the gnarled oaks on the bank, and making game of our laborious pains and discomforture, thinking how easily mortals miss the fulness of joy in natural things.

Let us not, however, in our ignorance, think little of the wisdom which is not ours. No doubt such knowledge brings to light marvels of fitness and beauty, “miracles stupendously minute,” of which the ignorant know nothing; always bearing in mind that all that enlarges our view of the infinite and inexhaustible powers of the Creator, all that braces and stretches our finite ideas to a greater and higher scope and comprehension, and causes us to regard the mighty work with more reverence, wonder, and love, is good, inasmuch as in certain sequence it must lower our conception of ourselves, and tend to deepen religious faith. If it fails in this, some truth has been perverted, or we have failed to reach it.

Here, in this secluded dell,

nature has tried her finest touch, transforming what would otherwise be a scene of dreary wintry desolation into a fairyland of loveliest colour and minute delicately moulded forms. Look at those cushions of greenest moss on the bank. No silken velvet could be more brilliant in colour, or more soft to the touch. There is, however, no sign by which we can be sure of the species at present, for no thread-like columns, or setæ, support minute capsules, each with its curious veil and lid, the beautiful adaptation of which for their purpose is worthy of closest examination. We can only guess from its growth and velvety green that it is a *Dicranum*, or *silky fork moss*. If we take it up, we find it only a mass of separate plants closely embedded in the moist sandy earth. The bright green velvety patches of this moss are abundant everywhere in winter where the soil suits it, giving to banks and shady nooks the charm of freshness and colour. Growing loosely among the heather and fern are some beautiful specimens of the *Hypnum* or *feather moss*, of the brightest golden green; and here and there rich tufts of the *Broom forked moss*; while growing close by the trodden path is a minute mossy gem, one of the smallest of the *Weissias*. It is in full fructification, and the sun shining upon it sheds a halo of golden brown on its innumerable capsules and polished setæ or footstalks.

There is a mingling of Scotch firs with the dwarf oaks and birches on the banks, the rough stems deeply scored, and each red-brown flake of bark is, as it were, dusted over with the almost palpable powder of *Lepraria*; pale

chrysoprase green, pearly white, and soft grey, all in beautiful combination and contrast with the rich dark earth, and warm colour of the bark.

But that which gives the prevailing character and tone to all immediately around is the lichen, which this wet season has encouraged to take possession of everything on which it can lay hold. Its leafy imbricated fronds of most delicate greenish-grey cling to the stems and branches of the trees; to the roots which stand out upon the bank, and even to the ground itself. This is a *Parmelia*, one of the many varieties of the family which are with difficulty distinguished from each other, generally of the tender greyish-green which we see here, and partaking of the same radiating growth and imbricated form. It thickly covers the broken branch at our feet which has fallen from the oak above us—its silvery shaded green in strong contrast to the almost black bark of the wood. Take it up, for it is worthy of close examination, and it is equally beautiful in form as in colour—its radiating scrolls or scallops lying in beautiful regularity, free, yet never transgressing a certain order. Every line is full of grace, and might serve for a model for an artist. Here and there the shell-like discs rise in a graceful curve; here and there they cling closely to the substance on which they grow; but every line is in harmony, every shade of colour showing the most delicate gradations of greenish-grey. This is one of the commonest of our winter lichens, but it is not often that, favoured by much wet, we see it in such perfection as here.¹ I have found a

¹ On visiting the gully three weeks later, after a fortnight of severe frost, I found the beauty of this lichen much marred,—the colour dulled, and the forms

variety of a deep, rich olive growing on the bark of a lime, but never in the same abundance.

Here, in a shady nook, set in the rich brown of the bank, are tufts of what children call *cup moss*—though it is not a moss at all, but the *chalcid* or *cup lichen*, of the same delicate shade of grey or sea-green which prevails elsewhere. If we leave the path and plunge into the deeper tangle of heather and fern, we shall find several varieties of this lichen growing in the richest profusion, *daisy-flowered*, and *fringed*, in varied forms, covering the loose mossy knolls and decayed stumps of trees; here throwing up powdery branches like miniature trumpets or vases; here each cup gemmed with the brightest scarlet.

It would take far too much space to mention here all the mosses and lichens to be discovered in this sheltered nook; and we might be led to dwell on others to be found in other localities; those rich discs to be seen in winter, set like gold coins on old brick walls or tiles; or those of pale olive green, with an edge of deepest gold colour; the varieties of the *reindeer* lichen, white or hoary, with its imitation of a miniature frosted forest; the dark-green *silky feather moss*, which enriches the colour of many forest-trees; and who that has ever followed the course of a time-worn Scottish dyke can forget the growth of fern, moss, and lichen with which it was covered—some of the latter growing so slowly that the space of a few inches square has on it a hoary disc or rosette, which may be coeval with the dyke itself, and centuries old?

We are on the ridge of waste ground now, and not a moment

too soon, or we should miss a rare sight. The morning sun is shining through tall fir-trees, piercing the blue mist still lingering below,—the exhalation from the heavy rain in the night. The air is cold and still, though up above the wind is beginning to sway the tops of the trees, with that soft rushing sound which is like the voice of the distant sea. Every branch and blade of grass below is drenched with rain, and has rows of raindrops strung like jewels on every spray. Yonder by the pathway there hangs a veritable cluster of diamonds as bright as any worn upon a lady's breast. This lovely apparition is a rain-drop, just trembling to its fall, the sun lighting it up to rainbow splendour as it quivers in the light breeze. We must not pause to dwell upon the marvels that single sparkling drop reveals—marvels which have called forth the highest powers of man's intellect to fathom, and which are unfathomable still. And beyond the material truths, which are all that science can penetrate, there remains for us the joy of its silent speech, in the symbolism of the seven colours, and in the minute circle which concentrates their prismatic splendour,—emblem of that eternity which surpasses our profoundest thought.

The scene is changed,—the ground sloping gradually northwards; and here, even the mild weather fails to awaken objects of especial interest. The soil is hard and gravelly; the firs and birch-trees of no great growth, and even the brushwood is scant; we pass over the ground more inclined to look up to the dappled pearly sky overhead, than to search for

less perfect. The mosses were also much less brilliant in colour: these last, however, would revive after a mild wet day.

beauty on the earth. But the road has to be trodden, the way to be traversed,—even as so many of us remember such ways have been traversed in our daily lives,—hard to the feet, dull to the eye, wearisome to the heart, and we ourselves only conscious that heaven is above us.

And now we overlook the broad valley which lies between us and the long line of chalk hills which shut it in on the north. The valley lies in sunshine still, though the short winter day is already declining. Critical eyes might turn away from the prospect before us as lacking in beauty or picturesqueness. The level meadows down by the water-course, the hop-gardens, and general look of prosperity have little interest in themselves, seen under the broad light of a summer sky; but looking at the scene as we do to-day, when the faint sunlit vapour partly hides and partly reveals its commonplace features, it is full of beauty and interest. What a soft light falls on the low-lying pastures, the scattered woodlands, the bare ploughed fields—pale sunshine lying here, soft shadows there; the woods opposite showing rich brown and purple in contrast to the down beyond, itself of palest amber, and backed by a dark watery cloud!

Before us is a long narrow lane, shut in by high tangled hedgerows, which will lead us down from the higher ground on which we find ourselves to the meadows in the valley, and across to the lower slope of the chalk hills. What a world of beauty and interest there is in these tangled hedgerows! in the old thorns, the hazels, and the brambles, on which still linger some yellow and scarlet leaves! The pollard ash and withered grass, the ivy and the bright coral hips

of the trailing dog-rose—the scanty foliage letting in, as it does now, the yellowing western sky—make a charming picture of interlacing branches and leaves. The ivy here shows all its varied forms of growth. It has clothed the old thorns in a garment of glistening green, each polished leaf sharp-pointed, like the head of a lance; it clings closely to the grey gnarled stem of the pollard ash in delicate sprays, each leaf traced with markings of rich brown or bronze; and to the north of the hedge, where the soil is rich and deep, the ground is covered with its dark-green, fine-pointed leaves. Those who care to inquire will find that the difference is all caused by the circumstances and localities in which it finds itself. There is, according to Sowerby, but one species of native ivy—*Hedera helix*.

But let us look down on the scene spread before us before descending into the valleys,—for there are interests there apart from its natural aspects. The quiet pastoral fields we look upon were once more alive with stirring events than now. We are constantly reminded by facts that there are country places, solitary enough now, which at one time were centres of civilisation, and thickly populated. What a full life of Roman activity and luxury must once have existed at Silchester, over which the plough has passed, and in whose almost indestructible walls and ivied gates the owls and bats lived undisturbed for ages! What an immense population gathered along the Roman Wall, where now in many places utter solitude reigns! And we must conclude that the valley at our feet, so quiet now, was at one period a scene of much worldly activity and interest.

And the misty winter sunshine is in harmony with our thoughts on events so long ago as to have become indistinct, and hardly to be realised. The outlines are dimmed or lost, as the visible objects are, and they take a picturesque aspect, whereas at the time they happened they were very real and practical facts indeed.

Yonder, in the misty sunlit haze to the west, we can just discern where the village of Otford lies, by the side of the Darent. Here once stood one of the palaces or hunting-lodges of the Archbishops of Canterbury—probably rivalling Knole, three miles away, in importance, then, with much of the land hereabouts, Church property. Otford, indeed, could tell tales of earlier times still, when more than one great battle was fought in its vicinity, and dead bodies lay in heaps round the wattled homesteads and mud huts of the valley, after Offa the great Mercian king had won his victory over the men of Kent. There are tales, too, of Thomas à Becket, who built much of the palace of which there now remains but a crumbling tower and gateway. Good and bad come down to us through the dim light of bygone years,—how he by a stroke of his staff brought the spring of water to the village for which it is famous still; and how once, when he had retired to rest—wearied perhaps by a long day's hunting on the hills, or by a more than usually fierce struggle with King Henry for the mastery,—the nightingales kept him from sleeping. The Archbishop was so enraged, and he cursed them so heartily, that Philomel fled affrighted, and has never been induced to return.

Whether nightingales are to be heard at Otford or not I cannot

say. It is certain that the old chalk-pits and thickets above Kemsing are full of their song all through April and May. Kemsing is a smaller and a still more rural village even than Otford, and it, too, has its celebrity,—not, however, in the person of Offa, the great warrior-king, nor of the arrogant Archbishop who brought the springs to Otford, and drove away the nightingales, but in the person of a saintly princess, Edith, who it is supposed was the daughter of the Saxon king Edgar the Bretwalda, who made eight tributary kings row his boat on the Dee, and who set so high a price on every wolf's head that Wales was wellnigh rid of them. She, too, built a house, probably a nunnery, and made a well which remains to be seen in the village, and is called St Edith's Well to this day. But little else is known of her—only the well, and a dim memory of good works and alms-deeds which she did.

We have crossed the valley now, and are on a rough track lying under the chalk range. It is but a rough road indeed, deeply rutted by farm-carts, with scanty hedges broken here and there, of sloe and dogwood, and matted over by bare trailing wreaths of wild clematis, truly to be called here "traveller's joy." Below, to the south, stretches a wide panorama, the blended colours, deep blue, rich brown, pale orange, and dark misty purple, changing and deepening in the gloom of the shortening day. Here and there, dimly discerned, rises a church tower amongst the trees. Here and there rises the smoke from a solitary cottage or farmstead, or drifts across a field where weeds are being burnt. All is silent, solitary, distant, touched with a melancholy which is part of its charm.

We are on classic ground here, for this is a part of the Pilgrims' Way which, with continual breaks, may be traced below the Surrey and Kentish hills for many a mile. Along this now solitary track came for nearly three hundred years, dating from the twelfth century, all those pilgrims to the shrine of the great St Thomas of Canterbury, who landed at Southampton from abroad, or who came from the west of England.

Did Thomas à Becket, struggling for power and worldly possessions, when he looked out from his palace at Otford, dream of a future which would bring such a procession in his honour to pass his gates? Kings and statesmen, renowned warriors and churchmen, gentle and simple, of all sorts and conditions, they came; and thither must have come his great antagonist Henry himself, on whom was laid the crime of his murder, when in a passion of repentance he rushed from Normandy, and landing at Southampton, he passed along this very way to the scene of the martyrdom at Canterbury, treading barefoot the rough stones of the street, so that his footsteps could be traced in blood,—and threw himself in an agony of penitence before the tomb in the crypt.

What a stir must have been roused in the quiet villages and in the manor-houses along the route, when the long procession of pilgrims passed along!—devout pilgrims, we may believe, some of them—perhaps some hundreds of persons of all conditions, and of both sexes. What a wonderment at the appearance of the foreigners; what a rush to gaze at the royal or renowned personages; and what a bringing forth of supplies for men and beasts! How many may have flocked to the springs at Otford which the martyr had caused

to flow! How many may have stayed their weary feet by Edith's well, and drunk of its cool waters! And when at last the tide turned, and the scene changed, and the edict of Henry VIII. forbade the pilgrimage to the shrine of the "traitor Becket," we may be sure that there were many complaints along the line of march, and that the country folks who had found a ready sale for their farm produce, had much to say of their loss and the hard times, when the steward came for the lord's rent.

Old Hasted tells us much about Kemsing in his 'History of Kent,' and of its various owners from early times. Unlike Otford, it does not appear to have been Church property, but was generally in the hands of private persons, and we are struck by the many names of historical interest that we find connected with this now retired village; perhaps because of its neighbourhood to the two great ecclesiastical houses at Knole and at Otford, which were centres of political interest and activity. Here we find the name of the great patriot (rebel though he was), Simon de Montfort, who married Aleanore, sister of Henry III. She became possessed of the lands of Kemsing through her first husband, William Marischal, Earl of Pembroke. Through the heirs of the Marischals, the lands came to Roger, Earl of Norfolk, who lost his life in a tournament. How long ago it all seems!—

"The knights are dust;
Their swords are rust;
Their souls are with the saints we trust."

Then came the ancient family of the Fiennes, who built a house in the valley, the site of which only can be traced by a few mounds of earth. They were great people in their time, however: one of them,

the head of the house, was Warden of the Cinque Ports, and in great favour at Court, which, however, led to a tragic result, for he was seized by the mob in Jack Cade's insurrection, and beheaded in Cheapside.

More tragic still is the history of the family who afterwards came into possession. Kemsing, with much of the land in the neighbourhood, was owned by Sir Thomas Boleyn, the father of the unfortunate Anne. After his attainder, Queen Elizabeth bestowed them, along with the great house and lands of Knole, upon her treasurer, Sackville, Earl of Dorset—a remarkable list of historical names to be linked with the little rural village and pastoral valley which lie below us.

We see them passing before us, dim and ghostly in the fading light, a long procession, as we gaze down the vista of years. Offa, the Mercian king; the Saxon princess, whose identity is almost lost; the turbulent archbishop and statesman who became the canonised martyr; the motley line of pilgrims; and names which recall the Barons' War and the Wars of the Roses, for in them the Fiennes lost lands and fortune,—to end in the persons of the hearty Kentish squires and yeomen who dwell in the old manor-houses, and hunted in the woods and on the hills, and talked, as we do now, of their crops, and orchards, and hop-gardens.

The wind is keen and wintry as it comes in fitful gusts across the valley and through the leafless hedges. The road is solitary enough now: we only meet a farm-cart lumbering over the deep ruts, and some shy village children coming from school; and now a flock of fieldfares, which flutters out of the thicket, and wheels

away over the down. Grey shades steal over the landscape, while overhead the sky is radiant with the early winter sunset. We leave the Pilgrims' Way at last, and pass down through Kemsing village, where the cottages are old and time-worn—whitewash and timber, and weather-tiling mostly prevailing; past the old church with its yew-trees and wooden belfry, backed by a broad shoulder of the rising down; past St Edith's Well, and so mount the road which leads up again to the fir-clad ridge.

The sun has sunk now in crimson glory; and we are thankful for this one day snatched from winter's gloom and storms. Tomorrow tempests may rage, and cold driving rain blot out the fair sights we have seen to-day, but they will not have been the less ours.

But the day is not over yet; for as we mount the hill, the colours of the sunset grow more and more intense. There is a pause in heaven and earth, as darkness deepens over the dying day. And now upsprings the after-glow, and the sky up to the zenith is flooded with a clear radiance of crimson and gold, growing in intensity and suffused glory. All nature "kneels like a nun, breathless with adoration;" and then the light and the colours slowly fade, leaving only a rosy mist of thinnest vapour, drawn like a veil across the sky, and all the crimson and gold sink into a deep ruddy glow lying along the southern horizon.

A bank of cloud of darkest purple slowly advances from the west, and as it breaks and scatters there is seen hanging like a lamp in the saffron sky, ineffably serene, the young crescent moon.

GERTRUDE BOSCAWEN.

DANTE ROSSETTI AND MR WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

THE publication of Mr William Bell Scott's reminiscences of his contemporaries has been the occasion of much painful, and more or less indignant, comment. Into the general controversy I do not desire to enter, and need only refer in passing to Mr Swinburne's eloquent remonstrance,—with which I entirely sympathise: "I make no personal complaint. I simply desire to enter my protest, futile and fruitless as it may be, against the public violation of privacy, and the public prostitution of confidence. Whether this offence be committed by a liar or by a truth-teller, the offence against honour, against courtesy, and against society is the same."

Mr Swinburne is well able to take care of himself; but another sufferer—Dante Gabriel Rossetti—is dead; and as I knew him intimately during the years of his life to which Mr Bell Scott has thought fit more specifically to refer, you will perhaps permit me to record in the pages of '*Maga*,' as briefly as may be, but to the best of my recollection, the *facts* on which a considerable superstructure of misunderstanding and misrepresentation, if not of absolute calumny, has been raised. The passages to which attention has been directed need not be quoted here. There are many details of which, of course, I am ignorant, and in regard to which, I presume, his nearest relative is now the only competent authority. I believe that Mr William Rossetti is scrupulously within the mark when he observes in a studiously restrained and temperate letter that Mr Bell Scott's statements are "unkind, unhandsome, inaccurate, and prac-

tically incorrect and misleading." But in respect of my own intimacy with a poet and painter of rare if unequal powers, I am entitled and possibly bound to say that the general impressions conveyed by the reminiscences—viz., that Dante's temper was jealous and ungenerous, as well as moody and uncertain, and that he resorted to illegitimate methods to advertise himself and his works, are ludicrously and grotesquely unjust.

It is now many years since I made Rossetti's acquaintance. In the spring of 1859 I went with the late Alexander Sellar to Oxford, and after a forenoon in the company of two illustrious professors (who continue to "pipe as though they would never grow old"), they took me to see the hall of the Union Debating Society, which had then been newly decorated by certain members of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood. The frescoes (if they were frescoes, but I have since been told that they were drawings in distemper) have long since crumbled away; then they were vivid and splendid—fresh from brush and pencil. Rossetti's contribution was by far the most striking; and for moral force and spiritual impressiveness I don't think he ever afterwards did anything much better. He had taken for his subject that vision of Guinevere which arrests Lancelot in his quest for the San Grail; and the face of the queen was simply wonderful.

Next morning I went to London to stay with Dallas of '*The Times*,' and it turned out that he had already met the artist, who, except to a select circle, was then quite

unknown. But it was clear that the man who had drawn that unforgettable Guinevere must be a man worth knowing; and in the course of four-and-twenty hours—high up in an airy studio above Blackfriars Bridge—I had been introduced to him, and to the works on which he was engaged.

Rossetti's figure was not imposing;—short, squat, bull-doggish, he belonged to the Cavour type; but the sallow face was massive and powerful. The impression of solidity is somehow toned down in Watts' portrait, and the face is thinner and more worn than it was when I knew him. Sleepless nights and protracted pain may possibly have changed him in later years, and made the ideal Rossetti more manifest. Except for the tranquil, meditative, ruminating eye (one thought of the ox-eyed Juno) there was nothing ideal about him then; he was intensely Italian indeed; but it was the sleek and well-fed citizen of Milan or Genoa that he recalled—not the slim romantic hero of Verdi or Donizetti. For several years thereafter, detained in London by Scotch Appeal Cases and other business, I saw much of him. I would call for him in the afternoon when the House of Lords had risen, and we would ramble about the river until it was time to dine at some homely restaurant in the City; and then, if we did not go to the theatre, we would knock up Dallas in Hanover Square for a rubber—Rossetti liked a rubber, though he was a poor player, and rather addicted to abstruse speculations on the reasons which had induced him to play the wrong card—and finish the evening with whisky-and-soda and poetry over the fire.

Rossetti, as I have said, was in the early sixties little known either

as painter or poet outside the circle of his friends. Yet some of his very finest work had been finished years before. The Pre-Raphaelite brethren were then regarded in many quarters with unreasoning hostility; and Rossetti, who was very sensitive to ridicule, had sedulously shunned publicity. It was only by accident that I came to know that he was a poet. He gave me some sheets of MSS. one day, and asked me to look at them. I found among them more than one of his most perfect sonnets. He had a good memory, and at times he would declaim in his slow deliberate manner scraps and fragments of verses which he would attribute to writers of whom no record remains. When brought to book, and obliged to confess that they were his own, he would tell us that the pieces from which they were taken had been unfortunately lost. (We came by-and-by to understand what "lost" meant.) 'The Early Italian Poets' was published in 1861, and, of course, from that time forward his wonderful facility for turning into English the most delicate and idiomatic felicities of a foreign tongue was pretty widely recognised. But of his own inspiration (though the true poetic faculty in some of its highest and most intense moods was unquestionably his) little was known till later.

It is difficult for us, in this year of grace 1893, to realise the vehemence of the hostility with which what was called "the Rossetti school" was regarded somewhere over thirty years ago. John Parker, though he could be righteously fierce at times no doubt, was one of the sweetest-tempered and mildest-mannered of men. Yet I came upon a letter of his the other day which curiously illustrates what I say. Parker was

editor of 'Fraser,' and he had good-naturedly complied with my request to be permitted to extend recognition, more or less cordial, to a young writer named William Morris, who had recently published a volume of poetry entitled 'The Defence of Guinevere.' But he would only do it under protest; and this was his protest (which, after all these years, may be printed without offence to any one), of date May 14, 1860.

"I saw Morris's poems in MS. He wanted us to publish them. I confess I could make nothing of them. Nor could a very able man who looked at the MS. for me. Surely 19-20ths of them are of the most obscure, watery, mystical, affected stuff possible. The man who brought the MS. (himself well known as a poet) said 'that one of the poems which described a picture of Rossetti was a very fine poem; that the picture was not understandable, and the poem made it no clearer, but that it was a fine poem nevertheless.' For myself, I am sick of Rossetti and his whole school. I think them essentially unmanly, effeminate, mystical, affected, and obscure. You ought really to say more as to Morris's obscurity and affectation. Please to return the proof *at once*."

The world has decided that Parker was wrong; and yet it must be admitted that he had a vast mass of authority on his side, and a grain of truth at least.

To return to the present controversy.

If I am not much mistaken, all Rossetti's surviving friends will admit without qualification that his admiration of the genius of his contemporaries was spontaneous and unstinted; and that while singularly modest and reticent about his own poetic work, he was eager to secure recognition

for the younger men. If he erred at all, it was in the persistency and imperativeness with which he urged their claims. I have preserved a number of his letters, and there is barely one, I think, which is not mainly devoted to warm commendation of obscure poets and painters,—obscure at the time of writing, but of whom more than one has since become famous. As Rossetti was an admirable letter-writer, no apology for printing one or two of the most characteristic is needed. This from Paris is among the earliest I can lay hand on. I may explain that he had given me a copy of Mr Swinburne's first volume—'The Queen Mother and Rosamond'—with a view to a review¹:—

"PARIS, 13th Nov. 1864.

"MY DEAR SKELTON,—You see your letter has been sent on to me here, where I expect to be for a week or so longer,—not more, as I find it impracticable after two or three weeks' stay to set to work, though I brought some work with me.

"I think I agree in every word you have said of Swinburne's first volume; but no doubt you, with me, are astounded that, with all its faults, it should have hitherto had no justice whatever done to its beauties. It was published when he was not much more than twenty, and mostly written even earlier. He has since written abundance of things of many kinds, and of quite another order from these early ones as regards perfection. His principal fault now is perhaps abundance—exuberance it hardly is, for no one has more real command of style than he has now acquired, and is daily further acquiring. Among the mass of work he has in MS. is a tragedy on the subject of Châtelard and Mary Q. of Scots, which, I believe, you would admit went far to answer your requirements, having

¹ Which afterwards appeared in 'Fraser's Magazine,' June 1865.

been written and rewritten to avoid the faults of the two early plays. But he finds the greatest difficulty, or indeed hitherto impossibility, of getting his work accepted by a publisher. M—— took them into some consideration, but ended by finking it. Every one finds them too outspoken on the passionate side. I think nothing could serve him or please him better than such an article as you would be likely to write in 'Fraser,' giving the first full recognition he has obtained in print—though, of course, not slurring the shortcomings of this early volume, of which he himself is well aware. In private he has made so large a circle of ardent admirers, that I cannot doubt his public reception would eventually be a most enthusiastic, though not a universal one. If you have a file of the 'Spectator' anywhere attainable in Edinburgh, you would find (about summer and autumn of 1862, I think) the only short pieces he has printed yet; and also thereabouts, or rather later, various prose articles by him—such as several on Victor Hugo's 'Misérables'—which are worth your reading. There is no present prospect of his fresh works appearing, but an article might help him on. My sister will bring out a new volume before long, I believe, but is of the unready order. She has it nearly got together, however.

"As for myself, I should really have published when I announced a volume at the end of my Italian poets, having it all fairly copied out—a big lump, and quite ready. However, I lost the fair copy by an accident, and do not know if I could ever recover the matter now from imperfect scrawls, even had I the patience. Here is a rigmorle from Yours very truly,
"D. G. ROSSETTI."

The next letter refers to some sketch which had disappeared—"if it ever existed it must long ago have reached the general gully-hole of things"—and to an illness from which Sir Noel Paton, whose noble aims in religious art he warmly appreciated, had not entirely recovered. Later on in 1865

(a copy of the Madox Brown Catalogue and a card for the private view on 11th March, filled in by Rossetti himself, having been previously forwarded), he writes:—

"16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA,
13th March 1865.

"MY DEAR SKELTON,—I shall be very happy to see your friend whenever she is able to call. My best hour is towards dusk when the day's work is over, or else at about 11 A.M. But then or not then I shall welcome her visit.

"I fear I have given you reason to think me obtuse, and not sharp-sighted enough to see through a 'West Highland' fog. But I did though,—indeed it was 'Isabel' who tipped me a wink through the mist. Only I have been so busy lately that I have not had time to acknowledge your kind present of the little volume. . . .

"Do write something concerning Swinburne. You will find his 'Atalanta' a most noble thing, never surpassed to my thinking. I hope you will be in town during Madox Brown's admirable exhibition, and should like to visit it in your company. I am sure his *Catalogue Raisonné* must interest you much.

"My sister Christina will soon have a new volume out.—With kind remembrances, I am, yours ever truly,
"D. G. ROSSETTI."

Then in 1866 he was much occupied with the George Cruikshank Memorial Fund. "Will you let your name appear on the Committee List," he wrote on 17th April, "for the Cruikshank Testimonial? We in London hope so, and I need not remind you how invaluable the co-operation of a member able and willing to work the effort in Edinburgh to any possible extent would prove." I have an impression that the privately issued appeal was drawn by Rossetti, and it is now an interesting document. The President was "John Ruskin"; Thackeray had written, "Before the century was actually

in its teens, we believe that George Cruikshank was amusing the public. Is there no way in which the country could acknowledge the long services and brave career of such a friend and benefactor?" and Rossetti (if it was Rossetti) continued: "There can be few men who on reaching, as George Cruikshank has now reached, the advanced age of seventy-three, can look back with a clearer consciousness of great abilities used in more directions than one, laboriously, fruitfully, honourably, and well."

The first series of Mr Swinburne's 'Poems and Ballads' (1866) was withdrawn by Moxon shortly after publication. Rossetti (who had wished, however, on various grounds to exclude one or two of the pieces, as he told me when I was engaged in writing the protest against the irrational violence of the critics which appeared in the November 'Fraser') was extremely indignant:—

"MY DEAR SKELTON,—Swinburne's book has been withdrawn by Moxon, quite unjustifiably from a business point of view. It will immediately be reissued (unaltered, I regret to say) by another publisher. The attack in the press has been stupid, for the most part, and though with some good grounds, shamefully one-sided. —Very truly yours,

"D. G. ROSSETTI."

In 'Fraser' for February 1869 I had a paper on Mr William Morris, which was promptly followed by the following letter, and a few weeks later by a parcel of admirable photographs of some of his best known sketches:—

"16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA,
7th Feb. 1869.

"MY DEAR SKELTON,—The 'Fraser' containing your article on Morris has been sent me,—doubtless through the same kind remembrance of me on your part which is apparent in the article itself.

"I think all you say of Morris is very completely and excellently said. It indicates, I should say, on the whole, the same estimate of him which I have long entertained, as being—all things considered—the greatest literary identity of our time. I say this chiefly on the ground of that highest quality in a poet—his width of relation to the mass of mankind; for, in inexhaustible splendour of execution, who can stand beside Swinburne?—not to speak of older men.

"You know Morris is now only 35, and has done things in decorative art which take as high and exclusive a place in that field as his poetry does in its own. What may he not yet do? The second volume of the 'Earthly Paradise' is getting forward, but will not be ready, I should think, till the spring of next year. In some parts of it the poet goes deeper in the treatment of intense personal passion than he has yet done. After this work is finished, I trust his next step will be in dramatic composition, in which I foresee some of his highest triumphs.

"What you say of me comes curiously at a moment when a spell of ill health has limited my painting, and thrown me back a little on old poetic ideas. I fear I shall find on examination that there is not much of the MSS. I lost (a biggish vol. ready for the press) which can be got together again. There will be some sonnets of mine in the 'Fortnightly Review' next month. I shall probably write some new things, and see whether they seem worth anything among such poets as we have now.—Ever yours,
D. G. ROSSETTI."

The extracts I have made are sufficient to show that Rossetti was constantly and warmly interested in the success and welfare of his friends, and that any insinuation of indifference or jealousy ought not to be listened to for a moment.

The specific charge that he employed illegitimate methods to promote the circulation of his poems admits, I think, of a complete answer. But to arrive at a just conclusion, the whole circum-

stances attending their publication must be known.

I have already alluded to the fierce and persistently hostile criticism which had been directed against the Pre-Raphaelites and their works. The opposition had grown more feeble and less bitter before the end of the sixties; but there can be no doubt that it had told upon Rossetti. The aversion to publicity had increased; so much so that the mere rumour that one of his pictures was being exhibited would make him uneasy for days. He had grown morbidly sensitive to praise or blame. He was convinced that if he ventured to publish he would be pitilessly and wantonly assailed. The entreaties of his friends were for long disregarded. I ventured at length to appeal to him in public. I had said something to the same effect in an article on "The Winter Time" which had appeared in the 'Cornhill,' Thackeray's 'Cornhill' ("About that Winter article?" Thackeray wrote, "Will Winter stay if you don't hold it by the beard?"), but the passage to which Rossetti refers in his letter of 7th February 1869 appeared in 'Fraser' for that month. Ten years, I wrote, had passed since 'Dante in Verona' was promised, and the work was still unpublished. "It is said that an accident befell the manuscript; but surely from the rough drafts that Mr Rossetti must possess the poems might even yet be recovered and put together. Even in this prolific age the world can ill afford to lose a volume which would undoubtedly prove a substantial addition to its poetic literature." It was about the time the article appeared that he said to me that if his friends would stand by him he would run the risk. He would

consent to publish because his friends had assured him that his poems ought not to be hidden away; would we say to the world what we had said to him in the confidence of friendship? To this of course there could be only one reply; we were eager to get them on any terms; and I cannot see that there was anything undignified, anything that reflects injuriously either on Rossetti or his friends, in the assurance that we would be early in the field. It is easy of course to say that Rossetti was unduly disquieted, and that no man should be so morbidly sensitive as he was; and I am quite willing to admit the validity of the reply. As it happens, however, we are forced in this world to take men as we find them; and although Rossetti was the most variously gifted man it has ever been my privilege to know, he had his weak points like the rest of us.

The letters which follow relate to the publication of the poems, and must be read in connection with what has been said.

"16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA,
3d February 1870.

"MY DEAR SKELTON,—I am going to publish some poems, as you have, I think, heard from M'Lennan,¹ and have been meaning to write you thereabout. After your public *premura* about them, I daresay I may reckon, without too much conceit, on an intention on your part to review them fully in 'Fraser.' I am anxious that some influential article or articles by the well-affected should appear *at once* when the book comes out, for certain good reasons. If you thought you could secure the appearance of a notice all the sooner by my sending you proofs of the things as far as printed, and had time to think about it, I could do so very soon. If you then let me know how early you could secure the appearance in 'Fraser,'

¹ J. F. M'Lennan, the author of 'Primitive Marriage.'

I would take this into consideration as to precise date of publishing. I suppose I cannot get out till April. I want to add a thing or two yet, if possible, but am much taken up with painting. Did you see some sonnets of mine in the 'Fortnightly' nearly a year ago? I had tried to make them as perfect as in me lay, and have a good number in the volume.

"Swinburne wishes to 'do' my book in the 'Fortnightly,' and Morris elsewhere; and if these and yours, with perhaps another or so, could appear *at once*, certain spite which I judge to be brewing in at least one quarter might find itself at fault. . . . A model just come in. Farewell in haste.—Yours very truly,
"D. G. ROSSETTI."

Then the proofs came,—there was a good deal of revision and alteration later on:—

"16 CHEYNE WALK,
[5th March 1870].

"MY DEAR SKELTON,—I'm sending you the proofs at last to-day—couldn't get them before. If too late, it will have to be put off to the June number, as I know the calls on your time must be many, and now the thing *does* come out, should be specially sorry if you were forced to hurry your notice. I'm going into the country for three weeks, and may possibly add a little more. I publish in April.—Ever yours,
"D. G. ROSSETTI."

The book itself (in its lovely binding of green and gold, to which, I see, Sir Herbert Maxwell takes exception on grounds to which a mere ordinary mortal can hardly rise) quickly followed,—followed later on by the astonishing announcement (astonishing to the author if not to his friends) that in three weeks a thousand copies had been sold:—

"SCALANDS, ROBERTSBRIDGE,
SUSSEX, 4th May 1870.

"MY DEAR SKELTON,—Let me thank you for being so early in the

field with your friendly article on my poems. You will be glad to hear that the result of a few such timely notices has been that my publisher is already going to press with the second thousand.

"I have been out here for two months now, recruiting after a spell of queer health, and have benefited greatly. I shall return to town almost immediately now, and get to my painting again; but it is possible that, after making a good start with a picture I am beginning, I may bring it to this neighbourhood, and go in for a summer's working and walking together, of which I still stand in much need.—Very truly yours,

"D. G. ROSSETTI."

I saw little of Rossetti after the sixties. Between 1870 and 1880 my annual holiday was spent in Italy or among the Alps, and I was seldom in London, except for a night in passing. I fancy that after the severe illness of 1872, Dante aged quickly. He was surrounded till the end by many attached friends; but, with one notable exception, they belonged to a later generation. Though the occasional letters he wrote were still frank and cordial, they had hardly the earlier brightness (in the latest I had from him he said, somewhat sadly, that he could now make no new departure in art, "finding myself, as I grow older, more than ever at the mercy of my first sources of inspiration"), and one fancied, perhaps wrongly, that the step was less elastic, the spirit more weary, than of old.

My contribution to the debate is the merest fragment. When Mr Theodore Watts' Memoir appears we shall see Rossetti as he was, and any lingering shred of cloud will be dispersed. But when are we to have it?

JOHN SKELTON.

A DEFEATED TRANSCENDENTALIST.

I.

WHEN Evelyn Markham alighted in the evening at the little station of A—— on the Highland Railway, she found that the snow-storm which had been raging all day had increased in violence; and the low sullen overcharged sky appeared to threaten its continuance. She had a drive of six or seven miles before her ere she reached Glenfoyle House, the residence of her friend Lady Nisbet, with whom she was going to spend a fortnight. She found a closed carriage drawn by a pair of handsome greys standing just outside the station; and she recognised Alistair Macalpine, Lady Nisbet's coachman, who was seated on the box with his habitual air of monumental dignity. A porter conveyed her luggage to the carriage, and she stood for a moment to exchange a few words with Alistair. After a friendly greeting and inquiries about Lady Nisbet's health, she asked what was the condition of the roads.

"It will be very bad, matam—oh, very bad indeed; and I'll no' be so sure that we'll win through. There is wreaths and wreaths here and there; but we'll chust trust in Providence. Now, matam, if you please, we'll be going as fast as ever we can."

The road was fairly clear in the neighbourhood of the station, for the wind swept across it and kept the snow from accumulating to any considerable extent; but as they pursued their journey, the difficulty of progression became aggravated. It was also exceedingly cold, and Evelyn huddled herself into a corner of the vehicle,

tucking her mantle more closely round her. The dusk deepened rapidly, and soon she could only see the white snow scurrying past. Once or twice they encountered wreaths which were only surmounted with difficulty, and with much floundering and plunging of the horses, whose panting and snorting testified their excitement and the violence of their exertions. Alistair's guttural exclamations and oburgations in Gaelic also were not reassuring, for he was usually a very undemonstrative driver, and rarely compromised his dignity by intemperate language. To be sure, he seemed perfectly sober when they started, thought Evelyn; but it was very cold, and who knows whether he had not fortified himself with an occasional dram from some private receptacle? Then might he not in the darkness stray from the road, which was possibly almost obliterated by the snow, and precipitate her over a bank or into a ravine? She sat and shivered, partly with cold and partly with apprehension. At times, when one side of the carriage was tilted up at an angle perilously near 45°, Evelyn had to brace her feet against the opposite seat, expecting every moment to find the vehicle capsized. When, as she judged, about half the journey had been accomplished, she perceived that the road began to descend, and the added gloom appeared to indicate that there were high banks or rocks on either side. She peered out, but could discern nothing in the impenetrable mass of gloom. All at once the carriage stopped abruptly, and Alistair's

voice could be heard raised in seemingly anxious and angry ejaculations. Evelyn pulled down the sash behind the driver's seat, and asked what was the matter.

"It will be a snow-wreath—stand still, ye swine!—and the beasts is up to their girths, and a trace is broke."

"Oh, what shall we do, Alistair!" cried Evelyn, in a quavering voice.

"There's a bit hoosie here, by the side of the road,—a queer body lives in't, no' that wise, I'm thinking; and if the beasts would stand still, I would get down, and see if he would help us. Hi, there! Mr Casanove."

Just then a light appeared flickering about, and Evelyn heard a man's voice in refined accents exchanging some remarks with the driver. She looked out and saw a tall man with a stable lantern in his hand, standing by the side of the road; but the carriage-lamps seemed only to make the darkness visible, and she could not distinguish his features. Finally, he came crunching through the snow to the door of the carriage.

"Young lady, further progress is impossible," he said. "There is a deep wreath in front of my cottage, and it appears that one of the traces is broken. I think your driver should unyoke the horses, get on the back of one of them, and try to reach Lady Nisbet's. If she has a sledge, it is just conceivable that it might reach you here; but in the meantime I would beg of you to accept my hospitality, such as it is."

"I suppose there is no alternative," remarked Evelyn, ruefully.

"None whatever, madam, I am sorry to say."

So saying, he opened the door of the carriage. She rose from her seat, and he lowered the step, on

which she stood for a moment, surveying with a bewildered look the wreath in which he stood up to the knees.

"Allow me," he said, coolly, and before she could realise the situation, she felt herself lifted bodily by a pair of powerful arms and carried to the door of the cottage, where she was gently deposited. Though at heart vexed and irritated by the unceremonious though friendly act, she suppressed her annoyance, and thanked him with only a shade of cold irony in her tone.

"Literally and figuratively we cannot, in such circumstances, stand upon stepping-stones," he remarked, answering her unspoken protest. "And now, let me help our Highland friend."

She stood in the doorway and watched the proceedings. The horses were detached from the carriage and extricated from the snow-wreath; one of them was relieved of part of its harness, a rug was thrown over its loins, and Alistair clambered upon its back.

"Maybe you will be having a drop of whisky," he said, insinuatingly.

"The exercise will warm you, my friend," was the cool reply. "You will need all your sober wits to reach Lady Nisbet's, and every moment is precious."

Alistair grunted something in Gaelic, presumably of an uncomplimentary character, for the stranger replied sternly in the same language, whereupon Alistair muttered a deprecatory reply in a comically discomfited tone, and rode off without further parley. The stranger now returned to his cottage door, and invited Evelyn to enter with an air of deferential courtesy. A huge Newfoundland dog rose from the fireside as she stepped into the

cottage, and advanced to meet her with dignified scrutiny.

"What a magnificent dog!" she exclaimed, patting its noble head.

The stately animal slowly waved its tail once or twice in token of amity, and then returned to its resting-place.

"Caesar evidently approves of you," remarked the stranger with a smile; "but Caesar, Caesar, you forget the door!"

Whereupon the Newfoundland rose again with a curiously abashed and conscious look, and advancing to the door, slammed it to with its powerful paws, to Evelyn's amusement.

The apartment which she had entered was tolerably roomy, and seemed to be a kind of compromise between kitchen and sitting-room. The floor was hard and firm and composed of some cement-like substance, while one or two rugs and deer-skins supplied the place of a carpet, and gave to the apartment a comfortable look. A dresser stood opposite the fireplace; and a framework of plain wooden shelves filled with books occupied a corner. A deal table was placed in the middle of the floor, and the stranger had evidently been writing, for a brass-mounted mahogany desk was lying open upon it. The roof was low, and, like the walls, was whitewashed. A couple of chairs, one of them an arm-chair, flanked the fireplace, in which a peat-fire was smouldering, with the pungent odour of which the atmosphere was impregnated. A cavalry-sabre was suspended over the bookcase, on the top of which lay a flute and a bundle of music.

The stranger drew the arm-chair nearer to the fire and invited Evelyn to seat herself, which she did after divesting herself of her heavy fur-lined mantle.

"Had you not better remove

your hat?" he suggested. "You will feel more comfortable."

She silently acquiesced, though she inwardly resented somewhat his aggressive hospitality, as she considered it. Then she hastily and almost pettishly pulled off her gloves, and held out her hands towards the fire; and where he stood he could see the sullen glow gleaming through the pink flesh on each side of her outspread fingers. Beautiful hands they were; and the rings she wore—one of them an engagement-ring—flashed and shimmered prettily in the light of the fire. The tall and handsome bronze lamp standing on the table behind her irradiated her shapely head; and her host, contemplating her for a brief instant, thought that a very charming *genre* picture might be made of such materials and such a scene. She for her part was both embarrassed and perplexed. The heteroclite character of the furniture and domestic arrangements, with their blending of the common and the refined, puzzled her greatly, and uneasy speculations began to course through her brain. Was he quite sane? Was there nobody else in the cottage?

As if he had divined the current of her ideas, he said quietly, "My housekeeper (I use the word in a very elastic sense) is just now milking the cow, I think, but she will be in presently. She is a Highland woman, and speaks fluently only Gaelic, but she is intelligent and kindly, so it will not be difficult to make her understand your requirements."

"Thank you very much, but I require nothing," replied Evelyn, considerably relieved. "And I hope I shall not trespass unduly on your kindness."

He shook his head slightly, but made no comment. She shot a

swift and comprehensive glance at him. He was a tall and handsome man, rather lean, but evidently robust and vigorous. His face had little regularity of feature, but wore a high-bred and intelligent look; his keen grey eyes peered out from beneath bushy eyebrows running in a straight line along a prominent frontal ridge. The forehead was full and broad, and the chin slightly projecting. His hands were long and sinewy, and a white scar ran obliquely across the back of the right hand.

"I suppose," said he, smiling, "I had better introduce myself as Mr Austin Casanove. May I beg the favour——"

"I am Evelyn Markham," she replied. "You know that I am paying a visit to my old friend Lady Nisbet; and oh! what will she say about this?"

He shrugged his shoulders as a Frenchman might, and then remarked—

"I am one of her tenants; and when she knows that you are here, she will have no further anxiety. But what about food? I am but ill provided for a lady's visit. Perhaps, however, you won't object to a little porridge-and-milk?"

"Nothing could be better," said Evelyn, who was dying for a cup of tea.

"But I bethink me," he added, thoughtfully, "you ladies like tea. I wonder if there is any tea in the house. Permit me to explain that I don't take tea."

"Nor coffee?"

"Nor coffee."

"May I ask why?"

"It is a dangerous thing to begin to catechise a doctrinaire. Well, because I do not believe in any nerve-stimulants except fresh air and exercise."

"Then you don't take alcoholic beverages, I presume?"

"No; though not to take whisky in the Highlands is to be a kind of tree-frog or flying-fish."

"I venture to assume also that you don't smoke."

"I see you have an inductive turn of mind, Miss Markham. Well, you are right. I don't."

"Nor snuff?"

"Nor snuff. Nor *chew*."

She laughed merrily.

"But why don't you believe in nerve-stimulants? Why, the juice of butcher-meat is one; and doctors say persons in a certain state might get drunk on a beef-steak."

"I don't take butcher-meat."

And he smiled at her look of discomfiture.

"Nor fowls?"

"Nor fowls, nor game. Though I confess to a little aberration or inconsistency here, for I eat eggs. That involves a point of gastro-nomic casuistry."

"You are in fact a vegetarian?"

"Well, yes; if you wish to label me."

"And is Cæsar a vegetarian too?"

"Cæsar does his best to imitate his master, but has lapses from virtue. You like a bone, don't you, Cæsar?"

The Newfoundland raised his head, and the corners of his large black chaps began to quiver with such evident imaginary enjoyment that Evelyn could not help laughing. After a sniff or two and a hollow moan he laid down his head again upon the rug, and blinked solemnly, perhaps reproachfully, at his master.

Meanwhile Casanove had risen and proceeded to make the porridge. Evelyn watched his operations—it was evidently a familiar process—with inward amusement, but with a grave and attentive face. While he was thus engaged, chatting the while about the storm,

Evelyn heard the sound of footsteps; presently a side-door opened, and an elderly woman entered the apartment. She had a pleasing homely countenance, and despite the prominence of her cheek-bones must have been a very comely person when she was young. On seeing Evelyn she smiled and curtsied. Casanove addressed to her a few words in Gaelic; and she nodded energetically, and having disappeared for a few minutes returned with a glazed earthenware teapot of a deep and matured colour, which had evidently often stood by the fire in a brown study. She then proceeded to infuse tea.

"Flora likes both tea and toddy," remarked Casanove, smiling; and Flora gave a low laugh, and again nodded emphatically. "Every doctrinaire, Miss Markham," he continued, as he slowly stirred the porridge, which was now beginning to throb and sputter lazily, "is apt to be a benevolent tyrant; and I have to guard against that. And therefore, as freedom is better even than temperance, I like to see Flora taking her tea. It is her *à pur si muove*, her protest against my infallibility. I conceive that society has most to fear from the twin forces of the Radicals and the Fadicals; for both of these classes are tyrants. But perhaps you are a Radical, Miss Markham; many ladies are such nowadays, I believe."

"Well, I don't much believe in government by means of Policeman X."

"And you would have questions in Parliament every time Colin Clout gets a blow from a baton—*tant de bruit pour une pomme de terre*."

"Well, Colin Clout's cranium is of great importance to him."

"Let Colin keep his invaluable

brains out of the range of batons; he knows very well where they flourish and are flourished. But I beg your pardon for talking politics. And it is not usual with me; for, though a vegetarian, I observe the Pythagorean maxim to abstain from beans—that is, from voting and all the rest of it."

Meanwhile Flora had by this time set the table for the evening meal. Evelyn got her cup of tea—very good it was—and took a little porridge-and-milk, in honour of her host. Flora had seated herself on a stool and proceeded to knit industriously.

"I grant you," said Casanove, balancing his spoon meditatively on his forefinger, "that this is not a concise kind of feeding. It is, so to speak, voluminous. But why should we be in a hurry? Nature isn't. And what a comfort to reflect that if you only give this preparation time, it is sure to be digested. With more artificial dishes, there is always a dread Perhaps that they won't be assimilated, as they call it, though I confess I don't see how a lobster salad or a *pâté de foie gras* can appeal to me. My system refuses to recognise them."

"Well, your food will do I suppose well enough for a student and a recluse," said Evelyn; "but I fear it would be insufficient for a man who undergoes severe physical exertion."

"Pardon me, I roam about these hills all day long on the strength of bread and cheese and milk."

She was silent for a few moments, and then said bluntly—

"Will you pardon me, if I ask what you really are, Mr Casanove, for you are a perfect enigma to me."

"I am a kind of practical mineralogist," he replied, with a smile.

"I wander over all this region in

search of the various kinds of rock that are found here, and I sell the specimens to the people who make up geological collections and museums. It is rather an interesting occupation, for I make microscopical sections, test with the blow-pipe and with chemical reactions, and so forth. The remuneration is far from princely, but it helps, and then I have my little croft, and grow potatoes and other vegetables. In a word, I live comfortably—that is, I have all I want. I used to fish in a loch hard by, but I have given that up: the game is not worth the candle, for fish is not nourishing in proportion to its bulk; and why should I disturb the trout? I don't wish to annoy even my humblest neighbours. I don't think man will ever shake off his primeval barbarism till he sits down to a 'guiltless feast.'"

"But I always understood these things were created for the good of man."

"People say so; but remember that the animals have never been consulted on the question. And observe that our finer feelings are at variance with our practice. Conceive the absurdity of this: the poet in a lyric mood goes forth on a fair May morn and sits him down, and makes a dainty little canzonet about the lambkins frisking on the mead; then he goes home and dines on roast lamb and mint sauce. I wonder he is not ashamed to look the poor creatures in the face. Would you eat a fowl if you had to wring its neck?"

"I suppose not."

"Well, but if you eat it, you are *particeps criminis*."

"But a case might arise when you must either kill or be killed. What if you met a tiger in the jungle?"

"I might be attacked by a robber, and have to kill or disable

him to preserve my own life. It does not follow that I am to run amuck among my fellow-creatures."

"Well, but why should you kill dangerous animals any more than domesticated ones? Nature made them so. After all, a tiger, 'burning bright in the forest of the night,' is as much entitled to respect as a lamb."

"It is a hard question; but I will give you my answer in the form of an apologue, as the divine Plato used to do." He paused, and a whimsical but pleasant smile lit up his features. "Once upon a time Cybele, the ancient mother, was roaming through the woods of Thrace drawn in a chariot by her two tigers, for she loved her fierce children and the sombre woods, the home of slaughter and swift death, and she drank most gladly of the Hebrus when its waters were dyed with blood. But lo! in the midst of the path she came upon a naked Boy, who stood and gazed fearlessly upon her, and took the tigers by the mane and held them undismayed. And the Dread Mother descended from her chariot slowly and with half-sorrowful half-glad resignation, for she knew that her reign was over; and coming to the Boy she laid her hand upon his arching brow, and said in low and faltering tones, and the winds from Rhodope sighed as she spoke, and the tigers growled sullenly like the sound of departing thunder: 'Thou art come at last, bright offspring of the Dawn, a nobler Phœbus.' 'Tis thine to wield the power I have used and abused. This superfluity and rank overgrowth of life has been an incessant care to me, and ravening tooth and claw, pestilence and famine, coupled like my tigers here, have been my only remedies. But I grow old and am weary of

slaughter. Here in thy fair brow resides a power greater than tooth and claw, and pestilence and famine. Use it well, for Reason can never be cruel. Destroy the relics of my former sway, slay the slayer, defeat organic death, chase the lion to its lair, the viper to its hole. I appoint you keeper of my wide domains; check this hot foison of life, and keep it within bounds. Let the mouth keep pace with the blades of grass. For if thou slay, as I have ever slain since the mists cleared off the face of chaos, then thou art not the Deliverer, and a mightier than thou, mightier because more merciful, One foreshadowed in every peaceful sunset, in every stilly dawn, in cloudless sky and waveless sea, shall come and supplant thee, as the dragons of the old weltering world have been supplanted.' So saying, she took off her towered diadem, and put it on his head and kissed him with her wrinkled lips. Then mounting her chariot anew and lashing her cowering and chap-fallen tigers with her bloody whip, all intertwined with piercing claws and jagged teeth, disappeared in the ancient wood, never more to return."

Evelyn had listened to him with parted lips and a deep intent look of boundless interest; and when he had ceased she sighed softly, and passed her hand across her brow.

Then after a pause she said, "It was worth my while to be storm-stayed to listen to all this."

He gave a low laugh, and slightly waved his hand.

"I must see if the storm abates," he said, and going to the door opened it. The wind charged with snow came whirling in. In this somewhat sheltered situation the roar of the storm was subdued, but

the blast could be heard trumpeting amid the distant hills.

"Your conveyance, Miss Markham, is quite buried in the snow," he said. "You need not look for deliverance to-night."

"Well, well," she replied, "*à la guerre comme à la guerre*. And I shall be very comfortable in this arm-chair."

"Oh, but you shall have Flora's room. It will be a pleasure for her to do this slight service, for she has all a Highland woman's respect for gentlefolks."

"Pray don't inconvenience her or yourself. I—could doze quite comfortably in this chair. I am not fastidious."

She took out a tiny watch and looked at it.

"Oh, it is not very late yet," she said, cheerfully. "Only half-past eight."

"Would you like a book? I have a fair supply as you see, but in fiction only the divine Walter and '*Les Misérables*,' the prose epic of this century."

"I would rather listen to you, Mr Casanove," she replied, smiling.

"Ah, I would bore you. All heretics are bores. That is why they have so often been put to death. I am, as you have perceived, a rank heretic, only I don't want to convert any one."

"You would easily convert me to greater simplicity of life. Indeed women are seldom fastidious about their food, and are very glad when the gentlemen dine out."

"It is a singular reflection that cooking is the main occupation of most households," he remarked. "No sooner has the lady of the house got up than the shades of her prison-house begin to gather round her. The freshness and hopefulness and inspiration of the morning are expunged by the

thought—What is to be for dinner to-day? Say, shall it be beef or mutton, and how transmuted, garnished, bedevilled? *Pièces de résistance* indeed! Let us steadfastly resist them, Miss Markham. I protest woman gets cooked and very much overdone in this broiling atmosphere. And then when she has been simmered away into a gelatinous state, her husband finds that she is not intellectual enough for him. Rest assured no heavenly irradiation can penetrate this greasy steam."

Evelyn laughed gaily, and then rising she walked across the apartment to the bookcase with a simplicity and, as it were, domestic ease that inwardly charmed Casanove.

"You permit me?" she said, as she ran her eyes over the backs of the volumes.

"By all means."

"Much of this is too learned for me," she remarked, with a slight shrug.

"And for me too, unless in my more strenuous moods. But it is well to have books that embody an aspiration and remind you of your vows. Plato, for example—I don't often read him, but his presence rebukes my meaner thoughts."

"You are a philosopher, Mr Casanove. As for me," she said, with a tinge of sadness, "I am a creature of convention without any faith in convention. All my paper-boats have gone down the stream."

She walked slowly back to her seat, and seemed to sink into a somewhat melancholy reverie. After a short while she shook her head impatiently and looked at her host.

"Have you lived here long? Do you intend to live here all your life? Why have you for-

saken society? But perhaps these are impertinent questions."

"Given a certain degree of friendship—and friendship may grow rapidly—they are most pertinent."

"You have been in the army," she remarked, glancing at the sabre over the bookcase.

"Yes, in the French army. I served as a volunteer under General Faidherbe during the Franco-Prussian war."

"What! you fought for democratic France? the country of plebiscites, of universal suffrage, tempered by revolution and directed by political boulevardism?"

"Well, I am a descendant of a Huguenot family, for one thing. And I don't like the latter-day Goths, the scientific Orsons of modern Europe."

"And you killed a few Orsons, I suppose."

"Oh, we were beaten, but we did our best, Miss Markham. I give you warning that I am not a benevolent being. Benevolence is often a kind of lazy purring in the sun. I wish people well—out of the world, if need be. Fair-play first and philanthropy afterwards! No, I don't regret my campaigning. I have seen noble deaths and soul-satisfying extinctions."

"I wonder how long it would take to understand you, Mr Casanove," remarked Evelyn with a smile.

"Perhaps we wish too much to understand each other. Perhaps we should go on revealing ourselves to the very end, and leave the world with unguessed potentialities. Curiosity is not necessarily love of knowledge. I feel as if the globe would not be quite so interesting if the North Pole were discovered. Well, now, *donnant donnant*, pray tell me something about yourself."

"Oh, I have been a mere lichen growing on a wall. But it has been a pleasant wall; for the house where I was born is very old, very quaint, and very beautiful. Then my ancestors have left a bit of their character in it, and so modified my character and tastes. One was a musician, and so he constructed an organ-chamber; another was a Nimrod, and the spoils of the chase adorn many a corner; another was a book-lover, and compassed sea and land to make a proselyte of a first edition, and so we have a library which contains many rarities; another collected paintings and engravings, and so forth. Oh yes, dear old Daventry Hall has been my Academe, my college, my shrine and sanctuary.

She leaned back in the chair and meditatively clasped her hands behind her head, manifestly quite unconscious of the graceful and charming attitude.

"I perceive," said Austin, after a while, "that you have made a fetish of your family abode. I quite understand your feelings; but you should, I think, resist them. We should sit loosely to our surroundings. We are pilgrims, and should have as little scrip and scrippage as possible. To be too much attached to any person is bad; to be anchored to a house is worse. We should grow on the surface, and not have to be pulled up shrieking like mandrakes."

"How long have you been here, Mr Casanove?"

"Two years; and I think it is nearly time to change my horizon. I detect a sameness in my thoughts and feelings which is ominous. As for family associations, they are very pleasant and interesting, but we have got to live our own life, and our own experiences are more

valuable to us than all these mouldy records. Let us get rid of lumber, inherited lumber particularly. Why should a thing be respectable because it is old? unless it be old because it is respectable. Happy is the man who has no grandfather, because he does not feel bound to pay him deference. But if your grandfather was a Quaker or a Papist, or an indurated Tory or a vaporous Radical, you are apt to have a leaning that way. It is hard enough to get the grandfather out of our blood without binding him upon our back. Don't let us cast our nativity backwards. Orion shines for me as it did for Meno or Ptolemy. Why bind the sweet influences of the Pleiads? Life was meant to be for you and me a perpetual discovery."

"Well, for a groping and tottering child like me it is pleasant to have my shadowy ancestors leading me by the hand. Apropos of music, I see you play on the flute. Will you not play a little?"

"With pleasure, though I am but an indifferent player. Still, I love the flute. It is a business-like instrument, without *arrière-pensée*, while your violin is a moody *enfant du siècle*, an impassioned pessimist, if the paradox is not too glaring, even in its gayest humour full of overtones of sadness. The flute, on the other hand, is as brisk and cheerful as a morning breeze, or if plaintive, never morbid; it is sweet without being luscious, lively without hysterics, an instrument for alert pedestrians not for lotus-eaters. It has even an air of grotesqueness and latent humour which is diverting. The very triviality of screwing it together and blowing through it excludes artifice and affectation, whereas the tuning of a violin is a serious, indeed almost a solemn act."

Evelyn laughed gaily at the

whimsical description, and he smiled responsively.

"Well, I shall play you Beethoven's arrangement, with variations, of *Kind, willst du ruhig schlafen*. May it prove a happy presage. You know German, I suppose?"

"All but the genders," was the smiling reply, "but I like the language."

"Yes, it will be very nice when it gets a literature," remarked Casanove, so gravely that Evelyn laughed again. When had she felt so happy? She listened to his playing, which, without being masterly, was expert and pleasant; and there were intervals of conversation gay or thoughtful, till she felt a little tired and sleepy, and he left her to arrange with Flora about her quarters for the night. The bedroom was small, but delightfully clean and tidy, and she had hardly laid her head on her pillow when she sank into a dreamless sleep.

When she woke next morning she had the blissful sensation of having enjoyed a sleep so profound and so refreshing that it transcended mere physical repose, and was a kind of fresh reconciliation with life. Her feeling of tranquillity had been supreme, and the howling of the wind had only lulled her senses and deepened her content. How delightful, she thought, to waken with the flesh cool and the heart warm! Innocence is justified by the freshness of every dawn. She dressed herself leisurely, and came down the little creaking wooden stair. When she entered the kitchen-parlour she found Mr Casanove reading aloud to Flora, who was bending over the fire, preparing a simple breakfast. What he read seemed to be Gaelic from its wealth of gutturals. He greeted Evelyn with calm and

gentle cordiality, and placed a chair for her.

"The storm is over," he said; "I think your imprisonment draws to an end. I have dug your conveyance out of the snow, and cleared a portion of the road, so you will be able to get a little walking exercise."

"How very kind and thoughtful of you!" she said, gratefully.

"My motives were mixed," he replied; "I need a good deal of exercise in the open air. And now for breakfast."

The three people took their places at the table. Flora closed her eyes and folded her hands, and seemed to be repeating inwardly a grace, which Casanove respected by his attitude of silent gravity. The meal despatched, Evelyn proposed to go out, and she hastily put on some wraps. Issuing into the open air, she found the carriage standing clear of the snow which had enveloped it. The air was still keen though no longer harsh, and the wind had fallen dead. Side by side with Casanove, she paced to and fro the track which he had cleared in the snow.

They chatted together like old friends, and Evelyn was probably more expansive than her companion; for his manner was consistently shaded with an air of respectful aloofness and reserve, which indicated how he interpreted his duties as a host brought into unconventional relations with a lady guest. It was astonishing how much they found to talk about. Even the social themes that she touched upon at times seemed to interest him, though he generally referred them to vast and, as it were, cosmic principles, and his line of comment took a parabolic sweep into

ethereal regions haunted by Platonic ideas and prototypes.

Once, after a long pause, Evelyn remarked, half timidly—

"You indicated last night that you did not intend to remain much longer here. If you come as far south as London, my father and I shall be very pleased to see you. Daventry Hall is quite near Guildford."

"I am extremely obliged; but it is not likely that we shall meet again," he replied calmly, but with a wistful look.

She was conscious of quite a sudden pang of disappointment.

"I am sorry to hear that," she said, lightly. "My father is highly cultivated as a man of letters; he held a diplomatic post at one time; and you would find his conversation very agreeable. Both indeed would be gainers, and I would sit in a corner and follow the strange evolutions of a talk between an accomplished man of the world and an idealist."

"I, too, was once a man of the world," he rejoined, gravely. "Perhaps I am but a half-converted hermit after all. Let us, however, be satisfied with the short and pleasant meeting which the gods have conspired to grant us, and which I am not likely soon to forget, for such planets seldom swim into my ken. I shall think most of you when you have become a myth to me. Take comfort, if you need it: you shall be planted like Berenice in the heavens, and I shall see your tresses now and then when my sky is clear."

She remained silent for a while, mechanically twisting her engagement-ring round her finger.

"You say you won't see me again," she resumed, looking suddenly up, with a shade of reproach in her hazel eyes.

"'Won't' is too personal, too

full of *velléité*. Still the probability exists that we shall not meet again. Ere long I go to Brittany. I am studying the Celtic tongues. You see I am originally a Celt myself."

"Pray excuse me again, but women can't help being curious. Why should you condemn yourself to this voluntary poverty? With your talents you could easily——"

"Pardon me, Miss Markham, but I happen to be ridiculously rich. My only justification, indeed, for possessing so much wealth, is my ability to do without it. But you were going to tell me something, if I do not mistake."

"Yes. You call me Berenice, not that I know who she was; but you will suppose that Berenice is speaking. You must know that she was betrothed to her cousin Hector. He was an orphan, her father's ward, and he and she were brought up together like brother and sister. He was an amiable and charming youth, handsome, high-bred, generous; and Berenice had a warm and sisterly affection for him. He became a soldier. But, alas! he went too often to the Olympic games, and staked his money heavily. How sorry she was, and how she pled with him! He, too, was full of remorse and contrition, but still he returned to his fatal habits, till his patrimony was sadly diminished. Now Berenice was very grieved, and wondered if it were wise to marry him; for if he as a lover was so forgetful of himself and of her, what would he be as a husband? How could she be happy, if she could not trust her husband? Now what do you say to that?"

"Did Hector love Berenice?" he asked with a quaint smile.

"What did Berenice know of love?" she replied, impetuously.

He was a silent for a while.

"I think she should have married him," he said, seriously. "A betrothal is a sacred thing. No happiness was ever built upon a broken vow. And if duty brings pain, it is an exquisite pain, not to be bartered for happiness. I have felt, for example, a wild delight as I roamed over the hills in stormy weather with a shrivelled and tingling skin, but a warm and bounding heart, and thoughts as merry as morris-dancers in my brain. We have no right to grieve for anything save our own misdoing. Never weep for anything save a lost ideal."

"How selfish and individual that is!" she exclaimed, almost bitterly. "I am not so detached, and hope I may never be so."

"It is our only refuge," he replied, almost sadly. "And after all we are only anticipating the effect of time. A few months console us for death and disappointment. And nature is incessantly preaching peace and comfort."

Ob er heilig, ob er böse
Jammert sie der Unglücksmann.

You see me, how I am, and yet I have felt a misery which made life for a time a mere burden. And now I am contented and heart-whole, I sleep well, I eat well, I play my flute, I read my

favourite books. Grief is a bad habit. If it was natural, nature would be contracted in one brow of woe, for death and disaster are universal."

"Well, I take you at your word," she said, almost defiantly. "Berenice marries Hector, and so ends the myth."

Soon after they heard the trampling of horses and the jingle of bells, and going to the door they found Alistair holding in a pair of horses harnessed to a handsome sledge.

"Ah! everything comes to an end," said Evelyn, lightly. "I must leave you now, Mr Casanove."

While she went to put on her wraps, Casanove talked with Alistair, and ascertained that the road, though bad enough here and there, was quite practicable. He then assisted Evelyn into the sledge, and wrapped the rugs carefully round her. She was pale and silent. Flora, with whom she had exchanged a farewell greeting in the cottage, stood at the door and gazed smilingly at her.

"Good-bye, Mr Casanove," said Evelyn, holding out her hand. "And many thanks for all your kindness. Think of me now and then when you are in Brittany."

He smiled, bowed, and stood looking after the sledge till it disappeared at a turn of the road.

II.

Two years passed away. Evelyn had married her cousin and found him an affectionate husband, though there was in his nature an ineradicable fibre of boyish irresponsibility and wilfulness that caused her much anxiety and frequent distress. Their married life, however, came to an abrupt termination. Poor Hector

perished in the Egyptian war, leaving Evelyn a childless widow. She grieved sincerely for him, yet not as deeply as she would have wished to do. Her father, on the other hand, did not affect a concern which he did not really feel. His ward had been a source of constant vexation to him; and he had never concealed his conviction

that his brilliant and high-minded daughter was far too good for the thoughtless and pleasure-loving youth. Besides, Hector's death gave him back his daughter, for she broke up her house and returned to Daventry Hall. She was deeply touched by the eager joy with which the dignified and usually reserved gentleman had hailed this arrangement. He took her in his arms, kissed her fondly, and said somewhat huskily: "You should never have left it, darling; but all's well that ends well." Every one, indeed, seemed delighted at her return. Even Harrison, the old butler, who was very tenacious of his dignity, welcomed her with an odd blending of almost paternal affection and episcopal unction; while the housekeeper, who was a Scotswoman and much given to the study of apocalyptic literature, so far forgot herself as to burst into tears when she saw the grave sweet face of her former mistress. And so the days slipped peacefully and pleasantly away, till in the following summer Colonel Markham proposed a tour on the Continent. Evelyn, he said, was looking pale, she studied too much, ate too little, showed an aversion to innocent claret that was singularly ominous, and evidently needed a change of air and scene. Even the music she played was sombre. Beethoven was no doubt classical, but there was too much *weltschmerz* about him. For his part, he was tired of those solemn strains in dreadfully flatted keys, that made one think of one's early follies and unpaid bills, and the heart-breaking disasters of Liberal Governments. So reasoned the Colonel with a whimsical smile, but with looks of tender anxiety. For he had become more than ever attached to his daughter now that he real-

ised what her absence meant. Besides, the state of her health, her persistent sadness, which she evidently tried to throw off so as not to disquiet and distress him, her frequent fits of self-absorption, her increased devotion to her religious duties, which seemed to him a gloomy presage,—all had the effect of rousing him from the unconsciously selfish acceptance of her filial attentions which had characterised him in the past. Once when he gently asked her as to the cause of her sadness she said: "I have not been true to my higher self; I should not have married my cousin; and yet, I am ashamed and disappointed that the mistake has not proved irreparable."

This was a psychological paradox that was absolutely unintelligible to the clear-headed man of the world; and he inquired no further.

They went to Brittany by Evelyn's desire, and travelled leisurely from place to place, enjoying in a sober way the austere beauty of that corner of France, and pleased with the simple, sincere, and antique manners of the people, who have never yet lost their alien look and speech, and who are stamped with that air of vague melancholy which accompanies a suppressed and isolated nationality.

Reaching the little village of Polrac on the northern coast, they were so much attracted by its quaint and old-world beauty that they resolved to stay a short while there, and they obtained comfortable quarters at the *Cerf d'Or*, the only *auberge* that it possessed. On Sunday they went to the little church, where their presence excited no small interest and curiosity. The Curé was an elderly man with snowy hair and pale emaciated features, lit up by a

pair of soft blue eyes limpid and innocent as a child's. In the evening he called at the *auberge*, and was ushered into the sitting-room with every mark of reverential respect on the part of the *aubergiste's* wife. It evidently never occurred to her that any formal preliminaries were requisite. The Curé had his *entrée* everywhere, *quoi!* He was cordially received, and in the course of conversation offered his services in showing the strangers the curiosities of the place and neighbourhood. He had apparently a wide knowledge of antiquities, and spoke with much zest about *dolmens* and *cromlechs*, of which there were several interesting specimens within easy distance. The result was that they made several excursions together, and were soon thoroughly good friends. He possessed that *naïveté* of the heart, that perfect simplicity and unaffected humility combined with culture and unconscious dignity, that lent a rare charm to his companionship. He knew the entire lore of the district; his uncle, indeed, had been Curé of the parish before him, and had witnessed many of the horrors and shared in the dangers of the revolutionary epoch.

One evening about a fortnight after their arrival he supped with them, and seemed strangely pre-occupied and depressed. He made mechanical and sometimes irrelevant replies to their remarks, till at last, becoming conscious of his seeming want of courtesy, he begged them to excuse him.

"The fact is, a dear friend of mine is extremely ill—dying, I fear, of typhoid fever. He is an Englishman, though he fought for France in our period of disaster. He is not indeed a Catholic," he added, with a sigh, "but I fervently believe, notwithstanding, that he

is *in bona fide*. I wish all Catholics were like my dear heretic—kind, compassionate, charitable, simple and pure in his life——"

A tear twinkled in his eye, and he took a pinch of snuff with an agitated look and manner.

"Indeed he has lived too ascetically," he resumed, after a pause. "One would have thought that he wished to mortify the flesh, as if he had much to mortify!" he added, with a quaint smile. "Once when I wished him to share with me an excellent capon which my good Brigitte had prepared with special success, he said, '*Mon père*, I do not owe a cock to *Æsculapius*.' However, he did take a little, only he said it was fortunate I could grant him absolution."

Evelyn had grown extremely pale during this guileless talk, her features had become tense, while there was an excited sparkle in her eyes.

"He has been a delightful companion," the Curé went on, sadly. "When I think of him I am reminded of that fine saying of Goethe's which he once quoted to me: The golden age is indeed past, but good men bring it back. Oh, a good man! And with so gay a humour at times. And to see him now!"

"What does the doctor say?" asked Evelyn, in a low voice.

"He speaks despondently, says that my friend has lived too much like an anchorite, even declares that he got the typhoid fever by drinking water or milk instead of honest wine. Dr Brisot is a good fellow, but a *farceur* at times."

"I think I know the gentleman," said Evelyn, huskily. "Is not his name Austin Casanove?"

"That is indeed his name," replied the Curé, with an astonished look.

He was too well-bred to ask questions, but his look was significant enough. He relapsed into a fit of profound abstraction. Suddenly a gleam of intuition flashed across his face.

"*Tiens!* I understand. You must be the lady, madam, of whom he spoke to me one day."

"Did he speak about me?" exclaimed Evelyn, blushing keenly.

"He seemed, if I am not indiscreet, to have for you a veritable *culte*. That is, if you are the lady whom he once entertained in his cottage, when you were overtaken by a snowstorm."

"Yes, I am the same person."

"My daughter was much impressed by him," remarked Colonel Markham. "And all I have heard of him is greatly to his credit. Well, let us hope for the best. He has led a very sober well-regulated life, and that is favourable to ultimate recovery."

"God grant it; but he is very weak. However, he is no longer delirious. Now, perhaps you will permit me to retire. I must visit my patient."

"If you will allow me, *Monsieur le Curé*, I shall accompany you," said Evelyn, quietly but firmly.

"My dear child!" exclaimed Colonel Markham, "the thing is absurd. Think of the infection——"

"I don't think typhoid fever is recognised as infectious. I must see him once more," she added, pleadingly.

Her father shrugged his shoulders with a resigned air. He knew that when the tiny vertical furrow appeared on her forehead, expostulation was useless.

When they had left the *auberge*, the Curé said—

"Pardon me, madam, but I understood my friend to say that you had married monsieur your cousin."

"Yes, I did; but he perished in the Egyptian war. We wished him to leave the army, but he refused. He said that he wished to be of some use before he left the world, for he had a presentiment that he would never return."

They then proceeded in silence along the village street till they reached at its farthest extremity a little cottage with small arched bay-windows, and standing back from a small garden filled with flowers, which now exhibited the disarray of the declining year. The westering sun shone on the windows and illumined them with a roseate flush. On the right a sombre moor, covered with heath and dry and stunted furze, stretched onwards to the rugged cliffs that overlooked the sea. A soft evening breeze, impregnated with saline flavours and the odour of sea-weed, brought with it the deep murmur of the ocean. Far to the left the dreary *lande*, out of which emerged mossy boulders and angular masses of granite, extended bleak and bare till it reached a low line of hills, crested here and there with dark clumps of firs.

The door of the cottage was opened by an elderly woman, apparently the *femme du ménage*, clad in the medieval costume of Breton *paysannes*, and wearing on her head a monumental *coiffe*. Her features were harsh and rugged, but the eyes were soft, and bore traces of weeping. She greeted the Curé and his companion in low tones, and with the accent of one to whom French is a foreign tongue. Then, "effacing herself," she allowed the two to enter the cottage. The Curé led the way into his friend's bedroom. It was paved with brick and very plainly furnished. The tears came to Evelyn's eyes when she recog-

nised the cavalry-sabre hanging above the empty fireplace. Casanove was lying on a low curtained bed, perfectly inert, and apparently in a state of coma. His face was strangely attenuated, and the long sinewy arm resting on the coverlet seemed denuded of flesh, and showed the corded muscles with the grim precision of an anatomical preparation.

Evelyn was seized with a fit of trembling, so convulsive that she sank into a chair placed at the side of the bed, and buried her face in the curtains.

The Curé poured a little brandy into a spoon, and tried to introduce it into Casanove's mouth. He swallowed the liquid with a painful grimace, and awoke.

"Ah, my good friend," he said in a faint voice, and with a long-drawn sigh, "you do not forget me."

"How are you now, *mon enfant*?" asked the Curé with a stifled voice.

"*Je me meurs, je crois*," was the quiet reply.

"Do you wish the last rites of Mother Church?"

"As you please, *mon père*," Casanove replied. Then he went on in a solemn monotone, "I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity. Will not God Himself say, Let him rest in peace?"

The Curé handed him an ivory crucifix, which Casanove pressed to his lips.

"Oh miracle of self-sacrifice! oh divine example of resignation!" he murmured, feebly. "Give me of Thy magnanimity. Alas! Thou wert born centuries too soon; we have not yet learned of Thee. But all those who have denied themselves and abjured the world are Thy humble brethren. *Que Ta grandeur soit miséricordieuse pour ma petitesse.*"

"Amen!" said the Curé, and made a sign of the cross upon Casanove's forehead.

Evelyn rose from her seat, and bending over the bed gently grasped Casanove's hand, and pressed it to her lips, while the tears streamed silently down her pallid cheeks.

The effect was electrical. A smile of intense incredulous joy illumined his features.

"Are you really Evelyn Markham?" he whispered, with a smile. "*En chair et en os*? You are not the reflection of my dream?"

She pressed his hand, and bending over him whispered in his ear—

"Do not die and leave me, Austin. I have loved you ever since I first saw you."

"Hold me, Evelyn," he said, hoarsely; "I seem to be falling into abysses; keep me back! oh, keep me back!"

Then the surging blackness of the limbo of life and death swelled up and engulfed him. He sank back, and lay inanimate, while Evelyn, sick with dread, sat trembling in every limb, but still retaining a grasp of his hand. When she had sufficiently recovered her self-possession, she intimated to the Curé her intention of watching by the bedside, and desired him to inform her father of this intention.

It was a dreary vigil, interrupted only by the occasional entrance of the Breton *femme du ménage*, and by a visit of Dr Brissot, a stout thick-set man with a massive leonine head, who evidently had some difficulty in controlling his quick petulant movements. He fixed his keen and piercing eyes on Evelyn with such an imperiously inquiring look that Evelyn was constrained to say, "An old friend, monsieur."

He nodded brusquely, and pro-

ceeded to examine his patient with a deft and delicate touch. He then gave Evelyn instructions as to the requisite treatment, assuming in his rapid intuitive way that she purposed to nurse the invalid during the night.

"He is no worse," he remarked, "indeed rather better; but then an ebbing tide does not retreat from the shore all at once, there is influx and reflux. Still, for the present he is *un tantinet mieux*. The man has lived a hermit's life and impoverished his blood. A pest on all moral pedants. Which is worse, mademoiselle: to disbelieve in your body or your soul? I shall return in the early morning. Adieu, mademoiselle."

And he bustled noiselessly out of the room, if such a paradox may be permitted.

Casanove woke up again after a couple of hours' profound stupor. He looked vaguely about him for a time, till he realised Evelyn's presence, and then his look brightened.

"My head, *ma chérie*" (Evelyn's heart thrilled at the endearing tone), "my head is as full of noises as a decaying house. Did a door slam just now?"

"No, dear Austin, the stillness has been awful."

"Then let us suppose it was the gates of Hades closing. You *have* kept me back. Ah! it is a reversal of the old myth. Eurydice has gone down to the nether

world to bring back Orpheus. Give me time, Eurydice; I follow the flutter of your garment."

He showed a febrile eagerness to speak, but Evelyn placed her fingers on his mouth. He kissed them and fell asleep again.

Casanove recovered, but his convalescence was slow and protracted. His ascetic habits had unquestionably reduced his physical powers; and even yet he was inclined to rebel against the generous diet provided for him. But Evelyn was implacable. He too got to know what the furrow in her fair forehead meant. The consciousness of her unlimited sway over his heart made her at times a little wilful and sportive—a charming trait in one who had been habitually grave.

"And what shall I do with my money, Evelyn?" he asked one day.

"Have no anxiety on that score," she rejoined, with a demure smile. "I shall help you to spend it."

In a word, though he remained much of the idealist he had been for so many years, he abandoned that Levitical scrupulosity in meat and drink which Evelyn maintained to be only a kind of sublimated self-conceit—for in a married man that is how originality is apt to be designated. He had, however, his compensations; his wife provided him with new ideals.

G. DUNN.

RE-VOLUTION.

WITH APOLOGIES TO MR RUDYARD KIPLING AND PROFESSOR GARNER.

"To-day the American professor, Mr R. L. Garner, leaves Liverpool in Messrs Elder, Dempster, & Co.'s steamer *Matadi* for Gaboon, South-West Africa, for the purpose of studying the language of the forests, though chiefly that of the monkey species. Professor Garner has the special patronage of ex-President Grover Cleveland and Mr T. A. Edison in his unique undertaking, and claims to have recorded and reduced the voices of nearly all the monkeys on the American continent. He is going to Africa to reduce the sounds of the monkeys' voices out there, and to do the same with the lower tribes of mankind. The professor says he is confident that he can find the means of intelligent intercourse with the man-like apes, and to show that they possess the faculty of speech. Among the articles which Professor Garner is taking out is a steel cage intended for his accommodation in the forests, and to prevent him being molested by any wild animals. The cage is portable, and can with facility be erected. It is merely frames with corrugated steel wire, and in this the professor hopes to remain secure. He is entirely alone in his venture, which he is undertaking for the advancement of science."—*Yorkshire Post*.

THIS is the wonderful story

Told when the twilight fails,
And the monkeys chatter together,
And nibble each other's tails.

One day, in the forest primeval,
Where monkeys and pigmies abound,
In the drowsy height of the noonday
Arose on the silence a sound.

In the silent hush of the noonday,
When all honest monkeys are napping,
In the depths of the ancient forest
Was heard a mysterious tapping.

Our grandmother, peacefully sleeping,
Had told us the story again
Of the farmers who captured our fathers,
And made them the things they call men.

She awoke with a start from her slumbers,
And, bending her ear to the ground,
Cried she, "'Tis a terrible farmer!"—
Then, gaining a branch with a bound,

She called to her slumbering children,
And bidding them hold by her tail,
She led us to where, from safe quarters,
We saw what made each of us quail.

Far down in the twilight beneath us,
In a prison of twisted wire,
Was a creature whose *pitiful* aspect
Could only our *pity* inspire.

Haggard and shaven and helpless,
Without e'en the *stump* of a tail,
We recognised one of our kindred,
And set up a heartrending wail.

With a leap as the leap of a leopard,
He uttered an answering yell;
And the sound that broke forth from his quivering lips
Was a word that was known to us well.

Our grandmother heard it with rapture,
And, in spite of her ven'erable age,
She shook her tail free of her offspring,
And flung herself down on the cage.

"'Tis my baby, my long, long lost darling!"
She whimpered, in accents of joy;
"He remembers the speech that I loved so to teach
Him when only a toddling boy!"

Come hither, ye tribes of the forest,
To rescue your wandering brother,
Whose trembling feet and yearning heart
Have turned to his sorrowing mother."

With a rush as the roar of the tempest,
They came at their ancestress' call;
And the joy thus expressed in her face and her voice
Was reflected and echoed by all.

We surrounded the wire-twisted fortress,
And, stretching forth welcoming paws,
We seized on the bars of his prison
And wrenched them asunder like straws.

With eager and loving caresses
We drew forth our trembling brother ;
And as he crept out, midst a deafening shout,
He was clasped in the arms of his mother !

How she cuddled and fondled her darling,
How she wept o'er his features so pale ;
How she bathed him in koko to strengthen his hair,
How she sewed on a *beautiful tail*,

It boots not to tell, but, as seasons rolled on,
And he drank in his pure native air,
His speech it returned and his hair it grew long,
And our food he delighted to share.

And now through the forest he springs with his kin,
Having wedded our chieftain's daughter ;
For one of our poets wrote ages ago
That "Bluid is aye thicker than water."

Now this is the wonderful story
Told when the twilight fails,
As our brother and we sit up in a tree,
Or swing by each other's tails.

E. H. T.

SAMUEL BRANDRAM, MASTER OF ARTS.

It is a reproach levelled at the English universities, not without reason, that it is quite possible for a man, even of eminent scholarship, to leave one of them without having acquired that fundamental accomplishment, the first of the three R's; and the inefficacy of much of our modern preaching has been traced, not altogether improbably, to this want of oratorical training. Had the man whose loss the cultivated world will find it difficult to repair done nothing else for his *alma mater*, he might at any rate claim to have proved by the practical test of well-filled halls, and attentive, applauding audiences, wherever he gave one of his recitations, during a long series of years, that there was one Oxford graduate upon whom the mantle of John Chrysostom had fallen, who might have replied, indeed, as the story goes that a hack preacher in a northern city once did: "If I do preach other people's sermons, can you deny that they sound far better from my mouth than from their authors'?" Such a man ought not to be dismissed without some memorial, and a brief sketch of his career may be worth writing, as from it may be gathered the peculiar circumstances which fitted him for his work, and the valuable lessons which his conduct is calculated to convey to the dramatic aspirant.

The writer of these lines can remember, sixty years since, the pleasant, hale, white-haired gentleman familiar to the British public, as a schoolboy going to and fro between his mother's house in Gower Street and King's College,

London. In those days he might have been described (as the youthful Walter Scott once was) as a "comely creature," with curly brown locks setting off a good-humoured face, which to the last retained a healthy tinge of rudeness. Even then the shadows which coming events are wont to cast before them took a dramatic form, incited possibly by the companionship of a young lady, a neighbour, whose early associations with the Nottinghamshire contemporaries of Byron had given her a strong bent towards poetry and the stage. Be this as it may, there were some of his old friends who, when he grew famous, recollected the performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," recited to the action of dressed dolls on a toy stage set up between the two drawing-rooms of the house in Gower Street, as the first essay of the future Shakespearian exponent.

During the greater part of his career in Oxford Brandram was best known as an athlete, being one of the original members and the show-pupil of the gymnasium conducted by Mr Maclaren, a north-countryman, whose success was not altogether unconnected with Brandram's agility and popularity. Though not a reading man, he was the friend of such men as Bowen, Freeman, and Palgrave, and gave the first proof of his marvellous memory by achieving an "honorary fourth" in mathematics in the final examination,—a distinction earned by a pass-paper without a single mistake, though Brandram was not a mathematical man in any sense.

The Oxford Historical Society has recently reprinted in the volume entitled 'Reminiscences of Oxford by Oxford Men,' the history of the introduction of Brandram to Frank Talfourd, and the formation of the first Oxford theatrical company; but that sketch scarcely dwells enough upon the effect which association with the circle who frequented Justice Talfourd's hospitable house in Russell Square would have upon a man gifted with so high an ability for dramatic art. Crabb Robinson's *Diary* contains an entry in 1847, recording the impression which Brandram's acting made at that time upon the experienced and observant critic; and there, too, he formed his first acquaintance with Charles Dickens, who afterwards spoke of him as "a man who interprets me better than I can interpret myself;" and with another popular literary man of that era, Albert Smith, a friendship arose, much cemented by their harmony of taste upon the subject of Swiss mountains. Had Brandram then embraced the profession of an actor, there would have been scarcely a doubt of his success in that career—indeed he would probably have achieved eminence; but he was far too conscientious and dutiful to desert the line of life to which his family had destined him. He was called to the Bar in 1849, and through the old family interest in the city which the Brandrams possessed, he obtained a moderate amount of business, from which he found relaxation in his military duties as an active member of the Inns of Court Volunteers. But he did not altogether give up dramatic performances, although his gymnastics rather than his stage experience recommended him to the

part of harlequin in Albert Smith's amateur pantomime in 1856; but he frequently performed in entertainments got up for the benefit of charities, and with the Windsor Strollers, at Canterbury and other places. Consequently he was so far recognised as an amateur actor of merit that Mr Bellew, then writing on theatrical subjects for the 'Times' newspaper, mentioned him in a leading article in 1863 as a performer whose rendering of old-men parts professional actors might do well to study. It was at this period also that he began to add to the ballad-singing by which he used to charm audiences in country houses and London drawing-rooms, recitations of scenes or entire acts from Shakespeare, Dickens's Christmas stories, or now and then a popular farce. These repetitions proved so attractive that he was often solicited to give them at some public institution, or for the benefit of a work of charity. His circle of popularity had begun to widen, but he was not in any sense of the word a public man, and many of his friends regretted that he should have suppressed a talent which would have made him widely useful and famous.

The circumstances which led him to make his appearance at last as a public entertainer were too personal to be dwelt upon in a sketch like this: his difficulties were not of his own making, and reflected not the slightest slur upon his honour and integrity. Suffice it to say, that when he was very nearly fifty years of age he had to begin the world anew, encumbered with liabilities not his own, and with a wife and family dependent upon his exertions. He was, however, to experience the truth of the dictum, with the

expression of which George IV. is credited, in the story which represents him as having said, when he heard that Sir Walter Scott was ruined,—“Impossible; let every man to whom he has given an hour's pleasure send him sixpence, and he will rise to-morrow as rich as Rothschild!” The first persons to recognise the possibility of realising this idea were his neighbours at Richmond, who invited him to give, as he had often done before, a recitation for a public purpose, and then asked his acceptance of the proceeds. Other friends organised entertainments in their own houses or in convenient halls, and the result was that, with one or two instances of want of success by way of the exception to prove the rule, in a very few months Brandram's name had become widely spread as the best and most popular entertainer of his day.

And now his finest qualities began to have full scope. He once expressed himself to a friend as thankful that he had not gone upon the stage, inasmuch as he not only earned more than he probably would have done as an actor, but was his own master, free to choose his own pieces, and to interpret them according to his own canons of criticism and ideas of propriety. The university *ῥήτορς*, which instinctively stamped the gentleman upon his work, was no doubt one great cause of his immediate and lasting success. The purity and simplicity of his character preserved him from any faults of taste or of expression. His recitations were in the best sense of the words given without note or comment—without note, indeed, for his extraordinary memory prevented him from having recourse to manuscript or

printed book, and equally without that comment which, in the shape of emotional or farcical by-play, has disfigured the readings of some men of ability. So perfectly simple was his style, that while he occasionally permitted a choir to assist by rendering the musical portions of a play, or giving appropriate selections at a miscellaneous reading, he much preferred to dispense with all such aid, and to have the whole evening to himself, as less fatiguing to him and to his audience. One could not but be reminded of that anecdote of the elder Mathews, when an admirer asked him who taught him to read. “I would give a hundred pounds to learn to read as you do!” “I will not take your money,” replied the comedian, “but I will tell you for nothing. I was taught to read by my mother.” Brandram, with the greatest clearness of enunciation and power of expression, was never what is called an elocutionist.

One critic (not unfriendly) has attributed much of his rapid success to the letters M.A. after his name; conciliating Mrs Grundy, and especially recommending him to that sphere of his work which was constant and lucrative—his readings at public schools. Undoubtedly head-masters were glad to be assured that a scholar and a gentleman had adopted a line of work which had for years been abandoned to wretched pretenders of the Macmurther genus; but to have obtained the *entrée* would have availed but little had not the boys themselves, fastidious but generous judges, delighted in his utter absence of all affectation. The unsophisticated instincts of boyhood at once recognised that they were assisting at a display not intended for the

glorification of the reciter but of the author, and they responded accordingly to the intention, and gave their heartiest support to its exponent. But not in schools alone, but everywhere, at any hour, in any place, by every class of the community, his direct and tasteful mode of presenting his author never failed to be appreciated. The employees of a large London establishment had the choice given them of the form of entertainment which they should prefer for an annual *fête*, and unanimously selected a recitation by Brandram! The announcement of his name was sufficient to fill the largest halls in London and the various provincial towns, not only in seats of fashion and culture like Brighton and Edinburgh, but in Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow. A tour which he undertook to the United States some three or four years ago was understood to be in some degree unsatisfactory; but inclement weather, and the occurrence of a presidential election at the time, were sufficient causes for the indifferent success of his visit.

His industry was as marvellous as his memory. For some years his working days must have approximated to three hundred in the twelvemonth. His programme comprised at least a dozen plays of Shakespeare, Lovel's "Wife's Secret" (a great favourite of his in younger days, and, in his opinion, containing the best characters played by Mr and Mrs Charles Kean), the "School for Scandal," and many other entire pieces and selections from the best English and American authors. All of these he kept in the pigeon-holes of his brain, and never had the slightest difficulty apparently in bringing any one out when required.

Stories are current of changes of programme made by capricious hostesses at houses where he was engaged for the afternoon, ten minutes before the recitation began, and responded to with perfect alacrity and success. Once only he is said to have come to a standstill, when, observing an old gentleman in the front row with a Shakespeare in his hand, he leaned forward and asked the loan of it; but before he found the place, the word returned, and he went on with his recitation easily to the close.

Although there were many who preferred the variety and humour of his miscellaneous recitals, there is no doubt that Shakespeare was at once his favourite and his forte. Without pretending to be a critic, his edition of the plays for reading was a very creditable one to his literary powers; and he had a thorough knowledge of the great dramatist. Considering the large number of persons who attended his entertainments, and the frequency with which they were given, it is not too much to say that (with the exception, perhaps, of the late tragedian Samuel Phelps) Samuel Brandram did more to familiarise the middle-class families of this country with Shakespeare than any man of the present century. He had, moreover, an advantage which Phelps did not possess, inasmuch as his influence reached a section of the community who eschew the theatre, though they will attend a dramatic reading. The audiences at Brighton or St James's Hall comprised, no doubt, representatives of every kind, but the bulk of them were chiefly characterised by quiet respectability, though during the progress of the play all sections merged their respective

idiosyncrasies in rapt attention and interest. The strong point of one of these recitations of a drama was, that whereas in a stage performance the minor characters are sometimes indifferently supported, Brandram was very often at his best in one of those humorous sketches of character, or in giving emphasis to those noble gems of poetry with which the Bard of Avon has embellished the background of his great tragedies and comedies. There was a sense of completeness and finish about his rendering of a play which few theatrical companies, however level their excellence, could attain.

More commendable still was the modesty with which he carried out his work : a quiet self-control pervaded his whole character, which assisted most materially in the effect which he produced upon his thousands of auditors. Habitually temperate and active in his habits, he defied the dangers of long, cold railway journeys, and draughty, badly ventilated halls, for many years with impunity, and never broke an engagement or failed to complete a reading. His voice to the last was clear and impressive as ever. Old men had always been his forte, but his interpretation of female characters exhibited perhaps his highest art, for the difficulty of an adequate representation seemed to put him on his mettle, and no critic has ever suggested that he failed, except perhaps in too careful a restraint upon passion. He had always a pathetic ring in his tones. Years ago he could draw tears from a stern Scottish lawyer by his singing of "Caller Herrin'," and make an English Chief Baron sob by his declamation in Talfourd's "Ion"; but without becoming in any way artificial, he grew more conscious of his

power, and played with the tear-ducts of a spell-bound crowd like a skilled performer on a musical instrument.

The self-respecting modesty of his character had one result which may be considered unfortunate. It kept him from authorship, except in the form of the Shakespeare volumes already referred to. But he could write pretty verses, a few of which once appeared in a little miscellany of his Oxford days ; and his love for the stage, and his high sense of fitness and beauty, would have made him a dramatic critic of the very first order. As it turned out, for many years he was too busy to attend first nights, and even to write many letters. Duty with him came first, and then the domestic pleasures, which, to a man of his affectionate and well-balanced mind, are on the borderland of duty. Now and then he would talk or write about some popular favourite, and always with a frank generosity which showed, as did his intercourse with younger imitators, his total innocence of professional rivalry ; though there were some successful performers for whom he had a strong distaste, holding their methods as unworthy. One of the artists whom he placed in the first rank was Jefferson (the American Rip van Winkle), whom he styled the man with the divine voice. The writer was with him on one occasion in the early days of the Bancroft management, when, speaking of the Robertson school of comedy, he foretold its future success, and the effect which it would have on theatrical education.

But he would have assured any one who suggested that he had the ability to take up his pen for such a purpose as dramatic criti-

cism, that it was not his *métier*. The work which lay to his hand he did with all his heart, and never tired or wished to change the task which a Higher Power seemed to have fitted him to do. And he loved it. "I could not leave it off," was his expression but a few months before his end.

The end came suddenly, and, alas! painfully. Many years ago his medical adviser, during a brief but severe illness which he had, cautioned him to beware of a return; but more than fifteen years of constant exertion passed ere he had another period of suffering two years since, from which he was relieved: but a renewed attack proved fatal at the age of sixty-eight.

He had survived, of course, many of his early friends. His old college tutor Thomas Short,

who had a sincere regard for him as a gentleman and a Tory, with many more who figured among his Oxford acquaintance, had of necessity crossed the bourne. But one of these early friends, Dean Hole, on the very eve of his death, put into graceful words his appreciation of the high excellence of his character, professional and personal. The thousands to whom his recitations were an intellectual treat will join in the sentiment thus expressed; and it may be hoped, for the credit of English good taste and manliness, that one so brave, so simple, and so true, who devoted his heaven-sent gifts to the noblest purposes, and never sullied his university honours by sordidness, vulgarity, or cant, will have a niche among the peaceful heroes of literature in the nineteenth century.

W. K. R. BEDFORD.

WOLVES AND WILD BOARS IN MODERN FRANCE.

THE conditions of hunting in France and Great Britain are very distinct. In our own country the wild animals no longer include any of important size that can be called ferocious. Their numbers are comparatively small. They owe a precarious existence for the most part to strict preservation, and would become extinct without it. In many parts of France, on the contrary, there are animals not only wild but dangerously savage; there is variety and abundance. In a land of dark thickets and large forests, in districts where the population is sparse, where rocks and rivers impede the pursuit of game, the laws are almost as much concerned with its destruction as with its protection. That which with us is only cherished sport, with them is sometimes necessary war. It is against two creatures in especial that this war is waged, and their characters we propose to consider.

The wolf which man hunts is itself a hunter, and it is quite probable that mankind may have borrowed the practice of hunting from some of the canine family, in the first instance merely following the chase instead of pretending to direct it. The hound is still the soul of the chase, so that, in the opinion of experts, a clever hound will lend wits to the most useless huntsman, and a stupid one will balk the cleverest. For the dog and the wolf there is a wide difference in popular esteem. In speaking of twilight as *entre le chien et le loup*, the French seem to set them as wide apart as light and darkness.

Before the introduction of firearms the chase was attended with

very considerable danger, and gave many an opportunity for the display of heroism. It will not be beside our purpose if we pause for a moment to ask what constitutes a hero. If history, romance, and popular applause may be trusted, it is not retiring modesty and self-denying resignation. These attributes a hero may possess, but it will be rather in spite of them than because of them that his heroic character will be accepted. To take examples so familiar as Samson and Achilles, Alexander the Great and Richard Cœur-de-Lion, we observe that the first essential of a hero is courage, and the second courage, and the third courage. But after this come strength and skill and success to make up a popular hero. Pagan or Christian, Hebrew or Greek or Norman, he that can slaughter and subdue is beheld with admiration. To adorn the narrative in prose or verse it is necessary that he should scatter his enemies like sheep; that he should take a garrison by surprise and put it to the sword; that when driven to bay he should deal destruction around him, and either escape or make the carcasses of the foe his tomb.

From these animating thoughts, fitted to kindle enthusiasm in the coldest breast, we may turn for the sake of contrast to the delineation of a creature peculiarly adapted to inspire our repugnance and contempt, the skulking wolf. The calm philosophy of the naturalist Buffon describes this animal as "in every way disgusting, ungainly, stinking, treacherous, and savage; an odious being, noxious while alive, and useless when dead." From infancy we learn to

regard a wolf in sheep's clothing as the symbol of the cruel and dangerous hypocrite. No fables or parables, no poems or stories founded upon fact, endow the wolf with any qualities of magnanimity or graciousness. Even the she-wolf that solaced herself for the loss of her own cubs by suckling the founders of Rome, stood foster-mother to a race of imperial robbers. The shaggy-coated beast, with slanting eyes and long yellow teeth in its enormous gape, is a voracious glutton, a feeder upon carrion, "naturally a dastard and full of fear," "unsociable as well as savage." It "lives only upon rapine, and loves nothing but carnage." In his account of the district of France called le Morvan, M. Henri de Crignelle in 1851 tells a blood-curdling story of a young villager caught in a wolf-trap and devoured by the wolves; and another weird story of eight wolves which, when trapped in the courtyard of a farmstead, caused death and disaster to their captors. Sympathy with our fellow-men compels us to regard as detestable an animal which brought about such calamities, although, to be sure, it was not the wolves which set the trap, and in both the instances many more wolves were killed by men than men by wolves.

That the wolf is an uncompromising foe to man or man's property seems to be generally admitted, and this may make us thankful that for about two centuries past it has not been a free companion in any part of Great Britain or Ireland. The "last wolf" in Scotland is slain by various authorities in 1680, 1700, and 1743. Among ourselves a last appearance is sometimes repeated. Or perhaps the spirit of the veteran which perished in 1680 still haunted the scene of its former exploits,

and only expired by way of dramatic effect in the subsequent years. In France the continued presence of wolves in the flesh leaves no room for scepticism. That they deserve to be petted or are ever likely to win loving favour we shall not pretend, but that they are in any way despicable animals must not be taken for granted. M. de Crignelle, a very hostile witness, points out that Buffon was wrong in calling the wolf useless after death, since its skin is used for carriage-rugs and doormats, for the woodman's cloak and cap, for his game-bag, for his shoes in summer, and for the parchment of the sylvan drum. The wolf is said to be unsociable, yet he often hunts in packs; he has a cry which brings his brethren to join him in attacking large and powerful animals; and full-grown wolves travelling together go in single file, like Indians on the war-path, having been trained to this very practice when young by their mothers. It is true that, when the cubs are quite young, the she-wolf dispenses with her husband's company, lest his vigorous appetite should too fondly embrace his offspring. But should the mother lose her life, the young do not for that reason die of hunger. The Comte de Canteleu in 1890, in his '*Manuel de Vénérerie française*,' acknowledges that he was wrong in supposing this when he wrote his earlier '*Treatise on Wolf-hunting*.' The older books knew better. The male wolf is by no means destitute of paternal love. The famous sportsman, Colonel Thornton, in the amusing account of his tour in France at the beginning of this century, is very explicit on this subject, borrowing no doubt from an older French authority. The male wolf, he says, if his mate happens to die, "feeds the young

cubs, defends them against every enemy, and when they have acquired a little strength, he conducts them into large corn-fields, and other situations not far from the forest or thickets. He there places them in security while he prowls in quest of food. He carries to them all he can catch, such as sheep, or other animals; but he first devours them himself, and on his return to his cubs he disgorges the half-digested food, which is swallowed by the cubs." M. de Canteleu confirmed this ancient observation by repeated experiments, separating the she-wolf from her cubs, leaving them alone with their father, "and to my great astonishment," he says, "he fed them to perfection, disgorging the food for them as the mother does. The wolf, then, is in this respect very different from the dog, which is absolutely indifferent to his young ones." By male or female in charge of the young, and whether separately or together, the return to the lair or so-called kennel is not made by direct route. They will make a great circuit to enter the cover from the opposite side, enter at various points and withdraw, follow the road that leads away from home, and finally, with an abrupt leap into a coppice, thread their stealthy way back to their brood. The she-wolf, should the hunters give chase to her cubs, will try to draw the hounds after herself in the hope of saving her young ones from pursuit. That is the kind of self-sacrifice that might startle from us the tear of sympathy, were it not that "in every country the inhabitants have declared this ferocious brute the enemy of man." But at any rate the wolf is not devoid of natural affection. He is in a sense voracious. Horse-flesh and beef and

mutton, venison of stag and fallow-deer and roebuck, the fox, the domestic pig, the very young and the very old of the wild boar—all these he will provide himself with, and devour them with gusto, swallowing vast morsels without the trouble and delay of chewing. But especially, they say, he is fond of the ass and the goose. Frogs and rats and mice he finds not unacceptable. Dogs prowling in the forest he snaps up as unconsidered trifles. At a pinch he will take the terrier from between its master's legs, carry off a sheep from a belated flock without the knowledge of the shepherd, attack an infant in its cradle, and in extremity assail the adult lords of creation themselves not only in the gloomy forest but in the open village and the peopled town.

If the wolf incurs odium because it sometimes makes a repast upon a deceased cousin of its own, many of the human race, it must be remembered, are cannibals by choice and not from necessity, as it was not long ago related that some, when expostulated with on the iniquity of eating their fellow-men, replied significantly, though rather away from the point, "No, they are very good, especially with pepper and spices." As with the Eskimos, feasting to repletion on the blubber of a half-putrid whale, so with wolves, voracity is not a vice but a necessity of existence. It is redressing the balance of frequently too little by occasionally taking what a fastidious delicacy might regard as too much. That the wolf is more savage and cruel in the capture of his prey than he need be for the purpose of the capture, can only be maintained by those who concede nothing to the exigencies of sport or to the high spirits of a victorious warrior. In some

of its modes of taking the wolf, humanity has not much to boast of. The tender mercies of the wolf-trap may be defended or excused; but the practice of hut-shooting, in which wounded calves are exposed as the decoy, is truly abominable. If the wolf in the vineyard delights too freely in the juice of the grape and sometimes reels away a pitiable object, even there it is not every hunter that can afford to deride the brute beast for its loss of self-control.

But in the description of a wolf it is not necessary to keep within the limits of apologetic suggestion. Some of its characteristics may proudly challenge the tribute of envy. What qualities would the hunter as a hunter wish to possess that the wolf has not? Its eyes, that shine like torches in the dark, have a piercing sight; its hearing is acute; in keenness of scent it surpasses the hounds; it is more subtle than the fox; its tread is light and noiseless; the speed of its long deliberate gallop is equalled only by the fleetness of the greyhound; in the long day's chase it tires down the whole rout of men and dogs and horses. In the depth of winter it will cross a stream, and then lie down in the thicket indifferent to the icicles which cover its hide. Hunger, which tames so many creatures, endows the wolf with a furious courage. Its strength is such that it can carry off a sheep in its mouth, and run with it faster than the unladen shepherd who hastens to the rescue. The snapping of its jaws will cut asunder the leg of a heifer or a colt, or, Spartan-like, its own leg to free itself from a trap. When the line of armed sportsmen is drawn up on one side of the cover, silent and ready to shoot, while on the other the noisy semicircle of beaters closes

in upon the game, fox and hare may foolishly run upon the guns, but the wolf "argues with himself, and intelligently concludes that the side where silence reigns is most to be feared; hence almost always he dashes through the beaters." When he assails the sheepfold and the sheep are scattered before him, the joy and enthusiasm of the chase come upon him, and he goes along dealing death at every stride, like an armoured knight mowing down the ranks of a yielding and broken battalion. Mr O'Connor, in his 'Introduction to the Field-Sports of France' (1846), relates that "Louis XIII. procured an old wolf, and let some of his strongest dogs at him by three at a time; he soon despatched twelve of them without much trouble to himself, and without sustaining any serious injury in the conflict." When the wolf finds that the hounds at his heels are few and unsupported by the proximity of the huntsman with his horn, he will presently come to a standstill, and seize by its throat the first hound that comes up; or making a circuit, he will come up at the tail of the pack and surprise and throttle the laggards. "When a wolf has adopted these tactics, and savoured the flesh of the hound, he may in the end decimate the packs of a whole district." But be the hounds few or many, the strength and speed and staying power of the wolf in his prime make it almost impossible to run him down. He is always in condition. He regulates his pace and disposes of his resources to the best advantage. His coolness never deserts him. In M. de Canteleu's delightful 'Manuel,' among many other clever illustrations a little headpiece by M. Crafty exhibits a wolf travelling at his leisure in the midst of

the yelping pack. This is no vagary or mistake on the part of the artist. He rightly represents this disdainful beast, which, when well in advance, will wait for the coming pack, but which cannot be forced by the hounds beyond the chosen measure of his own pace. From his lair he may be roused by the impetuous fangs of the bull-dog, and there are some hounds that will have the courage to assail him when brought to bay, but there are none or very few that will venture to spring upon him when he trots or gallops along in the midst of the pack. Even at the end, when escape is no longer possible, when he must turn and confront his pursuers, one against fifty or a hundred foes, is he not an imposing figure as he stands, less fearing them than they fear him, still capable of inflicting wounds and death, till at length, beneath clubs and stones and bites, and the stab of the hunting-knife, silent and resolute, the old warrior falls, as heroes fall, done to death but never daunted?

The contest being with an animal so finely endowed, it is no wonder that an expert should give to wolf-hunting the palm over all other branches of *vénérerie* in France. So keenly do some of the French gentry enjoy the sport, that the very officials appointed to clear the country of wolves are careful to keep up the breed. At least the author of the book, 'Wolf-hunting and Wild Sport in Lower Brittany,' published in 1875, boldly, and with evident approval of his conduct, gives what purports to be the real name of the friend to whom the following paragraph refers:—

"From him I gleaned that a wolf infesting the covers of Kergloff had of late become unusually destructive

to the poor peasants' cattle, and had, even in daylight, snatched up many a country cur before the very face of its owner. Consequently such strong representations had been made by the mayor of the commune to him, as *louveter*, that notwithstanding his experience told him at once it was a she-wolf with a litter hard by, he deemed it expedient to bring his hounds to the spot, and make a show at least of hunting, and, if possible, of driving the destructive beast from that district. To kill her, however, he had no intention; indeed his solicitude for a she-wolf is quite equal, if it does not surpass, that of the most zealous fox-preserve, who, when he sees hounds running short in April, is on tenter-hooks for the safety of what he has reason to believe is a little vixen."

Now when a man employed to clear away rats leaves a few for the sake of the breed and not to spoil trade, the unthinking are often disposed to find fault with the proceeding as savouring of the immoral. They do not reflect how rudely such a shaft may glance off the shoulders of the rat-catcher on to persons of social eminence. Perhaps any one sincerely desiring to clear a district of wolves should follow a policy just the opposite of that above described, for, the she-wolves being thinned in numbers, the jealous crowd of males will go far towards destroying one another by their furious combats for the few that remain. The special neighbourhood, it is said, in which a litter of wolf-cubs is being nourished, derives a certain protection from the circumstance. The parents seek food for their young, not from the locality where those young are lying, but at a distance of two or three miles. Only, if the young are killed, the very next night the bereaved parents will seek their prey wherever it lies nearest to hand. They are no longer trammelled by the fear of

exposing their offspring to notice or revenge.

The wolf, in many places, is far too powerful a foe, and the specimens are far too numerous, to be grappled with only in the regular course of hunting. Allusion has been already made to the *battue*, in which the whole country-side assists. Hunting is itself freely supplemented nowadays by the use of the bullet. This, abruptly breaking a bone, will extort a cry even from the wolf's obduracy. The wolf-trap, with jaws stronger than those of the wolf itself, unlike the *louveter* above-mentioned, will impartially catch the she-wolf or her mate. Among other contrivances there is one that outwits the sagacity of the wolf with as little hardship as such a capture admits. Within a circle of strong stakes, not very closely planted, a sheep or a goose is confined. At a distance of sixteen inches is an outer circle of stakes, having an entrance eighteen inches wide. The path between the two circles is well beaten down. The door of the outer one, which folds back against the inner, is set invitingly open. In marches the cautious wolf, pursues the path till he comes to the back of the open door, pushes against the yielding obstacle, and by so doing closes the entrance against himself. The latch falls at the impact of the door against the doorpost, and he is hopelessly fast, unable to touch the decoy animal of the inner circle, or to leap over the strongly planted poles of the outer one. Thus ingloriously kidnapped, the victim is soon despatched. A complaint has been made that the rewards which the French Government now gives for the slaughter of wolves are so small in comparison with those paid of old. But large rewards sometimes do more harm than good,

by making it too much the interest of the mercenary troops to slaughter the foe, with due respect to the desirability of having always plenty of foes to slaughter. If all the stories are true of the alarm and damage caused by wolves, it is not unreasonable to think that those exposed to be sufferers might assist in their extirpation without the stimulus of a fee. Many parts of France, it is true, are highly favourable to the wants and habits of the wolf; but, against modern skill and modern weapons, it is hard to believe that it could hold its ground without the connivance of sportsmen, or if the Government were earnestly resolved to be rid of it.

There is an obvious difference between islands and continental countries in regard to the effectual clearance of the fiercer wild animals. Unlike our sea-girt lands, France is open to repeated invasions by them, so that by being once cleared it would not of necessity be cleared once for all. There are special difficulties in dealing with animals that can swim the rivers, hide in the corn-fields, slink along the hedgerows—that can travel many leagues in a night, that can leap a wall nearly ten feet high, that never think of stopping at the custom-house, that pass the sentry unchallenged, that make war without any of the forms of diplomacy, and that, moreover, are capable of increasing the numbers of their own race by eight or nine at a birth. All this the wolf can do. Much the same may be alleged of the wild boar, a historic character, of which, as of the wolf, the chroniclers have been disposed to speak much evil.

"A district," says M. de Canteleu, "may be for twenty years and more without wild boars, then all of a sudden one or two arrive as pioneers, and the next year an invasion begins,

which spreads as it proceeds. In the present century two great invasions by wild boars may be reckoned. Starting from the vast Black Forest in Germany, after some years of great drought, in which the beech-mast and acorns had failed, the boars passed the Rhine from 1816 to 1818, and invaded the Ardennes and Luxemburg, and thence spread in seven or eight years all over France, as far as the Pyrenees. The second invasion took place some years before the war of 1870. Little accustomed to the sight or the pursuit of them, the inhabitants of the districts they invaded allowed them for some time to propagate their species: then appropriate packs (*vautraits*) were formed, and an aptitude was soon acquired for hunting, and, above all, for killing the wild boars. Generally by the end of twenty-five or thirty years these invading swine are destroyed, none being left except in the great wooded centres, such as the Ardennes, Haute-Marne, Aube, Burgundy, Morvan, the forest of Orleans, and all the great forests of the environs of Paris, l'Aigle, Compiègne, Villers-Cotterets, Halatte, Fontainebleau, &c. The rest of France scarcely sees anything more of them, unless accidentally, for a period of twenty to thirty years, until a new invasion propagates them from the Ardennes to Brittany, and from Brittany to the Pyrenees."

The wild boar, with its litter of from six to ten at a time, multiplies with prodigious rapidity; but, its flesh being good for food, it carries within its own hide the price set upon its head, and is therefore more readily exterminated, without any Government fee or Government official, than the wolves are with the benefit of both those arrangements. The migrations of the wild swine are heralded in a peculiar manner. It is not only that an old boar goes in advance on a journey of exploration, but that this stalwart and experienced pioneer is generally attended by a young squire, called his *page*; and it is said that, if the page is killed,

the locality in which the catastrophe occurs is pretty sure to see no more of the veteran.

In classical story we read, with careless scepticism, of destruction dealt and dread inspired throughout a large region by a single wild boar, and of religious devotion paid to the person and memory of its destroyer. Much might happen in the days before firearms which seems almost incredible now. Yet the thickets of Erymanthus and the Hercynian forest, for all their mighty tenants of old, would not have been disgraced by such an animal as Mr O'Connor describes, — a porcine tyrant defying our own age. "In the year 1829," he relates, "there was a boar killed in the forest of Camillon, near Bourbonne-les-bains, in the department of Marne, that had ravaged the country for some years: he had destroyed several packs of hounds in the fruitless chase, and fought innumerable bloody battles. He weighed 485 lb., and had above thirty balls lodged in his body when he fell."

There is no beauty of outline in the bristly boar, nor even in his striped young ones. His legs seem too short and small for his great carcass; his tail, though nobly entitled "the wreath," is nevertheless a caricature; his countenance expresses none of the softer virtues, and is not redeemed by any dignity of aspect. On the other hand, this ungainly monster can be "as active as a mountain-cat." He can be described as "bounding like a chamœis from the head of one boulder to another, clearing chasms in his stride." "He is very courageous, extremely fleet, very quick of hearing, and keen-scented." With a good huntsman, three or four good hounds, fleet of foot and stout of heart, and with a good

gun, you may easily succeed in killing a wild boar; but to take him by fair downright hunting is a very different matter. In a country that suits him, what with his pace, what with his manœuvres, what with his frequently showing fight, he will often laugh to scorn the pursuit of men, horses, and dogs, till night puts an end to the contest; and nowadays there are but few hounds that have strength and spirit to renew it the next morning. Of the four teeth with which the boar is born, the two lower ones, the tusks, become weapons of terrible power, attaining in the fourth year a length of eight or nine inches, with a sharpness so excessive that an American lady "found her face cut in a deplorable manner from merely looking at them." It is, at any rate, these murderous implements that the horse and his rider, the huntsman and his hounds, have seriously to fear. In 'Venus and Adonis' Shakespeare paints with his accustomed vigour and vivid effect the "churlish swine," and the danger of hunting the "foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar":—

"On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his
foes;
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when
he doth fret;
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he
goes;
Being moved, he strikes whate'er is
in his way,
And whom he strikes his cruel tushes
alay."

Mr Frederic Tolfrey in 1841, in 'The Sportsman in France,' makes fun of an old French marquis for taking refuge from the onset of a boar by swinging himself up on to the branch of a tree; but the author of 'Wild Sport in Brittany' was recommended this very

expedient by the principal sportsman of the district in which he was hunting. How full of risk the sport is, Mr Tolfrey himself shows by the tragic account he gives of his own French attendant, who was killed almost under his eyes in the attempt to despatch an already wounded boar. The narratives of boar-hunting in Brittany are full of exciting incidents, and the boars seldom die unavenged; for though they are beset by mounted hunters and peasantry on foot, armed with guns, the life-blood of many a hound is drawn before the savage old tusker yields up his own. His courage ebbs only with his life. His dangerous powers of offence cease only with his last gasp. Though the grip of the bull-dog, the yelping of the hounds, the din of horns, and the cries of the beaters, may force him from his lair to seek refuge in flight, that withdrawal may be set down rather to prudence and disgust than to fear. When at last he is brought to bay, with his back against a rock or a tree-trunk, he is ready to defy a host. Met in a narrow alley of the forest, neither man nor horse can withstand the avalanche of his onset. Not unfrequently the hunter who loves his hounds will feel but little triumph even in the death of many boars, if, having begun the season with a large pack, he ends it with a miserable remnant, having left all his best and bravest dogs on the field of battle. In old times the skill, courage, and promptitude of the huntsman were exerted to the utmost to save the dogs by seizing the first favourable moment to plunge the spear or hunting-knife into the boar. At the present day the gun is a safer instrument of despatch.

If our feelings were not to some

extent soothed by the compliments paid to the English bull-terriers, we might be hurt at the want of ceremony with which the Comte de Cantelieu discusses the best sort of hound for actually hunting the wild pigs. The hounds of Poitou he appears to think the absolute best for the purpose; "but," he says, "as you may have many dogs killed that it would be difficult to replace, and seeing that besides it would be really lamentable for good Poitevins worthy of a better fate to be killed in this way, I advise you to form your pack with English hounds. The English are easy to get, and have the great advantage of not costing dear; when they are killed, the loss is not great, and regrets are moderate." Our British sentiment may find consolation in a book which excited some passing amusement in 1857, 'A Month in the Forests of France,' by the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley. This writer, while recognising that France affords a vast abundance of sport, can scarcely find words sufficient to express his contempt for the French hounds, huntsmen, and horses with which his brief experience made him acquainted.

The humours of boar-hunting and boar-hunters are exhibited in most of the old accounts. In general there is a friend or companion whose cowardice acts as a foil to the coolness of the narrator. It must have been as agreeable to these companions to read in print the description of their terror and laughable predicaments, as it is now to the friends of a novelist to find themselves pointing a moral by their faults or enlivening a tale by their follies. The unblushing Mr Frederic Tolfrey relates as a capital joke that his friend the marquis was half frightened out of his wits because, when

the day's sport and the banquet which followed it were over, having extinguished his taper and unsuspectingly jumped into bed, he found his couch preoccupied by the carcass of a boar. Colonel Thornton is spoken of by a contemporary as "the most curious and ardent of modern sportsmen." By curious is probably meant inquisitive and versatile. He was no doubt a true sportsman and a skilful one. Yet, from his own record of one of his earliest exploits in his French tour, it may be suspected that his transparent vanity sometimes made him the object of politeness tempered with ridicule. Until the age of six months the wild pig is called in France a *marcassin* or *marcasin*. An encounter with one of these is thus described by Colonel Thornton. Having perceived in a thick part of the cover a large wild sow and nine pigs—

"I now thought fit," he says, "to take up my air-rifle, of whose powers my companions had no conception, and conceal myself in the cover. The hounds being brought up, a young wild boar passed me, when I got a fair shot at him at about fifty yards, and heard the ball hit him, though he did not seem to feel it. However, at about thirty yards he began to stagger, and I followed, my gun being reloaded instantaneously. The keepers now advanced, when we perceived the boar stretched on the turf, and so effectually wounded that it seemed unnecessary to shoot at him; but in order to try my gun, I took aim at his skull, and he immediately expired. On examining the first wound, it appeared that the ball had passed through his heart."

With a delicate attention to the requirements of feminine decorum, Colonel Thornton makes a point of alluding to his wife as Mrs T.

"Mrs T.," he observes, "was close by me when the French hounds were

at bay with the *marcasin*, which they durst not approach. Having seen my first shot she appeared less timid, but I and my companions persuaded her to take her station behind a tree. There was indeed no great danger from this animal, as it was mortally wounded; but had it been slightly hurt, it might have proved a most desperate and dangerous antagonist. Having been informed by the huntsman that the aged boars were intended as a present to the First Consul, I resolved not to encroach on the politeness shown me, by shooting at one of a very large growth; and for the same reason I singled out the above-mentioned *marcasin*, which seemed about four months old."

The age of the boarling being thus frankly revealed, one is disposed to imagine that the sanguine temper of the colonel was appreciated by his French friends, and that in what followed they were fooling him to the top of his bent:—

"At the breakfast-table next morning the gentlemen of Rouen were very inquisitive respecting the nature of boar-hunting; but," he modestly continues, "the trifling specimen I had witnessed did not enable me to speak very satisfactorily upon the subject. Shortly after, however, the *marcasin* appeared on a sledge, and myself and friends were requested to partake of a dinner which was to be given by all the sportsmen that could be collected, at the principal tavern of the city. We readily accepted the invitation, and the whole party, when assembled, consisted of about twenty persons. The dinner, for its novelty, I shall here describe. First was produced a large tray full of *green oysters*, as they are termed, in the same manner as *solan-geese* are served up at Edinburgh, to whet the appetite. This spur to eating being removed, the dinner was served up, consisting of *soup and bouille, capons, un salamis de lierre, being our hashed hare, main-teton côtelets, rabbits, pâtés, petits of all sorts*. The *marcasin* barbecued, very sumptuously dressed up with fruit and flowers, forming a most

showy dish, and smoking hot, then appeared. The gentlemen, with great pomp, poured on the *marcasin* two bottles of champagne, after which it was served to the company; and the entertainment concluded with an immense turbot. All kinds of melons were on the table, which, you will be astonished to hear, were eaten with boiled beef; but such is the custom here, and even figs are occasionally eaten in the same manner. That part of the boar which I partook of was the fillet, and I assure you I never tasted anything superior. The bottle and conversation circulated freely, and many compliments were paid me as a sportsman, in consequence of my recent success. Indeed the very flattering attention I received, and the frequent solicitations to drink a variety of wines with every gentleman present, very nearly reduced me to a state of inebriation."

That this desperate massacre of a baby pig was made the occasion for good eating and much drinking was nothing exceptional. Wherever he went, this fine Yorkshire squire, with his well-filled purse, had a happy knack of finding the land flowing with milk and honey. Nor did he leave the commissariat entirely to the favour of fortune, since his travelling-carriage, expressly contrived to hold himself and his servant, his lady and his lady's luggage, his guns and his fishing-tackle, his two terriers and his dozen fox-hounds, was in general amply supplied against any emergency with cold meat and generous wines. That he had an appetite to enjoy the immense quantity of delicate viands and choice liquors which fell to his share was no doubt due to the proportionate amount of strenuous exercise which he was constantly taking in the open air. However late he might have been carousing overnight, he was ever ready for the rendezvous at five in the morning,

and would seldom give in while hope of sport remained.

However voracious the wild boar himself may be—and according to Mr O'Connor he will devour a rabbit *fur and all*—those who have hunted him, to judge by their own accounts, seldom leave him far behind in keenness of appetite. None of the writers surpass Mr Tolfrey in producing the impression that the sportsman can with comfort consume a vast quantity of provisions both liquid and solid. Were a book written fifty years ago an adequate guide on such a subject for the present time, his would show that there are parts of France, especially in the neighbourhood of Quimper, where the not uncommon combination of hungry mouth and small means can be accommodated in a very satisfactory manner, with agreeable opportunities of sporting thrown into the bargain. In the Comte de Canteleu's work, which is of a scientific character, there is naturally no display of the orgies that follow a hunting-day. He very sensibly points out the danger there is lest a *piqueur*—the huntsman on whom so much of the success of a hunt depends—should gradually become a drunkard. "At the outset they don't drink; then little by little they take to it to keep up their strength in their days of great fatigue; they acquire the habit, and end by becoming drunkards." This is the result of keeping a man some-

times hard at work for sixteen or eighteen hours at a stretch. There are some men of iron constitution who are not examples but exceptions, as the *piqueur* La Jeunesse, famous in the annals of the chase, "still to the fore at eighty-six," says the Duchesse d'Orléans in her Memoirs, "although," she adds, "he had never drunk water even in his soup."

Whether hunters and hunting have any business in a truly civilised world, we do not presume to determine. Against the danger to those who pursue the sport may well be set the extremely invigorating and health-giving character of the recreation. Against the sufferings of the animals hunted may be set the fact that only at this price will the existence of many of them continue to be tolerated. Temper, courage, and intelligence are exercised in the men who hunt. In the creatures that are hunted, wonderful characteristics are exhibited of sagacity, courage, and tenderness for their young. These will become only a memory if the creatures themselves are extirpated from the earth. France, in which seven or eight thousand hounds are employed in pulling down in the course of a year some seven thousand head of game of the larger sort, is not likely just at present, for the sake of any humanitarian theories, to close the long and proud traditions of her boasted *Vénerie*.

THOMAS R. R. STEBBING.

SUMMERS AND WINTERS AT BALMAWHAPPLE.

NO. II.—QUEEN MARY'S HOLDFAST.

THE Holdfast charter-chest is one of the institutions of Balmawhapple. When it was sent in to our office on the occasion of a famous lawsuit, the whole community turned out to inspect this masterpiece of a medieval artist. The fineness and intricacy of the decorative ironwork on lock and hinge and handle are only rivalled by the dexterous adjustment of the crowd of figures on the panels of carven oak. The incidents represented on the worm-eaten panels are taken from the old miracle-plays and moralities which served to amuse and edify the people in what Charles Kingsley has called "the milky youth of this great English land,"—Joseph of Arimathea, and the long-bearded Eastern sages, and the devil himself with horns and tail and cloven hoof. Rude snatches of verse in archaic characters are deftly inserted here and there, to aid the unlearned spectator in following the action of the play. A compendious history of the world from the time when Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden "stabunt nudi, et non verecundabuntur"! To Mark and myself, when boys, the exterior of the Holdfast charter-chest was as good as a story-book, and later on we found that when the lid was unlocked the contents were by no means so dry and musty as they looked. Even in the mere title-deeds the name

of some long-forgotten Muriel, or Eufame, or Alyne, or Agatha, or Alicia, or Veronica, or Clare, or Ursula, came like a flash of light out of the past. There were, moreover, records of the fifteenth and sixteenth century Holdfasts, written by themselves in quaint little note-books of the time, which in spite of a certain grandiose gravity and stately deliberation were eagerly perused by us. We knew that the Holdfasts could wield their swords; it now appeared that more than one of the house had been as clever with the pen. But the story we liked best was the story of a girl who had lived as maiden and wife and mother through the wild times that followed the flight of Mary, who had been taken as a child to hear Knox preach in the great church in the High Street, and who in extreme old age heard in her northern home of that tragedy on the scaffold at Whitehall which revived the memory of the still more cruel tragedy at Fotheringhay. I had a copy made once, and Mark says that I may use it if I like. This is the story of Lillias Maitland and Gilbert Holdfast, as written out by Amias his brother, with some such slight modernising of archaic phrases and obsolete modes of speech as will make it intelligible to the reader of to-day.

I.

We were twins—Gilbert and I—born in the year of our Lord 1660. We had lived together in

the old house that our grandfather had built about the time of Flodden, ever since we could remember.

Ravenscleuch it was called (more commonly "The Cleuch" for brevity), a simple square tower, with narrow slits which served for windows in the upper flats, and a strong oaken door below. Such towers are common all over Scotland; they are the homes of the gentry and lesser barons; and though not to be compared with Lethington or Craigmillar, or the vast castle that the Chancellor is building beside the Water of Lauderdale, they are fairly comfortable; ours is at least, especially in the summer-time, when we take the air on the flat roof, and look across the estuary of the Whapple to the hunting-lodge which belongs to the king himself, and the rough moorland park where, as the twilight falls, the bittern booms and the stags bellow.

Ravenscleuch stands high, and the view from the leads embraces all the country round about. Far away to the east there is the sea itself; then the white line of breakers along the bar; then the landlocked bay, noisy with screaming terns and black with waterfowl; then the sandhills clothed with yellow bent on either side of the estuary, which gradually narrows until it reaches the reef of rock on which the Cleuch is built; then the great park on the farther shore, golden in spring with the broom, purple in autumn with the heather, the turrets of the lodge half hidden by the group of giant firs which shelter it from the sea; then, on our side of the stream, dotted over the level carse, some half-dozen weather-beaten keeps, with battlements and pepper-boxes like our own; then right under our feet the huts of a few poverty-stricken fishermen clustered round the ruins of the abbey, which had been swept by "the fiery besom" a month or two before we were

born. The abbey of Balmawhapple had been famous in its day; but it was among the first that the iconoclasts wrecked; and the community which it had sheltered for five hundred years had been broken up, and driven into a world with which they were unfamiliar. The kirk of the Reformation was a low barn-like building, which, with the manse, stood in what had once been the orchard of the monastery. But the fertile fields which the monks had industriously tilled had been allowed to run to waste, and the whole monastic domain was in the meantime little better than a wilderness. This vast pile of ruin was our favourite playground when boys. It had a fascination for us which we did not try to explain, though we rather avoided it after dusk, when the owls began to hoot, and the shadows cast by the moon took bodily shape, and moved in ghostly procession along the ruined aisle. It was here that the old lords of the district had been buried—Holdfasts, Maitlands, and Greys; but the carven slabs, on which knight and lady rested, had been cracked and blackened by the action of the fire, and epitaphs in stately Latin were no longer decipherable.

Our nearest neighbours (with the exception of the Reverend Peter Gibson, who occupied the manse) were the Maitlands of that ilk, who lived at Balmain, a mile or so up the river. Still farther inland, at the Cadger's Pot, where the salt water ceases to mingle with the fresh, there is Greystone—a seat of the Master of Grey, as the eldest son of the peer of that name is called among us, according to our Scottish usage. There was a bridge across the Whapple within a few hundred yards of Greystone,—a venerable bridge, which had been built by the first

James, when one of his train, crossing at the ford to Earlsall—the royal hunting-lodge—had been carried away by the flooded water and drowned.

There were only the two of us, —Gilbert and Amias Holdfast. Our mother died when we were infants; she had been the close friend of the Dowager - Queen, Marie of Lorraine, who had been loath to part with her favourite maid to Sir Martin Holdfast; for our father, she knew, had been infected with the heresies of his namesake, and it seemed probable, should civil war break out, that he would cast in his lot with "the congregation of Jesus Christ," as the followers of Knox and the Lord James were pleased to call themselves. But his wife, as Knox sorrowfully complained, was more dear to him than his religion; and when the fierce band of iconoclasts swept down upon Edinburgh, he retired to the Cleuch, and declined to take any active part in the conflict with the dying queen. Marie of Lorraine breathed her last on the day that we were born; and from the double shock our mother never recovered. There was a vein of fanatical intemperance in our father's character; so long as he was allied with Knox he was persuaded that he belonged to the elect; and the deep gloom that settled upon him when his young wife had bidden him a tender, tearful farewell, was due in no small measure to the conviction that, for mere carnal gratification, he had forfeited his spiritual birth-right. He lived for eight or ten years; but the shadows never lifted. Prayer and penance were in vain; night and day he was assailed by visionary fiends who would not relent; and even when Knox solemnly assured him that his sin had been blotted out, and

that his name was registered in the book of life, he refused to be comforted. I cannot tell how he had come to persuade himself that he was guilty of the sin against the Holy Ghost; but the vision of a jealous God, who hated the creatures He had made with more than mortal bitterness, haunted him to the end.

The gloom that had settled upon the Cleuch during my father's widowhood was not dispelled by his death. The two bewildered little fellows who crept noiselessly about the darkened rooms until the neighbours came and bore the black coffin to the niche in the abbey vault, which had been hastily prepared for its reception, could hardly have been left more lonely and friendless had they been gipsy-born. There was the clergyman, to be sure—the Reverend Peter Gibson—who paid us an occasional visit; but he was tedious and pedantic, and his clumsy efforts at cheerfulness rather added to our depression. Gilbert, who was my senior by an hour, and consequently entitled to all the privileges of primogeniture, would abruptly disappear whenever he heard the strident voice on the stair; and but for an uneasy conviction on my part that the good man really wished us well, I would have followed the example that was set me. An hour afterwards I would find Gilbert on the roof, gazing wistfully and dreamily into space.

For Gilbert was a dreamer, and in these visionary hours, when he escaped from the harsh environment of our ordinary life into an ideal kingdom, he was comparatively content. I was too matter-of-fact to follow him; and left behind, could only sit down by the dusty roadside and cry myself to sleep. There were compensations,

however. Meg our ancient nurse, and Mathy our pompous major-domo, never thought of troubling Gilbert with the financial anxieties of the household; I was their confidant, and I was flattered by the preference. We were taught to ride and fish and shoot by the keeper; and our education otherwise was not entirely neglected. A lean and lanky divinity student from the College of St Mary's was engaged by Mr Gibson to introduce us to the 'Etymologie' of Lilius and Hunter's 'Nomenclatura'; and though he was shy and nervous, and hardly capable of controlling a couple of able-bodied lads, who were growing out of their jackets, we made fair progress in the "humanities." Then there was a store of curious old poems and romances on a shelf in the great hall;—'Lancilot de Laik,' printed at Rouen in 1488, as well as the 'Morte d'Arthur' of Sir Thomas Mallory, printed by Mr William Caxton in 1485, and the strange story of Ogier, King of Denmark, who, going to the Court of Charlemagne, was enslaved by the fairy Morgana in her palace at Avallon, where, while the shades of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table passed before him as in a dream, the magic ring she had placed on his finger kept him from growing old, and 'Le Livre de la Diablerie,' and the 'Garden of Pleasance,' and the poems of Ronsard and Clement Marot, and Mr George Buchanan's translation of the Psalms, with the elegant dedication to the Northern Nymph he had not yet begun to revile,—in all of which, but mainly in the romances, we read diligently. The life was sombre enough, but healthy, as an open-air life must be, and, as the years went by, not altogether unhappy.

It was Lilius Maitland, however,

who first shot a streak of radiant light through the more or less murky clouds that clung persistently to the Cleuch.

We had been out in our light skiff after wild-fowl on the half-frozen mere. The winter sun had set; but the western sky was still ablaze with light; a pale pure light such as comes before a bitter frost. There was the pallid ghost of a moon overhead; it had taken the place of the ruddy orb that had left us, and seemed indeed altogether more in keeping with the chaste serenity and solemnity of an ice-bound world. We were waiting on the other side of the water, just below Earls hall, for the evening flight of the ducks as they came down from the inland swamps to the sea. Save for the occasional croak of a water-rail among the reeds, or the pensive plaint of a plover, the silence round us was absolute. Only high up in the frosty ether we could hear the beat of wings.

There is a low belt of wood along the margin of the water, hazel, birch, seedling oaks. Lying on our oars, we were suddenly startled by the sound of voices within a few yards of where we lay. "John, what are we to do?" were the only words we could clearly distinguish before, through a break in the wood, the speaker appeared.

She was a girl of six or seven. She wore a rough dark-blue riding-coat, and a cap of the same colour with a blackcock's feather. The rough rustic dress heightened by contrast the dainty, high-bred, delicate beauty of the face. There was the faintest glow of colour on the cheeks, and a streak of gold through the auburn hair. There might be a suggestion of mockery about the mouth; but the brow was broad and ample, and the

tranquil brown eyes were honest as the day. The general effect was of extreme purity; the dainty child might have been one of Dian's pages. The blackcock-feather, indeed, was fastened to her cap by a silver buckle representing the crescent moon; it was only the crest of the house, but it might have been taken, might have been assumed, as the symbol of vestal consecration. I do not mean to say that all this was visible to us then; we found it out later; at least Gilbert did; for Gilbert was a poet, and could pay pretty compliments that somehow never occurred to me.

She was leading a pony that had fallen dead lame, and she was accompanied by a portly Jehu who was riding a spare and long-legged Rosinante. He had a pair of heavy pistols, such as servants carry, stuck in his belt; and coming unexpectedly upon us in the fading light, he mechanically laid his hand upon them. The twilight had no doubt magnified us into bandits or "broken men" (as they say) from the neighbouring highlands—into poachers at least who had ventured, or were about to venture, into the royal preserves. The alarm was confined to John; for the little lady, observing the movement, said deliberately, "Don't you see they are boys?—mere boys?" she added after a pause, with a touch of scorn in her voice. And then she hailed us. It appeared that Donald, her moorland pony, had quite unnecessarily put his foot into a rabbit-scape. He had not exactly broken his leg (as he deserved), but he had strained it so severely that he could only hirkle along at the rate of a mile an hour. They had come for a canter in the royal park over the smooth turf that had never been turned by the plough; and

though Balmain was less than a mile as the crow flies from where we were, the distance by road (which went round by the bridge above Greystone) was at least six or eight times as far. It would be dark long before they could get home; "and mother," she said, "will think I am lost." What was to be done?

Our skiff was a mere cockleshell; but Gilbert, with a low bow that might have become a finished courtier—it came to him by nature—suggested that she might do us the honour to accompany us. We would take her across in half an hour; the groom could lead the horses round by the bridge; and so no harm would be done.

She thanked us as a queen might have thanked a loyal subject, and graciously accepted the offer. Handing Donald over to Jehu, she stepped, or rather essayed to step, into the boat. But the tide was ebbing, and the stones were slippery with sea-weed; and, after a demure and dignified rebuke, she was pleased to allow Gilbert to take her in his arms and lift her over the gunwale. She settled herself in the stern, and, before we had reached the other side, had melted into friendly sociability. "I am Lady Lilius Maitland," she said, drawing herself up, after we had explained about the Cleuch, "and I don't know that mother will let me know you boys; but if she does, you may call me Lil. We only came home last week—mother and I; and now we are going to stay. So it will be rather nice to have you about—if mother does not mind."

It was thus that our acquaintance began.

Mary Stuart had been to Lady Maitland what Marie of Lorraine

had been to our mother,—“the dearest queen in all the world,” to use the words of poor Francis Throckmorton after he had been on the rack. (“Now have I disclosed the secrets of her who was the dearest queen to me in the world.”) The pathetic intensity of the devotion which the imprisoned queen inspired would have dignified any cause; and it may be said, quite truly, that there were few men or women who had known her in close intimacy who would not have laid down their lives for her. Lady Maitland was no exception to the rule; she had given up her brilliant husband, her brave boys,—they had fallen in that devil’s dance, led by Morton, which is known as the “Douglas wars”; her own life she would have resigned without a murmur; and even Liliās—even Liliās in the last extremity would have been silently sacrificed. The craze, the *hysterica passio*, which seized whole families when Mary Stuart’s fortunes were in the balance, is even yet—when many years have passed—incapable of rational explanation. It need hardly surprise us, then, that grim zealots like Knox should have attributed “the enchantment whereby men are bewitched” to the direct interposition of an Evil Power.

It was no wonder that Gilbert the dreamer should have been fascinated by our charming neighbours. Lady Maitland was the ideal gentlewoman; and Liliās, with a more intangible and delicate beauty, was as high-bred and high-spirited as her mother. *Mater pulchra, filia pulchrior?* Hardly so. For my own part, I used at times to think the mother even fairer than the child. Something of the blue, no doubt, had faded out of eyes which had survived so

much; but what they had lost in brilliancy they had gained in sweetness and seriousness. Her carriage was regal; and a passion of enthusiasm, a passion of pity, kept her young.

She had known our mother when they were girls; and during the years that followed our little adventure on the river, she made herself—what shall I say?—a second mother, yea, more than a second mother, to the friendless and solitary lads. Balmain became to us another home; Liliās a dearer sister. We were much together; angling, riding, boating, “Lil,” at least, never failed us. We seldom ventured indeed beyond the circle of hills that enclosed the level carse. We had been warned to be cautious. Morton was Regent; and Morton, who did not love the Maitlands, was as cruel as he was unscrupulous. Had he known that Lady Maitland continued to correspond with Mary in her English jail—that many of Mary’s secrets were in her keeping—it might have gone hard with the woman he had helped to make a widow.

Once indeed we caught a glimpse of him on the river—a powerful, slovenly, blear-eyed, red-bearded man. He had brought the little king to Earlshall that spring; the child had been ailing, and it was thought that our sea-breezes might suit him better than doctor’s drugs. To do the Regent justice, it must be admitted that he cast his line deftly; the flies fell lightly upon the water; even Gilbert was forced to admit that there was no more skilful angler in the Carse. We were lying among the bracken as he passed up the river alone, and he did not notice us. One might have fancied, seeing him then, that he was a simple fisherman, and nothing more, so absorbed was he

in the sport. I believe the "dark and dangerous Douglas" was bad to the core, detestable from almost every point of view; yet the man who could stroll up the river-side where deadly foes might lurk in every bush, with only a trout-rod in his hand, and forget his ambition and his evil deeds in the passion of the chase, must have had some redeeming traits.

But Gilbert would listen to no plea on his behalf. Morton had been the deadliest enemy of Mary Stuart; that was now enough for Gilbert. For Gilbert had been entirely won over to the Queen's side. Lady Maitland had enlisted a new recruit for her mistress; and Gilbert's devotion to the cause was hardly inferior to her own. Even Lil could be satirical at times; when the spirit of mischief moved her (as it did on occasion), she would ventilate the most outrageous heresies about John Knox and the Lord James. Lil's was a character not easily read. Her irony, I believe, was only skin-deep; at heart she was a fierce partisan. But she hid her passion under a mask of mockery; or it might possibly be more correct to say that a vein of mockery lay alongside a vein of visionary exaltation. Gilbert, on the other hand, made no pretence of concealment; his grave absorption, his almost ascetic devotion to the idea that had taken possession of him, was visible to all the world. The Catholic does not pay a more devout homage to the Virgin-Mother than Gilbert paid to his tutelary saint.

None of us, indeed, even the most prosaic, were able to resist the fair enchantress of Lady Maitland's reminiscences. The talk at Balmain was of Mary Stuart, and of Mary Stuart only. *O dea certe!* It was a topic of which we never

wearied. We came to know the brilliant girl who had suffered such foul wrong as if we had seen her face to face. On high days and holidays Lady Maitland would bring down the locket which Mary Stuart had given her when they parted at Dunbar. Within was a miniature (painted by Janet, if I am not mistaken, while Mary was living with her grandmother at Joinville), the miniature of a young girl in a heavy conventual garb, such as Antoinette de Bourbon may have worn during her thirty years of widowhood. The sombre dress of the cloister emphasised the gay and delicate beauty of the face, the peach-like bloom on the velvet cheeks, the covert smile that lurked in eye and lip. It was one of those faces about which grown men go crazy; if a lad lost his head over it, one cannot wonder much.

Lady Maitland, you may be sure, would listen to no word against her queen. She treated the charges that Morton had manufactured, and that Elizabeth had circulated, with absolute incredulity. Mary was honest as the day. She was at once the queenliest and the homeliest of women who have worn a crown. The trappings of state, the gewgaws of royalty, were gladly laid aside by her. She had no patrician exclusiveness. She had the true eye which sees the true metal. If a man were brave and honest, a woman modest and sincere, she took them to her heart. She was supremely faithful. But her nice sense of the becoming was quickly offended by boorish indecorum or mean servility. Half the nobles at Court were boors who could not write their names; the rest were rotten to the core. These were the men who had conspired against her,—these, and Knox, to

whom the saintliest of Catholic women would have been no better than a Jesebel. Knox, though ferociously intolerant, was frankly sincere; the others were profoundly corrupt, and in Elizabeth's pay. Every day a new calumny was invented. The innocent girl of eighteen was a mature Machiavelli. Her harmless merry-makings were the orgies of a Messalina. Her craft was devilish, and she revelled in abominable wickedness. The nation did not believe them; and more than once the conspiracy was foiled. But Knox and Cecil were persistently hostile; and, with Morton's aid, they robbed her of her crown, and tried to rob her of her good name. "It was base, base. They had themselves consented to Darnley's murder; they had themselves thrust her into Bothwell's arms—Bothwell, whom she loathed! A Jesebel indeed! A wicked woman! Do not believe them. She was, she is, pure as the snow. But alas!" Lady Maitland would conclude, "our Mary is a Stuart; and her father, who died of a broken heart, is the only Stuart who died in his bed!"

"But, mother dear," Lil would say—Lil was sixteen now, only sixteen, but a cruelly accomplished coquette—"don't tell us, please, that our dear queen is a saint. It would take away half the charm if she wasn't just the least morsel wicked like ourselves. I wouldn't want her to do anything very bad; but just confess now that she would have dearly liked to box Knox's ears when he prayed for her as—what was it he said?—as a thrall and bondwoman of Satan, because she didn't go to bed at ten! And then the uncomely skipping at your innocent merry-makings—did he mean that she danced badly?—only I daresay

he wasn't much of a judge except of a Scotch jig—what do you say to that, my lady?"

Lilias was only a girl; but she was as mortally ashamed of her tears as if she had been a man. The grave Gilbert was partly distressed and partly fascinated by her mocking sallies; had he been able to watch her critically, he would have discovered (as I did) that laughter is not seldom akin to tears. But he could not criticise her coldly. That Gilbert loved her from the first day he took her, as a child, in his arms, I never doubted; but neither man nor woman could tell what she felt for Gilbert,—especially when the Master of Grey was with us.

I have said little about the Master as yet; I suppose the serpent was bound to get into Eden; but the innocent beasts would no doubt have been well pleased could he have been kept out.

Paddy, as they called him, had been occasionally at Greystone when a child—with a French nurse, who had taught him many dainty French oaths, and broken snatches of French ditties that were not particularly edifying. The old lord his father and his lady mother had been an ill-matched pair; they had led a cat-and-dog life for a year or two, and then she had been cast off like an old coat. Lady Maitland took pity upon the neglected boy, and did what she could to make his life a little less hopelessly forlorn. She was a good woman; I have never known a better. But, in spite of his brave looks, none of us cared for the Master; only for Lil he had a curious attraction—the sort of attraction which the rattlesnake has for the bird. To do him justice, he was a superb boy—a tiger cub such

as Veronese would have delighted to paint. I have never indeed seen a child more insolently handsome. As he grew up, people said that he should have been a girl,—the beauty was too feminine for a man. Yet he was not timid as a girl might have been. I remember as if it were yesterday a herd of our wild cattle charging down the moor upon Lillas and her mother. The Master had only a light riding-switch in his hand, but he stood his ground, and hit the foremost bull a smarting blow over the eyes. The brute bellowed and pawed the turf, but turned, and the rest followed him. Not timid certainly, but cruel and crafty. So Gilbert maintained. But Gilbert, who loathed him as he loathed a viper, was possibly unreasonable. Gilbert had found him one day taking young birds from the nest, and deliberately putting their eyes out with a red-hot piece of wire; and when he had cuffed his ears, the Master, with the snarl of a baby wolf, had flown upon him, and bitten him to the bone. This, however, might have been accidental; for those who saw only the candid blue eyes and a smile as honeyed as Delilah's, declared that a cruel and crafty cherub was as impossible as a centaur or a griffin.

He went to France while still a lad, and we did not see him again for several years. But at intervals a bright, clever, dexterous letter came from him—it was to Lady Maitland he wrote—in which he played adroitly upon her devotion to the captive queen. The Duke of Guise had made him his confidant; his dear and noble friend Philip Sidney had been won over; letters—grateful letters—had come to him from Mary herself; if all went well she would be a free

woman before the year was out. There were mysterious hints of a great Catholic crusade, led by the Duke and officered by the veterans of Spain. Tears of thankfulness came into Lady Maitland's eyes as she read; Lillas, with a mocking glance at Gilbert, would declare that there was no accounting for the prejudices of home-bred squires; but Gilbert was not moved. He remained incredulous; his gloomy suspicions grew in force; the boy was the father of the man,—the boy had been cruel and crafty and corrupt—the man would be capable of any mischief, of any treachery. Of that conviction neither the tears of the mother, nor the gibes of the daughter, could disabuse him.

But even Gilbert was disarmed when the Master returned. He was so frank, so friendly, so confidential. He had devoted himself to Mary's service. He had been selected to organise the Scottish loyalists, and to bring James round to his mother. He had been at Stirling, and the king was already plastic in his hands. It might be well, however, that Lady Maitland should see him; James was passionately fond of the chase, and was coming to Earls Hall to try the new dogs that the French king had sent him from Fontainebleau; Lady Maitland's recollections of Holyrood would be welcome, and her fidelity to the mother might fire the rather sluggish sense of filial duty in the son.

The brow was open; the eye was candid; and, as I have said, even Gilbert was disarmed. I fancied, however, that the curiously contradictory Lillas was not satisfied. Some false note jarred upon her finer sense. She made no palpable show of her distrust (if distrust him she did); but I could see that

she was on her guard, and that she watched him with a vigilance that did not tire. She was a curious girl; and I do not pretend to have fathomed her moods.

I think it was owing to Lillias that Lady Maitland was more reserved with the Master than she would otherwise have been. A good deal, however, had been said during the first days of frank and cordial intimacy after his return, which perhaps had better have been left unsaid (for scraps of paper carefully hidden away in the lining of a cloak or the scabbard of a sword, on which microscopical symbols in invisible ink had been carefully engrossed, still came to Our Lady from Tutbury or Chartley); and we could only hope that nothing had escaped which, if a traitor was among us, would be fatally compromising.

Meantime there was much stir at Earlsall, for the young king had come. Morton had been in his bloody grave for five years, though his head from the prick on the gable of the Tolbooth still grinned at the passers-by (yet some have said that it had been taken down by the Lord Angus after a dinner he gave the king); poor Esmé Stuart, who, I have heard, was more sinned against than sinning, had gone back to France to die; and the men who were now most powerful at the Court of Holyrood had little to recommend them (saving their good looks and their soldierly bearing) to prince or people. The Ochiltree Stuarts

—James, who had been made Earl of Arran, and his brother the Colonel—in spite of a thin veneer of Parisian polish, were sordid ruffians at heart; mercenaries to whom the slums of Europe were better known than its colleges or churches. The aged John Knox had married their fifteen-year-old sister—a scandalous marriage which the brothers had made the theme of many a ribald jest. They feared neither God nor man; their cynical disregard of the decencies of life had everywhere excited a keen recoil; and James himself, who was inordinately vain, was growing weary of favourites who treated him with scant respect. It was at this moment that Patrick Grey, lovely as a Hebe, audacious as a Phaethon, unscrupulous as a Machiavel, came to the front. He rose, mushroom-like, in a night; it was thought that he would sink as suddenly. The preachers denounced him as a “young, insolent, scornful boy,” and freely criticised from the pulpit what our Mr Gibson called “his impudencie, and custom to lee.” Arran, who had helped him to rise, now turned against him, and Arran’s enmity was as the blight of pestilence; even the violent attachment of the young king, to whom he had become indispensable, would hardly have prevented him from going the gait that Cochrane and Rizzio had gone. But this was a boy who was craftier than the oldest courtier, and who never lost his head or his temper.

II.

Our quiet neighbourhood was rather scandalised by the life that the Court led at Earlsall. I am afraid that the privilege of being occasionally accosted by the king himself did not fan our loyalty

into a clearer flame; royalty indeed never assumed a more grotesque disguise than in the person of James; his stutter, his goggle-eyes, his loose sprawling limbs, his ungainly gait, his flushed and blood-

shot face, were apter to breed laughter than to win reverence. He had, however, the most unlimited and unqualified belief in himself. He was a master of logic, and a dunce of learning. There was no mystery, divine or human, which he could not solve. He was the head of the Church as well as the head of the State. The ministers, who held that in spiritual matters they were supreme and subject to no temporal jurisdiction, were summoned to Holyrood or Falkland, and soundly scolded by this egregious schoolboy, who was employing his leisure in a commentary on the Apocalypse. If they were obstinate they were sent to jail, where they were herded in noisome cells with Highland caterans and Border thieves.

It was indirectly through the conflict between the preachers and the Court, which was at this time at its height, that I came to see something of the interior of the royal hunting-lodge. Our old friend, Mr James Gibson, had taken no active part in the struggle; he was sheltered by his obscurity; and the good man had been, moreover, too much occupied in getting his stipend modified, and in repairing the dilapidations of manse and glebe, to have much time for doctrinal discussions on the enormity of tulchan bishops or the limits of spiritual independence. But his spirit though peaceful was stout, and when thoroughly roused the little man was as combative as Mr Andrew Melville or Mr James Lawson. Reports of the evil life led at the Lodge, and the bad example set to his parishioners, had come to his ears; and I daresay Arran, and the Colonel, and the new Earl of Bothwell (to say nothing of the Master, who had been a thorn in his side all along), were not a whit better than they

were represented in Lekpravik's broadsheets. Mr Gibson went home in a fit of righteous indignation, and composed a discourse upon the profane mockers of God's Word, under fifteen heads, which he preached in the parish kirk on the following Sunday. The Master of Grey was the sole tenant of the Earlshall pew; he had become of late a very "frank Protestant," and sang the new metrical version of the Psalms by David Wedderburn with as much fervour as if they had been "gude and godly ballates"; and he listened with respectful gravity to the denunciations of "Jesebel" and her lord. "Jesebel" was my Lady Arran (who had been my Lady March, and had got a divorce from her first husband on a shameful plea), and if any Scottish woman deserved the name, she did. But the preacher went on to arraign the courtiers one and all,—they were goats of the flock and not true sheep, false professors and not true Christians, perjured men and not faithful people, promise-breakers, merciless tyrants, and false backsliders; and the king himself and his issue, if he continued in that crooked course, would be rooted out like Jeroboam. This was the exordium; and then, under one or other of the fifteen heads, the preacher proceeded to show *how* they were goats and not true sheep, perjured men and not faithful people, and so on.

The Master's face was impassive, but I could not help thinking, as I looked at him, of the tiger-cat about to spring. The beauty was unmistakable; but there was a stealthiness in its lithe grace, and the claws, though hidden, were not far under the fur.

I walked home with Mr Gibson, who was in a state of nervous

exaltation. He had done his duty; but now that the excitement of composition and delivery had been followed by the languor of exhaustion, he had begun to doubt whether he had been well advised. I certainly shared his doubts; and, before we parted, casually suggested that he might find it convenient to be called away by urgent business to the other side of the Tweed.

My warning did not come too soon; for early next morning a messenger arrived with a missive from the Chancellor requiring Gilbert and Amias Holdfast to bring the Reverend Peter Gibson before his Majesty's Council.

The message was by no means welcome to me, for I thought it not unlikely that inconvenient inquiries as to the cause of Gilbert's absence from home (of which more presently) might be put to me. When I went down to the manse I found considerable difficulty in gaining admittance, for the minister had gathered some of his flock around him—burly fishermen from the village—and had made up his mind to stand a siege,—resisting the minions of the Court, as he said, even unto the death. After some hesitation he agreed to accompany me to Earlsball; and we were quickly afloat, with four of his body-guard at the oars.

It was a lovely day of early summer,—the late oaks and ashes were just bursting into leaf, and the birds were piping merrily, while a soft west wind rustled the leaves and moved along the water. As we crossed the river, we met the Balmain boat anchored in mid-channel; Lillias was on board dressed in the loose fishing-garb which became her so well, and she beckoned to us. She had apparently guessed our errand,

for leaning over the side to disengage her line (as it seemed) she whispered in my ear, "Beware of the Master. We are being watched;" and then aloud to Mr Gibson with significant emphasis, "The breeze is fair, Mr Gibson—why, you might be in Berwick by sundown." Then we ran the boat ashore, walked up to the Lodge, and were at once ushered into the great hall where the Council were sitting. My companion had pretty well recovered himself by this time; and he informed me that he had resolved to speak as the Spirit of God would move him. I knew pretty well what this meant. He had obviously arrived at the conclusion that it was as well to be hanged for a sheep as a lamb; or as the English say, in for a penny in for a pound.

It was a curious scene. Three or four men in the prime of life, handsome and stalwart, sat at the end of a long table. They had finished breakfast; but the table was still heaped with the *débris*—a flagon of claret, an earthenware jug of beer, bowls of oatmeal porridge, a round of beef, dainty French rolls, a sea-trout fresh from the salt water. There had been, one could guess, a late sitting the night before, and the revellers were only recovering from their debauch. And these—I said to myself—these were the men who governed Scotland!

Engaged in noisy and even boisterous talk, they formed an animated group. But there was to my ear something sinister in their merriment. Their laughter, it seemed to me, was furtive and menacing—a sombre mirth void of any true gaiety. The hangman when he relaxes after an "engagement" may take his pleasure in this fashion.

One member of the group, who

seemed from native irritability unable to sit still, was on his feet. He moved restlessly about—his loose ungainly limbs jerking spasmodically as he moved. The St Vitus' dance from which he obviously suffered was unpleasant to witness. His dress was slovenly; his speech was confused—the language, from the rush of words to the mouth, being frequently unintelligible; the goggle-eyes, as he turned to stare at us, seemed starting from his head. "And as for you, Francie," he was saying, addressing the Earl of Bothwell, who was lolling indolently in a huge oaken chair, "you are an unmitigated reprobate. I wonder sometimes why I made you an earl; the Bothwells have aye been a sair trouble to the Royal family. Do you mean to tell me to my face, you leein' knave, that I complained to Cuddy Armorar with tears in my eyes that they were saying that I was Davie's son?" ("Solomon, the son of David," said the Master under his breath, while the Colonel, who, according to his enemies, had been originally "a cloutter of old shoes," gave a hoarse chuckle). "And wha in the deevil's name may this be?" he stuttered, turning suddenly upon the usher who was waiting to introduce us.

"The Reverend James Gibson and Master Amias Holdfast," he continued, when the man had mentioned our names; "and what may Mr Gibson and Master Holdfast want wi' me?"

The Master of Grey interposed, "Mr Gilbert Holdfast and his brother were instructed to bring the Reverend Mr Gibson before your Majesty's Council this morning."

"Of course they were; and what has come of Mr Gilbert that he does not comply with the command of his sovereign?" he asked testily.

I had been prepared for the question, and I answered that my brother had been suddenly called to Edinburgh before the summons arrived.

"Edinburgh," quoth the king, "is not the place for a young lad who has not been weel grounded in the philosophies of Aristotle, and he had best return with all convenient speed. I have heard somewhat of this Gilbert Holdfast, though I do not at present precisely remember the particular occasion, and I would advise him as a freend to walk warily." Then, turning to Mr Gibson, "And this is the smaicke who discourses on Jesebel and Jeroboam!" And snapping his fingers in his reverence's face ("clanking with his finger and his thowme," as his habit is), he resumed his uneasy walk. "Let him sit down, and I will confer with him presently."

"Will your Majesty examine him at once?" Arran inquired. "Mr Randolphe writes that he is to be with us this afternoon, and will bring the huntsmen that have been sent from England with Sir Henry Wotton."

"What says he? what says he?" exclaimed the mercurial king; and when the letter was handed to him, he ran his eyes over it till he came to the passage to which the Chancellor had alluded, and read it aloud: "I have sent the king two hunting men, verie good and skilful, with one footman that can hoop, hollow, and cry, that all the trees in Falkland will quake for fear. Pray the King's Majesty to be merciful to the poor bucks; but let him spare and look well to himself."

"Tis very considerate of Mr Randolphe, to be sure, and we shall not forget his civility,—though how with a toom purse, Mr Chancellor, we are to reward

our friends and well-wishers, passes all understanding. But what means he by warning us to look well to ourselves?"

"I heard a bruit this morning that the ill-disposed preachers had been stirring up the rascally multitude against your Highness," Grey remarked. "Possibly Mr Gibson may be better informed."

"Bring him up, bring him up, and we will ourselves show him wherein he hath been ill advised. So, Mr Gibson, they tell me that you and your brethren in Christ are discontent with our rule. Of what complain you?"

Mr Gibson. "Persecution, sir."

The King. "Persecution! persecution! what call ye persecution? Can ye define it?"

Mr Gibson. "Shortly, sir, it is a troubling of the saints of God for professing a good cause; and mainly, for Christ's sake."

The King (sharply). "Say ye that ye were persecuted for Christ's sake? Who was your persecutor?"

Mr Gibson. "Captain James Stuart."

The King. "The man you unmannerly call so is as good in religion as yourself; for if he were as good in all other things as in religion, he had not been evil. And if you had called him so before the Parliament, being one of my earls, I had said, ye were a leevin' knave."

Mr Gibson. "Your Majesty may call me what you please; but he was never other to me and to all good men but an enemy to God and His truth, and one in whom there is no goodness."

The King (to the Chancellor). "Haud your peace, my lord; we will manage him ourselves. (*To Mr Gibson.*) What was your text when ye named these names,—Captain James, Colonel William, and Lady Jesabell?"

Mr Gibson. "Out of the twenty-seventh psalm, 'The Lord is my light.'"

The King. "What moved ye to take that text?"

Mr Gibson. "The Spirit of God, sir."

The King (ironically). "The Spirit of God! The Spirit of God! The Spirit of God!"

Mr Gibson. "Yes, sir; the Spirit of God, that teacheth all men, chiefly at extraordinary times, putteth the text in the heart which serveth best."

The King. "What doctrine gathered ye there, and how brought ye in their names?"

Mr Gibson. "After this manner: David, speaking there in the person of Christ, compareth the Kirk of God to an immovable stone, that whosoever did rise against the same in any age, to the dust they fell. This I proved by Scripture, by history, and by experience without the country and within the country; and so came to the last that had fallen before this stone; and, having occasion to speak of our present Kirk, I said I thought it had been Captain James, Colonel William, and Lady Jesabell that had alone persecuted the same; but I now saw it was the king himself, because he pressed forward in that cursed course they had begun."

The King (in great anger). "What! call ye me a persecutor?"

Mr Gibson. "Yes, sir; so long as ye maintain their wicked acts against God and the liberty of His Kirk, ye are a persecutor."

The King. "Called ye me Jeroboam?"

Mr Gibson. "Having occasion to speak of Jeroboam, I said that as Jeroboam, for leading the people of Israel from the laws of the house of Judah, and from the true worship of God, to follow idolatry,

was rooted out, he and all his posterity, so should the king, if he continued in that cursed course, be rooted out and conclude his race."

The King. "Said ye that?"

Mr Gibson. "Yes, sir."

The King. "There is no king in Christendom would have suffered the things I have suffered."

Mr Gibson. "I would not have ye like any other king in Europe. What are they but murderers of the saints of God?"

The King. "I am Catholic King of Scotland, and may choose any that I like best to be in company with me; and I like them best that are with me for the present."

Mr Gibson. "I say again, for we maun damn sin in whatsoever person it has place, that ye are surrounded by evil company, and that ye are in greater danger now than when ye were rocked in your cradle. If ye love not them that hate the Lord, as the prophet said to Jehosephat, it may yet be well with your grace; but if ye company with harlots and murderers——"

But this was more than the king could stomach. "Away with the loon, the smaeke, the seditious knave," he shouted, as the blood mounted to his head and his breath failed him for anger. "Let him cool his heels in the Tolbooth. See that a warrant is made out, Francie, and we will sign it with our own royal hand."

The Master met us as, once clear of the Council chamber, we hurried down to the shore. "Get the babbling old fool out of the way," he said, in a low voice, "or it will go hard with him." The boat was waiting; our men were ready; in half an hour we had landed below the manse. "Wait, my lads," I said, turning to the crew, and then to the minister, "Miss Maitland was right. There is a fair wind for Berwick. You have not a moment to lose."

An hour afterwards the officers of the law arrived; but by that time the boat was outside the bar, and rapidly rounding the farthest headland. The Master had accompanied the messengers. "So our brother in Christ," he said, "has found discretion the better part of valour. Good. Possibly he has gone to join Gilbert at—at—shall we say—Tutbury?"

I looked him in the face. "Patrick Grey," I said, "you are playing a double part. I pity the woman—queen or no queen—who puts her trust in you."

"Truly?" he answered, with a sneer. "Why, man, I am constancy itself. Don't you know the motto of our house—'Anchor fast, Anchor'? Good day—I am going to—Balmain."

And with a mocking salute he had turned his horse and was gone—to try his luck with Lillas, might it be?

III.

It was quite true that Gilbert had gone, and gone secretly. A travelling pedlar had arrived at Balmain, and while he was disposing of his wares he had, unobserved by the rest, slipped a note into Lady Maitland's hand. It came from the captive queen. A plot to rescue her had been formed.

The arrangements for a convoy and relays of horses as far as Northumberland had been completed; but the Scottish part of the enterprise had been confided to the Master of Grey, and within the past few days grave doubts of his fidelity had arisen. A letter from him to Elizabeth, in which

he seemed anxious to enter her service, had been intercepted by Mary's friends on the Border. Burleigh had been heard to commend the Master's ability to discover *le pot aux roses* if he listed to speak plain language. Knowing that he was suspected, Grey had written an insolent letter to Mary, complaining that he had been libelled by a prattling knave who had received a thousand rose nobles from the Queen of England, and vowing that while he lived, and could discern the shadow from the verity, he would never again lift his hand on her behalf. It was feared that this truculent letter had only been written to cover his treachery. In these circumstances it had become imperative that some one on whom absolute reliance could be reposed should take the Master's place, and, if at all practicable, obtain by hook or by crook a secret interview with the queen. Lady Maitland had told her mistress of Gilbert's passionate devotion,—would Gilbert come?

This was the subject which, during the evening preceding Mr Gibson's memorable discourse, had been eagerly discussed at Balmain. Liliass, with appealing eyes, had urged him to go; her mother, now that the crisis had arrived, was rather disposed to hold back. It had been a fatal service to so many; must another young life be spent, another victim sacrificed? Gilbert himself was resolute to go. To him no Crusade against the Turk, or for the Sepulchre, could be holier. He said little; Gilbert was never demonstrative; but his grave enthusiasm did not need the aid of words. At length, when he would hear of no delay, Liliass rose hurriedly, crossed the room to where he sat in the twilight, took his head between her hands, and

kissed him on the forehead. None of us were surprised: none of us felt that there was any immodesty in the act. It was a kiss of consecration. Then with eyes on fire she fled from the room.

After this, and in the end, Lady Maitland could not but acquiesce. "Go, then," she said, as she gave him a parting blessing. "The service is full of peril; but it is true that our bitterest enemies are gone to their account. Of the assassins of David all are dead,—save the Laird of Faudin, and that brutal lord of whom our dear lady was wont to say that she felt his cold dagger pass by her cheeks. That worst outrage at least has not remained unavenged."

We started at midnight. I walked with him across the moonlight moors that rise steeply behind the Cleuch. The track crosses the Lammerlaw, and when we reached the watershed where the cairn stands, we parted. Ere I got home I saw a streak of light on the eastern heaven, and as I entered the house the sea was trembling in the dawn with that shiver of awakening life which an Italian poet, whose verse is loved by Liliass, has truly called the "*tremola della marina*."

For some time thereafter it was mainly through Gilbert's letters to Liliass that we learnt what was doing in the great world beyond our hills.

But long before any word came from Gilbert, we had been duly assured of Mr Gibson's safety. His letter—it had been written at Berwick—was rather apologetic in its tone; in his dreams, it might be, he had looked forward to being not only a witness but a martyr for the truth; but he had meanly, as he felt, preferred a whole skin to the glory of testifying at the Luckenbooths; and he was driven

to Holy Writ for a rather lame vindication.

"The moving cause," he wrote, "was the express commandment of our Master, Christ, saying, 'When they persecute you in one city, flee into another;' the practice of which commandment we find in the most dear servants of God; as in Jacob, from the face of his brother Esau; in David, Elias, Paul, yea, and in Christ Himself. But one might say to me, Call ye the execution of justice persecution? Ye were summoned to underlie the law, according to justice, which cannot be called persecution. I answer, I call not the due execution of justice (which all godly men ought to entertain) persecution; but I call the pursuit of an innocent man under the form of execution of justice (when nothing less than justice is meant to him) a most crafty and mighty kind of persecution. And this kind of persecution was not invented of late years by Satan against the servants of God. For Daniel, that faithful man of God, as we may read, was cast in the lions' den because he had transgressed the act and council made by the king; Elias was put to flight because he was thought a troubler of Israel; Christ, our Master, was condemned to death as a seditious mover of the subjects against Cæsar. And though it doth not become me to boast as one who putteth off his armour, yet I say assuredly that the devil and his angels shall not prevail, but with all the workers of iniquity shall be cast into hell.

"You will have heard, perchance, that an Erastian assembly of bloody tulchans and mewches of the archbishop hath condemned my sermon and suspended me from the office and function of the

ministry. The true servants of God who are banished by the wicked action of the king assure me that the sentence is of none effect. A good friend writes me from Edinburgh that worthy Mr Robert Bruce, my old bed-fellow at the college of St Salvator, was admonished in his dream the night before, not to be present at the pronouncing of the sentence. He thought he heard these words following: 'Ne intersis condemnationi servi Dei.'

"It is spoken here that Captain James and the Colonel were fain to have made a breach in the amity betwixt the Crowns. At the least, it is commonly reported that a common scold, called Kate the Witch, was hired with a new plaid and six pounds in money, not only to rail against the ministry, but also set in the entry of the king's palace to revile her Majesty's ambassador, Sir Francis Walsingham—a deed more worthy of punishment to the hirer than to the hireling—and she herself confessed, when liberally entertained in prison, that the Colonel, who, they say, was a clouter of old shoes, gave the money and Captain James the plaid. Profane mockers of all religion, more fit to be the executioners of a Nero, they shall reap what they have sown."

From the bundle of old letters religiously preserved by Lilius, I am permitted to extract such of those that came to us during that unhappy year (when our dearest queen was cruelly slain by wicked men) as will serve to interest and inform the reader who may hereafter have access to this brief and unpretending record. They were for the most part written in England by Gilbert Holdfast to Lilius Maitland; they have been yellowed by age and wet with many tears.

"Lilias, I have seen her. She is very worn, very sad, but the high spirit has not been broken by years of suffering, and even to-day she is every inch a queen. I understand now what poor Francis Throckmorton meant when he said of his dearest queen that though her voice is soft as running water at night, there is no shadow of fear in her eyes. I was disguised as a mendicant when she came out closely guarded; the crowd of sturdy beggars who were waiting at the gate clamoured for alms; there were tears on her cheek when, turning to them, she said with a great sob in her voice, 'All has been taken from me; I am a beggar as well as you.' Then I caught her eye, and as she bent down to straighten her habit, I managed somehow to whisper in her ear that the rescue had been fixed for Friday at midnight. She looked me full in the face, paused a moment as if to revolve what I had said, and then smiled at me through her tears, a watery wintery smile, as of one who had long since bidden farewell to joy. Then I got back to the inn on the great North road, where Hamilton and Ferniehurst were waiting."

"We have had a grievous fright. The inn was full when we arrived, and the landlord (who is understood to be well affected to the queen) could only give me a bed-closet that opens into the public room. The inner door between the rooms is locked, and is concealed besides by a piece of old tapestry representing the people of Israel as they passed through the Red Sea. I had noticed a mean-looking fellow, with a squint in his keen, ferret-like eyes, and an ugly sneer on his thin bloodless lips, hanging about the house. Whenever I saw him he was poring

over papers, which he used hastily to thrust into his doublet when interrupted. There was clearly some mystery about the man; but till lately I paid little heed to his shuffling ways. Last night, however, after I had gone to bed (being worn out by the long tramp), the great bell in the courtyard clanged (which intimates that a party of travellers have arrived); and in a few minutes I heard voices in earnest speech in the next room. I was drowsy, and did not at first catch the sense of the words; but as the silence in the house deepened they became more clearly defined.

"'Yes, my lord, her health is better. She drove in the park yesterday. I was near her: she gave me a sharp suspicious look. I had a smiling countenance, but I said to myself (your worship knows the line),

"Cum tibi dicit Ave. Sicut ab hoste cave."

"'Never mind your learning, man,' the other speaker interposed, 'but tell me what you have found to make you look so devilishly attractive. You were to attend her very heart in her next, you said; have you done so? Has she given us the chance for which we have waited so long?'

"'I had hoped she would have spoken more plainly; but the cipher is complicated and deceptive; and there may be more in it than meets the eye. I daresay, however—with a little judicious manipulation—we may manage.'

"'Take care, Philipps, for God's sake, take care. I am willing to run some risk; but mind that your decipher will be scanned by some of the keenest eyes in England—not over friendly to ourselves.'

"'Oh, your worship, I am not afraid. They cannot produce the originals, and I will answer for the

copy. And besides, a dozen words will serve. She approves of the rescue; she approves of the landing; if she doesn't exactly say that Elizabeth should go *ad Patres*, she certainly means it.'

"Philipps, you are a cunning dog, and—yes—tell me—what makes you hate her so?"

"I could not hear the reply; the other speaker resumed—

"I had expected to meet the Master of Grey to-night; but it seems that he is detained at Court. He warns us of one Gilbert Holdfast of the Cleuch, who, with Ferniehurst and Claud Hamilton, have been despatched by the Scottish rebels to bring their queen to the Border. Keep your eyes open; you may come across him. Yet stay; it may be wiser to leave the young fool at large; Grey knows all; he has been as frank as we could wish; the lady of the castle will get to heaven before she gets to Scotland. Ah, Philipps, that blow between the head and the shoulders—it hath sovereign virtue! And now, adieu—I must be in London to-morrow. When Mary Stuart is in a better world, you will not be forgotten by your grateful mistress.'

"When I saw the landlord next morning, I said to him casually that he had had late guests last night. 'Late guests,' he replied, looking round. 'Hardly guests,—they only stopped one hour to bait their horses,—the Secretary was in haste to reach the Court.' 'It was Walsingham, then,' I exclaimed. 'Hush, sir, hush!' he answered again, lowering his voice; 'least said, soonest mended.' And then addressing Philipps, who had stealthily descended the stair: 'A fine morning, your honour—going for a stroll?'"

carried; a double-dyed scoundrel had deceived us all. Our small troop of horse was hidden in the Aston woods; I went on alone. The night was pitch-dark; there was thunder in the air; at intervals for a second a glare of lightning dispelled the darkness. More than once I fancied that I heard footsteps; the tramp of horse, it might be; but I had waited fully an hour—it was close on midnight—before any one appeared. Then it was only a boy—a mere child (I knew him by sight—it was the keeper's son), with a scrap of paper in his hand, wet with the rain. 'I was bidden give you this,' he said; 'father would have brought it, but the soldiers are round the Lodge.' Then came a long, bright, wavering flash, by which I read the words—they were written in French—'All is lost: save yourselves'; and then, giving the boy a silver piece, I felt my way back along the road. The rain came down in torrents; the lightning seemed to search the woods. You may fancy how we felt—men who knew that a foul trick had been played—and how we cursed the traitor."

"They have tried and condemned her—Lilias, they have ventured to condemn an anointed queen. The curs who have yelped at her, have dared to bite. She bore herself like a queen—even her enemies admit as much. What tears she shed were for her friends, not for herself. 'Alas!' she said once very pitifully, 'how much has the noble house of Howard suffered for my sake!' It is nowhere believed that she is guilty: she is the victim of a miserable trick, contrived by Walsingham himself—so they report, and I can partly testify. And now, Lilias, your mother must go to

the king; his mother's life is in his hands; they will not venture to execute her if he summon every Scotsman to arms. She must tell him the truth; tell him that if in this supreme, this awful moment, he fails to save her, fails to move earth and heaven on her behalf, he will be shamed for ever. But she must go at once, else it will be too late."

It is almost impossible to realise at this day the thrill of anger, of indignation, of horror which passed over Scotland when it was known that the Scottish queen had been condemned by an English court. The wave of passion carried all before it—all except James himself and the Master of Grey. Had the king refused to act, as he seemed at first inclined to do, I believe that his crown would have been in peril. When the news was received, the Court was at Earlsball, so that our dear lady was saved the long and arduous journey to the capital. Her request for a private interview with the king was at once granted with almost flattering readiness. James, however, was in his most testy and querulous mood, by no means inclined to listen to any remonstrance that did not suit his whim. He was at the moment, indeed, the victim of a ridiculous monomania, which possibly accounted for his irritability. He was determined not to be outdone by a subject; and as the Laird of Dun had been at work for two nights running, James had not gone to bed for three. He was writing a sonnet, dictating a speech, reading a despatch, discussing the points of another couple of buck-hounds that had lately come from Elizabeth, putting a finishing touch to his commentary on the Apocalypse, when Lady Maitland entered. "My dear lady,"

he said, "I am very busy, as you may observe, but you are not interrupting me. Most people can only attend to one thing at a time; I am able to overtake four or five with comfort, and when hard pressed can manage a round dozen. There is not another king in Christendom can do the like. This is sad news, my lady," he went on, as his face flushed and his stammer sensibly increased with his embarrassment; "our dearest mother has been ill advised; her rascally servants are much to blame; a good hanging would mend their manners. I cannot say that she has used us well; if it be true that she has renounced her title to the succession to the Spanish king in respect of our firm attachment to the true Evangel, she hath not shown that confidence in us which we had a right to expect. I have advised our cousin of England, indeed, that it might not be amiss to keep her in seclusion for a season,—a joint government, you see, is a utopian imagination, and our dearest mother cannot be burdened at her age with the cares of State; but to take her life—that is another matter, as the Master says. Don't you think so, my lady?"

It was with difficulty that Lady Maitland controlled her indignation. "Oh, my liege," she exclaimed between her sobs, "it is shameful, infamous, incredible. All Europe will protest against an intolerable outrage. For *you*, sir, there is only one honourable road. Send round the fiery cross. Call your subjects to arms. Appeal to the God in whose name kings are anointed, and by whose authority they rule. Be sure that if the Queen of England will not listen to reason she will yield to force."

"My dear lady," the king replied, visibly embarrassed, "we must try reason first. Our good

cousin is a wise and Protestant princess, although her views on the Apocalypse are by no means to be commended. We may rest assured that she will not permit our dearest mother to suffer an inconvenience, I may say an indignity, that will reflect discredit on ourselves. But our Council have already resolved to despatch a solemn embassy to the English Court, and the Master of Grey is now preparing to set out."

"The Master of Grey!" Lady Maitland exclaimed, in a tone of genuine horror. "Oh, my liege, any one but the Master. He is her bitter enemy; he is working for her death; send the Master, and you send her to the scaffold."

"Madam," the king, now gravely displeased, replied, "we are aware that certain calumnies, which have been traced to a neighbour of your own now in England, have been circulated against a noble gentleman who has ever been faithful to us. You will do well to discredit them and their author. Pardon me, madam,—our Council is about to meet."

He had been stumping back and forward while he talked, and now, touching his hat (much the worse for wear) to Lady Maitland, who had not recovered from her consternation, he abruptly disappeared.

It was the evening of the same day. Liliass was sitting by the shore, gazing dreamily at the incoming tide. Then shivering slightly, as if the wind had grown suddenly chill, she looked round; the Master stood beside her.

"I leave for England to-night," he began; "but I hear that you and your mother regard my mission with disfavour. The Master of Grey is a black sheep! Believe me, it was not of my seeking; whatever happens, I shall be

blamed; but the king insists, and go I must."

"I would give much to believe that what we have been told of you—you who were once a dear friend—is false," she replied. "But can you deny that you have deserted the queen, who has been good to you since you were a boy?"

"Desertion, my fair cousin, is a foul word. It may be true that I have been forced to recognise that it is for the good of our country that Mary Stuart should not be permitted to return. What then? Am I to be deterred from doing what is for the public welfare by private and personal scruples?"

"Do not mock me, Mr Grey. The time has come for plain speaking, and speak I must. You say that desertion is an ugly word; but there are worse behind. It is openly alleged that you have not only deserted but betrayed the queen; that you have revealed her most secret thoughts to her deadliest enemy; that but for you she would now be free. O Patrick Grey," she cried, clasping her hands, "tell me that you have not been so base!"

"Liliass, you are unreasonable. You speak as a schoolgirl speaks, ignorant of the larger and graver interests which appeal to the statesman and the patriot. Mary Stuart is impossible. Mary Stuart means civil war, the Pope, the Inquisition. There is no safety for those whom Mary Stuart hates if she escape from her English prison——"

"That is what it comes to at the last. Patrick, I see it now. You have betrayed her, and you are in mortal dread of the punishment that will follow! But our mistress is generous—she forgets and forgives. Had she been less ready to forgive, indeed, she

might yet be queen. Even my mother, however, has wellnigh ceased to hope that she will be restored. Guarded as she is, escape is impossible. She is ill. She is dying. Will nothing but her violent and shameful death satisfy your rancour and your ambition? O Patrick, I implore you on my knees, think of your honour, think of your duty, think of what posterity will say when it learns, as learn it will, that you have sold your fair repute, your eternal salvation, for thirty pieces of silver."

She fell on her knees before him, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Lilias," he answered, coldly as it seemed, but there was subdued passion in his voice, "this is summer madness. What care I for posterity? Posthumous fame is but the shadow of a shade. The rewards of the Hereafter are the dreams of fools. When I am dead, let them speak of me as they will. When life is gone, all is gone to me. I seek a less visionary recompense." Here he paused; she had turned her head away; she was drying her eyes. Then he went on, but the mockery had died out of his voice. "Lilias, it may be that you are right. I am what I am; what I shall be in the years that are coming, God knows. You are formed of nobler stuff; the man who wins you may well be proud; there is no station, however high, which you would not grace. Lilias, I have loved

you all along." Her tears were dry, and she looked him in the face. "It has been a duel between us; why should we not agree to a truce, or rather, to lifelong amity? Say that you will be my wife; and, Lilias—Lilias, on my honour—the queen's life is safe. Elizabeth will not dare to refuse; our appeal will be backed by arguments which even the Queen of England cannot refute. Lilias, is it to be?"

"It would be a shameful bargain," she replied slowly, after a pause, drawing herself up to her full height, and turning away. "Only yesterday I heard that you were betrothed. Would you betray this Marie Stuart as you have betrayed the other? Life itself may be too dearly bought. Think you our gracious mistress would accept the sacrifice you have been good enough to propose? Sir, she would spurn the mercenary and recreant knight who will not do for honour what he will do for pay, as—as—I spurn him. Do your worst, sir; to your victim, to your blameless victim, it will prove, it may be, the truest service you can render. She wears the martyr's crown, while Judas—yes," she added, as she turned away for the last time, "Judas will go to his own place."

His face was bloodless with rage; his eyes blazed, as the tiger's blazes ere it springs. But he only said in the softest, sweetest, and most dulcet purr, "My fair virago, you have signed her death-warrant."

IV.

The letters that came from Gilbert during the months that followed were not calculated to allay our anxiety.

"Since the rescue failed, I have

thought it fittest to abide mainly in London, where, as the houses are many, and the people swarm in the streets, it is easier for me to remain unknown. Francis Howard, a cousin of his Grace of

Norfolk, is of the royal household, and well affected to our queen. He opines that Elizabeth will not venture to put her publicly to death, but will either secretly practise against her, or else by severity in prison make an end of her life. Our queen is very feeble, but beareth herself bravely. It is rumoured that if she will ask pardon of Elizabeth her life will be spared; but this I believe not. She will ask no pardon of man or woman, but will commit her soul to the mercy of the Almighty. Her keepers are unmannerly churls; Amias Paulet sits covered in her presence (even in the case of a simple gentlewoman no true gentleman would be guilty of like discourtesy), and hath violently removed her cloth of state. She hath put in its place the pictures of our Lord's Passion, which hath increased his choler. Her chaplain has been taken from her, and Paulet, who is a bitter sectary and a precise Puritan, hath told her insolently that he himself will act as her priest. The Secretary Walsingham, her great enemy, is stirring the people against her,—the hue and cry in all the ports and country places is, that the Papists have landed, and that London is on fire. Since I wrote the above, Francis Howard hath told me that his mistress is minded to spare our queen's life, and will do so without fail if the King of Scotland declares plainly that her execution will break the amity."

"There is an evil change at the palace. Howard hath been secretly informed that it is the Scottish ambassadors (a shameful fact if it be true) who have stirred up his mistress against the queen our sovereign. Patrick Grey has come, and, they say, hath resolved the Secretary that James would have

his mother 'put off,' and is not willing that any mildness should be shown unto her. Lillias, he is a villain, and if we chance to meet it will go hard with one of us. His perfidy is known unto many, and should he pass on his return through the parts of Yorkshire which are Catholic, he is like to be recompensed for his evil dealing."

"Howard hath told me all. Grey hath had a secret conference with the English queen. The king, his master, he said, in very truth desired that the execution should go forward; seeing that so long as his mother lived his own place was insecure; and that neither England, nor Scotland, nor the amity were safe unless she was removed. It was the dead only who did not bite—*Mortui non mordent*. Howard himself being in attendance, heard the Master's words—*Mortui non mordent*. The English queen now goeth about with a Latin apothegm in her mouth, which is to the effect that if you would not be stricken you must strike. *Aut fer, aut feri; ne feriare, feri*. The ambassadors, Howard adds, had thereafter a formal audience of his mistress. The Secretary and the Lord Leicester were present. Much earnest persuasion (as it appeared) was used by the Master; but the English queen, having previously been advised in private by him, would not listen to their memorial. Grey would have had her believe that if our mistress renounced her state and title to the succession to her son, she would cease to be a danger—the son coming in the mother's place. The queen declared that that would put herself in more evil case than before, using these despicable words,—'Is it so? then, by God's

passion, that were to cut my own throat; because, my Lord of Grey, for a duchy or earldom to yourself, you or such as you would cause some of your desperate knaves kill me. No, by God,' she added, 'he will never be in that place!' Sir Robert then craved that our queen's life might be spared for eight days, so that the king might be advised; but she answered with another great oath — 'Not for an hour'; and so stormed and left them."

"Lilias, dearest Lilias, I know not what I write. The queen is dead: I have seen her die. I was present at Fotheringhay when the axe fell, and a gloomy fanatic, with her bleeding body at his feet, said 'Amen.' I saw it with these eyes, and yet I cannot believe that it is true. That the proud and beautiful woman, who was yesterday without a peer, should be now a headless corpse, covered with a bloody cloth, seems entirely incredible. Lilias, your mother has loved her since they were girls; but all that went before is mean in comparison with the end. No martyr ever went to heaven with a more willing mind. When she came out of her chamber with the radiance of death upon her joyful face, there was not a man in the crowd who did not feel that he was everlastingly shamed. In a happier age a thousand swords would have leapt from their scabbards ere that gracious head had been profaned. Lilias, I cannot write more; the scene haunts me, will haunt me while I live. But I thank God that her high spirit did not fail her, and that, confident in the justice of God and of a future age, she died as a queen should die. Of the miserable hound who has been, directly or indirectly, the cause of her death,

I dare not speak; among the noble army of martyrs which our dear mistress has joined, his presence would be profanation. But the time will come——"

There had been a wild burst of anger when it was known that our queen had been condemned; when it was known that she had been put to death, the nation was aghast. Had there been a great soldier among us, every man capable of bearing arms would have been across the Border in a week; and the nation, whether it won or lost, would have slaked the thirst for blood which at times it cannot control. Fortunately, as we can see now, we had no captain who could lead us to victory or to defeat; and in the stony despair of righting the wrong which follows a tragedy which cannot be repaired on this side the grave, we sat still until the moment for action had passed.

Elizabeth's noisy protestations of innocence were received with grim derision, and James's simulated sorrow deceived no one but himself. Neither Elizabeth nor James could well be brought to book; but it was necessary, to allay the public passion, that a victim should be found.

It was at this moment that the Master of Grey, who had hitherto been the coolest of players, lost his head. He quailed before the universal detestation which, rightly or wrongly, met him on his return.

The fate of Arran could be traced directly, so his friends averred, to the intrigues of the Master with the banished lords. Ordinary prudence would have suggested to a far shallower brain than his that the unscrupulous brother of the fallen Chancellor was the last man to whom dangerous secrets could be safely in-

trusted. But it would seem that when a man of profound craft loses his balance he goes further astray than the most blundering fool. Mortification and resentment were probably at work—passions which for the moment escaped all politic restraint; and though the web which he spun was a wide one, and though many flies were to be caught in its meshes, yet I think the moving motive of the whole conspiracy was his bitter animosity to the Secretary of State—John Maitland—who had often thwarted him, who was now all-powerful at Court, and who was the head of the family from whom, as he fancied, he had received a deadly insult. It is only in this way that I can account for the fantastic scheme of revenge which he meditated, and which with fatuous frankness he communicated to the Colonel,—that “cloutter of old shoes” against whom Mr Gibson (who, by the way, had been permitted to return to his flock when the Chancellor was dismissed) had so vigorously declaimed. The change in the Master’s manner was plainly visible to the least observant; even the English ambassador had occasion to deplore the “hasty wrath and passionate dealing” of one whose temper had been hitherto imperturbable. There were, in short, all the signs of the disordered mind with which the gods afflict the man whose perdition is assured.

It was in the great room at Earls Hall, where I had first seen the king, that the mine exploded. James had been very good to us of late (it was probably the reaction from his unreasonable resentment); and more than once, on returning from the hunt, he had called at Balmain and the

Cleuch. He had offered me indeed a small place in connection with the Council which I had not yet definitely refused; and it was in virtue of this provisional appointment that I happened to be present at the meeting which I am about to describe.

The Council had disposed of its ordinary business, and was ready to adjourn. The king had presided, and Bothwell, Secretary Maitland, and the Master of Grey were among the members present. The Master had been more than usually irritable and cynical, and his polished shafts had been discharged all round; even the vain and good-natured monarch had not been permitted to escape. “The Master must have got out of bed on his wrong side,” Bothwell whispered to Maitland. To which the Secretary had blandly replied, “It is the liver, my lord,—the east wind bites shrewdly to-day.”

At this moment the Colonel, who had sent to request an audience, was ushered in.

“This is an unlooked-for pleasure, Colonel Stuart,” the king observed, with marked coldness. “We thought that you were at a distance from our Court. May I ask what your errand may be? Our horses are at the gate, and we ourselves are nearly as impatient as the dogs, who seem inclined to take part in our Council.”

“My liege lord,” Stuart answered coolly, “I shall detain you a moment only. But reports have reached me which I feel bound to communicate without delay to your Highness—reports of a treasonable conspiracy against the Secretary of State and other members of this honourable Council. I trust in God, sir, that it is not directed against your Highness’s own person. But of that I have no certain knowledge.”

"What, sir! a treasonable conspiracy possibly directed against ourselves?" James, palpably discomposed, exclaimed. "Are Cuddy Armourar and our men-at-arms at hand?" he added hastily, looking to the door.

"Had we not better learn some further particulars?" the Secretary interposed. "The people are still in a rash and unreasonable mood, and many injurious reports are afloat. They venture to say that our resident at the English Court has now slain the mother, as—pardon me, your Highness—he slew the father. Daily libels indeed are set up in the open street. Only yesterday I saw on the door of the Tolbooth a scurrilous lampoon upon her Majesty of England, whom they ventured to call a 'murdering Jesebel.'"

"And to whom they have insolently offered a Scottish chain, as they call it," Bothwell added,—"that is, a cord of hemp tied halterwise."

"We must discover the authors of libels that may disturb the amity," James said, resuming the seat from which he had risen. Then turning to the Colonel,—
"Speak out, man. What ails you? If there is treason in contemplation, there must be traitors abroad. It is your part as a leal subject to hide nothing from your prince. Whom do you accuse?"

The Colonel paused a moment, and then answered with the studied and technical elaboration of a legal indictment,—
"Patrick—commonly called—the Master of Grey."

There was again a painful pause, while James looked with keen scrutiny at his favourite.

The Master sprang to his feet. "This is *your* plot," he said, turning fiercely upon the Secretary.

"A bully can only repeat what he is taught; it is in your school, Mr Secretary, that the Sticker has learnt his lesson. This is not the first time by many that you have slandered me, and by God——"

The truculent "cloutter of old shoes" did not approve, apparently, of being called "the Sticker" (the nickname by which he was known among the common people), and laid his hand on his sword, which he partly drew. "Hoots, my lords, hoots!" cried the king, who hated the sight of cold steel. "Colonel, if you touch your sword, you are guilty of the treason you impute. Can it be true, Patrick?" he continued, turning to Grey, "that you have plotted against us and our Council?"

"Never against my most generous master," Grey exclaimed. "But that I have good cause to reckon with the Lord of Thirlstane, he will himself admit."

"You hear what he says, Sir John? What cause of offence have you given him?"

The Earl of Bothwell interposed. "May it please you, sir, there is a little trifle of an epigram which you may not have seen, though it has flown like wildfire through the Court. If the Master has a sharp tongue, the Secretary has a sharper pen. I can give your Highness the copy, if it has not been mislaid." Opening his pocket-book, he took from it a slip of paper on which some Latin lines were written, and handed it to the king.

These were the lines:—

"Sis Paris an Graius dubito; pulchelle,
videris
Esse, Paris, forma, marte et amore
pari.
Fax etiam patriæ, nec fato, aut omine
differs;
Græca tamen Graium te docet esse
fides."

As he ran his eyes over the lines, James broke into a fit of hoarse laughter.

"Hoots, Sir John, this is too bitter, too bitter by far; we ourselves could have given it a nicer edge, and the scholarly turn of the true epigram of antiquity. Our Secretary wants the *suaviter in modo* whereof we are masters; and yet, Patrick, the *Paris* and the *Pulchelle* are not altogether amiss; nor yet the *Græca tamen Graium*, though there be over-much of the verbal play than altogether suits the severer taste of the pupil of Buchanan—God rest his soul—who hath been nourished upon the masterpieces of our Augustan age. Now, my lords, we will put a happy ending to this untoward comedy of errors, and, as you say yourself, Patrick, let bygones be bygones, and fair-play in time to come."

Grey had begun with an affectation of courtly deference,—“Whatever your Highness is pleased to propose”—when he was again interrupted.

It was Gilbert—my brother—who entered. His face was pale as death; his eyes were sunk and hollow; he looked like the messenger of Fate. It was obvious that he had been fearfully ill, and that he had risen from a sick-bed to discharge the solemn trust that had been committed to him.

The Master started. Had the sword of the Avenging Angel been suddenly unsheathed before his eyes he could hardly have been more unmanned.

The apparition, for such it seemed, stalked up to the head of the table where James sat.

“*Mortui non mordent*,” it said, in a ghostly whisper. There was no need for more; each one of us knew too well to what the ominous words referred, and against whom

they were directed. “*Mortui non mordent*.”

But, as he spoke, Gilbert's strength failed, and he fell prostrate on the floor.

Every Scotsman, however little acquainted with the secret history of the time, has heard the sequel. Grey was tried and condemned. It has been said by contemporary writers that he was not executed in respect of the intercession of the Lord Hamilton. I fear the true explanation must be looked for elsewhere than in the public records. I have good reason to believe that the Master had a letter in his possession (addressed to him when on his English embassy) which was fatally compromising for others than himself. It would be found from it (so it was reported) that Grey had acted in strict conformity with the secret instructions which he had received from the king. This letter he had prudently deposited with a friend in England; it was enclosed in a sealed cover which was only to be opened if Grey was executed.

His life was spared; but what at one time promised to be a great career was brought to an unlamented close. His ambition was nipped in the bud. His sin had found him out. He wandered across Europe—a soured and sullen man; until years afterwards, in a spirit of contemptuous toleration, the Scottish Government permitted him to return. “To what base uses may we come, Horatio,” one William Shakespeare, an English play-actor, has lately written; and the baleful career of the Master furnished a theme that the rich and animated invective of the Calvinistic pulpit has turned to good account. Mr Gibson in particular has used his old enemy as the text of many a discourse (pro-

tracted into a twentieth or thirtieth head; for the good man's sermons grew long as he grew old), in which it was conclusively shown that Erastian prelates and tulchan bishops, to whom conscience was an idle word, and God a nursery bogle, would go where Grey had gone.

How Gilbert was brought back to life by the tender ministrations of a ministering angel, is a story of which his grandchildren do not readily tire. I cannot truly say that the shadow which had fallen upon them was ever entirely lifted; but such happiness as was possible to a great Scottish landowner and his lady in a troubled age, when men had ceased to believe as their fathers believed, and to worship as their fathers worshipped, was

known to "Gilbert Holdfast and Lillas his wife."

Note by the Transcriber.—Of that later and sunnier life, we gain through this musty pile of papers only a partial and transient glimpse. In a letter from Gilbert to Lady Maitland, written some six or eight years after the execution of Mary, this passage occurs:—

"Little Will is very well, I thank God: he drinketh every day to Lady Grandmother; rideth to her often and yet within the Court; and if he have any spice cake I tell him Lady Grandmother is come and will see him, which he then will either quickly hide or quickly eat, and then asks where Lady Danmode is?"

THE REBELLION IN YEMEN.

It is seldom that the Sublime Porte is free from trouble regarding one at least of her possessions; and although the Turkish Government has taken, in the case of the rebellion in Yemen, every means to throw dust in the eyes of Europe, yet sufficient has from time to time leaked out to show how seriously the affair was regarded by the Sultan and his Ministers. From such scraps of information it would be impossible to piece together a history of what has taken place; but the writer, by making a journey of over four hundred miles through the country at the very time of the rebellion, was, as the only European in the interior, with the exception of a few Greek shopkeepers, able to take advantage of his unique opportunity of seeing for himself, and gathering a considerable amount of information on the subject.

But before any account is given of the rebellion, it must be explained of how great a value to the Sultan of Turkey are his possessions in Arabia. It is on them, and on them alone, that he bases his claim to the title of Caliph—a title on which his prestige in the eyes of the Moslem world mainly rests. Amongst Mohammedan potentates he is the greatest; for although many sects of Islam do not hold that one in whose veins the blood of the Prophet does not flow is able by divine right to succeed to the caliphate, the possession of the holy cities of Mecca and Medina cannot but add to his fame. From all parts of the world the pilgrims flock yearly to Mecca, there to come in contact with the Turks as

a governing power, to hear the name of Abdul Hamid blessed daily in the mosque; and in their eyes, by force of circumstance, the Sultan is inseparably connected with the Holy Places.

True it is that Yemen is separated from the Hejaz, the province in which Mecca and Medina are situated, by a large tract of country, known as the Asir. But the tribes inhabiting this district are, and always have been, largely influenced by the Yemenite faction, and like them are in their belief of the Shiite sect, holding that the claim of the Sultan of Turkey to the caliphate is irregular and illegal. This alliance, not only by blood but by doctrine, which is perhaps the strongest tie of all amongst the Moslems, caused the rebellion in Yemen to be a likely forerunner to a war in the Asir. The Turkish rule has never been more than nominal amongst the mountains of the latter, so that the repudiation by them of the Osmanli Government, which has taken place, is fraught with no great danger to Turkey, provided the discontent and consequent rebellion remains within bounds, and does not reach the Hejaz. Although largely subsidised by the Turkish Government, there can be little doubt that, did they clearly see their way to success, the members of the Shereefal family of Mecca, direct descendants of the Prophet Mohammed, would attempt to bring back the succession of the caliphate into their own line, and thus into the strain of the descendants of the Prophet; and to a cause so nearly touching their doctrinal beliefs there is but little

doubt the Bedouins of the Hejaz, as well as many of the inhabitants of the cities, would readily lend their aid and assistance.

Therefore it will be seen that to the Turks a successful rebellion in Yemen meant not only the loss of the southernmost of their Arabian States, but also the probable ensuing loss of the Hejaz, and the fall of the Sultan of Turkey in the eyes of the larger portion of the world of Islam. How many thousands of Mohammedans daily in the mosques call for blessings on the head of Abdul Hamid the Caliph, who would never pray for Abdul Hamid the Sultan! The difference is enormous, though to us somewhat incomprehensible; and it is said, and no doubt rightly so, that his majesty of Stamboul values far more than his temporal powers the title of "Commander of the faithful." In the one case, as Caliph, he is in the eyes of all Sunnis¹ Sultan of the Moslem world, and as such successor to the Prophet himself. In the other, as a Sultan, he is merely a stranger, an Osmanli, not even of the great Arab race, whose ancestors have by force of arms conquered and left him a kingdom.

From these remarks it will be inferred how vastly important it is to the Sultan and the Porte to retain intact the Turkish possessions in Arabia.

Although it was not until the summer of 1891 that the rebellion in Yemen took any outward form, the Turks must have been aware, for a long period previous to that time, that their relations with the Arabs were becoming day by day more strained. Yet such is the character of Turkish

provincial officials, especially of those so far removed from the seat of the Government as in Yemen, that they still continued their policy of oppression, trusting to fate that there would be no open hostilities until the jobbery that had put them into power would follow its inevitable course by removing them and reinstating others in their places, on whom would fall the brunt of a rebellion, which they saw might for a time be postponed but impossible to avert. "Make your hay while the sun shines," is the motto of the Turkish official; and for him, as a rule, the sun shines but for a very short period. It is this extraordinary want of forethought and co-operation, this shifting of responsibilities upon successors in office, amongst those who help to rule the destinies of the Turkish provinces, that is the chief root and origin of all their troubles. "Let me enrich myself," thinks the official. "In a month or two I may no longer have the opportunities. I must make enough in this short period of office to retire upon. What may follow, what may be the result of my policy, I care not; it interests me not at all."

It was the perpetual practice of these theories that gradually drove the Arabs into resistance. The rebellion was no sudden affair; as long ago as several years back there had commenced on the part of the Arabs a series of outrages against Turkish officials that would have rendered apparent to any other nation but the Turks the danger that was threatening. Cruel and bloodthirsty as many of these outrages were, they were the only means in the power of the

¹ The Sunnis hold that the caliphate need not necessarily descend in the family of the Prophet.

Arabs of protesting against the exorbitant taxation and the oppression that were ruining them. Their appeals to Sanaa, and even to Constantinople, had resulted in no amelioration of their condition.

It is necessary, I think, to give but one example of these outrages. At Dhamar, one of the largest cities of Yemen, there lived a certain general, by name Muhammed Rushti Pasha, between whom and a neighbouring tribe there had arisen misunderstanding as to the amount of taxation to be levied upon them. The pasha insisted on the full sum, and a quarrel ensued between the Arab sheikh and himself, the former fleeing from the city swearing revenge. Shortly afterwards Muhammed Rushti being called away to another part of the country, the tribe in question took advantage of his absence to blow up his house and family with gunpowder. His wives, children, and servants died that night, in all some eleven persons. Returning with all speed to Dhamar, the general, with such forces as were at the time in the city, almost exterminated the little tribe who had accomplished so horrible a vengeance. Over the grave of those that died that night Muhammed Rushti raised a mosque and a domed tomb, the interior of which he hung with rich silks. Thither he would repair and sit alone. On the taking of Dhamar by the Arabs in November last, this tomb was looted, and when visited by the writer at the end of January, the city by that time having been reconquered by the Turks, he found the tomb and mosque in ruins, robbed of all its treasures.

That the feeling was so strong as to find vent in such outrages as these—and that mentioned is but

one of many—would have made it apparent, one would have thought, that the existing state of affairs could not continue with impunity. But the lot of the Yemeni was to be squeezed to fill the coffers at Constantinople, and to pay for the harems and pleasures of unscrupulous officialdom. Such, then, apart from all religious differences, was the existing state of feeling in Yemen when in the summer of the year before last the rebellion broke out. Before the conquest of Yemen by the Turks in 1872—for although they possessed a firm footing on the coast previous to that period, their power had not made itself felt in the interior—Yemen was governed by a ruler after their own hearts; for, being of the Shiite sect—Zaidis they call themselves—it was necessary to the tenets of their belief that their Sultan should be of direct descent from the Prophet, through Ali Ibn Abo Taleb, his nephew and son-in-law. This condition their Imam fulfilled; for although Yemen had at different times fallen into foreign hands, still the direct family had never disappeared.

Sanaa, now the capital of Turkish Yemen, was his residence. It is a large city, situated roughly two hundred and forty miles north of Aden, and a hundred and sixty east of Hodaidah. Here the Imam lived the usual secluded and sensual life of an oriental despot, looked upon by the Arabs as a spiritual Sultan, but powerless to hold in check the depredations and robberies of the many tribes under his nominal sway, who, with true oriental zeal, were continually doing their best to exterminate one another. As long as money was forthcoming, the Imam was content to dwell at Sanaa

without troubling himself about more external affairs than the management of his own household, and the receiving of gifts from the Arabs who performed pilgrimages to his presence. Apparently wanting in education, except such religious knowledge as is considered necessary for the welfare of an Oriental of high degree, he possessed no ability to govern, nor does he appear to have been even renowned as a soldier or organiser of troops.

Such became at length the state of the country, that trade almost ceased on account of the attacks upon the caravans; and the Sanaa merchants—quiet respectable Arabs—saw nothing but ruin before them, and considering solely the benefits that would accrue to themselves by such a step, and ignoring what the result would be upon the agricultural population, invited the Turks to take the place. This was accomplished in 1872 by a force from Hodaidah. The Imam was deposed; but on account of his spiritual influence over the Arab horde, was permitted to reside in Sanaa, receiving a pension on the condition that he would exert his powers in furthering the interests of the Osmanli Government. This until his death he fulfilled; on which event the *baraka*, or holy birth-right, passed to his relative Ahmed-ed-din, who, like his predecessor, was by no means dissatisfied to receive the adoration of the Arabs and the regularly paid allowance of the Turks.

Such, briefly, was the history of the Turkish occupation of Yemen and the state of affairs until last year. The tribes, in the time of the Imam, left undisturbed both in their labours in the fields and in their warfare, boasting an independence of centuries, found

themselves, on the Turkish occupation, little better than slaves—oppressed, taxed, and retaxed by a people whose extortions ruined them, whose personality they hated, and with whom, although co-religionists, there was no unison in religious views.

But the smouldering discontent was destined to burst into flame, even though the flame might blaze forth but to flicker and die.

On an appeal from the governor of Lohaya, a body of four hundred Turkish troops were despatched last summer to assist in collecting by force the taxes due from the Beni Meruan, a branch of the Asir people, and their southernmost tribe, who inhabit the country lying to the east of Lohaya, a port on the Red Sea coast north of Hodaidah. In command of this force was the very Muhammed Rushti Pasha whose house had been destroyed at Dhamar. The expedition was destined to complete failure, and being surprised by a large body of Arabs, was nearly annihilated before the security of a fort was reached, amongst those who fell being the pasha himself.

In countries like Yemen news travels with extraordinary rapidity, and the Arabs, hearing an exaggerated report of what had taken place, believed that at last their deliverance had come, for it was rumoured that the great district of the Asir, between Yemen and the Hejaz, had risen, intent upon exterminating the Turks. Where the news travelled the people rose in arms. Tribal banners long hid away were unfurled, and the cry of "God give victory to the Imam" echoed and re-echoed throughout the mountains and valleys of Yemen.

Meanwhile the hero of the rebellion, Ahmed-ed-din, was living

quietly at Sanaa on the subsidy of the Turkish Government, unconscious of what was taking place, although, doubtless, there was ever present in his mind the possibility of some day regaining for himself and his descendants the throne. He clearly saw that affairs were not ripe for a great rebellion, and almost against his will he was obliged to fly from the capital, and become the head of the rebel movement. Premature as things were, he must in the enthusiasm of his partisans have almost believed in their future success.

It was a new *Jehad*, or holy war! The Turks were to be exterminated or driven away; the beloved Ahmed-ed-din—beloved on account of his birth and descent rather than from any knowledge of his personality—was to be reinstated on the throne. One by one the tribes rose, except only the Bedouin inhabitants of the Tehama and the southern deserts, who, possessing nothing but a few flocks and herds, and always wandering, were indifferent to Turkish or Arab rule, and awaited the result before promising allegiance to either side. The same plan was followed by many of the merchants and citizens, whose position and intimacy with the Turkish officials placed them outside the bounds of oppression and taxation, and who in many cases were only too ready to take advantage of their fellow-countrymen's unenviable position, by buying from the Turks the right of collecting the taxes of certain districts; for the privilege of levying dues is a commercial article, sold from time to time by auction, a system that relieves the Government of much anxiety and trouble, but encourages to an almost incredible extent cruelty and oppression.

In what state were the Turks

to repress a general rising of this sort? The force in the country was estimated at some sixteen thousand men, although in reality probably far short of that number; for during the two previous years cholera had wrought great havoc amongst the troops. These troops consisted of Turkish regulars, Bashi-bazouks, and a large number of Arab auxiliaries, drawn principally from the Mshareg and Hadramaut, the country to the east of Yemen, who did not care whom they fought against, or for what reason they were fighting, so long as they were paid, and whose one stimulant to feats of bravery was promised reward. The Turkish troops already in Yemen were in a miserable state. Ill fed, ill clothed, thinned by disease, badly housed, and seldom, if ever, paid, it is no wonder that their spirit was broken in a land where during summer they were liable to a temperature that seldom falls below a hundred in such shade as their badly built barracks afforded, and in winter to frosts, and at times snow—to all the vagaries, in fact, of a tropical climate on the tops of mountains of from 7000 to 9000 feet in altitude. A more pitiful picture than the Turkish soldiers presented when the writer was in Yemen he never saw, and yet they fight like devils rather than men.

A few days after the flight of the Imam, Sanaa, the capital, was besieged by an enormous force of Arabs, as was Amran, another walled city; while those which were not so protected fell, many without even a struggle, into the hands of the Arabs. Menakha, on the road from Hodaidah to Sanaa, offered a little resistance, but in vain. Those of the garrison who were not killed or

wounded in the first onslaught of the Arabs were spared on surrender, and taken away prisoners, amongst their number being the Kaimmakam or military governor. The same happened at Dhamar and Yerim, on the road from Sanaa to Aden; while in quick succession Ib, Jibleh, and Tais, all three large towns situated farther south, proclaimed for Ahmed-ed-din. All Turkish prisoners were spared. Many voluntarily went over to the side of the Arabs; some retired into private life on surrendering their arms. Those of importance were sent to the Imam, where report said they were housed and fed at his expense, doubtless in the hope of persuading them to throw in their lot with his own, and so obtain use of their superior knowledge of warfare. In very exceptional cases do we hear of the cruel treatment of Turks by the Arabs in their days of victory; and even when the tide of affairs was changed, the writer met amongst the Arabs, in districts where no Turkish troops could enter, deserters from the Osmanli forces being fed and clothed by the kindly Arabs; and in many cases money was supplied them by their *quondam* enemies to assist them in reaching Aden, or in escaping by other means from the hard life of soldiering.

By this time telegrams were pouring into Constantinople from Hodaïdah beseeching assistance; and the Porte, having at length realised how serious a turn affairs had taken, exerted all its activity in forwarding troops to the scene of war. By the time the new forces had embarked for Hodaïdah, the whole country, with the ex-

ception of Sanaa and Amran and a small city in the Asir, by name Dhofir, had fallen into the hands of the rebels, the plains and seaboard towns holding aloof from any participation in the affair, though probably it was only the presence of better organised Turkish forces which kept in check the feeling which no doubt existed almost as strongly there as anywhere. The Beni Meruan, many of whose villages lie on the seacoast, were pitilessly shelled by a couple of Turkish gunboats.

Ahmed-ed-din remained at Sada,¹ whither he had fled from Sanaa; nor at any part of the rebellion did he take active part in the fighting, a fact that in no small degree accounts for the subsequent failure of the rebellion. In all probability he never left Sada, though in his religious character his movements were always spoken about with much mystery.

Sanaa at the end of October was still in a state of siege, the garrison and townspeople suffering greatly from hunger and disease, though in Amran the state of the inhabitants was still more pitiable.

Badly fed as they were at all times, worse now than ever, one cannot but admire the immense pluck of the handful of Turkish troops who kept at bay for several months an immense horde of Arabs. Not only was their courage exhibited in the dogged resistance within the town, but in their constant and often successful sorties against the enemy.

A short description of the city of Sanaa is necessary in order to explain the positions of besiegers and besieged during the whole of last autumn.

¹ Sada is situated about eight days' journey north of Sanaa, on the borders of the desert.

The city, which contains some fifty thousand inhabitants, lies in a wide level valley. It takes the form of a triangle, the eastern point consisting of a large fortress, dominating the town, and built upon the lowest spur of Gibel Negoum, a mountain which rises immediately outside the city walls. The town is divided into three distinct quarters, each walled, and the whole surrounded by one continuous wall. They are respectively the city proper, in which are the Government buildings, the huge bazaars, and the residence of the Arabs and Turks; the Jews' quarter; and Bir el Azib, where are gardens and villas belonging to the richer Turks and Arabs. The city was once of great wealth and prosperity, and to-day remains one of the most flourishing cities of Arabia. The shops are well supplied with European goods, and a large manufacture of silk, jewellery, and arms is carried on there. The quarter in which the Government buildings are situated presents almost a European appearance, with its large Turkish shops, its *cafés*, and its open places, on one of which, in front of the Governor-General's official residence, a military band discourses anything but sweet music of an afternoon.

But the city, as the writer saw it after its recapture by the Turks, presented a very different spectacle from what it must have done when, surrounded on all sides by a horde of Arabs, a continual shower of bullets was being poured into its streets from the Arab position on Gibel Negoum, which completely dominated the place. Fortunately for those besieged, the rebels possessed no artillery, otherwise their efforts would no doubt have proved successful in gaining an entrance into the town. However,

the fire poured into the city was sufficiently harassing to render it expedient to drive the Arabs from their position above the town, and several unsuccessful sorties were made. At length, mustering all the troops at his command, the pasha made a final sortie about the middle of November. Maintaining a steady fire from the fort upon the Arab position, the troops issued from the southern gate, and wheeling to the left after a gallant attack—for the Arabs were in overwhelming numbers—drove the rebels back. They retreated on Dar-es-salaam, a small village a few miles outside the walls of Sanaa, consisting of perhaps a dozen or so stone houses surrounded by a wall. Bringing up some small field-guns, the artillery opened fire upon the rebels, completely destroying the place and rendering a precipitate retreat of the Arabs necessary, which they are said to have accomplished in the wildest disorder, leaving, as I was informed, several thousand dead upon the field. But the victory was not altogether a blessing, for there being no one to bury the Arab dead, the inhabitants of the city suffered from violent disease, while the stench of the decaying bodies is said to have been terrible. Retiring once more within the precincts of the city, the Arabs again took up their old position; but their defeat seems to have to a great degree crushed their spirits, and the remainder of the siege, severe though the sufferings of the townspeople were, is said to have been less acute than previously. At any rate, the alarm of a successful attack on the part of the rebels seems to have abated.

But relief was at hand. The Turkish reinforcements had landed in Hodaidah under the command

of Ahmed Feizi Pasha, formerly Governor of Mecca, and commander of the Seventh Army Corps.

Learning on his arrival at Hodaidah how serious was the state of affairs, he at once took active measures, and without even waiting for commissariat arrangements to be carried out, marched his troops *viâ* Bajil to Hojaila, a village at the foot of the mountains on which the town of Menakha is situated, and over which the road to Sanaa passes. Here three days later they were overtaken by the commissariat camels bringing flour and provisions for the soldiers. Having rested his men, he commenced the ascent of the steep road, and here met with the first show of resistance. But the Turkish soldiers were fresh and fought well, and the superiority of arms did its work. With but a short delay to force the road, Menakha was reached.

There is perhaps in the world no city situated in the way that Menakha is. At an altitude of 7600 feet above the sea-level, it is perched on a narrow ridge joining two distinct mountain-ranges. On either side of the city are precipices, each of considerably over 2000 feet in depth. So narrow is the town that there are places in it where one can stand and gaze down both these precipices at the same time. To reach it from the west there is only one path in the steep mountain-side; while from the east it can only be approached by a narrow track cut in the face of a precipice and winding up it for an ascent of 2500 feet. In the hands of well-regulated forces it would be impregnable; but the Arab defenders, learning how easily the new Governor-General and his troops had forced the road at

Hojaila, made no plucky resistance; and armed as they were almost entirely with matchlock and fuse guns—and many only with spears—they could have made no permanent stand against the field-guns of the Turks, who are said in one day to have brought their light artillery from Hojaila to Menakha, an ascent of nearly 6000 feet, by a breakneck path. But few shots had been fired when the Arabs fled, and the Turks once more took possession of the place. Leaving a sufficient garrison to protect the town, and to keep open a line of communication with the coast, Ahmed Feizi marched on towards Sanaa. About thirty miles from Menakha, on the road to the capital, is a spot called Hajarat-el-Mehedi, where the track is so narrow and so bad that even without resistance it would offer no slight obstacle to the passage of troops. Here the rebel army under Seyd es-Sherai, a cousin to Ahmed-ed-din, took up a position, and a twelve days' delay and fighting took place before the Turks could force their way through. But on the twelfth day it was accomplished, and the rebels dispersed. Halting but now and again to shell some village, the troops by hurried marches reached Sanaa, and on their being sighted by the Arab besiegers on Gibel Negoum, the Imam's force retired into the mountains to the east, where no Turkish troops could follow them.

The capital relieved, Ahmed Feizi was not idle. He arrived in time to save the garrison of Amran, where, as at Sanaa, the Arabs retired on the approach of the Turkish forces. Returning to Sanaa, he set to work to reorganise affairs, despatching Ismail Pasha with a considerable number of troops to recapture Dhamar and Yerim.

Proclaiming military law, which in this case meant almost no law, throughout the country, the new Governor-General offered a reward for the head of every rebel brought to him, and turned loose upon the Arabs his Turkish troops to loot and plunder their villages. Marching to the south, Ismail Pasha halted at Maaber to shell the villages of Gibel Anis, retook Dhamar without any opposition being offered, and, leaving a garrison there, proceeded to Yerim, and thence by Seddah and Sobeh to Kataba, where the writer found him encamped with four hundred troops toward the middle of last January. Ib Jibleh and Tais returned under Turkish rule without a struggle.

There is no nation in the world that can put down a rebellion as the Turks can, but they have a great objection to any one seeing the process; and the presence of the writer, turning up suddenly in Sanaa while Ahmed Feizi Pasha was engaged upon this task, caused such a shock, that he and his servants were securely confined in prison as spies in spite of passports, until, from the unsanitary conditions of the place and the bad water supplied, he was seized with a violent attack of fever; and no doubt thinking that it would be better to get rid of him alive than have an objectionable corpse on their hands, and probably a good many questions to answer, a guard of soldiers was prepared, and the writer was hurried away to Hodadah with orders to quit. Yet, in spite of the fact that his relations with Ahmed Feizi Pasha were a little strained, he cannot but testify to his admirable activity and soldier-like bearing—an admiration dimmed only by the cruelty, perhaps almost necessary, of some of his commands. Thus it will be

seen, from the day that Ahmed Feizi Pasha took over the governor-generalship of Yemen, the tide of events had completely changed. A series of Arab victories had ended in a series of Arab defeats. Had Sanaa been taken, the result would doubtless have been different; but in their endeavours to take it they failed. Renowned in history, sacred to them as the former seat of government of their Imams, their want of success in capturing it, together with the action of Ahmed-ed-din, who held aloof from any active part in the warfare, broke their spirits. Had they succeeded in entering Sanaa, had they brought their Imam there in state, there is some possibility that the Turks might have lost Yemen for ever. They themselves, and Ahmed Feizi Pasha the first of them, told the writer this.

Thus by the end of January the Turks had reconquered all the cities of Yemen with the exception of one, Dhofir, at that time still besieged by the Arabs. Yet in spite of the fact that Turkish rule was again reinstated in the country, in spite of the fact that what with the reinforcements there were altogether some forty thousand troops in Yemen, the rebellion was by no means stamped out. This is easily understood when the nature of the country is described. Central Yemen consists of a great plateau, upon which are situated the three principal cities, Sanaa, Dhamar, and Yerim. This plateau is surrounded by a system of mountains broken and torn into valleys and cañons, peaks and pinnacles, amongst which it would be impossible for any Turkish force to operate. Many of these mountains reach an altitude of over 12,000 and 13,000 feet, the summits often

connected with the valleys beneath by precipices of thousands of feet in depth. The only roads—mere tracks they are—are cut in the face of these walls of rock, and often are not a yard in breadth. Amongst these enormous mountain-ranges—and to the north of Sanaa one can travel for days and weeks amongst them—the spirit of rebellion burns as fiercely to-day as ever. Certainly the towns are now in the possession of the Turks, yet the main roads that connect the towns are unsafe for Turks to pass over, except in considerable numbers together. It was to a large extent from these mountain districts that the revenues of the Government were previously drawn; for the Arabs of Yemen, unlike those of the Hejaz and most other Arabian States, are tillers of the soil, living in well-built and permanent villages, one and all roughly fortified, from which they would be able to withstand any band of armed tax-collectors, such as were wont formerly to be sent to levy the dues, as often on behalf of those who had purchased the rights of collecting from the district as on the part of the Government direct. In many of these villages the writer sat, sharing with the Arabs their humble repast, sipping their coffee and smoking their hubble-bubbles, and listening to their strange songs and prayers for the return of the Imam, Ahmed-ed-din, to power.

The rebellion has been outwardly crushed, but the prestige of Turkey in Yemen has received a severe check. The exorbitant squeezing will have to be abandoned, with the results that the revenue will probably fall to a tenth of its former sum. Many tribes formerly taxed will maintain an armed independence. The garrisons in

the towns must be doubled, and Yemen as a means of filling the Turkish coffers will be finished. Over the rebellion the Porte has expended a vast sum of money, while any attempt to recoup itself from the scene of action will but bring on a second and probably more disastrous rising.

Little more remains to be told except to consider briefly in what manner a permanent Arab success would have influenced ourselves. It was generally believed amongst the Turks in all quarters that it was British intrigue that stirred up the rebellion in Yemen, although even the Turks themselves were at a loss to understand what advantages we should reap through such an action. They called attention to the independent States that lie between Aden and the Turkish frontier at Kataba, the states of Lahej, Dhala, and the lands of the Haushabi, Aloui, and other tribes. Yet Ahmed Feizi Pasha himself informed the writer that equally with the English, the Turkish Government subsidise their sultans, amirs, and sheikhs; but the object of our subsidising them is misunderstood by the officials of Sanaa and Constantinople. To them it is impossible to consider in the same light as we do the vast importance of trade, and it is merely that the roads which pass through these various States may be kept open and safe for caravans trading with Aden that we pay large monthly sums to the native rulers. At the same time it is doubtless an advantage to possess a more or less independent strip of country between our frontier at Aden and that of Turkish Yemen.

What has been to England the result of the Turkish occupation of Yemen? It has been a result enormously beneficial. For-

merly in the time of Arab rule no caravans were able to pass and repass in safety from the interior to Aden. The inability of the Imam to hold the tribes in check rendered the looting of every caravan probable. But since the arrival of the Turks things have altered. By keeping the roads open the Turks have rendered a vast service to England, by, as far as their power went, ensuring safe-conduct to the passage of caravans, while unconsciously their greed in levying enormous export and import dues at Hodaidah and their ports has driven the greater part of the Yemen trade to Aden—a free port. Thus it will be seen how vastly beneficial to England has been the conquest of Yemen by the Turks; and had the Osmanli Government lost possession of the country, the result could have brought about but one effect—a return to the state of affairs previous to Turkish annexation, and a consequent enormous diminution of the Aden trade both in coffee and exports, and in the European goods and tobaccos from the Persian Gulf, for which the returning caravans create a great demand. Yet the Turks assured the writer that the British Government was supplying arms and assistance to the rebels. In reality the rifles

were being smuggled in by private traders from the French port at Obock.

As to what will be the future policy of Turkey in Yemen it is difficult to surmise. No doubt Abdul Hamid will be guided much by the report of his aide-de-camp Yakoub Bey, who was despatched to Sanaa for the purpose of bringing a full report to the Sultan. Rather than risk a second rebellion, there is little doubt that a conciliatory policy will be attempted; but the Yemen is too far removed from Constantinople to be governed from there, and as soon as affairs have quieted down, the officials will take advantage of their positions to commence once more the oppression of the people and the filling of their pockets. Could they be persuaded that extortion is not the road by which to arrive at a satisfactory system of government, they would find the country daily growing richer, and their relations with the Arabs more peaceable and less strained than at present. But the leopard cannot change his spots; and it is only probable that as long as Osmanli supremacy exists in Yemen, officialdom will continue to enrich itself and impoverish the country.

WALTER B. HARRIS.

ELECTION PETITIONS.

THERE are probably few subjects upon which a greater amount of nonsense has been spoken and written than upon the subject of "purity of election." We grant at once that the phrase is one which is somewhat hard of definition—that is to say, in the sense in which it is apparently construed by those who are responsible for the election laws under which we are at present governed. It is, of course, easy enough to comprehend that a system under which electors are debauched and corrupted, whether by food or money, and are thereby induced to give their votes to a particular candidate or party, is a system radically bad in itself, a gross violation of constitutional practice, and a dire offence against anything which can be designated as "purity of election." The detection, exposure, and punishment of the pursuers of such a system would gratify all honest men, and be a boon to the locality in which such a result should follow an impartial inquiry. There is, however, a vast difference between the existence of such a system as that to which we allude and the practices which, under our present law, are held sufficient to void elections and punish candidates after a fashion which, if continued, will assuredly cause the reaction which always follows overstringency in penal enactments.

The statute under which election returns are now called in question is the 51st chapter of the 46th and 47th of her Majesty, entitled "The Corrupt and Illegal Practices Prevention Act, 1883," and it may be safely said that it spreads a net so large in circumference and so small in its

mesh, that the only wonder is that any candidate or agent can ever avoid being entrapped. This precious Act bristles with penalties to such an extent, that it would really be necessary for the best-intentioned candidate to learn its seventy clauses and five schedules carefully by heart, and guard himself with a legal opinion upon each of them, before entering upon the election. And even after he had taken these salutary precautions, the unhappy candidate would be still unsafe, unless he could make sure that every person who could by any possibility be called an agent of his had not only taken the same precautions, but could be trusted to obey in every detail the provisions of an Act to which obedience must be owned to be attended with considerable difficulty. For, in spite of legal meshes and enactments of abnormal strictness, Englishmen will remain Englishmen as long as England is a country, and at election times there will be an inclination to "stand a glass of beer," or to commit some other horrible breach of this Act, which will be construed as evidence of such a corrupt intention as will justify the infliction of the enormously severe penalties which it provides.

In his address on behalf of the sitting member in the Stepney case, Mr Jelf declared that "traps and pitfalls were laid for candidates in the Corrupt Practices Act;" and although this was denied by Mr Justice Vaughan Williams, "if the Acts were fairly construed and applied," it will probably be the opinion of most people who have read with atten-

tion the evidence given during the recent trials of election petitions. In this very Stepney case, wherein the sitting member, Mr Isaacson, was declared duly elected, it is impossible not to feel that the indiscretion of an agent imperilled the seat, and that it might have been lost in spite of the overwhelming weight of evidence which proved that the battle had been fairly fought upon the Conservative side. Here, as in other cases, reckless charges of treating, bribery, and corruption were made in a fishing petition presented by electors who were shown to be the tools of other men who found the money, and the bulk of these charges were ignominiously withdrawn, including all charges against the candidate himself. It was proved that every care had been taken to fight the contest fairly and legally, and yet Mr Justice Carr declared that he had had "searchings of heart during the inquiry and down to the last moment;" and it is evident that if the learned judge had not come to the conclusion to believe in the *bona fides* of an agent who had been indiscreet, the seat would in all probability have been lost, and a great injustice done to a man who had done his utmost to fight the battle with fair weapons.

But if Mr Isaacson is to be congratulated upon his escape from the stringent application of an unjust Act of Parliament, what are we to say of the unseated members for Walsall, Hexham, and Rochester? In Walsall, a candidate who had been returned by a majority of more than 300 votes has lost his seat because his agent had paid for certain cards which some of his supporters displayed in their hats, and this without any proof and without any probability that one single vote

was influenced by the display. But surely the deliberate choice of a constituency should not be set aside unless there is conclusive evidence, not of one or two acts which the acute lawyers who have to interpret the Corrupt Practices Acts declare to be "illegal" under those statutes, but of some corrupt acts or vicious system by which the constituency has been led astray and its judgment warped or misled. Does any one pretend that such was the effect and result of the unfortunate card-display to which Mr James has been sacrificed? We venture to think that the whole annals of election petitions scarcely disclose a more flimsy and trumpery charge, or one of which the result is so opposed to common justice and to common-sense. It is of course the duty of the judges to interpret the law and give judgment in accordance with its provisions, but the absurdity and undue severity of the law itself are proved beyond doubt when such decisions are necessitated by its interpretation.

In the Hexham case, as in that of Walsall, the sitting member was exonerated from personal blame, and yet unseated; whilst the case of Rochester was, if possible, still more hard upon the victim. Alderman Davies had fought a good stand-up fight at a by-election in 1889; had been defeated by a strong local candidate; had taken his licking like a man; and, having purchased a property in the neighbourhood, had kept up his connection with the constituency, in the hope of reversing the unfavourable verdict at the ensuing general election. It so happened that the local candidate retired from Parliament at the dissolution, and the Gladstonians brought forward a highly

respectable gentleman, who was a total stranger to the place. There was not an individual possessed of any knowledge of the constituency, who did not recognise the fact that Alderman Davies's return was certain, and although the majority of over four hundred was probably larger than was expected, that there would be a substantial majority was a foregone conclusion. Unfortunately, however, for Alderman Davies and for Rochester, the defeated party were unable to resist the attempt to trip up the victorious candidate by an appeal to the technicalities of the existing Acts. They presented, as did their Stepney brethren, a fishing petition, alleging bribery and corruption against the sitting member himself and those of his supporters whom they deemed it politic to attack. As regards their principal charges, they miserably failed: their personal allegations against Alderman Davies could not be sustained, and out of ten cases of alleged bribery they only proceeded with one, and failed to establish it. But it seems to have been the habit of both political parties at Rochester to give conversaziones for the furtherance of their election campaigns, and at one or more of these refreshments were supplied, the cost of which could not be covered by the sum paid for admission. The judge declared that he "was unable to come to the conclusion that Alderman Davies knew of this at the time, or assented to it;" and yet it was held that the Constitutional Association who gave the conversazione were his agents, and he had "to bear the responsibility of their illegal acts." There is something ludicrous in the matter, if it were not so grievously unjust to the unseated member. He is "ab-

solved personally from any corrupt or illegal practice;" whilst at the same time he is "found guilty of corrupt treating by his agent." The consequence is, that a man who was undoubtedly the free choice of Rochester is not only punished for what he did not himself do, but the constituency is debarred from electing him again for seven years. It certainly would appear that the definition of an agent under these laws is cruelly hard upon a candidate; and that, in the particular case before us, to make Alderman Davies responsible for the act of the Constitutional Association is enough to deter any prudent man from offering himself to any constituency whatever.

It does not seem to be generally recognised that these laws are directly antagonistic to all the legitimate influence of property and position. In fact, the present state of our election law is totally opposed to the good old-fashioned idea that local men and neighbours are the best men to return to Parliament. On the contrary, it is dangerous for such men to come forward as candidates. Any service done or any kindness shown to electors of the constituency is liable to be twisted into a corrupt practice; and any subscription or support to an association which advocates a candidate's political views may be held to constitute that association his agents, and may void his seat in consequence of acts with which he has had nothing whatever to do. Two points, indeed, are to be noticed with regard to the petitions to which we allude, and they are points of the greatest importance to all concerned. The first is, that whilst a candidate who has a certain or at all events a good chance of being elected is

obliged to act with the most extraordinary caution, and cannot even thus secure himself from the trifling misconduct of some so-called agent, any one who has comparatively little chance of success is by no means under the same restrictive obligations. No one is likely to institute any proceedings against an unsuccessful candidate, and, not having won the seat, no petition can be presented against him by those who have defeated him at the polls. He may therefore proceed almost as he pleases, practically secure of immunity from punishment, and may greatly strengthen himself for another appeal to the constituency at a future time. In the case of Rochester it came out in evidence that the Radical party had given two conversazioni, and that the advertisement of the Conservative meetings of the same description was couched in precisely the same words as that of their opponents. But as the latter did not claim the seat, no evidence could be offered as to the character of their entertainments. It is true that the Conservative party did not impute corrupt practices to the Liberal conveners of these gatherings; but it is difficult to believe that the conversazioni of the two political parties were of such a widely different character and complexion that one could be construed as corrupt whilst the other could claim all the attributes of purity. The law, however, contents itself with an exhaustive inquiry into acts purporting to have been done with corrupt intention by the party which has gained the seat, and excludes the evidence which might prove their opponents to be equally offenders against its stringent provisions.

The second point is certainly of

no less importance than that to which we have alluded. It is the unfortunate fact that the judges who are charged with the administration of the Corrupt Practices Prevention Acts do not agree in their interpretation of these statutes. It is impossible to read with any care the evidence which has been given, and the judgments which have been delivered, without perceiving that this is the case. Not only upon minor points, but upon such as materially affected the seat which has been questioned, there have been differences of opinion which of themselves go far to prove the difficulty of interpretation, which renders the just and equal administration of the law almost an impossibility. Broadly speaking, it is beyond the powers of an ordinary mind to discover any just principle or reasonable hypothesis why the elections for Walsall, Hexham, and Rochester should have been declared void, whilst those for Worcester, Stepney, and the Montgomery District of Burghs should have been allowed to stand. In the latter constituency, indeed, the sitting member was only saved "by the skin of his teeth," one judge being inclined to unseat him, whilst the other saw no sufficient reason to do so.

A careful perusal of the evidence in all these cases will convince most men of impartial mind that no systematic corruption of the constituency was proved in any case, and that whether the sitting member lost or retained his seat depended upon the view which the judges happened to take of the manner in which the technicalities of the law had in his particular case ensnared him in their meshes, or had been successfully avoided. Should any one doubt the correctness of this view, let him turn to the Walsall case, where Mr James

lost his seat, as we have already pointed out, because his agent had paid a sum under £5 for certain cards, which were held to contravene the Corrupt Practices Acts, as being "marks of distinction." The payment was undoubted, equally undoubted was the fact that the agent, who was unfortunately without experience of election law, had no corrupt intention whatever; but the judges, after full deliberation, came to the conclusion that this payment must be fatal to the sitting member. In apparently direct contradiction of this theory, the judges decided in the Stepney case that payment for banners, which beyond question was an illegal payment, might be excused as an inadvertence, and one of them observed that some sections of the Act "made ample provision for unintentional lapses, and enabled the judges to excuse them." So the payment for banners was excused, whilst the payment for hat-cards was held inexcusable, and Mr Justice Hawkins declared that he would not give relief for such a breach of the law, even if he could. Of course we have not the slightest intention of impugning the wisdom of any of her Majesty's judges, or of casting a doubt upon the accuracy of their interpretation of difficult sections in an Act bristling with points of doubtful construction. But in an Act which provides for the infliction of heavy penalties, both upon individuals and localities, it reflects little credit upon its framers that such sections should exist; and surely when they are found to exist, the construction should be preferred which is most favourable to the person against whom grave charges are made, and who is not allowed to retaliate upon his accusers, unless they claim the seat for their own candidate.

One natural and therefore certain result of the stringent interpretations which have been put in force against sitting members in the cases we have mentioned, is a popular feeling against any future attempt to obtain greater purity of election by proceedings taken before a tribunal which is compelled by the statute to deal unequally between accuser and accused. Englishmen love fair play and a fair fight; but when two people have fought with the same weapons and one has been victorious, they have no sympathy with the shabby fellow who cannot bear his defeat like a man, but tries to deprive his opponent of the fruits of victory by an appeal to the doubtful intricacies of the law. Such a man may indeed be successful for the moment, but he creates a feeling against himself and his party which tells against him in the future, and is regarded with disapproval and contempt by fair-dealing and honourable men. Moreover, he deals a blow at the healthy state of public feeling, which in English elections has generally enabled men to differ widely upon political matters without any difference in personal friendship, and has known where to draw the line between a system of corruption and bribery which is base in itself and demoralising in its effects, and the open-hearted and open-handed conviviality which in past times has so often prevailed on both sides at our contested elections. The introduction of the ballot, indeed, and the abolition of open nominations, have done much to alter the character of the old English contested elections, and it may be doubted whether the alteration has been altogether in the direction of improvement.

The ballot, of course, has to a certain extent, though by no means entirely, put an end to the intimidation of the voter; but as far as bribery is concerned, it may be confidently stated that it has done but little towards its repression. With regard to this "secret" system of voting, however, the late election petition trials have furnished us with some amusing instances of its operation. The incident of the Greenock contest is fresh in the recollection of our readers. The Gladstonian candidate was announced to be returned with a majority of forty-four votes over Sir Thomas Sutherland, the late Unionist sitting member. The election happened to be one of the earliest, and the supposed result was made the most of by the Gladstonians, and doubtless did some service to their cause in Scotland. But fortunately it was discovered that in one of the polling divisions more voters had polled than were upon the electoral roll. Inquiry followed; a re-count was made, and the Unionist was found to have been elected by fifty-five votes. But although it was proved that wrong had been done, and the votes miscounted, the mistake was stated to be incomprehensible, and to this day no one knows how it occurred, or who was to blame. An uncomfortable feeling remains behind that what was so nearly successful in one constituency may have been attempted and succeeded in others, and a distrust in the secrecy and certainty of the ballot has been inevitably engendered.

Two other weaknesses in the system have also come to light. In the central division of Finsbury, the Gladstonian Mr Naoroji had defeated the Unionist sitting member, Captain Penton, by five votes, and a scrutiny was de-

manded, which terminated in the retention of his seat by the sitting member, after many votes on both sides had been struck off the poll. But the remarkable fact was, that the working of the ballot was illustrated in a peculiar manner. The counsel for each candidate had to object to persons believed to have voted for the other side, and who were alleged to be disqualified. Of course every inquiry was made, and every precaution taken on both sides, to ascertain that the voter to whom objection was taken had voted against the party who objected to him. Nevertheless, in a number of cases, voters were objected to by the candidate for whom they had voted, the manner in which the vote had been given not being allowed to be disclosed until the validity of the vote had been established or disproved. Notably in one or two instances, Captain Penton's agents objected to men who had apparently taken an active part on the other side, but who, when their votes had been declared bad, turned out to have voted for Captain Penton. Two things were therefore noticeable in these proceedings. One, that in case of a scrutiny, the "secrecy" of the ballot disappears: the other, that lying and deceit are the natural consequences of the supposed secrecy, and certainly exist, under the ballot, as its opponents always declared would be the case. A singular proof of the latter statement came to our knowledge with reference to the contest for a certain division of an English county at the general election just passed. The Unionist candidate, arriving somewhat late at the counting of the votes, found to his surprise that the provisions of the Ballot Act, which enjoin that the ballot-papers from all the districts shall

be mixed together before the counting commences, were being disregarded, and the counting was going on according to the districts. It so happened, therefore, that at the table near which the candidate stood, he saw that a small district was being counted, not containing more than about 150 votes, and as the counting went on, he could easily see the way in which the votes had been given, though, of course, he had no knowledge of the names of the voters. Curiously enough, the agent who was responsible for this district had again and again assured the candidate that there was therein a majority of three to one in his favour, according to the canvass, and that, whatever other districts might do, this one was absolutely reliable and certain. It was therefore with some surprise that the candidate, whilst watching the count, saw that the votes were as nearly equal as possible between himself and his opponent. He was fortunate enough to win the seat, but learned a lesson as to the ballot which will probably induce him to mistrust its results still more in the case of a future contest.

It is, we fear, too true that the facility with which a man may break his promise and deceive his neighbour under the system of secret voting, has a distinctly demoralising effect upon the character of a people. This, however, may perhaps be considered a trifling weakness in the system of secret voting, for which its advantages may compensate. This can scarcely be said of the way in which the illiterate voter question has been dealt with in Ireland, which is another weakness disclosed by the recent trials of petitions. The course taken by the priests in the Irish elections which have been the subject of trial will

probably have opened the eyes of the British public to a considerable extent, and will have shown them that the excesses frequently attributed to these reverend gentlemen have hardly been exaggerated in the recital. The number of illiterate voters in Irish elections has always been the subject of some surprise to those who had looked into the question, and instituted a numerical comparison between the illiterates of England, Scotland, and Ireland. But it seems to be established beyond a doubt that the Irish priests have exceedingly well understood how to turn the illiterate clauses to good account, and that recalcitrant or doubtful voters who were suspected of a desire or intention to escape from the priestly domination and dictation under the secrecy of the ballot, have been deprived of the protection which the law was intended to give them, and have been forced to falsely declare themselves illiterate, in order that their votes might be taken openly, and the priests might secure their support for the nominee of the Clerical party. This weakness of the ballot system is of course only a part of the extravagances and excesses which have been proved to have occurred in these controverted Irish elections, and which have beyond doubt taken place in many more in which the returns have not been questioned. It is hardly possible to conceive a more melancholy state of things than that which this exposure has shown to the world. No one, indeed, can understand how such things have been possible, excepting those who know the intense veneration with which a Catholic regards his priest, and the magnitude of the power which the spiritual adviser can exercise over him. We write with

no disrespect of their religion when we say that those who misuse such power incur an enormous responsibility, and that all that is good and wise in the Church of Rome must protest against that misuse as hostile to the best interests of religion. We have seen evidence given of physical violence again and again employed by priests, even against the female members of their flock; of deliberate attempts made to induce ignorant girls to sign statements which they knew to be untrue; and of denunciations against their opponents, delivered in the churches and chapels, in no measured language. A curious feature in the petition against Michael Davitt's election for North Meath was the admission that, after the Parnell divorce case, a meeting, attended by thirty-five priests, passed a resolution in favour of Mr Parnell's leadership; and it was not until after Mr Gladstone's action in the matter that a change in their opinion had taken place of so serious a character that they were eventually found among the supporters of Mr Davitt on the day of election, and denouncing as "worse than adulterers" the supporters of the policy of Mr Parnell. The pastoral of Bishop Nulty, wherein he virtually claimed for himself and his priests the right to dictate to their congregations their political faith, was fatal to those candidates in whose interest it was issued, although but little good will have been effected unless some alteration is made in the law which permits priests to play the part which they have recently played in Ireland. The illiterate voter dodge, now that it has been discovered, must be rendered impossible for the future; and if measures are taken to prevent clerical presence and interference in the

polling-booths, whether as agents or spectators, no one can justly complain of restrictions which have been proved to be absolutely necessary in the interests of freedom of election.

So far, indeed, as the Irish elections are concerned, there cannot be much complaint of the working of the Corrupt Practices Act. It must, however, be remembered that the Irish and English petitions have dealt with a different category of subjects, and that the decisions in the one country have, as a matter of fact, very little to do with the other. It is a distinct gain to the whole community that the conduct of the Irish priests should be exposed, and their monstrous claim to dictate to their flocks in political as well as in religious matters should be disallowed in the plainest and most practical manner. This gain would be great, indeed, without taking any account as to the political party which might happen to reap the immediate advantage. But the Acts which have sufficed to do justice in Ireland certainly appear to have worked out a different result on this side the Channel. It is to be feared that in many cases of petitions against returns, party rancour and personal spite have had far more to do with the matter than any real desire to obtain purity of election. It is impossible not to suspect the presence of such discreditable motives when we see, as we have seen, the utter breakdown of three-fourths of the charges brought against sitting members, even in the cases in which the latter have been unseated. It is impossible not to come to the conclusion that these petitions have been presented not from any knowledge nor even from any suspicion on the part of the petitioner that any

real or general corruption had existed, but from the petty and contemptible hope that the successful candidate might be tripped up by some of the technical snares with which the Corrupt Practices Acts are overlaid. Once more we must repeat the opinion which has been frequently and repeatedly expressed by those who have studied these Acts, that it is almost impossible for the most innocent man to escape the pitfalls with which they abound. Such being the case, the greatest temptation is held up before the eyes of unscrupulous partisans to make use of these Acts for the purpose of entrapping political antagonists.

In connection with this part of the subject we cannot help calling attention to the disgraceful petition presented against the leader of the Unionist party in the House of Commons. The appearance of the defeated separatist candidate (Professor Munro) at the trial, the nature of the evidence adduced, and the language of the leading Gladstonian journal upon Mr Balfour's "escape," all tend to show that this was a petition regarded with favour if not originated by the Gladstonian leaders. To have procured the absence of Mr Balfour during the early debates of the coming session, would have indeed been worth a great deal to the ministerial front bench, but it was scarcely worth the price of the forfeiture of the respect of all high-minded and honourable men. The fear of this loss, if no other reason existed, should have deterred men of position and self-respect from giving countenance to a baseless and unworthy attack upon their chief political opponent. It is true that the attack miserably failed; it is undeniable that Mr Balfour has emerged from

the inquiry not only unscathed, but triumphantly vindicated from the smallest reproach, whilst his opponents have been convicted of the procuring of evidence which the judges emphatically disbelieved, and to which no honest man could give a moment's credence. But the fact remains that the dirty attack was made by a section of the Manchester Gladstonians; and that the shame and disgrace of having striven to trip up the adversary whom they could not fairly defeat must rest upon that party, and upon those who could have prevented, but did not choose to prevent, the shabby action of their local followers.

It may be a subject of pride to the Unionist party that upon their side no petition has been presented to which such an object could be attributed. We confess, however, that we think it only sound policy in such a case to fight our opponents with their own weapons, and if fishing petitions were presented on the Radical side, it appears to us a want of good management on the part of our Conservative organisation that they were not met by similar tactics. We could name off-hand several constituencies in which rumours were rife with regard to doubtful expenditure on behalf of Gladstonian candidates; and looking to the nature of the evidence brought in support of the petitions presented against Unionists, we are confident that such vigorous and wise strategy would have caused the abandonment of the petitions against our friends at a very early stage, and the consequent saving of the three seats which have been sacrificed to the stringency of the existing law. Of course it is possible that a more general corruption than has been proved may still be shown to have existed, if in any

of the cases which have been tried a further and more rigid inquiry should be hereafter instituted. But in no case has general corruption as yet been proved, and every unseated English candidate has been personally acquitted of evil-doing, and has fallen a victim to technical errors which have only been corrupt in a legal but not in a moral sense, and to the harsh provisions of a statute which has imposed penalties upon acts which under the old law were not offences which voided the seat, because the old law was wiser and juster than the new-fangled statute, which lays so many traps for the innocent.

It must not be supposed that in these remarks we are intending to pose as the advocates of corruption, or to defend the conduct of rich men who deliberately employ their wealth in the purchase of seats in Parliament by corrupt and illegal practices. But we contend that, in the attempt to prevent such practices, the existing Acts go a great deal too far in the other direction, and operate as a direct hindrance to the future candidature of men of position and character. Such men are of course the very best that could be chosen by a constituency; and it is a distinct evil that they should be deterred from becoming candidates. But the labour of a member of the House of Commons in our times is no child's play; and many men who, for the sake of their political principles, or from a patriotic desire to take their share of public duty, would be prepared to enter Parliament, will doubtless henceforth hesitate to take a step which exposes them to penal consequences against which no precaution of their own can shield them. After the recent trials, it is not too much to say

that no candidate can be sure when his responsibility as a candidate begins; what is and what is not an illegal practice; and who is and who is not his agent in the corrupt practices sense of the word. Moreover, there are many men who, seeing that, even when personally acquitted of the gross charges brought against them, they are not protected by that acquittal from a sentence of seven years' deprivation of the right to sit in Parliament for the constituency of their choice, will shrink from exposing themselves to the possibility of such a result.

The same considerations will not have the same weight with the carpet-bagger candidate, or with the race of mushroom politicians so unhappily numerous under our existing system. These men are actuated by motives and designs of a widely different nature. A seat in Parliament is to them a distinct rise in the social scale; it brings them nearer to the notoriety for which they pant, and without which they cannot emerge from the dull level of the mediocrity to which they naturally belong, and even a seven years' suspension from the privilege of serving some particular constituency in Parliament would not be without some compensation to them in the share of notoriety which it would confer. No doubt the attempt to suppress corrupt practices is a wholesome thing. Certainly it is well that the enforced reduction of election expenses should place poor men in a position of greater equality with richer candidates, and give to constituencies a wider choice of representatives; and beyond question it is a desirable and patriotic object to raise the tone of public morality, and establish among our people a laudable desire that polit-

ical contests should be carried on upon the highest and purest principles. But it should always be recollected that when men aim at the impossible, they frequently leave matters in a worse position than if they had been content with some more humble but more practical attempt. Let us ask ourselves, then, whether we are not really aiming at the impossible when we attempt to induce the great body of the electors of Great Britain to look upon a contested election in the light in which alone it is regarded by the estimable and high-principled politicians, to whom it appears as the time at which grave constitutional questions are to be decided by the free votes of an enlightened electorate. British voters to a very large extent regard an election under an entirely different aspect. To them it is a holiday and day of pleasure, and all the efforts of agents and canvassers fail to awaken them to the due sense of the responsibility of their position. Many of them care little for politics on one side or the other; many vote red or blue because they have always voted for that colour, without any very definite idea of the political principles which it may happen to represent; many more have the opinion firmly rooted in their minds that they are obliging the gentleman for whom they vote, and that to drink a glass of beer at his expense is nothing more than a right and proper incident in a contested election. It is a task next to impossible to elevate the minds of these men to the altitude attained by our purity theorists, and before we can do so we must effect a vast and complete change in the national character. Of course we do not deny the existence of earnest and sin-

cere politicians, on either side, among all classes of electors. There are very many who would for no earthly consideration give a vote otherwise than according to the opinions which they have formed upon the political questions of the day. But with the mass of the voters this is not the case, and they are influenced rather by personal than by political considerations. There are certainly occasions upon which appeals to class interests overpower everything else, and these appeals are made by unscrupulous men whenever the occasion serves. But in the case of the great majority of ordinary elections, it is influence of some sort or another which decides the contest; and the main result of all the laws aimed at undue influence and corrupt practices has been to diminish the legitimate influence of character, position, and property, and to increase the influence of mob-oratory, inflammatory harangues, and all that is unhealthy and baneful in political warfare. We are ourselves cognisant of cases in which votes have been obtained for Gladstonian candidates by means of statements utterly at variance with the truth, and of gross misrepresentations of the actions and conduct of the Unionist candidate and of the party to which he belonged. This was surely an influence upon the voters, one of a base and unworthy kind, and which had its mischievous effect. It appears to us that this is a far more grave offence against purity of election than the payment for refreshments at a *conversazione* or for cards to be placed in the hats of supporters; and yet, whilst punishment follows the lesser sin, the greater crime—for such it is—remains untouched, and will doubtless be repeated when occasion

requires. If the real object of our purists is to elevate the standard of political morality in our country, surely the best and most efficacious means would be to proceed against the slanderers, false witnesses, and misrepresentation-mongers, by treating their conduct as an offence against public morals, and subjecting them to pains and penalties such as would rightly fall upon those who had been convicted of pouring venomous poison into the public ear.

The continuance of the present Corrupt Practices Acts and the severity with which they visit unimportant deviations from the line laid down by law, may very likely, as we have observed, create a mischievous reaction in the public mind. A large portion of the public regard bribery (unless gross and systematic) at elections in much the same light as smuggling used to be considered in days gone by, and as public sympathy went largely with the smugglers, so will it inevitably go with those convicted and punished under the Corrupt Practices Act, if the punishments continue to bear the appearance of being so much more than adequate to the offence committed. There is, however, another view to be taken of this matter. The success which has attended some of the recent petitions may tend to bring about a state of things which will be little less than a public scandal. The decisions of the judges have left some points of the law so uncertain, and other points so evidently dependent upon the construction which one judge or another may put upon them, that the greatest encouragement has been given to the manufacture of speculative or fishing petitions in the future. At this moment the Unionist party is suffering from having

refrained from countenancing petitions of such a character. But it cannot be expected that this forbearance will continue. Indeed it ought not to do so, for no one doubts that many honourable gentlemen of the Gladstonian party who now write M.P. after their names would have been in no small peril of their seats if they had been exposed to the same changes and chances and the same rigorous interpretation of the Corrupt Practices Act which have forfeited the seats at Walsall, Hexham, and Rochester. It is, indeed, very questionable whether, in the vast majority of the contests at the late general election, payments were not made which, according to the recent decisions, were illegal payments, and which, if made by agents, would have unseated the members in the event of a petition.

If one result of the recent election petitions should be to increase the number of petitions in the future, we shall doubtless before long arrive at some uniformity in the interpretation of the law, which may render the decisions more equal, and therefore more equitable than they hitherto appear to have been. But let us ask ourselves whether there is not some improvement to be made in the law before another general election threatens to bring upon us a host of petitions, exciting ill-blood and causing bitterness and ill-feeling from one end of the country to the other. Is there no method by which, without avoiding a fair and full inquiry where such may be necessary, the presentation of speculative petitions may be stayed, and, what is more important by far, justice may be done and injustice avoided in the trials? We have seen it suggested as a remedy that only the defeated candidate

should be allowed to petition, and that in all cases he should be compelled to claim the seat, in which case the court would be entitled to investigate the proceedings of both sides throughout the contest. This would, of course, prevent the gross injustice by which under the present law only the action and behaviour of one side are investigated, and the other side escape scot-free because they have not claimed the seat, although it is quite possible that they have been guilty of more irregularities, and have infringed the law to a far greater extent than their opponents. There are, however, objections to this proposed alteration of the law which seem to altogether outweigh its possible advantages. In the first place, people are supposed to petition Parliament when they have suffered wrong; and in the case of a parliamentary election won by bribery and corruption, it is not only the defeated candidate, but the constituency itself, which suffers wrong, and upon no fair principle could we deny the right of petitioning to the electors of the constituency and reserve it to the individual candidate. The objection, moreover, does not rest here. It might very well happen that a candidate who had fought and lost his election might not be disposed to throw good money after bad by embarking upon the expensive luxury of a petition. Moreover, the presentation of a petition is seldom a popular proceeding in any constituency, and a beaten man who intended to try his luck again might reasonably be averse to incur unnecessary odium by following such a course. It would obviously be unfair, therefore, both to the candidate and the constituency, that the right of petition should be limited in the manner proposed.

It strikes us, however, that without any such limit a great practical improvement in the existing law might be effected. The main object, as we understand it, of all this election law is to secure that the real feeling of the constituencies has been expressed, and the candidate returned who really represents the wishes of the majority of the voters. This being the case, it seems to us a foolish and unjust thing to unseat a member for a few isolated acts which a judge declares to have been illegal, unless the same judge is able also to declare that he has formed from the evidence the opinion that these acts had the effect of causing a candidate to be elected who would otherwise have been defeated. In the Corrupt Practices Act very great latitude is given to the judges, especially in the interpretation of certain sections, and in the question whether they can, and whether they will, give relief to accused persons from the consequences entailed upon them by acts which have been declared to be illegalities. That which we recommend is not so much a curtailment of the power of the judges as a direction of its application. To unseat a member it should not be sufficient merely to show illegal payments or corrupt practices by agents, but it should be necessary to prove to the judges' satisfaction that there was a fair probability at least that the result of the election had been affected by these practices and payments. For instance, it was not proved, nor was there any pretence of proving, that either at Walsall or at Rochester the result of the election would have been different if the Conservative party had abstained from conversazioni in the one case and cards in the other. No one for a moment supposes, or pretends to suppose,

that the penny sandwiches at Rochester, or the unlucky hat-cards at Walsall, influenced votes to any extent, or converted into a majority that which would otherwise have been only a minority of votes. If this be so, it follows that the few voters who might by remote possibility have been influenced by the cards and the sandwiches disfranchised and despoiled of their representative a majority of their co-electors whose hats and stomachs rose superior or were not exposed to the temptation. The injustice of the position is only equalled by its absurdity, and both might have been escaped if the duty had been imposed upon the judges of declaring whether in their opinion the result of the election had been affected by the practices proved. If they could honestly have done this, no one would have had the right to complain; but if, on the other hand, they had felt themselves in fairness bound to report that, although certain illegalities had been proved, there was no reason to doubt that the majorities of 316 in one case, and 407 in the other, fairly indicated the opinion of the two constituencies, common-sense and common justice would have agreed that the sitting members should keep their seats. They would have had fair warning of the manner in which doubtful provisions of the Act might be construed by learned judges, and would doubtless have been alive to the necessity of greater caution in the future. Meanwhile in each case the public scandal would have been avoided of a majority deprived of its representative without the slightest proof that the result of the election had been secured by illegal means, and all lovers of justice and fair play would have been fully satisfied.

As the law now stands it cannot

be said that this is the case. The result of the recent trials has really satisfied nobody, and a general impression has been left behind that the success or failure of a petition is very much a matter of chance. This is not as it should be. The position, however, cannot be altered as long as the loss or retention of a seat is allowed to depend upon the infringement of some petty point in the law, which really exercises no influence upon the result of the election. A broader view must be taken by the election judges; and if such a view cannot be taken under the existing law, that law should be altered so as to permit it. The paucity of petitions after the late general election has been made the subject of newspaper congratulations to the electorate upon the purity which attends our political contests as compared with those of former times, and laudation of the high moral standard which is prevalent among our public men. It is possible, however, that the number of petitions presented against returns to Parliament may depend upon other causes than the existence and recognition of the exalted public virtue upon which we are so ready to pride ourselves. The largeness of constituencies militates to some considerable extent against the old coarse system of money payments for votes, and it is possible that the secrecy of the ballot may tend in the same direction, by making it difficult for the recipient of the bribe to prove that he has fulfilled the promise in respect of which he received it. In old times, moreover, in restricted constituencies and under the system of open voting, detection of bribery was easier, and the temptation to petition was therefore greater, than it is to-day, or rather than it has been up to the

time of the recent trials. In any case, while we believe it impossible to put an end to the influence which, in some shape or another, a man will exercise over his neighbour, we do not doubt that, for good or evil, that influence has been diminished by recent legislation. It will be a distinct misfortune if the working of this legislation is rendered unpopular either by its stringency or by the inequality of its operation. When there has been a hard battle in a constituency, and one of the candidates has obtained a fair majority, the general feeling of the local public is to let him enjoy his victory, and not to stir up ill-blood and rancour by endeavours to reverse the decision of the electors by legal process. When such process is resorted to by defeated partisans, public feeling will not sustain them unless they are able to show some abnormal corruption, and to bring home to their victorious opponents illegal practices of a nature and to an extent beyond any which they themselves have countenanced. But when, having failed in such an attempt, they succeed in depriving the sitting member of his seat on account of practices which were barely illegal, of which he was not personally cognisant, and which did not really affect the result of the election, local opinion is justly offended, the severity of the law is condemned, and the offence against public morality and the

common sense of justice is infinitely greater than any of which the victimised member has been guilty. Of the measure of such guilt as his there will always be two opinions. It is as easy to exaggerate as to minimise that guilt.

But let legislators make as many Acts of Parliament as they please, they will never succeed in framing one which will prevent the exercise of influence at political elections. The vulgar influence of bribes given in money or in meat and drink may indeed be detected, but there are other influences of a still more pernicious kind which are tolerably certain of impunity. These Corrupt Practices Acts, then, if they are to be sustained, must be administered with a greater impartiality than their provisions appear at present to allow. By all means let there be rigid inquiry where general corruption is alleged to have been practised, but let it be an inquiry which will deal with both sides; and when, after all, it is shown that in spite of any possible illegalities on one side or the other, it is practically certain that the result has been that which was desired by the majority of the electors, let there be power to refuse to disturb a verdict of that description, and to discourage a class of election petitions which discredit those who originate them, and which, in the majority of cases, are only the outcome of personal spite and political rancour.

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THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE RENAISSANCE FLORENTINES.

It is not easy to form an idea of what the city of Florence was like in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. To those who look down on her from one of those heights that form so beautiful a crown around her ramparts, and which to-day are covered with innumerable gardens gay with flowers, but which then were dark with densely foliaged trees, bushes, and jungles, she would have appeared a gloomy mass of battle-mented towers, encompassed by walls and bulwarks. The public buildings that we admire to-day, the graceful cupolas of the churches, the bell-towers whose voices repeat the heart-beats of a nation, did not yet stand out against a background of deep-blue sky like the huge masts of a mighty vessel. The third cincture of walls that enclosed the city, whose demolition our own day has witnessed, was not yet completed, and Arno

flowed where now stands the Piazza di Santa Croce, issuing from the Ponte a Rubaconte and the Castle of Altafronte. This was in the early times of the fourteenth century, when the little Church of Santa Reparata was still extant, and the very name of Santa Maria del Fiore was unknown. In the place where later stood the *loggia* of Or San Michele, the corn-market was held; the tower begun by Giotto, and called after his name, had not yet been carried up to the last tier of windows by Francesco Talenti; only on the tower of the Palazzo dei Priori the great bell of the people, known as the Vacca, already bellowed forth its deep brazen tones, evoking the echoes of the sweet voice of liberty. The miniatures of Biadajolo, the frescoes of the Bigallo, barely give a notion of the Florence of those days. They are rather fanciful

representations made at a period when perspective was still unknown; and the brilliant red roofs contrast too vividly in tone with the forest of towers that intertwine and seem to mount one on the top of the other. The painting by Domenico di Michelino that can still be seen in the Duomo, endeavours to show the Florence of Dante, whose figure is a conspicuous object in the very centre of the picture; but this also is a fancy Florence, imaginary like the "Purgatorio" and "Inferno" which the artist has painted close beside it. A more recent view of the city can be seen in the "Assumption of the Virgin" by Botticelli, painted for Matteo Palmieri, and now in the English National Gallery. The subject was taken from Palmieri's poem "La città di Vita," and the painting was at the time considered almost heretical, because the artist had depicted the Virgin as received into the glory of heaven, surrounded by a sublime vision of female angels. But the landscape that serves as a background to this marvellous composition is so lost in the distance and in the shadows of a golden twilight, that it does not help us much in our quest. It is only later on that our desire is gratified, when we can see a plan of the city as it appeared at the end of the fifteenth century in the 'Chronicles of Nuremberg.'

But in order faithfully to picture Florence from the thirteenth century to the glorious days of the Renaissance, when the treasures that her merchants had garnered from all parts of the world were poured forth for the creation of immortal monuments, following up the traditions of art inaugurated by Arnolfo, Giotto, and Orcagna,—to picture these scenes, which should

be peopled with figures of artisans, merchants, women, friars, monks, jugglers, hawkers, poets, story-tellers, men-at-arms, rustics, pages, knights, that crowd the canvas—to give an even incomplete idea of the history of the Florentine people, that from medieval manners upraised themselves to the polish of the Renaissance,—to do this would be the work of an artist who was at the same time an archæologist and a poet. Nor would this suffice. But until this artist arise, if ever it be possible, who shall thus teach us by sight, we must content ourselves with tasting only such palatable bits as can be extracted from old books of reminiscences, domestic chronicles, and private correspondence, from story-tellers and poets, from dusty archives and forgotten records. Here embedded are many interesting particulars, many anecdotes, many items of news that help to give an insight into the life of that time, so remote even from our imagination.

In the narrow crowded streets, beside the massive stone palaces secure as fortresses, with their embattled towers rising proudly above their heads, crouched little low houses with thatched roofs and windows covered with oiled linen in lieu of glass. These houses were always exposed to danger by fire, wherefore Paolo di Ser Pace da Certaldo, a writer of the fourteenth century, whose interesting record lies unpublished in the Riccardiana Library, counselled that the people should always keep ready twelve large sacks, "in which to put your things whenever there is a fire in your vicinity or anywhere even near to you or in your house, and also thick cord to reach from the roof to the ground, so as to enable you to escape from the window."

The dusty streets were never swept, except by the water that ran like a rivulet in and out of the gutters, in which, as Sacchetti tells us in his famous "novels," those animals especially protected by Sant' Antonio used to grubble, "after which they will pay visits in the neighbouring houses, bringing with them dirt, confusion, and disorder." Not that these houses were patterns of cleanliness. They were swept once a-week, on Saturdays; on other days the refuse was tossed under the bed, where could be found a little of everything, such as fruit-parings, cores, bones, plucked chickens, and live fowls, cackling geese, and an abundance of cobwebs. These were just the modest dwellings of a people satisfied with very little, who thought more of gain than of the comforts and luxuries of daily life,—people pertaining to good families, nevertheless, but who passed their time shooting and hunting in the country over their own lands. Sometimes, however, they were also inhabited by upstarts, who endeavoured to enrich themselves by arts and trades. The grandfather of Messer Lapo da Castiglionchio, who lived on the threshold of Messer Riccardo da Quona, beyond the Colonnine, which now stand in the Via dei Benci, and where at that time was one of the city gates, used to have this gate closed for him every night by an old woman, a good faithful servant, who afterwards deposited the key for him in his bedroom, so primitive were the manners.

But Florence meanwhile was gradually growing as the prosperity of her citizens augmented. The old houses with thatched roofs were often burnt down. When a fire broke out, the whole population was excited, and every one had to be under arms and on

guard. Even the Signoria, to destroy with the least expense the houses of their adversaries whom they had perchance banished from the city, used to set them aflame, and then pay the damages the fire might have caused to innocent neighbours. And passions burnt as hotly as fire. The quarrels, riots, feuds, *vendette*, that were incessant, dyed the streets red with blood, while the triumphs in these frays were celebrated with feasts and banqueting. The Commune, a proud and haughty Signoria, quickly offended too, and ready to strike, redoubled its forces in order to subdue its foes. This achieved, the merchants of the conquering city celebrated a new species of triumph; they led their mules, laden with the cloths of Calimara, the silks of Por Santa Maria, across the plains and mountains that a short time before had been scoured by the horse and foot soldiers of their army. The traders following hard upon the footsteps of their less peaceable neighbours, bore the gold of Florence and its manufactures to the city, under whose walls had but lately waved the banner that bore the symbolic ensign of this great free people.

The Mercato Vecchio was then the heart of Florence, and seemed to the Florentines the most beautiful piazza in the world. Whoever reads its praises in the pages of Antonio Pucci, or searches among the tales of Franco Sacchetti for the chronicles of daily life, can form an idea of a life that was contented to enact itself upon so small a stage. Here, on this the true emporium of Florentine commerce, were gathered together shopkeepers, merchants, doctors, idlers, gamblers, rustics, apothecaries, rogues, maid-servants, courtiers, beggars, huxters, and gay bands

of spendthrifts. Here, too, were to be found merchandise of every sort and kind; fresh meat, fruit, cheese, vegetables, game, poultry, linen, flowers, pottery, barrels, and second-hand furniture. The street-boys, mischievous and quick-tongued even then, took up their permanent abode there, as if it were their proper home; here, too, rats held perpetual carnival. In short, people and things from all parts of the then known globe were gathered together in this tiny space. No day passed that some disturbance did not occur, some quarrel, some alarm. Thus a horse became obstreperous, and every person shouted at the top of their voices for help, "Accorr'uomo"; the Piazza dei Signori was filled up with the run-aways, the palace-door was hastily shut, the family armed itself, and so did the followers of the captain and of the executioner; some for very fear hid under their beds, to come out after the tumult had subsided covered with dirt and cobwebs. Two mules pecked at by crows would begin to kick and jump over the stalls of the sellers. Once again all the shops were hastily shut, and serious quarrels would arise between the linen-draper and the butchers on account of the harm done by these infuriated beasts. Sometimes even graver disputes arose. Gamblers and keepers of gaming-tables would come to blows, and such a scene be enacted as is represented in the fresco in the Monastery of Lecceto near Siena. The dice fall on the table in such a manner that one of the players loses; he springs to his feet maddened by the stroke of ill-luck, and stretching out his arms clutches the winner by the throat; the other, pale with fear and anger, seeks in vain for the avenging knife; oaths break out

from the lips of the combatants; the voices of the bystanders, women and children, rise up in fear, "Accorr'uomo." The dense crowd retreats, and when the executioner arrives with his followers, always too late of course—justice, then as now, was never up to time—the victim already lies on the ground in a pool of blood.

Such the dramas, the *faits divers*, of those days, which every now and again disturbed the peace of our ancestors. The burgher storytellers who fulfilled the office of our modern newspapers rarely tell of these cruel acts. They prefer to dwell on the tricks and practical jokes with which the merry folk amused themselves, eternal source of fireside talk when the house-mates were gathered together before the andirons of those huge open hearths, under whose blackened chimneys the family assembled before the hour of putting out the lights should sound, after which whosoever went last to bed would ascertain that the barrels were well closed and the doors and windows tightly shut. They were always ready for a laugh, this people—always ready to forget the terrors of the other world held up to them by their priests, and calculated by their weird horrors to damp the most buoyant spirits. The incredulity of the new age already began to peep forth, mocking at the priests, and also a little at the miracles and many like impostures. The mockers and scoffers who laughed at others, and sought to deceive their neighbours and the world, called themselves "new men," and their mischievous doctrines "new things." The group of people that gathered around the counters of shops and under the *loggie*, that nestled close to the palaces, made the place re-echo with their clear silvery laughter,

to which the knot of whispering women corresponded, who clustered chatting beside their house-doors. The artists, or, as they then called themselves, the artificers, were the most ingenious plotters of practical jokes, concocted between one stroke of the brush and another. The memory of them endured for a long while, so much so that Vasari has incorporated into his *Lives* various of those which the novelists had not consigned into their chronicles of citizen life. "It has ever been that among painters are found new men," says Sacchetti; and Bonamico Buffalmacco, immortalised in the '*Decamerone*,' and the names of Bartolo Goggi, Bruno di Giovanni, Filippo di Ser Brunellesco, Paolo Uccello, and Donatello, recall to our memories tricks played on a certain Calandrino and on the Fat Carpenter, besides many others who were the victims of these merciless high spirits. But the mad wish to joke and laugh was caught also by grander people, and from the workshops of artificers it entered into those of the apothecaries; it took possession of the doctors, of the judges, of the proctors, it even climbed up into the Palace to enliven the dullness of the Priori obliged to stay here shut up far away from wife and child, simple men of simple habits, both men and habits bearing the stamp of ancient boorishness. Thus the whole Signoria slept in one room, a fact that gave occasion for many jokes, that indeed provoked them. So simple, truly, were these *signori*, that it was not uncommon for the provost of the Priori to go himself into the kitchen to broil his own slice of meat. The tricks and pranks played bordered often, it must be owned, on roguery; but a good laugh at the expense of the per-

son who was in the wrong, and on whom the joke had been perpetrated, was considered to put everything square. For in these days, when everybody thought of themselves and of their own interests, public opinion had no pity or compassion on the man who let himself be befooled. By common consent all manner of wily tricks were permitted to merchants, and the Florentine traders were famous for their great cunning. Sacchetti tells what happened to a certain Soccebonel of Friuli who went to buy some cloth from one of them; he measured out four canes, but then managed to steal half the amount. To cover the fraud, the merchant said to Soccebonel, "If you want to do well with this cloth, leave it to soak all night in water, and you will see how excellent it will become." Soccebonel did as he was told, and then took the cloth to the shearer. When he went to fetch it back, he asked how much he had to pay. "It seems to me, nine *braccia*," said the shearer; "therefore give me nine *soldi*." "Nine *braccia*," said the other, "alas! they measure, but the cloth does not grow under their hands." Soccebonel runs to the cutter, runs hither and thither, in his despair. At last he is told that these Florentine cloths do not grow in water, and one man tells him about a person who bought a *braccio* of Florentine cloth, kept it in water, and by next morning it had shrunk so that there was none left.

But whoever searches the mercantile codes amidst the dust of libraries and archives will find that they all concur in condemning such tricks. All of these papers, each of which begins, "In the name of the Father, Amen," are pervaded by instances of good examples, and all breathe excellent

customs, wise saws, and honest rules. Their theoretical precepts were clearly inspired by the most severe morality. One of these sapient scribes says:—

“Bear well in mind that when you pronounce a sentence you go on straightforwardly, loyally, and justly, and do not let yourself be swayed aside from this either by bribes, love, or fear, by relationship or friendship, or for the sake of a companion. For the person against whom you give your sentence will be your enemy, and he whom you would serve will hold you neither honest, nor loyal, nor straightforward; he will, instead, always distrust and despise you.”

Immediately after, a little below, we read:—

“If you have need in trade or in any other business of the friendship of any lord or proprietor, I advise that with carefully chosen presents you curry his favour; watch those who are of his household, above all his secretary, and make friends with him; you can present him with some little thing to his taste, asking help and counsel of him that he may teach you how best to find favour in his master's eyes.”

Nor is this all. Our practical moralist gives yet another useful counsel:—

“When you buy oats, look out that the measure is not filled too quickly, for it will always sink two or three per cent; but when you sell, fill quickly and your oats will grow. . . . Always speak well of the members of the Commune; live in charity with your neighbours, because they always are the first to speak of your affairs, and in honour or dishonour they may make or mar you.”

It was thus these men of yore counselled their sons, who grew up quick-witted and expert in the art of living amid a people who were learned in all the stratagems and wiles of life. What marvel, then, that a preacher, in order to

attract a congregation, and not to speak his words to the desert air, announced that he would proclaim from the pulpit that usury is not a sin? and so he did all through Lent and on Palm-Sunday to a large and attentive congregation. What we moderns term “log-rolling” was the order of the day. Families widened their borders and strengthened their connections by this means, usually favoured by matrimonial alliances, for capital was the one and only basis of safety, and this was upheld by a whole mass of laws and privileges. The father was the despot master of all his personal property. He could leave it to whomsoever he chose, to collateral relations or to some pious foundation, nay, even to those children whom love had brought into his house; and this he could do by will, a matter now impossible in Continental countries, though still possible in England, where the ‘Code Napoléon’ does not obtain. From this fact we can realise the important place that lawyers and clerks then occupied, for disputes about testaments were quite common occurrences. A wife inheriting *ab intestato* had a right only to a fourth of her children's goods, and in reality only to mere nourishment. Everything conspired to preserve the integrity of capital and prevent it from leaving the family, the firm, and the commune. It is a point that cannot be too much insisted on. Inside that society of merchants a greed for gain was the supreme law of every action. It would be useless to look for the sentiment that inspires the modern family, where for woman is reserved so noble a rôle, such honourable and tender offices. Those poor Florentine mothers had to be contented with such humble activity as the tyr-

anny of their husbands permitted to them, and to live, or rather to drag out, their lives in those gloomy squalid houses, taking care of the children, visiting the churches, and confessing to the friars their manifold sins of desire. The daughters—those girls with whom to-day we take such pains—were then never even taught to read. "If it is a girl, put her to sew and not to read; it is not good that a woman should know how to read unless you wish to make her a nun," thus counsels Paolo di Ser Pace da Certaldo. The convents were then, and for centuries after, the sole refuge for these poor wretches. They were also a providence for the prolific families. To have twenty or more children seemed the most natural thing in the world. If they lived it was said, "Heaven be praised;" and if they died, "For everything be heaven praised, Amen." Such were the sentiments of the times. In the memorandas, in domestic chronicles in the time of great mortality, were registered in such terms the deaths as well as the births, with a serenity that to-day to loving mothers would seem cynicism indeed.

These documents also hand down to us indisputable proofs of a singular fact—that is, the intrusion in the family of a new element that obscures the vaunted purity of the morals of those past days. Benevolent critics find an excuse for this because of the great void made by the plague among the city and country dwellers, and because the prospect of small wages was not enough to induce the men and women of the people to go out as domestic servants; hence it was necessary to look to foreign commerce to supply the deficiency. But this reasoning hardly holds. Rather we think it was the trade

with the East, the vagabond life led by the merchants, and their ever-increasing wealth, that caused that traffic in slaves of both sexes which lasted through two centuries, from 1300 onwards. Oriental slaves bought as live goods, generally through Genoese, Venetian, and Neapolitan brokers, were chiefly Tartars, Greeks, Turks, Dalmatians, and Circassians, and do not seem to have been archetypes of beauty. The registers in which the notaries marked down, together with the name and age, the price and description of the wares, "the points" of the necks and faces of the slaves bought and sold, bear witness to this circumstance; nearly all had olive complexions, though some were found who had rosy skins and were florid and fair. The faces never seemed to lack some special and distinctive mark—some were pocked, some had moles, others were scarred; the nose was generally squat and flat, the lips thick and prominent, the eyes dull and small, the foreheads low and freckled. To these pen-sketches made by pedantic and precise lawyers, some portraits correspond that are still extant of these women. In a rare and curious book, the memoranda of Baldovinetti, in which this forebear of the famous painter used to illustrate by drawings his journalistic jottings, there are preserved for us the portraits of three slaves he bought in the years 1377, 1380, 1388: "Dorothea, a Tartar, from Russia, eighteen years or more of age; Domenica, of white skin, from Tartary; and Veronica, sixteen years old, whom I bought almost naked from Bonaroti, son of Simon de Bonaroti"—that is to say, from an ancestor of Michael Angelo. These three—Dorothea, Domenica and Veronica—could,

when a little older, have easily served for models to the future Buonarroti for his "Three Fates." Such women, ugly or beautiful, entered the houses of the rich Florentines to perform the most humble services and to take care of the children. They caused much anxiety on every account to the poor house matrons. Pucci, in one of his sonnets, tells us that the slaves had the best of it in everything, and were above every good match, checkmating their masters. He maliciously explains some reasons, and tells that they often knew how to play ugly tricks on their mistresses, who, as Alessandra Macinghi, the mother of the Strozzi, confessed some years later, would avenge themselves by laying hands on these same slaves. Still, pests though they were, it seems the families could not do without them. They were the nurses, the maids-of-all-work, of their days; and Alessandra wrote to her son Filippo when at Naples: "Let me remind you of the need we have of a slave, for so far we have always had one. If you give orders to have one bought, ask for a Tartar, for they are the best for hard work, and are simple in their ways. The Russians are more delicate and prettier, but according to my judgment a Tartar would be best." Nor could Madonna Alessandra have found any one who could execute her commission better than Filippo, who already had with him for a long while a slave who knew how to work well, and about whom his mother wrote, April 7, 1469: "Andrea as well as Tomaso Ginori, who are now with you, came to see us on Easter Day, and told me many things about your household, and especially about Marina, and the many pretty ways she has with you." And a year

later, in an ironical tone, she says, "I send you the towels; be careful that you do not lose them, and that Madama Marina does not make them disappear;" from which we gather that by cunning and pretty ways these women knew how to win over their masters and become madam. They even obtained, by faithful labour, good behaviour, and general aptitude, many a liberal testamentary bequest. It was yet worse when that bartered blood of Tartars and Russians mixed with that of this pure, ancient, and free race.

But let us return to the chaster atmosphere of the family, in which, with accumulated riches, there entered also, alas! those poisonous germs which later on were destined to corrupt and corrode Italian life and conscience. Between the fourteenth and fifteen centuries a great change occurred. The renovation of manners and customs, already panting towards a freer life, that became entirely unbridled in the Renaissance, had weakened faith and discouraged religion. It seemed as though the people no longer understood any but worldly pleasures. The letters of Mazzei, the good notary of Prato, the wise man of "rough soul and frozen heart," bear witness to this. Ser Lapo was an ascetic spirit, a man of good and ancient faith, and a convinced moralist. In his letters is reflected the rebellious sinner, struggling against the holier tendencies that seek to lead him to a peaceful death and the redemption of his earthly errors. It is the fight between the religious sentiment and the moralistic spirit of the new age that radiated in the glory of the Renaissance, but which, after a wonderful moment of splendour, left behind it in the

souls of Italians a black and deadly void. Out of this darkness the modern man was to arise later on, purified by these centuries of servitude, and matured by many vigils of thought.

But we have again wandered from the family. Let us look in once more upon the Florentine house, out of whose windows "the loving slaves shook the dust from their masters' dress every morning, looking fresher and happier than the rose," as a poem of the period has it—this house where the wife barely passed in happiness even the very first months of her married life: later on she merely numbered the years that sped by the names of the children who grew up around her, each of whom recalled to her one of her husband's long absences, when he had gone away to trade far off beyond the mountains and over the seas. The youthful freshness of these women faded quickly, and as Sacchetti writes, the most beautiful among them in a short time "drooped, degenerated, withered in old age, and at last became a skull." It was but natural that they should try to correct nature by art, and repair the ravages induced by domestic cares; and this not merely from vanity. Even great painters like Taddeo Gaddi and Alberto Arnoldi agreed that the Florentine women were the best artists of all the world.

"Was there ever before them a painter—nay, even a mere dyer—who could turn black into white? Certainly not; for it is against nature. Yet if a face is yellow and pallid, they change it by artificial means to the hue of the rose. One who by nature or age has a skinny figure, they are able to make florid and plump. I do not think Giotto or any other painter could colour better than they do; but what is most wonderful is, that even a face which is out of

proportion, and has goggle eyes, they will make correct, with eyes like to a falcon's. As to crooked noses, they are soon put straight. If they have jaws like a donkey, they quickly correct them. If their shoulders are too large, they plane them; if one projects more than the other, they stuff them so with cotton that they seem in proportion. And so on with breasts and hips, doing all this without a scalpel, so that Polycletus himself could not have rivalled them. The Florentine women are past-mistresses of painting and modelling, for it is plain to see that they restore where nature has failed."

We cannot blame them, nor do we wish to do so. Poor women! this was the only freedom they enjoyed, to masquerade as youthful, happy creatures, to make their faces bright and fresh while their hearts were often weeping at finding themselves supplanted by other women. They also loved to change the fashion and shape of the dresses, and here they were able to give free vent to that ambitious spirit which they possessed no less than their male relatives. The admirers of the past, beginning with Dante, blame them for so much volubility, which irritated even the storytellers and priests, not to mention the husbands, who would willingly have economised on these extravagant expenses of their wives. Sacchetti had much to say on this theme, over which he grows eloquent. He writes in his virtuous indignation how

"some women had their dresses cut so low that the armpit could be seen. They then gave a jump and made the collars come up to their ears. The girls who used to go about so modestly have entirely changed the shape of their hood, so as to reduce it to a cap, and with this head-gear they wear around their necks a collar to which are attached all sorts of little beasts that hang down into their breasts. As for their sleeves, they

can almost be called mattresses. Was there ever invented a more harmful, useless shape? Could a woman wearing those things lift a glass or whatever else from the table without soiling both sleeve and table-cloth, not to mention the tumblers they upset? Their waists, too, are all squeezed in, their arms are covered by their trains, and their throats enclosed with hoods. One would never end if one wished to say everything about these women, beginning with their immeasurable trains. Then their heads are dressed high, and reach up to the roofs; some curl their hair, some plaster it down, and some others powder it. It is enough to make one sick."

It would seem, however, that this craving for the new attacked men as well, and was by no means confined to the weaker sex. Poor Messer Valore di Buondelmonte, an old man cut on the ancient pattern, was forced by his relations to change his hood. Everybody marvelled and stopped him in the street. "Oh, what! is this Messer Valore? I do not know you. What is the matter with you? Have you the mumps?"

At one time it was the fashion to wear such ruffs and wrist-bands that it could be said of the Florentines that they wore water-pipes around their necks and tiles on their arms; whence it happened that Salvestro Brunelleschi, while eating chick-peas with a spoon, instead of putting them into his mouth, put them inside his ruff, and scalded himself. Later on it became fashionable to have the hose divided and crossed in three or four colours. Shoes had very long points, and the legs were so swathed with strings that the wearer could hardly sit down. Most of the youths went without a mantle, and wore their hair down to their shoulders. For the wrist-band a *braccio* of cloth was allowed, and more stuff was put

in a glove than in a hood. The old fashions struggled with the new, the newer, the very newest. Everybody was individually capricious. The Florentine people, inquisitive then as now, liked to behold the new hats, new hoods, new dresses, mantles, and gabardines in which their townsfolk were muffled, so that they hardly recognised each other, and had to scan one another keenly in the face before friend knew friend. It was a veritable masquerade. They finally assumed such proportions that the men, who have always been the law-makers, pondered how they could by legislation put a check upon the "extravagant ornament of the Florentine women." In 1306 and 1333 the Commune promulgated sumptuary laws, reinforced in 1352, 1355, 1384, 1388, 1396, when very severe regulations were added. These had again to be revived in 1439, 1456, and once more in 1562. The clergy thundered from the pulpits, the wise men admonished, and some of them went the length of furnishing regulations to careful mothers about their own dress and that of their daughters. The story-tellers lashed with their wit this immoderate luxury—the result, as they maintained, of female vanity. Meanwhile the other cities of Tuscany and Italy sent to the Florentine merchants for samples "of the above-named goods," and constantly repeated their orders, showing that Florence set the fashion in those days, and that its extravagance in habiliments was eagerly copied outside its walls. At the same time there began a curious contest between the severity of the rigorous legislation and the cunning of the women. These astute ladies did not fight openly; they pretended

to bow their heads and merely appear annoyed, while in reality they waited for the storm to pass. They were too wise; they knew the world too well not to be aware that laws which are too severe remain ever a dead letter. Whenever and howsoever they could, they sought, if not to annul, at least to elude them. Thus, when the Duke of Calabria came to Florence in 1326, the ladies gathered round the duchess, who was a Frenchwoman, Marie de Valois, and obtained from her the concession that a certain thick yellow-and-white silk braid, which they had worn instead of plaits of hair in front of their faces, should be restored to them. "An immodest and unnatural ornament," grumbles Villani, who had observed how the inordinate appetite of women triumphs over reasonable and wise men. Four years after, on the 1st of April 1330, the Florentines deprived their women of every ornament. But even this tempest blew over. Like the women of Flanders, of whom Paradin writes in the '*Annales de Bourgogne*,' when tormented for the same cause by Thomas Cornette, a fanatical Carmelite, they "*relèverent leur cornes, et firent comme les lymacons, lesquels quand ils entendent quelque bruit retirent et resserrent tout bellement leurs cornes; mais, le bruit passé, soudain ils les relèvent plus grandes que devant.*" And an occasion to put forth their horns anew was the coming of the Duke of Athens to Florence in 1342, when the French wore "such wonderfully different dresses," as a contemporary chronicler observes. These were the days when young men clothed themselves in such tight and short kilts that in order to put them on they had to be helped by another person—kilts

that were belted in at the waist by a band of leather, closed by a rich buckle, from which they appended a fancifully worked German purse. Their hood was joined on to a short mantle, and ended in a long peak that reached to the ground, and which they were able to wrap round their heads when cold. The cavaliers wore close-fitting jackets, with the points of the wrist-band, lined with miniver or ermine, reaching to the floor. Of course the women immediately copied this new caprice. In the frescoes attributed to Simone Memmi in Santa Maria Novella, we can behold these fashions, which had then but just come in, and whence we can gather a faint conception of the magnificent material employed in the making of these gorgeous garments. The pragmatistical laws of dress, dating from 1343, which are preserved in the Archivio della Grascia, tell of splendid dresses that were sequestered by the rigour of the law, and marked by the servants of these unfortunate foreign officers chosen by the Commune to apply the laws, with a seal of lead, having on one side half a lily, and on the other half a cross. Here is the description of a forbidden gown which belonged to Donna Francesca, the wife of Landozzo di Uberto degli Albizi, of the parish of San Pietro Maggiore: "A black mantle of raised cloth; the ground is yellow, and over it are woven birds, parrots, butterflies, white and red roses, and many figures in vermilion and green, with pavilions and dragons, and yellow and black letters and trees, and many other figures of various colours—the whole lined with cloth in hues of black and vermilion."

Often instead of letters they had whole proverbs embroidered

on their dresses. In those same archives they keep a curious document, telling of those unlucky officials who were obliged to fulfil a duty so ungracious—of those poor *podestà* and captains, cavaliers, judges, notaries, and servants, who came to Florence from the Guelph cities of Lombardy and the Marches to hold the office of governors, and who had to dispute in their rough dialect with the quick tongues of the Florentine women and their husbands, and were laughed at for their pains by the story-tellers of the city. There is a tale told by Franco Sacchetti narrating the sufferings of a judge, Messer Amerigo Amerighi of Pesaro, “in person most beautiful, and able in his science,” who was ordered, while Franco was one of the Priori, to proceed with solicitude to execute certain orders, as usual on the ornaments of the women. The valiant judge set to work, sending around notaries and servants to make the requisite inquisition; but the citizens went up to the Signoria and said that the new *podestà* did his work so well, that never before had the women been so free to dress as they pleased as they were now. Here is the justification of the unfortunate Messer Amerigo:—

“My Lords, I have studied all my life, and now, when I thought that I knew something, I find that I know nothing. For, looking out for these ornaments of your women, which, according to your orders, are forbidden, such arguments as they brought forward in their defence I have never before heard, and from among them I should like to mention to you a few. There comes a woman with the point of her hood peaked and twisted round. My notary says, ‘Tell me your name, because your point is peaked.’ The good woman takes down the point, which is fast-

ened to the hood with a pin, and, holding it in her hand, says, ‘Why, no; do you not see it is a wreath?’ Then my man goes farther, and finds a woman wearing many buttons in front of her dress. He tells her that she cannot wear all those buttons. She answers, ‘Yes, Messere, I can wear these; they are not buttons, and if you do not believe me look for the hanks, and see, too, that there are no button-holes.’ The notary goes to another, who wears ermine, wondering what she will have to say for herself. ‘You wear ermine,’ he remarks, and is about to put down her name. The woman says, ‘Do not put down my name, because these are not ermine. This is the fur of a suckling.’ ‘What is this suckling?’ asks the notary; and the woman answers, ‘It is an animal.’”

The notary does not insist, nor can the Signoria, who, remembering their own women at home, conclude, as they have always concluded at the Palace, by exhorting Messer Amerigo to let things be, to allow the women to pass their wreaths for hoods, their false buttons, their suckling’s fur, and their belts. They do not wish perhaps that the judge from Pesaro should remember the melancholy distich that one of his colleagues of the guild of merchants had written on the margin of his sumptuary statutes:—

“If there is a person you do hate,
Send him to Florence as officer of
State.”

Once again one of Sacchetti’s stories proves itself a truthful historical document. The Archivio della Grascia preserves the acts of the Judge of Appeal and Cassation. Among these protocols is one written by Giovanni di Piero da Lugo, notary under Ser Amerigo of Pesaro, officer of the Grascia to the Commune of Florence for six months, beginning from March 15, 1384. On

that day Amerigo issued a proclamation to recall to memory the punishment inflicted by the law against whomsoever transgressed the sumptuary regulations. On the 27th of March the inquisition on the part of the officials began. When they met a woman with two rings ornamented with four pearls, or wearing a little cap embroidered, or a wreath, or too many buttons on her dress, immediately the unlucky creature was noted down as being in contravention, to use a modern phrase. The sergeant would go to her house with a summons for her to appear before the judge. On the day appointed her husband would put in an appearance on behalf of his wife, who, recognising the error, paid the fine. These things went on for a good while. Later on the women, grown malicious, began those contests recounted with such evident gusto by the story-tellers, but naturally omitted in the protocols of the notary. The inquisitions grew more rare, the sentences less frequent, and those husbands who appeared before the tribunals began to deny the guilt of their wives with valid arguments. One is too old to be capable of what is imputed to her, another was at home on that day and at that hour, a third is in mourning—and so forth. The protocol is closed with hardly a sentence registered, the real fact being that the Signory, and the judges above all, had given themselves up as vanquished—a defeat that is not devoid of the suspicion that those officers and notaries chosen for this hateful magisterial office had allowed themselves to be conquered by the fire of some beautiful eyes and the caresses of some flattering voice. For inside the cover of a copy of the pragmatic or sumptuary laws of

that date still extant in the Florentine archives, do not we read the outpourings of some enamoured heart which proves itself a precious human document embedded among the pedantic quibbles? This is how it runs:—

“The troops of merry friends, the
songs so sweet,
The hawks, the hounds, the wander-
ings full of pleasure,
Fair women temples, where for love
my feet
Were wont on holidays to seek my
treasure,
I hate them now like fire. This
thought I meet
Where’er I go,—oh, wretched be-
yond measure!
Thou dwellest far from me, my love,
my own,
My sovereign hope, and I am here
alone.”

Is this not proof enough to show that the women had found partisans in the very bosom of the magistracy? No wonder their cause was won. But for a short time only, because periodically some fresh charge was made against feminine vanity, and other storms broke out. The poor women, they were really much persecuted! They also encountered terrible adversaries in the moralists of the day, who in their tractates concerning the government of the family did not cease striking that note. Palmieri is an example of this. Their worst foes, however, were the friars, at that time invaded by a furious desire to purge the world of its sins. Fra Bernardino of Siena, in 1425, continued in Perugia those bonfires of all the worldly vanities that he had initiated the year before in Rome, making great havoc of false hair and other vain adornments, of trimming and hoods, of dice, cards, gaming-tables, and other such diabolic things, foreshadowing the great fires made by Savonarola in Florence in 1497,

that proved of such evil omen to their instigator. Nevertheless, among so many foes staunch partisans were not wanting. In April 1461, a preacher who had shouted in Santa Croce against the women, also appealed against them in the presence of the Signory, in the Consiglio dei Richiesti, where no less a matter was discussed than the absolute prohibition of all fashion. On this occasion Luigi Guicciardini, father of the great historian and politician, said that he had replied to a Milanese who drew evil deductions as to the morality of the Florentine women from their extravagant dress, that if the dress seemed immodest their acts were far different.

But these sumptuary laws, retouched and remanipulated every now and again, were less onerous to the women than to their husbands, whose purses had to pay the fines. Nor were the regulations confined to the limiting of personal adornment. The luxury and pomp permitted at weddings, baptisms, banquets, and funerals were all rigorously laid down. Thus the number of guests at a marriage could not exceed 200; the marriage-brokers had to announce beforehand the names of the guests. The marriage portions were also fixed by law, as well as the nuptial ceremonies. The cook who prepared the wedding dinner was obliged to report to the officers of the Commune the number of dishes which he served. The meats might not be more than three; not more than 7 lb. of veal; and the number of capons, turkeys, ducks was also minutely stated in the statutes. So also were the rites to be observed at obsequies, the number of wax torches that might be burned, the clothes the dead were permitted to wear, the dresses of those that followed them; the

presents permitted at baptisms: in short, every single little thing that occurred in the daily life of the citizens was minutely and carefully regulated, and whosoever disobeyed these regulations was condemned to pay a heavy fine; for even in those days the municipal government eagerly seized on every excuse in order to tax its citizens, and the study of those citizens, especially of those cunning merchants, was in every possible way to lighten to themselves by circumvention the burden of these imposts,—in fact, to use a phrase of the period, “to steal with honest licence.” “The Commune steals so much itself, I may as well steal from it also,” is an old saying quoted by Sacchetti, who laments the slow procedure of the Commune even towards those who desire to give up to it their goods. “Everybody drew water for their own mill,” says Marchionne Stefani, and he too had his own mill to work. They all strove to defend themselves from these charges; “and as it always happens,” writes the chronicler, “the heavy large beasts jump and break the nets.” Thus Francesco Datini, when dealing with those who ruled the State, took care of number one. In those years when it was necessary that the imposts should be levied ten or fifteen times a-year, on account of the wars fought by the arms of the mercenaries, and because of the treaties of peace concluded by means of money, whosoever could not accomplish what he wanted by the aid of friendship or favours, arrived at his goal by cunning, like Bartolo Sona-glioni, who, when he was about to be heavily taxed, used to go down every morning and stand on the threshold of his own door narrating his evil fortunes and financial difficulties to everybody who

passed by, saying, "O brother, I am ruined! I must either disappear from the world or die in prison;" so that when the time came to tax him everybody said, "He is impoverished and will be taken up for debt;" and one said, "He speaks truth, for one morning he did not even dare to come out of his house;" and another remarked, "So he said to me;" and, "Well, if it be so, one must treat him as if he were poor," was the universal decision. Consequently all of one accord lent to him as if he were a beggar or worse. Having thus borrowed, and the danger passed, Bartolo once more began to come out of his house, saying that he was arranging with his creditors; and in this wise, with much talk, he freed himself of his debts, while many others richer than he were ruined.

The times were ripening. Of the ancient proverbial simplicity amid all this great thirst for gain there only remained as living monuments a few old men greatly respected. Of these Velluti has preserved to us a graphic description that is as living and vigorous as one of the figures painted by Andrea del Castagno:—

"Buonaccorso di Piero was a valiant strong patriot, and very sure in arms. He performed many a bold and noble deed, whether for his own commune or that of others. So many wounds had he received in wars and fights that he was disfigured by numberless scars. He was of good height, strong-limbed and well built. He lived a full one hundred and twenty years, but in the last twenty he was blind from old age. Although he was so old, his fibre was so tough that he could not be thrown, and by taking a young man by the shoulders he could make him sit down. He thoroughly understood all matters of trade, and did everything loyally. It was believed that many cloths that came

from Milan, of which a great number were ordered, and which were sold before the bales were opened, were dyed here; and I heard that a certain agent, Giovanni del Volpe, seeing that the cloth sold so well, thought of saving for his firm by dyeing in a cheaper and inferior way, so that after a while these cloths were not so much sought after as before. Inquiring into the reason, it was discovered that it was owing to the cunning of Giovanni; and Buonaccorso hearing of this, wanted to kill him. Buonaccorso having lost his sight, mostly stopped at home. Behind his palace in Via Maggio there was a long balcony which went the length of the building, and on this opened three rooms. Here he walked up and down so much every morning that he covered three or four miles. After this he broke his fast with no less than two loaves; then at dinner he ate well, for he was a hearty eater; and so he passed his life. Now as to how he died: I heard my father say that wanting to go to the fireplace he hit his foot against it, and so sprained his ankle that he could no longer take his daily exercise on the balcony, after which he then and there declared himself dead. Now it happened that his son Filippo, my grandfather, took in second marriage Monna Gemma dei Pulci; and Buonaccorso, having that day chatted much, twitting his son, saying that he needed a wife to help him more than he did, and much more such talk, expressed a wish to go from his bed to his lounge; so he called my father and Gerardo his grandson, and as he put his arms round their necks and shoulders to raise himself, suddenly by reason of his great age his life failed him and he died."

With the memory of this beloved and good patriarchal image fresh in our minds, let us hurry on to the new era and the new century, whose glorious dawn already gilded the sky of literature and art. The preliminary signs had made themselves felt in the growth of wealth, in the enfranchisement from the old prejudices as well as

from the severe rules of the old way of living, in the egotistical tendencies which prepared the way for the evolution of what we moderns call individualism. By all of these signs and tokens we recognise the character of the men and the life of the Renaissance. The affection for a common country and even family was weakened by an acute craving for pleasure; incredulity, scepticism, and sensuality threatened to obtain the upper hand. After the passing away of the dread terrors of the plague, these generations must almost have wondered to find themselves alive. From the great beginning of the mortality of 1348 to the early years of the fifteenth century, the chroniclers register no less than six such epidemics, though some were of comparatively minor deadliness. By consulting the books of death preserved in the archives of the Grascia, it is possible to ascertain that from the 1st of May to the 18th of September 1400 there occurred no fewer than 10,908 deaths, of which the greater part were children. Of the plague of 1348, besides the classical and splendid description of Boccaccio, we can discover vivid and sad records amid the family chronicles in the diaries and memoranda of the day. It must have been a despairing and awe-inspiring sight. Giovanni Morelli tells us how in one hour a friend or neighbour was laughing and joking, and the next he was dead. People fell down dead in the streets and at their benches; fell down dead when alone, without the help or comfort of a human being. Many went mad and threw themselves into the wells or the Arno, or from out their windows, driven to this by great sorrow or panic or fear. Many and many died unseen, many were buried before the breath had

left their bodies. One might see the cross-bearing priests who had gone to fetch a corpse take up two or three on their way to the church. It is calculated that in Florence alone two-thirds of the population died—that is, 18,000 persons. Of the epidemic of 1400 a detailed description is given in a letter of Ser Lapo Mazzei: "Here shops are hardly open any more; the masters are not at their desks; the police, the justice is without superiors. No one weeps for the dead." It was an awful visitation; children died, friends, neighbours, and relations fell victims; there was no longer any means of recording even the names of the dead. The number of victims who were struck down in the summer alone reached the figure of one hundred per day, and on one day in July it rose to no fewer than two hundred. Of the epidemic of 1420, Gregorio Dati writes in his '*Libro Segreto*'—that is to say, his diary:—

"The pestilence was in our house. It began with the man-servant Piccino, about 1420. Within three days later our slave Martha died. On the 1st of April my daughter Sandra, and on the 5th Antonia. We left the house and went into one opposite. In a few days Veronica died. Again we moved and went to live in Via Chiara. Here Vandecca and Pippa were taken ill, and on the 1st of August both went to heaven. They all died of the plague. Heaven help them!"

Those who could, ran away to Arezzo, Bologna, Romagna, or any city or country where they thought they would be safe. It was the rule to go to any place where the plague had already been. Remedies against the mysterious sickness there seemed to be none. Morelli lays down some

rules that to-day would be called hygienic :—

“The pestilence of 1348 was caused by a terrible famine. The year before, it happened that in Florence there was great hunger ; we lived on herbs and reeds, and very bad they were ; all the country was full of people, who went about feeding on grass like beasts. The corpses were disposed of in any mode, and there was no help for this.”

This chronicler counsels people to keep themselves in good condition ; to be careful to eat well and avoid damp ; to spend generously and without stint or economy ; to refrain from melancholy and gloom ; not to think of dull sorrowful things ; to play, ride, amuse themselves, be happy.

The survivors from the scourge must have quickly accustomed themselves to the tenor of the new life, once the danger was over. One result of the plague was the institution of processions of “white penitents,” resembling those which in the previous century traversed all Europe under the name of “The Company of the Crushed.” Folk left their homes in crowds, both men and women, laymen and ecclesiastics, all mingling together, dressed in white cloaks which covered their faces, and wearing a crucifix as their badge. They walked in procession from place to place, singing lauds and supplicating *Misericordia* in loud voices ; at night they lay in the open air, and only asked for bread and water. The people of the cities they visited caught their fervour, and went in like order to visit other towns. On the appearance of these pious pilgrims every one was moved to repentance ; enmities were laid aside, discordant factions were pacified, and the cities were filled with sanctity.

Some vicious persons in Florence sought to profit by this agitation, and liberate the prisoners, but fortunately they were hindered. Francesco Datini, a merchant from Prato and a great benefactor to his town, though otherwise a man of dubious morality, who ill-treated his wife and openly preferred his slave in her presence, also went on pilgrimage in August 1399, dressed in white linen and barefooted, together with his family, friends, and neighbours. They were twelve in all, and had with them two horses and a mule. On these beasts they put two trunks in which were boxes filled with all manner of good things to eat—cheese of every kind, fresh bread and biscuits, plain and sweet tarts, and other such tit-bits of daily life—so much so that the beasts were quite overladen with the burden of the victuals. This pilgrimage lasted ten days, and went as far as Arezzo. Wherever they passed they bought eatables. This making of pilgrimage on horseback, well supplied with food, was certainly a gay and comfortable way of doing penance. The more intelligent and incredulous barely respected the outward forms of religion. Datini, for example, only feared the upbraidings and reproaches of his friend and spiritual mentor Ser Lapo Mazzei. Others, like Buonaccorso Pitti, furnish us with the type of a man of the Renaissance who had no fixed residence ; who wandered over the world tormented with inner restlessness ; who gambled, lost, and traded ; who meddled with commerce and politics, just like an adventurer of the eighteenth century, like to Benvenuto Cellini, but without his art and with far less intelligence. A curious strange type this Pitti, who seemed as though bitten by a tarantula,

living by his wits, the intimate of Charles VI., of dukes and princes, who for a wager with the girl he loved rode straight away to Rome without stopping; a great dancer, an inveterate gambler, a brave and loyal cavalier, who in time rose to the highest offices. Burckhardt calls him a forerunner of Casanova; like him, journeying continually in the quality of merchant and political agent, diplomat and professional gambler, finding competitors only among princes like the Dukes of Brabant, Bavaria, and Savoy. This was the father of that Lucca Pitti who in riches and magnificence rivalled the Medici, and tried in all things to vie with Cosimo.

The merchants, grown immeasurably rich, thanks to their traffic, their journeys, their visits to the factories established in all the commercial centres and ports of Europe, had developed into bankers and money-lenders, feeling the times to be ripe when they could tranquilly enjoy the fruits of their exertions. Florence, like a lovely prosperous maiden of good parts and abundant dowry, the factions quieted that had quarrelled concerning her, closed her eyes under the shade of the Medicean laurels, dazzled by the magnificence with which, woman-like, she had allowed herself to be conquered. Now that the family had acquired property, they sought to found houses, they looked out for suitable marriages, which were discussed as though they were political alliances. Alessandra Macinghi degli Strozzi went to mass every morning in Santa Reparata to sit behind the girls whom she would like her son Filippo to marry, and with the eye of a future mother-in-law studied, examined, criticised, and wrote about them to her son as

though the matter in hand were a bargain about a horse. It is true that Alessandra, to our mind, has been too much exalted and praised; she must have had the heart of a merchant, not that of a woman. That she laid hands upon her slaves she frankly confesses herself. This, however, was the custom of the day; it was perhaps easy to lose one's temper with those Russians and Tartars. But concerning her charity, we have stumbled on a curious document. It regards two old people, only survivors of a family of labourers. "Piero and Monna Cilia are both alive and infirm. I have overflowed the field for next year, and as I must put it in order, these two old people, if they do not die, must go and beg. Heaven will provide." Nor is this a passing thought; it was a firm resolve. In a letter written a few months later we read: "Piero is still alive" (Heaven had already provided for Monna Cilia, it seems), "so he must put up with it and go away and beg. It would be best, of course, if Heaven would take him." Evidently it was not possible to combine good farming with a good heart, and this little incident probably reflects very truly the sentiments of the age in which they were uttered.

But some of those who had increased and multiplied their means showed nobler sentiments and finer feelings. In Giovanni Rucellai we see the perfect type of the Florentine who appreciated the dignity of the new state in which fortune had placed him; for not only had he the gift of making money, he also understood how to spend it well, no less a virtue.

"I think," he writes in his *zibaldone*, "that it has brought me more honour to have spent well than earned well, and brought

more contentment to my spirit, especially the work that I have done in my house." He thanks Heaven for having made him "a rational being—a Christian and not a Turk, Moor, or Tartar; and for having been born in Italy, which is the most worthy and noble portion of Christendom, and in the province of Tuscany, which is the most highly respected amid the provinces of Italy, and, above all, in the city of Florence, reputed the noblest and most beautiful city, not only in Christendom, but in the whole universal world; and finally, for living in the present age, held to be, by those who know, the greatest that our city has ever seen since it was founded, as well as for living in the time of the magnificent citizen Cosimo dei Medici." He also expresses his gratitude to Heaven for having granted him the favour of becoming allied to this great man, through the marriage of his son Bernardo with Nannina, daughter of Piero and niece of Cosimo—a splendid connection, of which Rucellai was justly proud.

In those days, without fear of the sumptuary laws now fallen into disuse, Florence celebrated the nuptial feast of her great families with all the splendour she could muster. The wedding of Baccio Adimari and Lisa Ricasoli, which took place in 1420, is represented in a well-known old picture that hangs in the Florentine Academy of Fine Arts. We see the happy couple and their friends dancing to the accompaniment of trumpets and fifes under a striped awning of variegated colours. This marriage, and that of the Rucellai and Medici, furnish us with a graphic picture of life in those days. Fortunately, too, the great old man, in his *zibaldone*, has embalmed a record of the latter festivity in a

description full of loving remembrance, which has become a precious document for the student of the manners and customs of the day. Gilded by the flaming sun of June, green festoons swung proudly across the street which was the scene of the wedding, festoons that brought into high relief the shields which ornamented the house-fronts, and which were quartered half with the arms of the Medici, and half with those of the Rucellai. The rude stones of the palace façade, which Giovanni Rucellai's generosity had caused him to rebuild some years before, choosing as its architect Leon Battista Alberti, acquired a new aspect thus decked with bright awnings and festoons that hung from the Doric pilasters of the first floor, and over the Corinthian pilasters of the second and third. Opposite the palace, in the little piazza in front of the Loggia, had been erected a platform in the shape of a triangle; this was covered over to defend it from the sun by a canopy of blue cloth adorned with wreaths, between which peeped the freshest roses. Below on the wooden planks were laid tapestries, and precious tapestries also covered the benches placed round for the convenience of those who waited. The ends of the great blue velarium hung down here and there to the ground like to aerial columns. On one side of that great tent there was a large sideboard on which glittered silver vessels and dishes wrought by the best gold and silver smiths in Florence. The richness of these adornments presaged the magnificence of the banquet that was preparing. The kitchen had been placed in the street by the side of the palace, where, counting cooks and underlings, fifty persons were at work.

The noise was great; Via della Vigna was crowded with people from one end to the other. The men who had decked the façade were succeeded by the servants who carried the presents from friends, clients, and relations; peasants, gardeners, and shop-people brought victuals; pipers and trumpeters were preparing their music, and the young cavaliers were making ready for the tilts. That Sunday, June 8, 1460, soon after dawn, the crowd began to arrive from all sides at the palace where the wedding was to take place. There also came, welcome and promising sight to the curious, quartered bullocks, casks of Greek wine, and as many capons as could hang on a staff borne on the shoulders of two stout peasants; bars of buffalo-cheese, turkeys in pairs, barrels of ordinary wine and choice sweet wine, baskets full of pomegranates, hampers of large sea-fish, crates of little silver-scaled fish from the Arno, birds, hares, cream-cheese packed in fresh green rushes, baskets full of sweetmeats, tarts, and other delicate confectionery prepared by the fair hands of some gentle nun. There advanced slowly, shaking its leafy head as it stood on the cart drawn by panting oxen, a splendid olive-tree from Carmignano, as well as young oaks procured from the Villa at Sesto, not to mention the flowers that glad season gave in such profusion. The presents worthy of those who sent them enhanced the magnificence of the feast, testifying to the love and reverence the donors bore towards these two illustrious families about to be allied by these nuptials. Thus by this marriage old Giovanni Rucellai did away with all suspicion of being an enemy to the Medici faction, which had grown

stronger in Florence since the exile of Cosimo. It was a connection planned with much judgment, and which brought as much honour to his family as the façade of Santa Maria Novella which he caused Alberti to build, the chapel of San Pancrazio, the Palace, and the beautiful Corinthian Loggia in Via della Vigna. That majestic old man, with high open forehead, aquiline nose, piercing blue eyes that still look out at us from an old portrait, had a subtle wit. His thick black hair fell in close curls on to his shoulders, a long wavy beard rested on his breast, preserving a few gold threads mixed with the grey of years; his fresh colouring denotes a vigorous old age. We see him seated in a large arm-chair covered with fringed crimson velvet embossed with gold. He wears a dark-green tunic covered by a purple gown with turnovers of crimson velvet; his upward-looking eyes have a far-away gaze, as though he were thinking of things not of this world. The right hand, adorned with a ring set with a large diamond, rests heavily on the arm of the chair; the left, which is open, points to a handsomely bound MS., the title of which is 'Delle Antichità.' Beside it are a few open letters with the address, "To the Illustrissimo Signor Giovanni Rucellai." Behind a dark curtain against a blue background are painted with much care and diligence the works he had executed in stone and marble, the front of Santa Maria Novella, the chapel of San Pancrazio, the Palace, and the Loggia. Thus the picture sums up both the man and his glory, the rich merchant who had become related to Cosimo di Giovanni dei Medici.

Giovanna dei Medici came to her wedding accompanied, as was

the custom, by four cavaliers chosen from among the elders of the city—Messer Manno Temperani, Messer Carlo Pandolfini, Messer Giovannozzo Pitti, and Messer Tommaso Soderini. "I will come" was written on certain cards which were hung on the benches covered with arras and placed under the gay pavilion; and the bride did come, and on that platform, made soft with rich carpets, the guests danced and played, waiting for the dinners and suppers. There came to the wedding fifty gentlewomen richly dressed, and fifty gentle youths in beautiful costumes. The gaieties lasted from Sunday morning to Tuesday evening, and there were meals twice a-day. Usually there were asked to each meal fifty persons, including relations, friends, and the chief citizens: so that at the first table there were, counting the women and girls of the house, trumpeters and pipers, about 170 persons; at the second and third tables—the so-called low tables—there sat a large number of persons. At one meal they amounted to 500. The dishes, those prescribed by custom, were exquisite and abundant. On Sunday morning they had boiled capons and tongue, a roast of meat, and another of small chickens garnished with sugar and rose-water; in the evening galantine, roast-meat, and chickens with fritters. Monday morning, *blanc-manger*, boiled capons with sausages and roast-chickens; in the evening the usual courses, with tarts of sugar and almonds. On Tuesday morning, roast-meat and quails; in the evening the usual roast and galantine. At the refreshments there appeared twenty confectioners, who distributed a profusion of caramels made of pine-seeds. The expenses of these

banquets amounted to above 150,000 francs—an immense sum in those days. There had been bought 70 bushels of bread, 2800 white loaves, 4000 wafers, 50 barrels of sweet white wine, 1500 pair of poultry, 1500 eggs, 4 calves, 20 large basins of galantine; 12 *cataste* of wood were burnt in the kitchen-fires. Verily it seemed the reign of abundance. On Tuesday evening some cavaliers invited to the wedding performed jousts, moving from the Rucellai Palace up to the Tornaquinci, and afterwards in the Via Larga under the Medici Palace. The bride received from her different relations no fewer than twenty rings, and six more from the bridegroom—two when he fetched her, two for the espousals, and two on the morning they exchanged rings. From Bernardo she received 100 florins, and some other coin, with which she made herself two handsome dresses, one of white velvet richly trimmed with pearls, silk, and gold, with open sleeves lined with pure white fur; one of *zetani*, a stuff of very thick silk, trimmed with pearls, and the sleeves lined with ermine. She had also a gown of white damask, brocaded with gold flowers, the sleeves trimmed with pearls; another of silk with crimson, gold, and brocaded sleeves, besides other dresses and over-dresses, so-called *giornes*. Among the jewels given her was a rich necklet of diamonds, rubies, and pearls, which was worth 100,000 gold florins, a pin for her hair, a necklace of pearls with a large pointed diamond, a hood embroidered with pearls, a net for her hair, also worked with pearls. The dowry, which to-day would seem modest, was 60,000 francs, including the trousseau, in which was included a pair of chests, with richly worked edges,

and several long dresses of different shapes for everyday wear, made of fine stuffs embroidered, also a lawn shift fashioned out of material that came from Rheims, a hood of crimson cloth wrought with pearls, two caps with silver, pearls, and diamonds, a little illuminated missal with silver clasps, and an infant Jesus in wax wearing a damask dress trimmed with pearls. Besides this there was cloth in the piece, satins, velvets, and damasks, embroidered cushions, belts, purses, thimbles, needle-cases, ivory combs, four pairs of gloves, a Milanese hat with fringe, eight pairs of stockings, three mirrors, a basin and ewer of enamelled silver, an embroidered fan, and many other things specified in detail.

Three years after, in June 1469, was celebrated with true princely prodigality the marriage of Lorenzo dei Medici and Clarice Orsini, which proved a public feast, a true carnival. "Tu, felix Florentia, nube." We will not stop to describe it, though there is ample information about it to be found in the account which Piero Parenti sent to his maternal uncle Filippo di Matteo Strozzi, then living at Naples, the founder of the beautiful Strozzi Palace in Florence, that monument to the greatness of the family. These banquets, with their magnificence, embarrassed many of the gentlewomen invited to them, for they were bound to appear in dresses that would do honour to the dignity of their families, in robes and gowns of costly brocade and damask. Hence Filippo Strozzi's wife, the lovely and good Fiammetta Adimari, a careful woman, took occasion of her husband's absence to feign illness, in order not to be present at the feast. We will follow her example, and

search instead in contemporary documents for some signs of intimate domestic life, that grew more rare amid so much public show.

It is pleasant to find this in the little letters that the son of that bride and bridegroom, Piero dei Medici, wrote to his father when away from home, he being left to the care of his pedagogue Messer Agnolo Poliziano. Much may be forgiven to Piero dei Medici for the sake of these infantine letters, written with the unsteady hand of a five-year-old child, in which appeared his first weak efforts at Latin, which his master did not correct. In 1476, then barely five, he wrote from the Villa to his grandmother Lucrezia Tornabuoni, with the petulance of an overpetted, spoiled child: "Send us some more figs, I mean those very ripe ones, and send us some peaches with their kernels, and other of those things which you know we like, sweetmeats and tarts and some such little things."

In 1478 he tells his father that he has already learned many verses of Virgil, "and I know the first book of Teodoro by heart, and I think I understand it;" he means Teodoro Gaza's Greek Grammar; "and the master makes me decline, and examines me every day." The year after, he writes more easily: "I wish you would send me some of the best setters that there are. I don't want anything else. The company here, everybody, specially desires to be remembered to you, and so do I. I pray you to be careful of the pestilence, and to bear us in mind, because we are little, and have need of you." Another time, after a while, he makes use of his Latin to ask for bigger favours. "That little horse has not yet made its appearance" ("Nondum venit

equulus ille, magnifice pater"); and he already begins to take a high tone with his younger brothers and sisters. "Guglielmo thinks of nothing else but laughter; Lucrezia sews, sings, and reads; Maddalena knocks her head against the wall without hurting herself; Lucia already says a few things; Contessina makes a great noise all over the house." Then he adds, "To give a tone to my letters I have always written them in Latin, and yet I have not had the little horse you promised me, so that everybody laughs at me."

Nevertheless the little horse did not come. "I am afraid something must have happened to the horse, because if it had been all right you would have sent it to me as you promised. If in case that one cannot come, please send me another." At last the horse arrived, and a letter full of thanks and promises of good behaviour closes this childish correspondence.

But the curious sketch of Medicean domestic life, which has the country for background, and for stage one of those villas to which they loved to retreat to forget a while political vexations, brings before us another aspect of the time—that desire for country quiet, the love for the villa, and the sentiment for nature, which are distinguishing characteristics of the men of the Renaissance. We already see signs of this in Ser Lapo Mazzei, who used to go to Grignano to attend the harvests and the vintage, and who trimmed his own vines. Buonaccorso Pitti, like Petrarch, loved to count the trees in his garden; Rucellai was prouder of his villa at Quaracchi, of which he gives us a more loving description than of his splendid palace; Pandolfini, or the compiler of 'The Government of the Family,' sang the praises of country-life;

Poliziano wrote a short essay on the theme for his pupils to turn into Latin, and on the background of a flowery landscape he painted the image of the beautiful Simonetta Cattaneo. Lorenzo dei Medici, even in the midst of his greatness as governor, almost prince, knew how to retain a certain benevolent kindness that was quite homely and Florentine; nor did he dislike to mingle with the people at the hostelry of Porta San Gallo. Here he celebrated the beauties of the rustic maiden Nencia, and he ever retained a certain middle-class sobriety. Borghini tells us that Francesco Cibo at the marriage of his daughter was treated by Lorenzo with great simplicity and even parsimony, while his companions, Roman cavaliers and barons, were received sumptuously. The Magnifico explained this attitude by saying reassuringly, "These lords I honour as guests and strangers; you instead I treat like one of the family." He gave audience to his clients in the streets, by his own fireside, or walking in a friendly manner about the streets of Florence. Florentine to the very core, he did not dislike to appear facetious. At Pisa, seeing a pupil who squinted, he said that he would be the best in the class. Being asked why, "Because," he answered, "he will read at once both pages of the book, and so will learn double." Still, under this simple appearance were nurtured the designs of a cunning politician, who, as Vettori writes, "By inducing the citizens to devote themselves to art and pleasure, to the protection of artists of every description, he caused them to become the instruments of his future power." Under the Medicean rule up rose palaces and convents, in which antiquities, works of art,

and costly MSS. were accumulated. In the gardens artists gathered together, to the supper-parties came poets and philosophers, jousts and tournaments succeeded each other, poetical concourses vied with these feasts, the political clients of the palace were reinforced by the great artists from the humble shops. Savonarola, who guessed the secret thoughts of the tyrant, said, "He occupies the people with tournaments and feasts that they may think of themselves and not of him."

Florence in those times beheld new customs come to life, and listened to many kinds of poetry, from the triumphs and masquerades in the streets to the Platonic banquets at Careggi, from Carnival songs and sweet ballads to country-dances and sacred representations. The thoughtless gaiety, and the ease with which both spiritual and material desires were gratified, seemed to compensate the people for their diminished liberty. The gratified city, which had now for so long resounded with lively festive clamour, gaily welcomed the great Medicean Carnival with its sumptuous banquets, its processions directed by famous artists, and ordered by the brotherhoods of the different quarters. Renascent paganism invaded the religious feasts and transformed these processions for its own end. "In Carnival," says Cambi, sadly, "the city was made to seem happy and well-to-do." Folk danced in the New Market, and in the Piazza della Signoria were held shows of wild beasts, when sometimes the lions were let loose, in the hope that some terrible scene might take place. But the Florentine lion was so tame, so humble, that it proved as quiet as a lamb. In front of the Medici Palace in Via Larga, *jongleurs* came in crowds to

celebrate the triumphs of love. For the arrival of Franceschino Cibo, lately married to Maddalena, daughter of Lorenzo il Magnifico, there were shows in all the shops, pretty and rich things, stuffs and brocade, jewels, pearls, and silver plate, articles of wonderful and surprising beauty. On St John's Day was performed a beautiful spectacle of clouds and spirits, cars and other fairy edifices, popular contrivances to pass the time, besides all the other gaieties of the season. Magnificent races were held; the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio was red amid the crackling of the fireworks. On the occasion of the coming of orators or at the creation of knights, the noble Signoria was wont to hold solemn ceremonies, of which we find record in the book of Francesco Filarete, herald to the Republic. In 1491, on St John's Day, Lorenzo had set up fifteen erections representing the triumph of Paolo Emilio after his return from Macedonia, when he bore with him so much treasure that for many years the Romans were free from taxes. It seemed as though the golden age had come back. The Medicean jousts which had inspired Poliziano's muse stimulated the other citizens to commit mad extravagances. Benedetto Salutati, nephew of Messer Coluccio, for the tournament of 1467 put on the housings, head-gear, and other trappings of two horses 170 lb. of fine silver, which he caused to be beautifully worked by the hand of Antonio Pollajolo; and around the robes of the sergeants he strung 30 lb. of pearls, the greater part of which were of immense value. Florence beautified itself with splendid palaces; Filippo Strozzi, on the 6th of August 1489, laid the foundation of his stately pile; and Guglielmo Gondi a short

time after followed his example. The people were proud of these new buildings; and good Tribaldo dei Rossi asked his wife Nannina to send him his two children newly dressed, that he might take them to see the laying of the cornerstone of the Strozzi Palace. "I took," he writes, "Guarnieri in my arms, and told him to look down there. I gave him a coin with a lily to throw down, also a bunch of little damask roses which I had in my hand. I said, 'Will you remember this?' He said, 'Yes.' The children came with our servant Rita; and Guarnieri, who was on that day just four years old, had a new cloak made by Nannina of shot green-and-yellow silk." The children as well as the older citizens must have been struck by the surprising marvels which the Medicean magnificence displayed for their benefit. Every day some new and singular thing occurred—princely jousts and processions, magnificent feasts. De Rossi, a simple chronicler, has kept for us a record of these events. In 1488 there came to Florence as a present from the Sultan of Babylon to Lorenzo a giraffe, which was seven *braccias* high, led by two Turks. Great curiosity was awakened in every one, even in the nuns, so that it was needful to send the strange beast around to the convents to be inspected. "It eats everything, poking its head into every peasant's basket, and would take an apple from a child's hand, so gentle is it. It died on the 2d of January 1489, and everybody lamented it, for it was such a beautiful animal."

Suddenly, quite suddenly, this easy mirthful life, this dazzling

splendour of art and poetry, this thoughtless gaiety, was extinguished sadly and gloomily. A tempest murmured in the distance. The proud Dominican shut up in his monastery of San Marco, far from the uproar of the Carnival, threatened resuscitated paganism with celestial anger. On the 8th of April 1492 there fell like a public calamity the news that Lorenzo dei Medici was dead. "The splendour, not of Tuscany only, but of the whole of Italy, has disappeared," writes Dei. "The company of the Magi laid the body in the sacristy of San Lorenzo, and the day after the funeral services took place without pomp, as is the custom for nobles, but simply, devoid of hangings and canopies, with three orders of friars and only one of priests. For no matter how pompous the ceremony might have been, it would always have proved too mean for so great a man."

Thus with lugubrious obsequies in the chill twilight of the Laurentian sepulchre, with the remains of the Magnifico were laid to rest the memories of a whole age radiant with youth and glory. With Lorenzo there disappeared the world of the Renaissance, for but a little time after Tribaldo de Rossi writes: "A letter has come to the Signoria saying that certain youths gone out in sailing-ships have arrived at an immense island, to which never before have any people sailed, which is inhabited by men and women all naked."

A new world had been discovered.

GUIDO BIAGI.

EARLS COURT: A NOVEL OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

CHAPTER X.—MRS FOSSEBRAYE'S DINNER-PARTY.

IN our litany for social salvation there ought certainly to be a petition for deliverance from dinner-parties with a purpose. We have become aroused to the danger of novels "with a purpose," and have learnt to discriminate and avoid them accordingly, unless the purpose happen to be our own purpose. Unfortunately, we have not such general landmarks to guide us in the case of invitations to dinner, and have therefore the more need to refer our ways to the divinities that regulate the unseen. Mr A asks you to dinner, and before the fish has been removed you are made to feel that the entertainment has been arranged in order that Mr B may become acquainted with Mr C; or that the long-standing differences between Mr D and Mr E may be arranged; or that the foundation of a future match may be laid between the impecunious Mr F and the young and wealthy widow G. You find out this, we say, and become conscious of the fact that you have been asked there to occupy a chair, and handle a knife and fork—to assist at a function, in fact—and to carry on just as much conversation as will make sufficient by-play to cover the proper object of the party. But when such a feeling pervades a dinner-table, the gathering can seldom be a general success, however satisfactorily the business of the *petit comité* may have been arranged; and you go away with sensations very much the same as if the claret had been corked, or the *ragouts* had had a relish of garlic in them.

It must be owned that the

Fossebrayes' dinner-party was arranged with a sinister intention of this sort; but the guilt attached itself mainly to the husband. It was George who had suggested the dinner, and who selected the guests, and who had overruled all his wife's recommendations that seemed to him incompatible with the object he had in view. Brancepeth, he had told her, desired for the present to live in retirement; but he also wished it to be seen that he was not afraid to show himself in Earlsport society; and so George Fossebraye had endeavoured to get together a few representative people of the place, whose opinions would be likely to have influence in checking the gossip and curiosity that his friend's return had excited; and he had carefully avoided asking all those whose previous intimacy with the banker's son might give them an excuse for fastening themselves upon him afterwards. He thought he had succeeded in arranging this to perfection. And now, at the end, his wife had invited that unlucky Cloete Sparshott, whom of all others it would be most awkward for Brancepeth to meet.

First came Mr and Mrs Alderman Hanmer,—the alderman tall, thin, and dignified-looking; his wife stout and florid, vulgar and good-natured. The alderman professed to despise the parish politics of Earlsport, and deplored the fate which associated him at the council board with men who were innocent of "h's," and unconscious of the concord which should subsist between nominatives and their

verbs; but he was at heart fully sensible of the advantages of his municipal dignity, and quite content to bear the weight of the mayor's chain when the time came for him to assume it. As for Mrs Hanmer, she would rather have seen her husband Mayor of Earlsport than Prime Minister of Great Britain. She comprehended the advantages she would derive from the former dignity, and had very hazy conceptions about what was implied in the latter.

"Mr and Mrs Challoner." Mr Challoner is a solicitor with a practice very inferior to that of Messrs Fossebraye & Mold; but his wife is rich, and they go much into the society of the place, where Mrs Challoner has a good deal to say for herself and about others as well. George is on friendly terms with Challoner, as a man in the same profession of whom he has no need to be jealous; but it was probably Mrs Challoner's opinions that he has had in view in asking them to dinner.

"The Rev. Mr Eastwicke," "Colonel and Mrs Ogle and Miss Ogle," followed in rapid succession. Of Mr Eastwicke it need only be said that he was the incumbent of St Swithin's, a newly built and fashionable church of high tendencies, which scandalised sound Protestants and attracted a large congregation of ladies, and which also was the chosen place of worship of the Fossebrayes, George thinking that religion was a matter in which wives ought to have their own way, although he was not very enthusiastic about principles, and not very inquisitive about the purposes to which his liberal subscriptions were applied.

The Ogles were a family of the highest standing in Earlsport. They visited at Elsedale Castle on

the rare occasions when the Earl was there; they dined at the Court on the still rarer occasions when Lord Earlsfield was inclined to show hospitality to his neighbours; but for all this they were not too proud to mix with the townspeople, and take their share of a good dinner when they could honestly come by it. They were asked everywhere and went everywhere; and George Fossebraye felt that it would be half the battle for his friend to have the Ogles' good word on his side.

"Miss Sparshott." Cloete made her appearance looking rather flushed and startled at the appearance of company for whose presence she had not been prepared, but with a maidenly dignity that held its own for her wherever she went. Her dress was a simple gown, and so different in appearance from the robes of Mrs Challoner or Mrs Fossebraye that even one who was not a connoisseur might safely have concluded that it must be old-fashioned; but her graceful carriage and fresh beauty were sufficiently striking to keep men's thoughts from straying to her costume, whatever might be its effect upon the ladies.

Mrs Fossebraye kissed her cousin, and George hastened to show that he retained no remembrance of his late disappointment, as he seated Cloete between his wife and Mr Mold.

"You'll take Miss Sparshott down to dinner, Mold," he whispered, and Mr Mold assented, well pleased, for he liked pretty women, and had always signified his special admiration of Cloete by violent visual distortions whenever he encountered her. It had more than once occurred to Mr Mold that Cloete might without much difficulty be converted into Mrs Mold. She was so poor that she could

not afford to be particular; and various business transactions which had taken place between himself and the doctor gave him, he considered, a right to count upon the latter's influence in his behalf.

But the guest of the evening was yet to arrive, and all except poor innocent Cloete felt the awkwardness of expectation. "There is every appearance of an early summer," said Colonel Ogle to Mrs Fossebraye, by way of breaking silence, although he had already made the same remark twice since he entered the room.

"We expect Mr Stephen Brancepeth to-night," said George in a low tone to Cloete, thinking that it would not be altogether kind or prudent to allow her to be taken aback by that gentleman's entrance. No third party heard the warning, for Mr Mold was just then telling Mr Challoner how wrong the county court judge had been in the case of the Hundred of Clifton against Wrigham, and how indefeasible in his, Mr Mold's, opinion had been the case which Mr Challoner had made out on behalf of the Hundred.

"What's that you are saying about Clifton and Wrigham?" broke in Mr Fossebraye in a much louder tone than was at all necessary; but the interruption had the effect which he intended, and drew the eyes of the company from Cloete to Messrs Challoner and Mold, and while they were endeavouring to discover if there was any point of general interest in the controversy of Clifton and Wrigham, Stephen Brancepeth walked into the room.

It came all so sudden that Cloete had scarcely time to think of the embarrassment which she felt ought to belong to her position. Old recollections crowded upon her with bewildering rapidity,

and struggled with her endeavours to think only of the present and what lay before her. Old times came back to her, old meetings and partings rose up thick and fast in her memory; the remembrance of old love—love that had never died out—strove hard to get the mastery over her. And over all lay the great shadow of their last despairing farewell, the words of which now seemed to ring in her ears—"I may never be able to marry you, Cloete, but I shall never be able to forget you." He was in the room; he had seen her; of so much she was conscious; and she could hear his voice speaking to their hostess. He was making mere commonplace replies to Mrs Fossebraye's welcome back to Earlsport, but to Cloete it seemed that he was saying to her ear alone, "I may never be able to marry you, Cloete, but I shall never be able to forget you." Her head swam, and she looked wildly round her, until she caught Mrs Alderman Hammer's eye fixed searchingly upon her, and then she became herself. Weak as she felt, she was determined no one should see it. The ladies of Earlsport should never have grounds for saying that she could not keep her feelings from showing themselves before them. She turned round, and with a firmly set face, and her fan clenched in her hand, began to talk to Mr Mold upon indifferent subjects of conversation.

There was no one now to wait for but Miss Cathcart, who was always late, and whose arrival the butler had been instructed to regard as a safe signal for the announcement of dinner. Miss Cathcart was Madge Fossebraye's aunt, but not so many years older as to feel sufficient pride in this relationship. She was nearer forty

than thirty, but she was fair, full, and sleek, and looked well under her age. That Miss Cathcart would marry some day was always considered to be within the bounds of possibility; and she was held in high estimation among those gentlemen of Earlsport and the neighbourhood who had lost their wives, or those who, having worn the edge off the pleasures of bachelor life, were looking forward with resignation to making themselves *rangés*. Squire Horseley even had been heard to declare that he only waited for the time when a crown-piece would no longer cover his baldness as a warning that he must marry her himself. She was, however, incurably deaf, and, as Mrs Fossebraye said, no gentleman would dare to make love to her within a quarter of a mile of a human habitation.

"I ought to have gone to sit with old Mrs Colepepper, my dear," she said to Mrs Fossebraye in an aside intended to be a whisper, but which was distinctly audible to every one in the room; "but I was dying to see Mr Brancepeth, of whom we have all been talking so much. And you have got Cloete here too. So considerate."

The gentleman in question was just then saying that he was very glad to meet Miss Sparshott again, and that he trusted the doctor was quite well. He was very well, Cloete had replied; but it seemed to her as if Brancepeth had again repeated the haunting words, "I may never be able to marry you, Cloete, but I shall never be able to forget you."

At dinner Cloete found herself between Mr Mold and Mr Eastwicke, while Mr Brancepeth was away at the other end of the table flanked by the hostess and Miss Ogle. George Fossebraye had

no great conversational gifts, but he did his best to make general talk circulate round the table. He discussed the county news with Colonel Ogle, and joined the alderman in his grumbles against the majority in the Town Council. There was always one safe subject at an Earlsport dinner-table, and that was the conduct of Lord Earlsfield towards the town, and the shortcomings of his brother, the borough member. Messrs Fossebraye & Mold were his lordship's solicitors, and George generally felt bound to stand up for his client; but as a citizen of Earlsport, he could not help having a feeling with the general grievance.

"He won't have the ghost of a chance," put in Alderman Hanmer decisively. "If no one else comes forward, the very stones in the streets would rise to oppose George Colpoys's return for the borough. We are not to be held down and snubbed by my lord, and keep his brother in Parliament too."

"But you won't split up the party!" said Fossebraye; "if you run another, you will only open the door for a Conservative. You can't expect that Mr Colpoys will withdraw, even if Lord Earlsfield would allow him."

"I'd rather have a Conservative ten times over—yes, the rankest Tory among them—than have the town crushed under Earls court in this fashion."

"Delighted to hear you say so, alderman," cried Mr Challoner, who was the Conservative agent for Earlsport, but whose post had hitherto been very much a sinecure; "we shall put you on our next committee. I'll book you as chairman."

"Bah!" retorted the alderman; "you'll never get the length of a committee. A Tory has no

chance in Earlsport. You won't get any one to stand who knows the town."

"A chance for you, colonel," said George; "do you feel inclined to back your principles, and aid Alderman Hanmer in freeing the borough from what he calls the yoke of Earlscourt?"

"Gad, I wish I had the money to do it!" returned Colonel Ogle; "there is nothing I would like better than to get into Parliament. There are those fellows who collared the Banda and Kir-wee prize-money—I should make it hot for them. There was the last divisional command, too—a fellow who had spent all his time between Knightsbridge and Windsor—I should like to have a shot at that. I spoke about it to Colpoys, and asked him to lay the facts before the House, and point out what a job it was. And he coolly told me that he could not do it on principle, as all the time he had been in Parliament he had been on the outlook for a job for himself."

"Have you met Miss Colpoys, Mr Brancepeth?" asked Miss Ogle; "she resides a good deal abroad."

"Yes; I have met Miss Colpoys," replied Brancepeth, shortly.

"She is very nice; the nicest of all the Earlsfield family," continued Miss Ogle. "She is so good-natured, and so anxious to make every one happy. Quite romantic she is, and so unlike all the others. She is at Earlscourt just now."

"Yes," said Mr Mold across the table; "she came the day after Mr Brancepeth."

"Indeed!" said Brancepeth; "where is Lord Earlsfield's son now, Mrs Fossebraye?"

"He is in London with his keeper—well, then, his tutor—his

companion—whatever you like to call him, George," replied Mrs Fossebraye, as she saw her husband's eyes directed towards her; "but George told me the other day that he is coming home too. Every one is coming home since Mr Brancepeth set them the good example."

"It is very sad," remarked Mrs Challoner; "a proud man like Lord Earlsfield must feel his son's infirmity very much; and yet they say Harold Colpoys is sane enough at times, and very clever. He will succeed his father all the same, will he not, Mr Mold?"

"Certainly," said Mr Mold, pleased at being referred to on so abstruse a point of peerage law; "in the title at all events. Madness is no bar to inheritance. He may even marry and transmit the title to a saner descendant. Would you like to be a peeress, Miss Sparshott?"

"My ambition is not so aspiring," replied Cloete, and then she bent her head over her plate, as she felt that Brancepeth might apply her words to himself, and was probably looking at her; and that all the rest of the company were very likely thinking the same.

"Isn't it very hard on Miss Colpoys that she cannot marry?" asked Miss Ogle of her neighbour. "She is so very amiable, and she can't marry without Lord Earlsfield's consent; and they say that he won't let her marry any one, because if she does her fortune will go out of the family, and if she marries against his will, it all falls to him."

"I believe Lord Earlsfield is a very sensible man, and he can surely be trusted to do what is best for his sister's happiness," returned Brancepeth, slowly. "Does Miss Donne still live at the Court, Mrs Fossebraye?"

"Oh yes, she is still there. She always will be there, although I don't know why she should go on living in that wretchedly gloomy place unless Lord Earlsfield himself is going to marry her."

"Because she has nowhere else to live," broke in Colonel Ogle, warmly. "General Donne—I knew him well, good officer and good man he was—never had a knack of saving money, and could scarcely have been worth a rap when he died. He was a friend of Lord Earlsfield—a distant relation, too, I believe. When I hear them all abusing Lord Earlsfield, I can never forget that he has given that orphan girl a home. It shows that, with all his pride and stiffness, there must be some kindness at the bottom of his heart. I can't stand his arrogance, and have never allowed him to come the major-general over me, but I respect him for what he has done for that girl."

"Miss Donne is a very charming young lady," said Mr Eastwicke in his slow intoning voice, "with none of Lord Earlsfield's narrow views. She was at St Swithin's last Sunday. I observed her in your seat, Mrs Fossebraye."

"We were not at church," said the hostess; "when one has been very good all Advent and Lent, one has the feeling that one can take it out in the Sundays after Trinity."

Mr Eastwicke looked doubtful at this doctrine, but prudently reflecting that Mrs Fossebraye was St Swithin's most liberal benefactor, and that his church was not yet endowed, he recognised the inexpediency of giving an ecclesiastical turn to the conversation of a mixed company.

When the ladies had withdrawn, the gentlemen did not

close up, and general conversation gave way to detached talk. George Fossebraye and the alderman discussed the shortcomings of the council and the last act of imbecility on the part of the mayor. Messrs Challoner and Mold exchanged more opinions on some recent decisions of the county court judge, and were in cordial agreement as to that functionary's utter ignorance of the most elementary principles of common law. Mr Eastwicke endeavoured to interest Colonel Ogle in the iniquitous prosecution which had been instituted, under the Public Worship Regulation Act, against the rector of St Cuthbert's in Muddleham, but found that that obtuse officer, although a member of his own congregation, persisted in holding that obedience was the first duty of a parson as well as of a soldier. While his interlocutor was thinking how least offensively he could point out the grave difference between ecclesiastical and military obligations, the colonel turned away to Brancepeth, who was abstractedly sipping his claret, heedless of the talk that was going on around him.

"You were very lucky to fall upon such a comfortable nest as the Dunes House, Mr Brancepeth, on your return. I was often there in your predecessor's time, poor Sir Alexander M'Chanter, a very worthy and sensible man—for a Scotsman. It used to recall my old West Indian days to taste his sangaree and pepperpots. Were you lucky enough to get his cellar? I had hopes that it might have come to the hammer, when a poor man might have been able to pick up a few bottles of his old Madeira."

"I took over Sir Alexander's cellar," returned Brancepeth; "but," and he spoke very slowly

and distinctly, "I fear I shall not be able to turn it to as hospitable an account as my predecessor did, for some time at least. I took the Dunes House with the view of leading a retired life for the present, although my old friend Fossebraye has been kind enough to give me an excellent excuse for quitting my solitude for one night."

A statement so evidently intended to catch the ears of the company broke off conversation, and an awkward pause ensued. George Fossebraye fingered his napkin nervously, and looked round for indications of a disposition to move up-stairs; while Mr Mold, who had already several times sent the wine past himself, now filled a glass of claret and prepared himself to hear with attention any further announcement of Mr Brancepeth's plans that might transpire.

"You'll very soon get tired of playing hermit," said the colonel, finishing his wine and pushing back his chair. "When these old fellows used to try that game, the devil always was at them in the shape of a woman. Wasn't that the way he tempted St Anthony, Mr Eastwicke?—no, I believe it was a pig that tempted him; but some of the rest of them—eh, Mr Eastwicke, you know all about it?—came to grief when the Old Chap tempted them in the shape of a beautiful woman. I shall live in hopes of drinking Mrs Brancepeth's health at the Dunes House in some of my old friend M'Chanter's forty-five before my beard gets much greyer."

"With Mrs Brancepeth's assistance, I shall try my best to do the honours," said Mr Brancepeth, laughing, as the gentlemen rose and moved up to the drawing-room. Here Mrs Fossebraye had arranged her forces according to

her own special views of the objects of the campaign. She had placed Miss Ogle at the piano, and had started a current scandal which would find work for Mrs Hanmer and Mrs Challoner for the rest of the evening. Mrs Ogle she took in hand herself, and Cloete was posted with a book of photographs on a capacious and inviting ottoman in a corner. But Mrs Fossebraye was disappointed if she expected that Brancepeth would be tempted to occupy the vacant seat. He sat down by Mrs Ogle, and complimented her on her daughter's singing, but never by any chance allowed his eyes to stray in the direction where Cloete Sparshott was seated. Mr Eastwicke, however, took possession of the vacant place on the ottoman, while Mr Mold looked over her shoulder; so Cloete was not by any means left out in the cold.

"Can we give you a lift, Mr Brancepeth?" asked Mrs Challoner; "we go your way as far as the corner of the Beechborough Road; or we can take you home for that matter. Our horses want exercise."

"No, thank you," said Brancepeth; "I am walking, and the night is fine. There is a footpath through the Dunes that will take me home in no time."

"Cloete, dear," said Mrs Fossebraye, when all had gone except Mr Mold and Brancepeth, "don't go just yet; George will go home with you. No, thank you, Mr Mold, you need not proffer your services. I'm not going to have Miss Sparshott escorted home so late by bachelors."

Brancepeth heard his hostess's remarks as if he had not heard them, and presently took his leave. "Good night, Mr Brancepeth," said Mrs Fossebraye, with chilling

civility; "we *are* so glad to see you back again, and *as* you are going to throw over *all* your old friends, it is *so* very kind of you to make an exception in our favour."

Brancepeth was too much occupied with his own feelings to take notice of the "intention" in Mrs Fossebraye's words. George accompanied him to the door.

"Good night, old fellow," said the latter; "I am afraid you have been very much bored. But yet it is better that you should see some people, just to show that you have not become a wild man of the woods. It will give a new turn to their talk about you."

"I daresay they will discover enough to talk about sooner or later," replied Brancepeth, gloomily. "As you have more than half guessed if you don't altogether know, there will be a pretty hubbub about me sooner or later. It seems to be my doom to find food for the venomous tongues of this

slandering town. That poor child, too—I durst not let my eyes fall upon her to-night."

"No, Stephen," said Fossebraye, earnestly; "do not get into her way. I was furious with Madge for bringing her here to-night. I trust your honour as my own; but for her sake, poor thing, avoid her—perhaps for your own peace."

Brancepeth groaned. "Give me a cigar, George, and I'll go home. I thought that was all over—that I had entirely mastered myself—but to-night. It is like a cancer, George; you think the whole thing is cut out, and there is a speck of a root too small for any microscope to show left, and the first favourable condition at once brings the germ to maturity."

"God help you, Brancepeth, but I know you will do what is right," said George, wringing his hand; and Stephen strode forth into the darkness.

CHAPTER XL.—MIDNIGHT REFLECTIONS.

Brancepeth walked slowly up the street from George Fossebraye's door, his mind confused with a mixture of feelings which it would have been difficult to have analysed. Fossebraye's words had only emphasised a danger which had been ever present with him since his return to his native town. He had nerved himself to face it, if need were, but he had also told himself that it was one rather to be avoided than encountered. Hitherto he had been selfish enough to think only of himself; but now, George had brought painfully home to him that there was another who had to be considered.

"Ay, and another still," muttered Brancepeth to himself. The

thought that, though now his dream of Cloete Sparshott was a thing of the past, a link of that past still held to connect them together; that his return to Earlsport was an influence upon her; that she must still think—if only something—about him, and was probably trying to explain his conduct at that very instant; and that it depended upon his own bearing whether the old love might not be revived,—these thoughts, though Brancepeth mentally condemned them as wicked, were not without a certain pleasantness which ever springs from a consciousness of power. Brancepeth was not by any means a moral hero, nor was he quite free from either vanity or selfishness; but, as he had assured himself, he was an honour-

able man. He stopped suddenly with a stamp of his foot on the dark pavement, relit his cigar, which he had allowed to go out, and resumed his walk.

How familiar the road was to him, and how it brought back recollections of hurried scampers, when he and George Fossebraye, in their boyhood, had been spending evenings on the Dunes, or in scrambling among the cliffs still farther beyond! He turned into Earlsfield Square, the normal gloom of which was lit up by only a few lamps, for the frugal corporation had seized upon the excuse of a wan, watery-looking moon, now struggling through great masses of dark cloud, as a pretext for dispensing with half the usual supply of lights. There, before him, in the middle of the square, was the statue of the Great Lord Earlsfield, as all Earlsport and Earlscourt called him, pointing a finger of reproof—perhaps at the ghost of some political opponent who, when in the flesh, had called the attention of the House to some of his lordship's contracts. And here was the banking-house of Brancepeth Brothers, dingier and more dismal than even by daylight, with its windows shuttered and barred. Stephen paused for one instant and looked up a narrow lane between Brancepeth Brothers' bank and the stately offices of the Metropolitan and Rural. A ray of light came from an old house standing in a large garden. That was the window of his father's study, and Brancepeth could picture to himself the scene inside as clearly as if he actually beheld it. The table piled with papers, deeds, and securities; neatly docketed letters, prospectuses, and share-lists; a pile of newspapers on the floor; and his father himself in his easy-chair, leaning back, holding a pen mechanically in his hand, and

his eyes thoughtfully fixed on the ceiling. When a boy, Stephen had been wont to wonder what his father could always find to think about, so little did he say, and so engrossed was he with his own thoughts. Did his mother's portrait still hang there? Brancepeth remembered how, when a very young boy, he had been hurriedly brought from Rugby by train, and driven home at a gallop in a cab from the station to see his mother die; and how cruel he had felt it to be, that his father could not leave the bank, where he had an important meeting with the directors of some company of some kind, to kneel by the bedside while she was drawing her latest breath. Did his father ever think of her now when his eyes chanced to catch her portrait? Did he ever think of the son who had solemnly been commended to his love by that dying mother? Other and more angry recollections flashed across Brancepeth's mind, and he turned away and resumed his walk, quitting the town and passing under the dark shades of the trees, whose long branches hung over the tall walls of Lord Earlsfield's park.

When he came to the corner where the Earlscourt grounds skirted the Dunes, he took a foot-path through the thin weather-beaten grass and ling, which, with here and there thickets of gorse, covered the stretch of sandhills which the sea had washed in to fill up what doubtless had been a bay in prehistoric days, long before the dragon ship of the Jarl had ever sighted the mouth of the Else. Away across the billowy undulations of the Dunes he could discern in the darkness the long white rollers that came dashing in from the German Ocean, breaking with foamy edge upon the sands. Away to the right the two lights at the

entrance of the harbour sparkled upon the water; but the darkness was otherwise unbroken save by a faint red gleam that twinkled like a star. This was the light on Muddleham Point, many miles down the coast. In the centre of the Dunes lay a hollow, sheltered from the sea and screened from the land by the sandhills, which hemmed it round, and which, planted on their inner side by thick shrubberies of pine and fir, showed a dark mass against the grey surface of the Dunes. In the centre of this little wood stood the Dunes House, and in that direction Brancepeth now picked his way over the benty grass, alternated with beds of shingly sand.

The Dunes House at midnight did not look like the abode which a young man full of life and hope would select for choice, however congenial a habitation it might have been for a time and travel worn veteran like Sir Alexander M'Chanter. Perhaps this idea struck Brancepeth as he came up to the little side wicket which admitted him into the grounds. He had told his servant not to sit up for him, and let himself in with his key through a small conservatory which led into the library. Here his reading-lamp was lit and turned down low, and a cheerful fire was burning in the grate. But Brancepeth, still restless, turned away to the window, and pulling aside the curtains, stood gazing out at the dark pine-covered slopes before him, and the broken clouds which were drifting away inland before a fresh breeze from the sea.

"What must she have thought of me?" he mused to himself. "How she must have despised me! And yet, if she only knew all, I believe she would not blame me. Would she pity me? That would be even worse. Had I imagined

she would be there, I should certainly have avoided the Fossebrayes' dinner. And yet, perhaps it was better that we should meet thus—certainly better for her that she should know at once that the past is buried, and that our old love can never be revived. Revived! I felt to-night that I loved her more than ever, when my love is a sin for me and an insult to her. God help us both! I wonder if she thought to-night of the old days when we strolled together by the Elae, or met in the Earlscourt woods, and of the dreams of happiness she used to dream before we were parted. She seemed quite calm and self-possessed. I hope she has forgotten; and yet I cannot bear to think that she has ceased to love me. All selfishness—more of that selfishness which has made my life what it is, and what it will have to be—that and my father together. How different all might have been for me, and for Cloete too, if he had only done me common justice, not to say shown me the reasonable indulgence an only son has a right to look for! But I must avoid Cloete. I owe it to my own honour; I owe it to others. Let people say what they please about me. They may call me selfish, or foolish, or a schemer, if they choose, when all comes out, but they shall have no excuse for tainting my conduct with the shadow of disgrace. If I have made my bed, I can lie on it."

He closed the curtains, and coming round to the table turned up his reading-lamp. Close by it was a letter which Pont, his man, had evidently placed there so that it might attract his notice. Stephen started when he saw the address, and stood a minute before he took it up—anger, perturbation, and curiosity contending for mastery on his countenance. At last he took

up the note, and with a bitter smile, and a muttered "Too late," sat down in his chair and leisurely opened the envelope. This was what he read:—

"THE EARLSFORT BANK
(BRANCEPETH BROTHERS),
28th April 18—.

"DEAR SIR,—If you could make it convenient to call here and favour me with a few minutes' private conversation on an early date, I should feel obliged. I may add, to prevent misapprehension, that it is on a matter of business which I desire to see you, or, to speak more accurately, in the hope that our conversation may lead to a business understanding.—I am, dear sir, your obedient faithful servant,

"STEPHEN BRANCEPETH.

"TO STEPHEN BRANCEPETH, jr., Esq."

Stephen read and re-read the letter with puzzled wonder. It was very different from the communication he had expected. He had calculated upon his reappearance at Earlsfort under such unexpected circumstances rousing his father's curiosity. He knew the old man's unyielding nature, and he had fully expected that he would make some move against him. He had thought of old Mr Brancepeth's affection for the bank, and he had thought it possible that he might endeavour to get his son to

patch up a peace and carry on the family business. Stephen had even promised himself his revenge in a haughty refusal to have anything to do with the bank or his father either. He had also thought it possible that the banker might insist upon knowing whether he still persisted in his resolution to marry Cloete Sparshott, and he had resolved to return no reply to such a question. But the tenor of this letter was quite inexplicable and unexpected to him, and he did not know what it might or might not foreshadow. The letter was a perfectly civil one—such as any one might naturally receive from one's banker. Stephen had a considerable balance lying at Brancepeth Brothers. Very probably his father, who took an interest in all his customers, might simply wish to give him some advice or hint about investment. At all events, something would probably crop up during the interview to indicate how the land lay between them. Curiosity, if no deeper feeling, mastered his first impulse to send a stiff note declining a meeting. He would send a formal reply, promising to call in a few days; and with this resolve he went to bed, his mind excited by past recollections, and prospects of future complications, which did not afford much promise of a night's tranquil rest.

CHAPTER XII.—THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

No one ever thought of sitting down to breakfast at Earls court until his lordship had made his appearance; and punctilious as the arrangement was, it had this for its justification, that he was never late. Invariably as the clock struck nine, Lord Earlsfield came into the dining-room, and after tapping an old-

fashioned barometer that hung by the window, sat down at table with a muttered remark that was believed to be a collective and inclusive greeting to the members of his family. No encouragement was afforded to breakfasting in bedrooms at the Court, even on the coldest mornings. Lord Earlsfield held such Sybaritic

practices in special detestation, and took mental note of any who were absentees from the table. On the rare occasions when a temporary affluence afforded George Colpoys a brief independence of his brother's good graces, the member would sometimes venture to breakfast in his own room on the plea that he had Blue-books to master during his meal. Miss Colpoys, too, who was her own mistress since she had come into her aunt's legacy, not infrequently insisted on having breakfast taken up to her; and in her case his lordship was content to waive his undoubted right of objection. Lady Pye's money had placed Dorothy in a manner *in potestate sua*, and so long as its ultimate destination was kept safe in view, Lord Earlsfield felt that his sister ought to be allowed to enjoy the usufruct of it to her own liking.

On the morning after Mrs Fossebraye's dinner-party, the whole family was assembled by nine o'clock in the breakfast-room to await Lord Earlsfield. George had received a summons to an interview with his lordship in the library that morning, and had come down with grave misgivings as to its object, although, tax his mind as he might, he could recall none of his recent shortcomings more specially heinous than the others, to call for his brother's reprehension. He stood in the window talking in a low voice to Mary Donne, who had come in from the lawn fresh and bright, in a white fleecy dress, with the last spring snowdrop in her bosom. Dorothy was reading her letters, and Mrs Firebrace, who was following up the "call" that she had received after her husband's death and her own retirement from society, was intently conning the pages of 'Every Day a Portion,' which she hurriedly slipped into her pocket as her eldest brother entered the room.

Lord Earlsfield appeared to be in unusually good spirits, and gracious to every one. He gave a smiling "Good morning" to Mary Donne, nodded to George, and bowed to his sisters. The member for Earlsport, anxiously accustomed to read the signs of the times, thought he saw in his brother's face tokens of fair weather, and straight resolved to seize the passing glimpse of sunshine for haymaking—in other words, to unbosom himself in the coming audience of some of his pecuniary difficulties, and if possible extract some ready money out of the head of the family.

My lord sat down, as did every one else, and reverentially said grace with bent head and closed eyes. Recovering himself, he, according to custom, frowned severely upon the footman standing opposite, as though to impress upon that menial that though Lord Earlsfield rendered due homage to Providence, it was without prejudice to all his other rights and dignities. Probably there was a feeling of the same sort mixed up with all Lord Earlsfield's observances of religion. When he went to church—and he went with exemplary regularity every Sunday—he had a notion that he was not only doing his duty like more humble worshippers, but that his presence was also an attention which could not fail to be well received above, and that recording angels would prick off with more satisfaction his attendance in the Earls court pew than that of, say, Dutton, his steward, or even municipal magnates like Alderman Hamner, or Loxdale the mayor. Not that Lord Earlsfield was above going down on his knees and owning himself sonorously to be a miserable sinner in the midst of the congregation, but he could not help feeling that the admission

must come with a very good grace from a man in his position.

The meals at Earls court were not cheerful. If the head of the house felt inclined to converse, the others talked in a mild way; if he held his peace, they also ate their food in silence. Lord Earlsfield was so much the master that even his brother or sisters felt his presence a restraint, and when they conversed together it was in the low subdued tones which people employ in the presence of a superior. His lordship was not without sensitive feelings, and the reserve which the others maintained before him was not calculated to increase his comfort; but it had been once established, and he was too shy to break through the custom when it was so much easier to take silent refuge in his dignity.

"You must feel the cold here, Dora," he said, after he had got half-way through his breakfast. "I daresay it must have been milder where you came from last. Where was it?—Biarritz, was it not?"

"No, from St Sever."

"St Sever! Isn't that a rather out-of-the-way place? I can't understand what takes you always to these remote corners. Any English there besides yourself?"

"No, I believe there were not," replied Miss Colpoys. "I always avoid English winter visitors and their ailments, unless I know something of them at home."

"Did you see anything of Brancepeth, the banker's son, in your travels?" put in George Colpoys. "He has come home and taken the Dunes House, and Fossebraye told me he had come over direct from St Sever. I suppose his father and he have made up matters, since he is able to set up for himself. I think I shall call on him some day soon."

"I believe I crossed with him on the packet," answered Dorothy. "I think—yes, I am certain, now you mention it—I noticed the name of Brancepeth on some luggage."

"Did you have a good passage over?" inquired Lord Earlsfield. "If you had waited another week or two you might have got Harold to take care of you."

This was the first formal announcement of the return of the heir—apparent which had been vouchsafed to the Earls court family, though various straws had shown them that the wind was set in that direction. An uncomfortable feeling pervaded the table. Mrs Firebrace swallowed a cupful of hot tea so hastily as to run some risk of choking, while George began vigorously to butter toast. Each felt that Lord Earlsfield's eyes were upon him or her, and each trembled lest his or her face might betray some indication of the general uneasiness.

"Give me another egg—a fresh one," said his lordship, sternly. "I daresay I did not mention to you before, Henrietta, that Harold is now coming home for good. He is old enough to dispense with the services of a tutor, and it is quite time that he began to apply himself to learning something of the duties of his position."

Lord Earlsfield looked round the table as if inviting some remark, but the others seemed to have had their appetites suddenly sharpened towards the close of the meal, and were all engrossed in breakfast. His lordship pushed away his plate and sat stiffly back in his chair.

"He will occupy the north rooms at the end of the corridor," said he at length; "you will be good enough to give orders, Henrietta."

"Is he better?" asked Mrs Firebrace, shortly. She stood in less

awe of her brother than any of the others, and was the only one who dared to cross tempers with him.

"I was not aware he had been unwell, madam," snapped his lordship, with a frown. "So far as I know, there has been nothing the matter with him since he got better of that low fever in Florence two years ago. When Carshalton last wrote me, Harold was in excellent health and spirits. You, at least, will be glad that Harold is coming home, Mary," he added, turning to Miss Donne with a nervous wistful smile. "The house must be dull for you without any companion of your own age."

"We shall be glad to see him again," said George, with an effort at affectionate geniality, prompted by the thought of that interview in the library that was still before him. "Let me see, he will be twenty-one at midsummer, won't he? You will have to do something handsome to celebrate his majority."

"We have never yet had to do anything to celebrate our majorities," returned Lord Earlsfield, gloomily; "when the town of Earlsport was mindful of its obligations to our house, the inhabitants never omitted to celebrate the coming of age of the heir of the manor in a fitting fashion. In their present frame of mind the best service they can offer to me or to my son is to take no notice of the event. When you have finished breakfast, George, you will find me waiting you in the library;" and my lord stalked glumly away, leaving the member to hastily swallow the remainder of his tea and to follow him.

"Heaven help us!" said Mrs Firebrace, in a low voice, when the door had closed upon her brother. "What is to become of us? Our lives won't be safe in the house with Harold. Lady Whitehead, who was

staying in the same hotel in Geneva, says he becomes quite outrageous when contradicted. He broke a waiter's arm in one of his passions, and Captain Carshalton had to pay ever so much money to pacify the man."

"I am going in June," observed Dorothy, indifferently, "so I shall be well out of the way. Besides, the poor fellow always liked me."

"Of course you will go," bridled Mrs Firebrace; "who ever heard of you staying anywhere where you could be of any use? Ever since you got that money you have never been good for anything. No good comes of making a woman too independent. Poor Major Firebrace always said so."

"I can easily imagine that he had reason to make the remark," said Dorothy, drily.

"Poor Harold!" broke in Mary Donne, to check the growing tendency to sisterly amenities. "Perhaps his mind has grown more settled; and we must try, for Lord Earlsfield's sake, to make as much of him as we can."

"Make much of him!" re-echoed Mrs Firebrace. "Who can make much of a madman? You don't know the moment he may fly at you. It is a shame—a selfish shame of Lord Earlsfield to bring him here, when he would be so much better looked after in a private asylum. It is all his pride, and as the Bible says, 'Pride goeth before destruction'—so we shall be murdered or the house burned down," she added, emphasising the text and her application of it with a sniff.

"Yet one can't blame him," said Dorothy, with a sigh; "it would be very hard to shut the poor boy up. And of course Earlscourt is Olaf's own, and he can bring any one here he likes."

"Yes; but he has no right to

endanger other people's lives," retorted Mrs Firebrace. "It is very easy for you, Dorothea, to speak so when you can do anything you please and go anywhere; but what is to become of me? Ah! if poor Major Firebrace had only been alive, all would have been so different."

"According to your own account the difference would not have been in your favour. How often do you say that you went about in terror of your life when the Major was in his tantrums? And don't you always tell us you never knew a day's happiness until he was dead?"

"True happiness," retorted the widow, shifting her position to a religious vantage-ground—"true happiness, I said, which is quite another thing from what people of this world mean by happiness. Major Firebrace was not a Christian certainly, and if he had lived my soul might have been exposed to peril like his. But he could always protect his wife from a dangerous lunatic."

"As the dangerous lunatic is your own nephew, I think he might come within the range of your Christian sympathies," answered Dorothy, with the faintest suspicion of a sneer. "You are always preaching to me about bearing crosses, and now that you have got one you don't seem to relish it

over-much;" and gathering up her letters and envelopes very carefully from the table, Dorothy swept upstairs to her own room.

"You hear how she scoffs, Mary, my dear," groaned Mrs Firebrace, with a shake of her head. "I fear poor Dorothy is very unregenerate. My aunt's money has been anything but a blessing to her. What a vast amount of good she might do with her means if she only took an interest in Christian work, instead of which she spends it all upon herself, going about alone to all sorts of out-of-the-way places in a way that can't be right. I trust she may yet be awakened. We must all wait for the troubling of the waters, and I can't but feel for her when I think that I was once myself as nearly lost as she is. Yes, my dear, if I had died when the Major died I should have just gone to hell with him. But the girl is gone."

It was too true. No sooner had Mrs Firebrace thrown back her head and fixed her eyes on the ceiling, as was her custom when she desired to deliver herself of a sermon, than Mary Donne had stolen softly from the room; and the mistress of Earls court, with a sigh for the levity of those among whom her lot was cast, gathered up her keys and sought the house-keeper to concert preparations for the heir-apparent.

CHAPTER XIII.—HECKLING THE MEMBER.

Meanwhile the conference in the library had been going on not very much to the satisfaction of either of the parties engaged in it. The blandness which Lord Earlsfield had displayed at breakfast had been banished by the too evident consternation which the news of Harold's coming had spread at the

table; and before the conversation opened, George felt that he would sell his chance of any immediate pecuniary relief for a very slight equivalent.

Settling himself stiffly at his writing-table, and motioning his brother to a chair in front of him, Lord Earlsfield arranged his papers

with a magisterial air, placed his spectacles on his nose, and commenced. "May I presume to inquire what your plans are—if you have formed any—in the event of a general election? I have it on good authority that if Ministers are defeated on this Irish business they intend to go to the country."

"My intentions?" asked George. "Why, of course I shall do whatever you wish. I don't suppose you will let the borough go out of the family without a fight."

"I should of course be sorry to see the 'borough go out of the family,' as you say," returned my lord drily. "A Colpoys, or a Colpoys's nominee, has sat for the borough since the Long Parliament; and until you were returned I am bound to say the obligation has always been on the side of Earlsport."

"I don't see why you should come down upon me as the exception," grumbled George, doggedly. "Haven't I always done just as you wanted me, and voted as you desired me? The only real quarrel I have ever had with the constituency was when I voted against my party on Reform at your request and went into the Cave."

"It appears to me," said Lord Earlsfield, loftily, "that you are utterly ignorant of the most elementary principles that should influence the mind of a legislator. If your own judgment is not strong enough to direct your vote, I think you ought to be extremely grateful to any one whose experience of politics and interest in the welfare of the country came to your assistance."

"Well, so I am," said George, hastily; "you know I have always had unbounded confidence in your opinion; and I don't think you can say I have failed to take advantage of it."

"Yes, sir, you have," said Lord Earlsfield, sternly. "I do not allude now to the mere matter of voting, but I must say that you have not taken sufficient pains to cultivate your constituency. If you had exerted yourself as you ought to have done, we might have avoided the expensive contest of last election, as well as the dirt which the 'Mercury' and other scurrilous prints saw fit to throw at us. I can't in my position stoop to take up a conciliatory attitude to these Earlsport Radicals, who owe all they have to our family, and of course turn round to bite the hands that fed them; but you, sir—it should have been your task to pacify and humour them as far as a gentleman could."

"Damned hard all this!" said George to himself, "when it is his own domineering conduct that has put up every one's back; but I daren't tell him so." Then aloud, "Haven't I done all that any man can do? Don't I go about among 'em and shake hands all over the place? Didn't I lecture last winter in the Earlsport Athenæum on 'Richard Baxter'?"

"Yes, and got well ridiculed for your pains," said Lord Earlsfield, with a grim smile at the fun which the 'Mercury' had poked at George and his lecture. "And some one wrote to the Radical paper and showed that half your lecture was stolen from one of the Quarterlies. You may remember the 'Mercury' printed the original and your plagiarisms in parallel columns, with appropriate comments? That was another of your mistakes."

"Well, I gave a newspaper man ten pounds for it, and it ought to have been original for the money," retorted George. "And I am sure I always subscribe to these cursed local objects and charities, and all that kind of thing, when I have got

any money to give them. They are dunning me just now for a contribution to the Earlsport Hospital, but I am so hard up that unless you——"

"And then you do nothing in Parliament, sir," interrupted his brother, — "absolutely nothing. You pair for more than half the session, and come here, on pretence of delicate health, for the other half. Look here," taking up two or three volumes from the edges of which white paper-markers ominously projected, "what did you do last session? On the 3d March you moved for papers relating to the Burstington colliery explosion——"

"And got them," put in George, with modest triumph.

"On 11th June you moved the adjournment of the House, and did not speak when the debate was resumed; and on 4th August you called the attention of the Board of Works to the ventilation of the smoking-room of the House of Commons. Now, sir, I put it to you, is that a creditable session's work for a member of Parliament?"

"Why the devil *does* Hansard index these books of his?" groaned George, inwardly; "he could never have fished out all that if he had had to go over the files of the 'Times.'"

"Well," he said, "I don't see how I can help it. I did well enough as long as I had the Muddelham Point lighthouse to go upon. That was always good for one speech a session, and might have been so still if these asses of the Trinity House had not gone for it in earnest and built it. Really, nowadays there is nothing so preposterous that you can take it up with the certainty that it will last you as a subject. Some meddling fool of a secretary is always sure to come and do what you want, and then you are all adrift again."

"Bah!" said Lord Earlsfield, "I don't mean these petty local things. I applied myself to politics—to politics in the higher sense of the word. The very first session I was in the House I spoke to a motion of Lord Althorpe's on Reform. Why do you not make yourself master of some great subject that would command the attention of the House and the country? There are plenty of questions, such as India, or the Colonies, or Army Reform, or Russia in Central Asia, that you might easily take up."

"There are fellows," said George, slowly, "that have got one or other of these things for their own special fads, and the House is so much pestered by them that it won't stand outsiders. Besides, these fellows themselves are down upon any one who meddles with their subjects as if they were poachers. But if you really think I should go in for something of that kind, I'll have a shy at it. The colonies are all pretty well picked up—even the smallest of them. But I'll take a look at them. I got a Blue-book about Prince Edward's Island the other day. Somewhere in America I think it is, if it isn't in the Malay Archipelago. It must have a Government, or an Assembly, or something of that sort, that wants pitching into," mused George, his legislative ambition warming up at the thought. "I think I'll take a look at Prince Edward's Island, and see what can be made of it, if you approve."

"Umph," was Lord Earlsfield's very doubtful response.

"And I'll set to work and go about the town a bit. I'll drop into the Exchange and the Club to-day, now I think of it. Alderman Hanmer has asked me to dinner next Tuesday. I didn't think of going; but after what you have just said, I shall accept his invitation."

"Faugh!" was Lord Earlsfield's only comment on this practical application of his lecture.

"And," continued George, making a rush at the subject which lay nearest his heart, "it would be well to throw out a few subscriptions. There is the Hospital and the Lifeboat—that catches the fishermen; and a few guineas to the soup-kitchen would do me a deal of good. But I am absolutely run out. I have had heavy calls upon me. If you could see your way to letting me have some money just now, we would get the full benefit of it when the election comes round."

"Not a farthing," said his brother, promptly. "If you can't contrive to get along on your income, you must find means to add to it by your own exertions. It seems to be taken for granted in this family that I am to supply all its members with unlimited means of extravagance, and worse. Read that, sir," said Lord Earlsfield, taking a note from his desk between his finger and his thumb, and tossing it over to his brother with an expression of intense disgust; "read that insolent epistle, and judge for yourself whether I am to submit to be made an object of prey to all who, to my sorrow, can claim relationship with me."

The letter was at all events short, and to the point:—

"12 SHAFTO ST., CAMBERWELL,
Friday morning.

"MY DEAR EARLSFIELD,—I trust you won't mind my taking the liberty of asking you to lend me £350. I would not venture on such a request upon the supposition of any regard of yours for me personally; but I know your horror of anything like an *esclandre* connected with our name, and I feel that I am doing you a service

in enabling you to prevent it. I have got an execution in the house, and shall be in jail on Monday; and the whole business will be in the Society papers by the middle of the next week, unless you can see your way to oblige me with the sum I have mentioned (£350), which will just suffice to make matters square.—Believe me, my dear Earlsfield, your affectionate brother,
JAMES COLPOYS."

"There, sir," said Lord Earlsfield, when George had read the letter, "what do you think of that?"

"Poor Jim!" sighed George, "I daresay he is in a bad way. I must say he is a cool hand to write in that way," he added, while a stray wish crossed his mind that he himself could have courage enough to treat his elder brother in the same cavalier fashion.

"Grossest impertinence!" ejaculated Lord Earlsfield, rising in wrath and pacing the room. "*Esclandre* indeed! As if there were any scandal that human wickedness can cause that he has not already connected with our name. Why, even in the Society papers that came in this morning he is figuring: 'The bay mare has again sold her backers,'" continued my lord, reading from one of the obnoxious prints, "'and among others who have come a cropper over the Liverpool Meeting, we understand that the Honourable Jim Colpoys has sustained the worst injuries.' Jim! The Honourable Jim!! Cropper!!! I wish from my very soul he would break his neck."

"I told him the bay would sell him," muttered George to himself. And then aloud, feeling that he must make a last charge, even if it was a forlorn-hope, "But my request is a very different one. You wish me to be returned again

for the borough, and it is perfectly impossible that I can keep up my position as a member, to say nothing of pleasing the constituency, unless you lend me a hand just now."

"Why don't you try your sister?" snapped his lordship. "She has plenty of money, and nothing to do with it, and I understand she has repeatedly helped you before."

"She can't, or she won't, now," replied George, gloomily. "She told me the other day that it would take her all her time to keep things square until she got her summer dividends, and that she could not give me a fraction sooner."

"That is very odd," said Lord Earlsfield. "I happened to learn by accident the other day that she had drawn eight thousand pounds quite recently. Have you any idea, George, what Dorothy does with her money?"

"None whatever," replied the member, ruefully. "She used always to be good for something to me until within the last six or eight months."

"Strange," remarked Lord Earlsfield, meditatively. "I don't think she is extravagant on herself, and I don't know any tastes that she has to explain such an outlay. You don't think she plays while she is on the Continent, do you?"

"She hates it," returned George, with a positive air. "Why, when I was at Cannes with her the winter before last I could never get her to go to Monaco. That is, of course, I didn't want to go there to play; but—well, I thought the sight might interest her, you understand?"

"Yes, I understand perfectly, sir," rejoined the other, with severe emphasis; "but what I don't understand is how your sister, since she does not play herself, and declined to allow you the means to

gamble at Monte Carlo, manages to get through her income in the way she does. However, it is no business of mine. Her aunt, like a senseless woman, left the money perfectly uncontrolled, and so long as she does not touch her principal I am not going to interfere."

"She has a fad for art and artists, but that need not take so much," observed the member, in dense ignorance of the costliness of such dissipation; "and I must say she is very liberal generally. She gave three hundred and fifty for the sorrel horse she made Harold a present of when they were in Vienna. By the way, what an excellent chance the general election will afford of showing Harold something of how politics are practically worked among us!"

"Ah!" sighed Lord Earlsfield, sitting down again and resting his head on his hand. George had changed his tactics with such rapidity as to catch him without the proof-armour which he usually put on when his son was in question.

"I can take him about with me," continued the artful member, pressing the advantage which he saw he had gained, "and make him known to every one, and show him how local interests are worked, and where the wires are pulled. He could not have a better chance of gaining useful experience for the position he will have to occupy. Besides, his presence would do me a world of good. You can't mix in these matters, but it would give me points to have the future Lord Earlsfield actively supporting me. It would make matters much more pleasant with the town, as well as give him a start in popularity. But as you don't think of taking an interest in my standing, there is no good in talking," he concluded, with a prolonged sigh.

Lord Earlsfield still leaned his head upon his hand, and as the member saw that he was much moved, he felt half ashamed of the part he had played. "But it was my only card," he apologised to himself; "and if he had just behaved like a Christian, I would not have tabled it."

"George," said Lord Earlsfield with an effort, as he looked fixedly into his brother's face, "you must know as well as I do how the matter stands. God knows whether or not Harold will ever be able to face public life. It is some years now since he has had anything like a serious attack. Carshalton is hopeful; and the Paris doctors say that it is quite probable that the cloud may altogether pass from him as he grows older. But they are against excitement — above all, against thwarting him on anything his mind is deeply set upon. What you propose is very thoughtful, and if he is at all able to go about and mix in public matters, your companionship would be of the greatest possible advantage. You would be more of a companion to him than I could be, for I daresay I am not sociable—I never was. I never thought you a bad fellow, George. You have been extravagant, and idle, and unconscientious"—the member winced as each of these traits was enumerated—"and I have been exceedingly

vexed that you have made no headway; but I think that perhaps you have a kinder nature than any of us others. If you can befriend Harold, you establish a claim upon me that it would be sinful to disown. God knows I would give my own life and spend my last farthing, if that would keep my poor boy in his sane senses when I am gone!"

"Earlsfield," said the member, springing to his feet and seizing his brother's hands with a burst of genuine feeling, "I shall stand by your son while there is a breath of life in me. I swear it to you before God. I am not a good man; I never set up for being one; but Harold shall never get harm for me, and I shall watch over him as if he were a son of my own. I was a beast to speak of him to you just now as I did, when I knew so well how you must be troubled about him."

The two stood hand in hand, each looking earnestly into the other's face, with a bond of more brotherly feeling between them than they had perhaps felt since childhood.

"No, no," said Lord Earlsfield, "it is as well. We shall understand each other better in future, now that we have spoken of him. Leave me now, George, and I shall remember to send you a cheque on Brancepeths' this afternoon."

TEN DAYS ON AN OIL-RIVER.

ON the morning of the 26th of March 1889 we got into the long swell which marks proximity to the coast-line in the Bight of Benin, and at about noon sighted a spire, which we were told was part of Bonny Cathedral. Shortly afterwards some corrugated iron roofs became visible; and as we continued our course, a straight dark line just showed itself above the waters, and gave us our first view of the land portion of the Niger delta. As I glanced at the captain's chart I wondered how we should ever find our way through the labyrinth of channels into which we were entering—a doubt by no means lessened by a view of the apparently unbroken lines of surf and expanses of mud-coloured shallow water which lay between us and the shore. However, after many twistings and turnings, and the guidance of the solitary buoy by which this channel is marked, we finally glided into smooth water, and cast anchor in the Bonny river—a broad estuary, bounded by banks of mud, almost awash at high tide, and far below the level of our eyes as we paced the deck of the *Benguela*. On the left bank were some half-dozen two-storeyed European buildings, with corrugated iron roofs, behind them a broad expanse of bush, of which the straight outline was here and there broken by a gigantic cotton-tree. As it neared the river's mouth, the bank's few feet of elevation gradually dwindled to nothing, until it merged into the broad, wet sandy foreshore, which, in its turn, melted into the sea-horizon. There was no sign of native habitations, the town, or rather towns of Bonny being, as

we afterwards learnt, situated on creeks a little farther up and down the river. Some fifty yards from the shore was moored an old hulk, connected with the land by a wooden pier.

The right bank of the river, about a mile and a half distant, presented an absolutely flat and unbroken horizon, and, when shortly afterwards we entered the ship's boat to row ashore, disappeared altogether beneath the sky-line. Up-stream the view, equally flat and unbroken, afforded rather more variety of colour. The broad stream stretched away—an unruffled streak of light—till it melted into the haze of the northern horizon; the green foliage and brown gnarled stems and roots of the unending mangroves stood out sharply on an island in mid-stream a few hundred yards above us; whilst on the left bank, above the factories, mangroves again showed a sheet of less brilliant green, gradually fading in the far distance into the grey of sky and river.

The hulk just mentioned was a remnant of the older style of trading, when merchants sent their own vessels, which, casting anchor in the rivers, were covered with mat awnings and generally made comfortable,—remaining for weeks or months until their original cargo was exhausted and replaced by barrels of palm-oil. Later on they took to leaving one ship permanently on the coast, moored to the shore, dismantled, and turned into a floating house and fortress; for in the good old days of the "*Palm-oil Ruffian*," the vocation of merchants on this coast was anything but a peaceful one.

Now goods are all sent out by the regular lines of steamers, and the merchants' representatives live in comfortable houses on the dry land.

Soon a smart gig put out from the shore, and brought on board Captain Boler, one of the oldest English residents on the coast, and Major (now Sir Claud) Macdonald, the British High Commissioner for the Oil-rivers, who had just arrived from England on a special mission. The former kindly invited us to stay with him while we remained at Bonny; and finding that we were likely to have to wait some days before the arrival of the Nubia, which was to take us to England, we gladly accepted his offer. So packing up our traps, we reluctantly bade farewell to the Benguela, her captain and officers, and accompanied Captain Boler ashore.

His residence was a substantial two-storeyed building, of which the ground-floor was entirely devoted to merchandise and coopers' workshops, for the repair and manufacture of the casks in which the palm-oil is sent to England. The first and residential floor was reached by a broad wooden staircase outside the house, but under cover of the wide verandah which encircled the whole building. On to this verandah all the rooms gave. At the top of the staircase and facing the river was the dining-room, occupying nearly all the centre of the house; to the right and left of it large airy bedrooms opened, giving respectively as well on to the northern and southern verandahs; while on the other side were the offices, Captain Boler's own rooms, and those of his clerks.

In the afternoon Major Macdonald took us to see the cathedral. Soon after starting we came to a

narrow tidal channel, and were anxiously debating as to the best means of passing it, when three naked little blackamoors appeared, one of whom, pointing at me, said, "Me carry them man"; and as good as his word, he lifted me on his shoulders and carried me across. Our way to the cathedral lay through Bonny Town, a dirty and intricate collection of huts: some with wattle- and -daub walls and palm-leaf thatched roofs; others of mud-brick and corrugated iron roofs; and some again a mixture of the two styles of architecture, but all out of repair, and as far as I could see, filthily dirty. The chief feature of the place appeared to be the extraordinary number of broken square-face "Holland's" gin bottles which were strewn about its streets, and which afforded ample evidence of the thirsty temperament of its inhabitants. Gin is one of the most important exports from England to our new Protectorate, and so highly appreciated by the natives that they even have a few bottles buried with them when they die; and as I learnt from a wooden image of a god which was given to me, they have promoted it to the dignity of the ancient nectar—the deity in question being represented with a "square-face" bottle in each hand.

Two minutes' walk, however, sufficed for the passage of King Ja-ja's capital, and brought us to the margin of a deep pool surrounded by gigantic cotton-trees, whose heavy shade and buttressed roots would almost have made one imagine one's self in some early English cloister, but for its human occupants, whose behaviour and appearance were as far as possible opposed to all ideas of peace and dignity. Here King Ja-ja's female subjects come to draw water for their households: fat elderly ne-

gresses, swathed in two or three particoloured square dusters; slim agile young matrons, looking anything but matronly in half a yard of the same material; girls of all ages, from six to sixteen, with no fraction of a duster, but adorned with a single string of cowries pendant from their hips; all carrying huge water-jars on their shoulders (in the case of the children almost as large as themselves), and all laughing and talking and splashing to the utmost of their powers. Accompanying them were the unemployed youths of Bonny (apparently a large proportion of the population), helping the women, as idle young men do all the world over, by causing endless giggles, and rendering the proper business on hand perfectly impossible. I was too far off to hear what was said, and even, had I been nearer, was unacquainted with the Yoruba dialect spoken at Bonny; yet I understood every word that was uttered as well as if I had been watching a similar scene being enacted in an English ball-room, or on the area-steps of a London house. The consequences of the Tower of Babel have no doubt been most annoying to serious-minded persons in search of information; but to the truly frivolous they have caused but little practical inconvenience, nor will, until a second and worse Babel inflicts on mankind a confusion of giggles.

Our road lay through thick bush, in which a broad "ride" had been cut, marked by narrow interlacing tracks, which the bare feet of its users had worn. Half an hour's walk brought us to Archdeacon Crowther's house, a pleasant dwelling in a well-kept garden facing the river. We were most amiably received by the Archdeacon and Mrs Crowther, who showed us over their beautiful church and

well-built schools, the former capable of seating a thousand persons,—a number which, I am told, the Archdeacon often draws within its walls. The mission-buildings are all situated in a clearing in a part of the bush which was formerly sacred to the local god, and from which his votaries, ever anxious to secure a human sacrifice, were in the habit of pouncing out on unsuspecting wayfarers.

Although it is an open question whether the West African negro has yet arrived at a stage which fits him for the reception of our religion and civilisation, with their attendant liberties in the matter of gin, gunpowder, and forms of worship, and restrictions as to sexual relationship, there can be no doubt that the world at large can no longer tolerate the cruelties and abominations attendant on his ancestor and devil worship, nor live cheek-by-jowl (as it must nowadays with all seaboard populations) with a people which practises them. Whatever may be thought of the advantages of missionary work among members of more advanced religions, the thanks of the civilised world are certainly due to the missionaries who have at all events stamped out the outward and more objectionable forms of West African superstition. Among these Archdeacon Crowther, and, as I heard on all sides, his father, the Bishop of the Niger, belong to the very highest class; and being themselves natives, have an amount of influence which no white man could hope to attain. Like their American brothers, some of the black parsons are decidedly quaint in their methods of teaching. One who acted as *locum tenens* for the Archdeacon some time ago, attracted great crowds every Sunday by his violent anti-white sermons. In one of them he was telling his

congregation of God calling the lambs into His fold. "Which did you think God called?" he asked; "the white lambs, or the black? Nay, my brethren, not the white, but the black. And why?" (Here a solemn pause.) "Because he grows wool."

Many were the stories told us of cannibalism and human sacrifice, the former, I fancy, mostly exaggerated; for, as far as I know, cannibalism has never been practised in this region except as part of a religious ceremony; but the latter is still so openly practised in the districts out of immediate European control, only a few miles from Bonny, that it is certain to have flourished there equally until it was suppressed by force. Only a few weeks before our arrival, for instance, thirty slaves were killed at a place not fifty miles from Bonny, in order that their late master might not be unattended in the land of spirits; while the relations of another deceased chief, also in the immediate neighbourhood, had lately buried alive two of his slaves in his grave, and had hung up two more, head downwards, by hooks passed through the sinews of their heels; in which position they remained until the flesh rotted away, and the poor wretches, still alive, fell into a pit full of spikes, on which they were impaled.

Among the rites formerly practised at Bonny, the most horrible, I think, was the monthly sacrifice of a virgin to the shark-god. At the first low water of every spring-tide a victim was led out to the water's edge, there bound to a stake and left until her agony was ended by the slowly rising tide, or the sharper but more quickly striking fangs of the hungry sharks.

Horrible as this religion is, it

has the advantage of putting enormous power into the hands of the rulers, and thus enabling them to maintain a degree of order which our milder methods fail to effect. Men who had travelled in the interior told me that, in point of honesty, the civilised compared most unfavourably with the uncivilised parts. One traveller in a hitherto unvisited region, having lost his gold watch and chain, wished to offer £30 reward for its recovery; but the chief of the village would not hear of such a proceeding, saying that it would disgrace him for ever were it known that a stranger had been obliged to buy back his own property in his territory; and issuing a proclamation, the watch was soon found and returned to its owner.

Judging from the experiences of Archdeacon and Mrs Crowther, the inhabitants of the Kroo coast, who, from their frequent employment on board European ships, have become fairly civilised, do not share these fine scruples. While they were returning from a trip to Sierra Leone they were shipwrecked off Cape Palmas; and in spite of the fact that they were personally well known to many of the natives, the latter had no compunction in robbing them of everything they possessed. Mrs Crowther, being a very plucky woman, felt so indignant that she took off her wedding-ring and threw it into the sea rather than let the natives have it.

In justice to the Kroo boys, however, I must say that they treat the stranger no worse than their own friends and relations. After one of them has been working up and down the coast for months or years, and has collected a nice little "pile," and a fashionable outfit, consisting of a tall hat, a red cotton umbrella, and the

tunic of a Guards drummer-boy, he begins to yearn for his native village; so balancing himself (or otherwise) in a keel-less "dug-out" of fifteen inches beam, he bids farewell to civilisation, and charging the surf, lands with a bump on his native shore. Immediately following him is a gigantic roller, and in the excitement of the moment it is many chances to one that the welcoming crowd forget to drag the canoe out of the way with sufficient rapidity, and that she (bottom uppermost), the tall hat, the umbrella, and the tunic, are all gaily dancing in the surf. A score of strong arms are soon beating the water to their rescue, which is speedily effected, without much advantage to the rightful owner, but to the great joy of the lucky swimmers who secure the prizes. Then after toiling all these months away from home, the welcome wanderer cannot be allowed to burden himself with all those heavy bags that hang from his waist, and many willing hands are stretched out to relieve him of his load, with the result that he re-enters his home much in the condition in which Job entered and expected to leave this world; nor does he again have the pleasure of handling an umbrella or a gin-bottle until a fresh arrival from the ships of Christendom affords him also the opportunity of assisting at the home-coming of some one else.

On our return home Major Macdonald had at once to start for Opobo, where he was due to attend a "palaver" on the following morning. As no steam-launch was at hand, he had to travel in a native canoe, winding his way through the intricate network of channels which intersect the Niger delta in every direction, most of them wholly unexplored, and many even

utterly unknown. It is strange to think that within a short distance of Bonny, constantly frequented as it is by English men-of-war, there should be miles of water-way less known and more un-mapped than the distant upper reaches of the Niger or the Zambesi.

Next morning I was awakened early by the loud beating of tom-toms, so lifting up my mosquito-curtain and peeping through the blinds, I spied a procession of long war-canoes advancing down the river laden with barrels of palm-oil, and each containing a king and some fifty of his subjects, who, by the peculiar manner in which they handled their long-pointed paddles, showed to the initiated to which particular monarch they had the honour of owing allegiance. These paddle-strokes are some of them curiously fantastic and intricate, and must add enormously to the labour of propulsion, and, I should imagine, are only reserved for state occasions; they are, however, as distinctive as the tartan of a Highland clan, the camel-marks of the Sudanese, or the tattooing of a South Sea islander.

This, it appeared, was the day of the week on which the neighbouring kings—who have taken upon themselves the lucrative post of middle-man—come down to exchange the palm-oil collected from up-river markets for European goods. Later in the day I had the honour of being presented to all their sable majesties, some of whom rejoiced in such un-royal and un-African names as "Black Face," "Green Head," "Dublin Green," "Charles Holliday," and "John Brown"; the only exceptions to this rule being "Oritchie" and "Oko Jumbo." They were mostly pleasant, fairly intelligent-looking men, with good white teeth, which they

continually showed, and the regular Christy Minstrel laugh. One or two of them had been to England, and wore European clothes. These seemed there to have lost a good deal of the simplicity which lends a charm to the untravelled and uneducated West African, without having gained very much instead. One of the kings quite won my heart by a little bit of flattery on my artistic powers, about which I myself was not particularly confident. Looking over my shoulder as I was sketching a lovely palm-tree, the resting-place of a troop of white doves, which stood just under the verandah, he remarked, pointing at the sketch, "Them all same like tree."

On my asking Captain Boler for information as to the class of goods for which the palm-oil was exchanged, he suggested I should come and inspect them myself. We accordingly descended to the store. Such a curious collection! Knives, hatchets, bales of cloth, looking-glasses, straw-hats, blue-and-white-striped jerseys, beads and knick-knacks of all kinds; among which were some very fine pieces of coral, much used by the wealthier natives as an ornament. Captain Boler showed me one piece, about an inch square, which he said was worth £70. Some time ago the experiment was tried of sending out some imitation coral, which, however, had no success. The first chief to whom it was offered, after looking at one of the strings of beads, put it to his lips, and uttering a contemptuous "Tcha!" (Pooh!) handed it back and went off, accompanied by all the others. They are also most particular about the composition of some coins known as *manillas* — in shape like a thick plain bangle with thickened turned-up ends,

which gives them the appearance of a capital C; to please them, these coins must, when hit, give out a certain ring, which they alone can accurately recognise. The choice of cotton prints for this market is also a matter that requires great care on the part of the exporter. Often whole cargoes of stuffs are found to be almost unsaleable, and have to be got rid of for what they will fetch. In many parts cotton-stuffs are not accepted unless they are printed on both sides; the ordinary prints, plain on one side, or, as the natives express it, "Them no have two face," being looked down upon as worthless.

In the midst of Captain Boler's motley collection I noticed some rolls of fine red damask, and on inquiring by whom that was purchased, I was told there was a great demand for it among the kings, who used it for the purpose of winding-sheets. The same ideas as to a future state, which causes slaves to be sacrificed at their master's death, leads to the interment with the corpse of all such necessaries and luxuries as would ensure his comfort and dignity in the land of spirits. As it is the custom to bury a man beneath the floor of his own house—which, in the case of the head of the family, is then abandoned—it is probable that the tumble-down and unpromising-looking old shanties of Bonny Town will yield some rich treasures, should its inhabitants ever become sufficiently advanced to feel the need of drains.

One afternoon Captain Boler took us to Ju-ju Town to pay "Black Face" a visit. It was a three-mile row, mostly through narrow channels between islands densely covered with mangroves, whose dark-green foliage, perched

on the top of a framework of earthless roots, presents a strange and unnatural appearance even by day ; and in the twilight, magnified and rendered indistinct by the rising mist, these tangled roots look like bunches of some writhing reptiles pendant from the dark walls that hem in the narrow stream on either side.

A wonderful stillness pervades these West African creeks. Except for the gentle ripple of the water among the mangroves, hardly a sound was to be heard ; and the only sign of life was afforded by an occasional crane, which, startled by the sound of our oars, reluctantly abandoned his fishing and flew heavily away ; and by the families of little red crabs collected on the snaky-looking roots, that edged into the water as a splash from the oars warned them of our proximity.

Turning a sharp corner, and passing under an archway of overhanging branches, so low that we had to duck our heads, we found ourselves in a small shady creek, bright with the reflection of the glorious vegetation that lined its banks. Just in front of us was a high palisade of stout poles, above which peeped the palm-thatched roofs of the village. Stopping at an opening, we were received by "Black Face," "John Brown," and "Green Head," who helped us out of our boat, and led us into the hut of the first-named king. It was a curiously civilised abode to find in such a place, and among such savage surroundings ; —glazed windows, well-painted walls adorned with some fair prints, and mahogany chairs, side-board, and dining-table, the latter covered with siphons, with of course a due proportion of the inevitable "square-face." Having partaken of a mixture of these,

and uttered the mystic word "Boo," which is *de rigueur* on such occasions, our hosts offered to show us their war-canoes ; so skirting the town, we followed a narrow path and dived into the bush, a tangled mass of lovely flowering creepers and gigantic ferns, over which towered some of the largest cocoa-palms I had ever seen. A short walk brought us to the shed in which the war-canoes were kept — huge unwieldy-looking things dug out of the trunk of a single tree, about three feet broad and fifty or sixty in length. They present, however, an imposing appearance fully manned, with the fifty paddles simultaneously flashing in the sunlight. Close by was the old *barracoon* in which the Portuguese used to store the slaves prior to embarkation, — a long, low, one-storeyed stone building without windows, a very dismal dungeon in which to spend the last hours on one's native land.

On the margin of the creek close by, half buried in the mud, I saw an odd-shaped earthenware bowl, curiously ornamented with bosses. Being always on the lookout for *curios*, I at once asked if it had been thrown away, and finding that it had, I whispered to Captain Boler to try and secure it for me, which he kindly did ; and I triumphantly carried off my trophy, which it turned out had belonged to a neighbouring and now disused Ju-ju altar, and was one of the vessels in which the blood of the human sacrifices had been carried — with songs and dances — through the town, to be tasted in turn by the inhabitants. In the town itself we found another altar still standing, and adorned with a collection of curiously carved images, bowls, bits of pottery, and brass rods. These were by way

of having been discarded and thrown away by the present chiefs, who are Christians; but from the fact of the altar and all its appurtenances having been left intact, I suspect that, at the best, they have but added our religion to their own. Near this altar was a group of women squatting on the ground, who were singing the wildest of tunes to the accompaniment of tom-toms made of square pieces of wood hollowed out from beneath, and of an even simpler instrument—an ordinary narrow-necked earthenware jar, from which they produced various deep notes by beating on the mouth with the palms of their hands. These jars varied in height from about three feet down to a few inches, according to the depth of note they were intended to produce. While the women were singing and playing, the men and boys danced—not the war-dance, which is nearly always performed by the males of savage tribes, but rather the class of that of the “Gawazi” women on the Nile, or, I should imagine, the Nautch girls of India.

On the following afternoon H.M.S. Pheasant, with Major Macdonald on board, arrived from Opobo, which she had been blockading for some weeks in consequence of the behaviour of the local kings, who, acting as they do as middle-men, were anxious to prevent all direct communication between the buyer and the producer. With this end in view they had placed booms across the river, and otherwise made themselves thoroughly obstructive; the result being that the crews of two of her Majesty's ships had been obliged to spend most of their nights for some time past in patrolling fever-stricken creeks, with hardly any greater opportunity of

excitement than that afforded by the occasional capture of a “dug-out” and her crew of two small boys, and cargo of half-a-dozen long-legged chickens.

We dined on board that night, and heard a great deal about the miseries attending the blockade of West African rivers, and how the damp nights in the swamps and the monotony of the work had played sad havoc with the crew, a very large percentage of whom, and several of the officers, were down with fever. The captain had wished to show us the war-dance of his Kroo boys; but just as they were about to begin the doctor asked him to postpone it, as the chief engineer, who among others was seriously ill with fever, had suddenly taken a turn for the worse, and was in a very critical condition.

Soon after our return to England we were grieved to hear that Captain Johnson himself had succumbed to the effects of this deadly coast.

We had a very pleasant dinner, at the conclusion of which Captain Johnson had again to get under way to proceed to New Calabar, where Major Macdonald was due for another “palaver.” We were invited to accompany them, and offered a cabin on board; but the Nubia, which was to take us home, was due the next day, and being afraid of crossing her *en route*, we had reluctantly to decline. As it turned out, the Pheasant returned from her trip before the arrival of the Nubia, so that we should, after all, have had plenty of time to see this, to us, new bit of country.

Before leaving, the captain gave me the following letter, which he had received the day before from an Opobo chief, and which I reproduce as a good example of

"English as she is" writ in the Niger delta:—

"SYLVANIA VILLA,
OPOBO FARM, March 26, 1889.

'Captain JOHNSON,
H.M.S. Pheasant.

"SIR,—I herewith much pleasure to send you one young Parrot by my boys.

"I have tried all my best to send you and old Parrot, but sorry that I cannot succeed. I therefore beg you to receive this young one, and I think please God he will in future become a good bird to play with. I am very sorry indeed of not getting you old bird, who is already speak well. However, if you teach this young one he will surely be a good Bird.—I remain, sir, your most obedient servant,

"APPIAFI."

On another day we rowed off to see King "Charles Holliday," whose plantation lies on a small creek about two hours up the river. Our route lay through the same sort of scenery as we had passed going to Ju-ju Town, but the creeks were narrower, and much more intricate; and in the utter absence of landmarks, one wondered how any one could find his way about this watery labyrinth.

On arriving at "Holliday's" landing, we found him awaiting us with a few of his men, and were escorted by him through the village to his compound. Passing through a broad arched gateway, we entered a high-walled enclosure some two hundred yards square, in one corner of which stood a well-built European-looking house giving on to a covered courtyard. Going up a broad flight of wooden steps, we were ushered into the dining-room, a nicely decorated apartment, whose most prominent feature was a large

coloured photograph of our host, which had been enlarged from an amateur's negative sent to England for the purpose, in which the large coral bead that he always wore was done full justice to.

After a short time a little slave came in with two dishes—on one a substantial piece of roast-meat, on the other palm-oil "chop"—quite the most delicious mixture that I had ever tasted of shrimps stewed in palm-oil, with just a pinch of ground chillies. It was so good that I have often regretted that by the time palm-oil reaches England it has lost its freshness; and although doubtless excellent for the purpose for which it is imported—the manufacture of soap, and the bright-coloured but rather unsavoury-smelling grease which is applied to railway-carriage wheels—it is no longer suitable for culinary purposes.

Everything eatable on this coast is described as "chop"; and judging from our host's answers to various questions of mine on the flora and fauna of his estate, he seemed to divide nature into two great classes. "Them make chop," or "them no good for chop," was the only information I could extract from him on any subject connected with natural history. Being a practical man, the "make-chop" class was greatly in excess of the other, as we noticed when after lunch we made a tour of his scrupulously clean village and well-kept estate, which was chiefly planted with cacao and coffee shrubs.

I had been wondering during our stroll at the remarkable absence of population, and imagined that the people must all be away at the markets or elsewhere, when the mystery was solved by the appearance round the corner of two women carrying water-jars,

clad in the scantiest of possible costumes, who "Holliday" imperiously waved away the moment he caught sight of them. I asked why he had done so, and he explained that his people, not being dressed in a style to which I was accustomed, he had ordered them all to remain in their huts during my visit. As we were anxious to secure some photographs of native types, this was the last thing we wanted, and the king was accordingly asked to rescind his order.

I also photographed "Holliday," with his six wives and their numerous offspring. As the scene was a good typical example of a West African household, I will try to describe it.

The left third of the picture is occupied by the wall of a two-storeyed, gabled, wooden house, built of alternately light and dark painted boards, and pierced by casemented windows, with diamond-shaped leaded panes. The eaves, projecting some twelve feet, form a broad verandah, supported by tall wooden uprights, the feet of which rest on a dwarf stone wall, supporting a wooden platform, surrounded by a balustrade, and approached by broad stone steps. At right angles to these steps, and running diagonally across the picture from the entrance-door on the first floor to the platform, is an open wooden staircase, of a step-ladder style of architecture. In the background is a long low shed, its walls hidden by a collection of palm-oil barrels, and surmounted by a corrugated iron roof. On one of the lower steps of the platform stands "Holliday" himself, scratching his chin; on his head is a Panama straw-hat, with the broad brim turned down. A green cord is fastened round his neck, threaded through a large

single piece of red coral, which, hanging in the centre of the upper opening of his white linen jacket, takes the place of collar, necktie, and scarf-pin. A red-and-blue-check duster, wound round and round the waist beneath the coat, reaches a little below the knees, showing a few inches of bare black leg above the white cotton socks, and black leather laced ankle-boots. Leaning over the balustrade to his right are two of his wives—one fat, and thirty, the other equally fat, but not more than twenty years old, each dressed in a single piece of check duster material passed round the body under the arms, rather higher than a European low dress, but more than making up at the skirt for its superfluity above. Legs and feet are bare, and a checked handkerchief wound tightly round the head completes their attire. On "Holliday's" right and left, sitting on the stone steps, are two other wives, dressed like the first pair; while a fifth, swathed in a wrapper of broad blue-and-red stripes, stands slightly in the background. All have little black piccaninnies astride their hips. At the top of the wooden steps, forming the apex of the pyramid, is the hope of the family, the king's eldest son—a cheery boy of twelve, who, dressed in a white linen shirt many sizes too short for him, is preparing to slide down the banisters. In the foreground, seated on a stone outside the platform, the youngest wife, aged eleven, is playing with two little slave-girls, probably rather her seniors—one, dressed like the elder women, in a coloured check cotton wrapper, the other in the costume of Eve before the Fall. She, on the contrary, is arrayed in the smartest of European low-necked, short-sleeved, frilled frocks, evidently

made for a child of six, beneath which her patent-leather shod feet dangled in the air, apparently suspended by half a yard of white cotton pantaloons. In the lower right-hand corner of the picture, marking the extremity of the pyramid's base, is the most important personage of all—a young gentleman of about three summers, who, decked in a scarlet cloth shirt, which has prudently been constructed to allow for the growth of its wearer, is standing in the place and position proper and habitual to him—well to the front, in an attitude of command.

As the day was getting on, and we had another visit to make, we had to bid farewell to our pleasant and hospitable host far sooner than I should have wished. After winding our way among the creeks for half an hour, our boat shot through the usual almost hidden entrance to that on which "Dublin Green's" village was situated.

The scene was very different from that which presented itself in the "Holliday" domain,—a dirty, badly kept village, looking damp and gloomy beneath the shadow of large overhanging trees; crowds of men and women with little clothing, and apparently less to do, sprawling in groups near their door-steps; while naked children of various ages staggered under the weight of enormous water-jars

on their way to and from the river. The appearance of one of these, I must own, at first rather startled me—a perfectly white child of some ten years old, naked as the day she was born. A closer inspection, however, revealed the white hair and pink eyes of an albino, and explained the cause of her appearance.

Like that of "Holliday," the house of "Dublin Green" was surrounded by a walled yard, after passing through which, and ascending some steep steps, we were ushered into a stuffy untidily kept room, in which the head wife was sitting. She was a fat, dirty, middle-aged woman with a loud laugh, and was apparently much amused at our visit. After drinking some tea we took our departure, and none too soon, for a chilly dampness was rising from the river, and before we were clear of the creeks it was pitch-dark.

On Wednesday, April the 3d, the Nubia steamed in, and the following day saw us homeward bound, very sorry not to be able to stay any longer under Captain Boler's hospitable roof, from which he had promised us many interesting expeditions. His parting words were, "You must come back again and do the rivers thoroughly;" an invitation which we still hope some day to accept.

ZÉLIE COLVILLE.

THE GODS OF GREECE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

[With Goethe, as with his friend Schiller, lament for the decay of the old pagan faith was a favourite theme, and he touches it with his usual masterly skill in his "Bride of Corinth," his "Roman Elegies," and elsewhere. It inspires one of the finest passages in Schiller's "Piccolomini"—a passage which in Coleridge's translation expanded into something far more beautiful than Schiller himself had imagined, but for which it would almost seem that Coleridge took suggestions from Schiller's "Gods of Greece." It is in this poem, and not in the text of the "Piccolomini," that the germ may be found of the following well-known lines :—

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and wat'ry depths; all these have vanished;
They live no longer in the faith of reason!
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend; and to the lover
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down; and even at this day
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings everything that's fair."]

BRIGHT beings of the land of fable, when
You guided still in joy's light leading-strings
Our mortal race—how happy were we then!—
In a fair world, where you were sovran kings!
To serve you then was rapturous delight;
How different, oh, how different was the day,
When men still garlanded with flowerets bright
Thy temple, Venus Amathusia!

Then Truth was fairer, as her beauty gleamed
In all the witching hues of poet-lore;
Then with abounding life creation teemed,
And thrilled with soul, as it will thrill no more.
To Nature man gave attributes more high,
That he with love might clasp her to his breast;
All things, all wheres, to the initiate eye
The trace of some pervading god confessed.

Where now, the sages tell us, a mere ball
Of fire revolves, by soulless impulse driven,
Urged Helios then, serene, majestic,
His golden car along the plains of heaven.
These heights with Oreads swarmed, a joyous horde,
In every tree a Dryad had her home,
And from their urns the winsome Naiads poured
Clear crystal waters flecked with silvery foam.

Yon laurel shielded Daphne once from taint,
Within this rock is Tantalus' daughter hushed,
From yonder sedges Syrinx poured her plaint,
And Philomel's wail from yonder thicket gushed.
This brook received the tears Demeter shed
For her Persephone by Pluto ta'en,
Cythera called to her Adonis dead
From yonder hill, and called, alas! in vain.

Still came the Celestials down their joys to share
With those their blood who from Deucalion took
To win the heart of Pyrrha's daughter fair,
Latona's son assumed the shepherd's crook.
Then did god Amor heroes, gods, and men
In love's delightful bondage intertwine,
And mortals, blent with gods and heroes, then
Did homage at the Amathuntian shrine.

No thoughts of gloom, no self-renouncements sad,
Were to your cheerful service claimed as due;
Light every heart was bound to be, and glad,
For happy man was kin, ye gods, to you.
The Beautiful alone was holy; no
Delight e'er flushed immortal cheeks with shame,
That from the coy Camenæ took its glow,
Or at the bidding of the Graces came.

Your temples with palatial splendours shone,
Heroic were your sports, their meed renown,
And to the goal the chariots thundered on
To win the glory of the Isthmian crown.
Dancers in rhythmic cadence circled round
Your stately altars, oh, how passing fair!
Your brows were with victorious chaplets bound,
And crowns bedecked your odour-breathing hair.

The Thyrsus-shaker's shout, "Evôe, hear!"
The panthers with the glistening car reveal
The presence of the great Joy-bringer near;
Before him Fauns and bearded Satyrs reel,
Around him Mænads fired with phrenzy leap,
Their dances hymn the glory of his wine,
And his brown russet cheeks invite to deep
Full-brimming beakers of the juice divine.

There stood not then before the bed of death
A skeleton to scare with ghastly frown;
A kiss caught from the lips the latest breath,
A Genius quenched his torch, and turned it down.
The ruthless judgment-scales of Orcus by
A mortal born of mortal sires were held;
The Erinnyes, too, were by the Thracian's cry
Of anguish poured in song subdued and quelled.

In the Elysian groves the happy shade
Renewed the pleasures he had loved in life,
The charioteer careered through dell and glade,
The constant husband found the constant wife.
There Linus' lyre resounds its wonted strains,
Admetus to his loved Alcestis clings,
Orestes there his bosom's friend regains,
And Philoctetes there his shafts re-wings.

They won a guerdon of the noblest meeds,
Who up the toilsome path of Virtue clomb;
The brave achiever of heroic deeds
Among the blest Immortals found a home.
To him who back from Hades brought the dead,
The Gods were gracious in their dreamful ease;
The Twins flashed light from high Olympus' head,
To pilot mariners through stormy seas.

Oh lovely world, where art thou? Come again,
Come, Nature's flower-time, that bloomed so long!
Alas! no trace of all thy witcheries then
Is left, save in the fairy-land of song!
Gloom o'er the meadows broods, no more they smile;
My eyes look for a god, but look in vain;
Ah, of those forms that glowed with life erewhile,
Shadows, and shadows only, now remain!

Blighted of that fair world is every flower
Before the icy North's relentless blast;
That One, One only, over all might tower,
A galaxy of Gods must forth be cast.
Sadly I search along yon starry steep,
But thee, Selene, thee I find not there
Across the woods I call, across the deep,
But comes, alas! no answer anywhere.

Unconscious of the pleasures that she gives,
Nor by her own magnificence impressed,
Though void of thought, inspiring thought that lives,
Dowering with blessings, yet herself unblest,
Unmoved by all that makes her beautiful,
Nature, like some mere clockwork, cold and dead,
Submits, a slave to gravitation's rule,
Of all her whilom gods disherited.

That on the morrow she anew may rise,
She for herself prepares a grave to-day;
The moons, they wax and wane, as through the skies
In endless round they hold their joyless way.
Home to the poet's world the Gods have flown,
And left a world unworthy of their grace,
A world that now, their leading-strings outgrown,
Self-poised, swings idly in the void of space.

Yes, they have flown, have flown, and with them ta'en
All that is grand and high and bright and fair,
All that gave life its charm; the names remain,
And but the names,—the soul is wanting there.
Safe from the whelming waves of time, they throng
The heights of Pindus, breathe its ether clear;
And all that lives immortally in song
From this our life must fade and disappear.

THEODORE MARTIN.

WHEN MARCH WINDS BLOW.

CLOUD - SHADOWS flit rapidly over the slopes of a long valley that runs the whole length of the glorious top of one of our Surrey Hills. From one of the hill-roads that leads directly to London town a rustic gate opens into the fir-wood. A notice-board is fixed there, giving the strictest injunctions to keep to the narrow track in passing through, on your way down to the long hollow that looks like some huge railway cutting. The banks and the track itself are covered with the finest turf: they run through and over the very crest of the hill, far away to woodlands in the distance. Thorns and furze dot the slopes, here and there mingled with brambles: there are not enough of them to form a cover for game, but sufficient for the creatures that frequent the slopes of that hollow.

I have known the place for many years, and it is still a famous hunting-ground for a naturalist: there are the same species living there, furred and feathered, which we used to find in that place thirty-seven years ago. It is far from the other places I have written about. At one time I went frequently there, but life's changes have kept me from the locality for very many years. In the course of conversation with a friend of my younger days, whom I met again by accident lately, on one of my long journeys,—he had taken service with the gentleman who owns this fine estate,—I found that matters went on now in the same way that they did when I used to have free range there so long ago.

"Come and give us a look

round," he said, heartily; "you are quite welcome: that double-barrelled glass of yours won't hurt anything. The shooting is all over, and there's lots of things flitting about that will please you."

I was glad to accept this invitation. I had been thinking that I must find fresh hunting-grounds somewhere. Yes; I knew that spot when peregrines, harriers, kites, buzzards,—all passed over that hollow in the hill. The rabbits that were there in hosts proved too great a temptation for some of them, and a few captures were made. A splendid kite in mature plumage, that had come from there, I once examined; also a falcon in her red plumage that had been shot in the act of carrying off a partridge which she had struck. She was afterwards beautifully set up with her quarry, and I remember very well that so long as the case remained in the bird-preserver's window I spent all my spare time in looking at it. At that period of my life I did not own one single work on natural history; my studies were, as they still are, from the life, only then exclusively so.

The life of a bird and the study of a dead one will give you the very best knowledge, however. A very careful study of any dead bird or animal will show you why they are able to do the wondrous things that man marvels at, being formed for the very purpose they so admirably carry out. The Great Power that made them perfect, they praise continually, all the time they live, by fulfilling the end they were made for; and the Creator alone understands the mysteries of all. Let scientists

bow their heads, for the highest one among them all knows not yet the path of a bird on flight. Patient men, naturalists, devoted to their study in spite of everything, through good and ill fortune, have done all that they are capable of doing to put as much of the real truth as they are able to gain before the public; but much still remains hidden from us.

The study of the Creator's works makes one feel glad to live and to be permitted to know a little out of so much infinite greatness, but also to rest content where we are not permitted to know more. The rest is reserved for us elsewhere. Earnest searchers after nature's secrets in all parts of the world, are trying to discover the great bird-nurseries of some of our migrants. It would take a whole company of devoted searchers, all their lives, to explore the desolate Siberian tundras. Nearer home, within a few days' journey, we have the marshes of Central France and the Spanish marismas. Even these, when thoroughly explored, will give a vast amount of new information. Inland waters, marshes, lakes, compared with which the once-famed Whittlesea Mere would only be a mere plash, are there to harbour and supply food for hosts of creatures. By the way, why is it that the great reed-warbler or babbler, that looks like a water-thrush, so very rarely crosses the Channel? It is certainly somewhat strange, for he is numerous enough on the other side of it. All birds move about more or less, but some very much more rarely than others—this large reed-babbler, for instance.

I must crave my reader's indulgence for this long preamble, and we will now turn to the birds that are with us when March winds

blow. They have lately been blowing till they reach the point we may term a gale, for this has been a "farmer's March"—quite blustering enough to make the rooks hold a noisy meeting on the great beeches four miles away, at the foot of this hill district, where they have nested and roosted for many years. It is very difficult to get at rook records accurately, but there I know they have been flapping, hopping, and croaking and cawing to their hearts' content. But that has ceased for some time: although March came in, as the old folks say, like a lion, he is just now going out like a lamb. Some quibbling is raised at times over matters concerning bird-life that any farmer's lad would laugh at, all owing to folks forgetting that the weather varies so much in different localities. Some favoured spots in our southern counties are visited by migrants weeks before these are popularly supposed to be on flight. They come to this long sheltered hollow in the hill-top; so do the rooks. Father rook has done showing off: he does not throw his tail up over his back, droop his wings, and softly cackle as he presents some choice morsel to the object of his affections; for his courting time is over, and now he has his mate to provide for as she sits closely on her nest. Soft days in March are not to be trusted; we have repeatedly seen the hen rooks sitting, covered with snow, with the cock birds roosting close by the side of them. They do talk to one another then most eloquently: the rook is devoted to his mate; he works and slaves hard for her, from morning to night.

A storm of snow or hail does not kill the young, as might be supposed; for when the mother

bird gets thickly covered with snow, father rook is there on the edge of the nest, with his feathers shaken clear of snow, ready to take her place, with most affectionate gabbles, directly she rises to flap herself free from the falling snow. In less than five minutes' walk from my home I can stand and watch all the domestic arrangements of these very industrious and sagacious birds; and the longer I watch them, the greater is my admiration for them.

At times a favourite feeding-place of theirs gets well worked out. Then they have to take a wider range,—in hard times a very wide one. The rook, in spite of his apparently deliberate movements, is a grand flier, but his flight is a very deceiving one to ordinary observers, for it takes a good trained falcon to capture a rook in fair flight. No snipe ever twisted sharper than a rook when it was necessary for him to do so. But now, and here, there is not any cause for his exerting himself beyond gathering food from the sunny slopes of the hollow to flap away with to his mate, who is sitting in the beech-trees in the vale below. A bird possessed of good qualities, which are exerted free of all costs for man's benefit, is the rook.

The beautiful wheatears frequent this hollow, not in great numbers, but a dozen or more pairs may be seen in the course of a morning's ramble. A timid little fellow is the wheatear: a rook passing over makes him dive for shelter under any tuft, stone, or dead leaves that so frequently gather in bunches at the base of brush-growth. His note is very like that of the shrike, who will come presently to the same happy hunting-grounds; the

chack! chack! draws your attention to the wheatear, as it does to the shrike. The furzechat, with his black head and red breast, has been here all the winter, also the fire-eyed chat, the Dartford warbler. When the hounds draw for a fox, these are in a state of scolding excitement. The whinchats will come presently. The furzechat or stonechat ought, I think, to change names with the whinchat—for the last-named bird, so far as habits and habitat go, deserves the title far more, in my opinion, than the black-headed stonechat, or furzechat, as it is usually called with us.

The cuckoo, when his time comes, will shout all day here, and far into the night. I have known him come before his time apparently, for I have seen him shooting through falling snow-flakes. "He's gone again," they say presently; but the bird has only retired to some sheltered cover with a southern aspect, where, warm and dry, he will feed on creatures that have sheltered there with himself. Some of our readers may wonder why all birds do not seek out such favoured spots, instead of starving in hard weather. For numbers such places would be useless. Insect-feeders must have insects in some form or other, either mature or immature. That is why, as a rule, they are found in the places where insect-life exists in a torpid state. If hard weather would kill out some of the insects, it would be a gain—*stout-flies*,¹ for example. "Stouts" make their appearance when the leaves are green. A "stout" came in the most gentle murmuring manner and bit a friend of mine in the back of his hand. The place puffed up, the arm swelled, and for two days he was not able to use it.

¹ Stout-fly, the "stout" of the New Forest—from *stut*, old English for *gadfly*.

Legions of small snails cover the slopes. There is a local saying that the reason the mutton from South Devon sheep is so delicious is because the sheep, in closely cropping the fine velvet-like turf, eat enormous quantities of these tiny creatures. These come and go as atmospheric changes take place, although they never go far, certainly: on warm moist mornings and evenings you would crush hundreds at every step that you might take on the turf. Worms come out in thousands at such times; then the plovers are busy. At one time all the poor earth-worm was thought fit for was to go fishing with. Now he is known to be one of earth's workers for man's benefit; and not only that, but he affords first-rate food for a great number of birds, and for some animals.

In hard weather I have found many of the larger birds dead and dying, but never yet a golden-crested wren. Active as ever, he is to be seen inspecting the branches and stems of the ivy—snow-covered—where he built his nest in the summer. This little creature, not so large as many of the humming-birds, braves our severest winters—at least in the south of England. Some one may have picked up dead specimens of the wee creature, but I have not done so, although I have been out and about in winters that the old people very fitly called “trimmers.”

The sun shines warmly for March, taking into consideration the height we are at, compared with the valleys below us. The wind hums through the firs with their fresh green tips, and the clouds scud along from the south in bright patches. No great vapour mountains are they at this time, but light flakes of bright

cloud sailing along, all shapes and all sizes, in the blue overhead. As the wind comes from the south, it is soft, and just the kind of day for all creatures to exult in after the winter has left us. Over one great patch of the rough tory grass, so frequently seen on hill-sides—grass that snow and frost bleach almost white, but yet leave it tough as wire in bunches, thickly matted—two pairs of kestrels are hovering. They are certainly after mice—the meadow voles; you will find these on the hills where the grass grows rank. These creatures take advantage of bright warm days to come from their burrows underground, and to glide in and out among the tough dead leaves of the tory grass. This is quite a different movement from the brisk run of the summer time. I have been close to these mice, when they were gliding through a tuft, without seeing the whole of their bodies, closely as I watched them, before they reached their holes again. This proves how keen the sight of the mouse-falcon must be to come down from the height he swings at in order to capture a gliding mouse. In other articles I have stated that he is a bird-killer sometimes: why not? He is formed for his work; like the elegant hobby, whose wings are so long that when at rest in certain positions the bird looks like some huge swallow. Small unconsidered trifles form the principal part of the kestrel's food. In another week, if the weather remains genial, he and his mate will be darting and playing antics in the air, before looking for some deserted nest to lay their eggs in. If they go far from this they may get captured; but here, on the estate, as little trapping of wild creatures is done as possible. Professional bird-catchers, those who

capture linnets principally, capture the kestrel more frequently than any other hawk. This they do in spite of themselves, for it is the so-called brace-birds (the decoy-birds on sticks) that the hawk comes for. Very rarely does he miss his mark: a flash, and the call-bird is gone. The visit is sure to be repeated, and the second one generally proves fatal to the kestrel, unless some one requires him of the bird-catcher for a pet. He makes a very nice one, if you know how to treat him. As this domain is surrounded on all sides, independently of its own covers, and the woods are principally fir, sparrow-hawks are in force here, not through being neglected or overlooked by the keepers, certainly—far from it; but the huge rabbit-warren, with its countless rabbits ranging from all sizes, suits the taste of the sparrow-hawk exactly. The warren is open ground, so the hawks can see who is about. The rabbits do not form their bill of fare exclusively—the young and the half-grown rabbits I mean, of course. But small heaps of feathers here and there, close to the wood-side, under some brush-growth, tell plainly that thrushes, blackbirds, and finches have all had to contribute to the hawk's bill of fare. The feathers of the redwing I have seen at times; but the whole skeleton of that bird has been there as well, proving that it had died through hard times in the severe winter, and not from the pounce of a bird of prey. As for the fieldfares, those gifted calculators of gun-shot distance, that roost in the torey grass of the hill-side like larks, and are now chattering and skirling to each other about their spring visit to Norway and other places over the water, I have never seen one of them,

nor the remains of any, that had been killed by a hawk.

There is one wood joining this estate where, from some reason best known to the hawks themselves, they nest regularly. Three, four, and sometimes five nests have been found in this fir-wood, which is only a small one. When the full complement of eggs has been laid, or the young hatched out, the keepers make a raid on their favourite nesting site. They take the eggs, kill the young and the old birds—if they can, for sparrow-hawks are keen and wary birds to deal with. I have known a lot of scheming done before a small male sparrow-hawk has been brought to book. Old females, grey on the back, with their breasts beautifully barred, that look more like small male goshawks than what they really are, will, like the goshawk they so closely resemble, kill anything from a pheasant to a partridge, a rabbit, or a mouse. These grand creatures watch for their quarry from their perch on the edge of the cover. Pot-hunters, some call them; but this is not fair or just. To see one of these sparrow-hawks dash after a partridge and cut it down is a fine sight for a naturalist, though of course a sorry one for a game-preserver.

Ten or fifteen miles are as nothing to a bird of prey: if in the course of his hunting the bird finds a place to suit him, and has a good kill without much trouble, he remembers it and comes again next day, very frequently bringing his mate with him. Sometimes large estates, owing to complicated questions of law, are not worked for a few years: then is the time for wild creatures to make a settlement, and it is an opportunity which they are prompt to avail themselves of. All wild

creatures are quite capable of taking care of number one to perfection, and the real work of a gamekeeper is simply to prevent poaching if he can. As to "looking after things," as the saying goes, none of them require that any more than do the wood-pigeons. I know it is a very easy matter to make any creature that is wild in a state of nature dependent on man if he takes to feeding it in its haunts. The things will come for food, most surely, for it saves them the trouble of searching for it. Sometimes I have missed hedgerow birds on my rambles by the sides of coverts, and could give a good guess that they had got to spots not far from where the pheasants were fed.

The brown owl, long-eared owl, and the short-eared owl are found on the estate I am describing. Before the present owner had this, the owls were knocked over in the most merciless manner; so all the young covert stuff that had been planted on the bare portions of the hill was killed by the mice eating the tender bark of the young trees. Everything, in fact, had gone wrong together,—a state of complete ignorant muddle it was. But matters are all right there again now, and the plantations are woods, making the best and warmest of covers for all things.

Then there is the woodcock-owl, marsh-owl, or, as he is known in the woodlands, the short-eared owl. Although you will certainly find him in the bents on the sand-downs, the dry flags and rush clumps of the marshes also, he does not confine himself strictly to either of the localities I have mentioned. The bleached tory grass of a sheltered hillside suits him quite as well. When my readers are looking at either of

the three owls I have mentioned in the Zoological Gardens or in the South Kensington Natural History Museum, I trust they will give them credit for possessing all the qualities they may appear to be deficient in. I have watched them for many years. One of the pets I have described elsewhere—a little owl—was my constant companion when I was at home: in my painting-room, and on my writing-table, often has the fine bird taken up my pen or one of my pencils and gravely examined it, looking the while as if he wondered why I could use either so long without playing with him or talking to him. It seems to me as though the spirit of destruction reigns supreme in some ignorant natures: some would shoot their own mother if they found her with a large pair of wings fixed by some mysterious millinery process to her shoulders. With such, however, we have nothing to do.

If the fieldfare come to grief, it is through the brown owl or the short-eared owl; for the short-eared owl will run through tussocks like a moor-hen. All owls are nimble on their feet, but some of the more lightly formed ones—the bird under notice is one of them—can run with great speed. The brown owl when on the ground runs like a Cochin China fowl, and he looks not unlike one, with the exception of his head.

So far as rabbits are concerned, they swarm here. In past years I have known them sold at ridiculous prices; and I have also known them carted off, strange as it may read now, to be put on the manure-heap in the Valley farmyard. So no one misses those that are taken as food by the creatures above-named.

A pair of magpies had been here shortly before my visit, but I was told they were not on the estate now. It may not be generally known that in the woodlands this bird is credited with unlimited knowledge of a peculiar kind; in fact, you will hear the folks there say frequently that a couple of magpies are a match for the devil. How they arrived at that conclusion I do not know; but one thing I certainly do know, and that is—a pair of magpies' wings fixed on the door, inside, are firmly believed to have the power of keeping all evil from entering the house. As I respect all traditions, I made no inquiries after that pair of magpies; but I felt confident that their wings were firmly fixed on the inside of my friend's cottage-door.

This hill, and the hills beyond, are of chalk formation, and pools, naturally formed by the hollows that indent the surface, attract the waders and swimmers for a short time as they pass on their migrations to and fro, from the north and north-east to the south and south-west. The farm hands are surprised at times whilst they are ploughing by seeing strange birds—at least such as are strange to them—come from the clouds and settle to feed in the furrows. These will be herring-gulls and terns: the terns are far more frequent in putting in for port than the gulls. It is a strange sight to those who have never lived on the coast; but there is really nothing to wonder at in the birds coming up for a short time to relieve their hunger, and it is a rooted habit that of following the plough like rooks.

A couple of herring-gulls—if you can get them, be it well understood—make a good dinner after they have been following the

plough for a week. Hoodie-crows I have had nothing to do with,—I leave crows on their merits; but gulls I can say something about, for I dined off one recently, and can affirm that the flesh was as sweet and pure as the plumage of the bird itself.

Why wild rabbits should leave their warren sanctuary, if they can find outlets to do so, to go to the ploughed fields to make their stops—the homes for rearing their young in—I do not know; but they do this frequently, close to where man is carrying on some of his numerous occupations. One stop I looked at was close to a saw-mill in the woods which had been temporarily set up for cutting the timber on the spot. These shallow burrows, lined with the doe's soft flick, are in some spots very numerous, and generally the doe rears the young all right; but how she enters the burrow to suckle them, or how she leaves it, is one of the sights a naturalist is favoured with but rarely—not once in seven years.

The fox noses them out at times, and scratches them out. As to the badger, what could be more delicate for his very accommodating appetite than tender young rabbits? They put flesh on to his ribs after his fast—often a long and compulsory one in winter. So he digs for them in the most business-like manner, just like a mole. He knows where they are exactly—his nose tells him that—and in less than two minutes the fore-part of him is buried; all you will see will be his hind-legs working vigorously, and a lot of earth moving. But he gets his rabbits; hungry stomachs are hard to reason with. The badger is, I know as a rule, nocturnal in his habits; so is the fox: but where the places that they frequent are quiet

and secluded, they will at times hunt by day for their food. A vixen and her mate at times reverse the order of things: like humans, woodland wild creatures are governed by circumstances.

I have at different times met with the fox and the badger in spots where I certainly did not expect to see them; and when I have gone where, according to my reckoning, they ought to have been—so far as locality could be relied on—they were not there. Very contradictory experiences one has in looking for wild things.

Occasionally a couple of curlews will drop on the uplands in some great field, or on some large bare piece of sheep feeding-ground; but very rarely do they get shot, for the curlew's tactics are very puzzling to those who are only accustomed to shoot pheasants and partridges. He is far more troublesome than profitable as quarry for the gun. Get at a curlew on a bare ploughed field, or on a sheep-walk, if you can. The stone-curlew, the Norfolk plover, or thick-knee, stays on this hill for a time when his season comes. He is as wary as his sickle-billed namesake; once in three or four years only, a specimen gets shot. This certainly says much for the bird's acuteness. When I first knew this place, years ago, a bittern located in a swamp hollow at the foot of the hill. The bird was not shot; it was driven out of its covert by the villagers at the foot of the hill, for making the noise that it did at times.

The whole of this line of country, even at the time of writing this article, is intersected by green roads, some of them old highways, long since disused; but the greater portion are green roads or tracks that run over the hills and at the foot of the hills, by the woods and

through the woods, over heaths and commons, but always in some dip or hollow out of sight of the ordinary run of travellers. They start direct from the coast—from Portsmouth to London through the New Forest, and from Brighton to London through the Weald, which is crossed and recrossed in all directions. From the heart of the Weald itself—Hampshire, Surrey, Sussex, and Kent—a network of green lanes runs. The purposes they were once used for are now forgotten, at least by the rising generation. They may have chanced to hear of these when they were children. Contraband or smuggling at one time was a notorious fact well known to all who lived in the country mentioned. The Pilgrims' Way is quite distinct from these green rides. Those who are not well versed in the roads might get mixed somewhat; but to all intents and purposes the way the pilgrims travelled of old is as plain to trace still as it was at the time they went by it to visit Thomas à Becket's tomb.

I will conclude my article by mentioning some of the birds and animals to be found where the Way runs at the foot of this hill, by which the river Mole winds with a course as twisting as the nose of the little animal from which it takes its name.

It is too early for birds to nest in March, as a rule. Some have young by the middle of the month, but this is only exceptional,—only with a few species does it occur. All birds, however, are moving about, and some of them are showing themselves off bravely. Even the jay's voice is softened as he raises his crest, droops his wings a little, spreads his tail out, and gabbles to his mate, who no doubt considers the whole performance

a most enchanting one. By the copse-side the pheasant struts in the bright sunlight, his ear-tufts erected, and his crimson cheek puffed out, his breast shining like burnished copper. He has not put all his war-paint on yet,—his full toilet will be completed presently. But he is getting himself ready for battle, and for conquest too, for the pheasant can fight with a will. Overhead, the wood-pigeons clap their wings, spread their tails out, and float above him. The moor-hen visits the dead sedges, flirting up his tail, bobbing his head, and clucking. Presently his mate joins him. A cock moor-hen is a very handsome bird at this season, for his plumage, although sober-looking at a short distance, is found to be very rich when you have the bird in your hand. The scarlet shield above the base of the bill, and his brightly tinted legs and feet, claim attention, if he is only a moor-hen. To casual observers these birds would only appear to be aimlessly picking, poking, and clucking about; but this is a mere ruse on their part,—in reality they are looking out a spot for their nest. The pair that claim our attention just now had a nest in that particular sedge-bed last year, and they intend to have one there again, if all goes well, this year.

About the water-rail, just before breeding-time, I have a few words to say. A more hiding feathered creature than he is at other times you could not meet with; but just before the actual time for nesting comes round he actually swaggers. Whether it is because he has nothing to fear from pike just now, I cannot say; but there is the bird daintily walking along the edge of the reeds and sedges, flirting his tail,

picking and poking, running nimbly hither and thither, then standing still to flirt his tail again, and go on as before.

Water-rails are fairly numerous in the river-tangle on the Mole,—in fact, I have seen more dead birds than I liked, which had been shot in the winter-time. About this I have nothing to say, but it proves that more of them are about than people think. I like to see the quaint bird, and to hear him grunt and squeak. Presently he will be heard and not seen; for when the young are out of the nest, both parents, like the moor-hens and the coots, will have to beware of pike. For these by that time will have fully completed their arrangements for a future supply of pike, and will be coming back with voracious appetites and full sets of teeth to the sedges and reed-beds, to snap young water-fowl. Waders or swimmers, young ducks or teal, grubs, coots, moor-hens, and rails, all are liked by the hungry pike, and down they go. If the pike are large, the older birds come to grief; but these are very cautious, and keep their young chicks in the most shallow and dense part of the beds, where the fierce fish are not able to swallow them, because the water is too shallow for the fish to work their way up.

The little grebe, or dabchick, is very busy now, making his arrangements for his damp nest, although he will not actually begin it for a week or more yet. He and his mate are enjoying themselves, at any rate, diving here and there, rising from the water and flying at a great pace round and round, all the time they are on wing uttering a series of sounds like the creaking of a rusty hinge on a wooden gate. This is what the grebe's love-song sounds like to

me, and I have heard it many times. He is a merry little fellow, and has given me many hours of profitable amusement at various times and seasons. When the bird does sit upright, and runs his bill over his satin-like breast-feathers, he always puts me in mind of a good-tempered, fussy little man trying to unbutton his waistcoat.

The crested plovers, the lapwings, seek the upland fallows now. It is most amusing to see the lapwing play up to his mate, for he runs up to her and bows with his crest raised, runs round her, cries "Pewit," softly, "Pee-weet-weet," lowers his breast to the ground, works about as if he was on a pivot for a few moments; then up he springs, mounts high up, and comes swooping down, causing his wings to hum again, crying, "Pewit—Pewit-weet-weet-weet."

Gradually the haunts of woodcock and snipe are passing away; all that are known to me now I could count on the fingers of one hand. Shooting has not been the cause of their decreasing numbers, it is the present system of drainage. Their feeding-grounds are breaking up in all directions. I have just left one of the old haunts and breeding-places for woodcocks, but not for snipes. They have left it as a nesting-site, although a few come to feed there at times, not very frequently. The woodcocks, a few pairs only, remain to breed in certain quarters; but they will not be found there very long.

Fir-woods and hills are in the distance, covered with brown heather, lit up for a short time by red clouds that follow the sinking sun. Nearer to us is a large stretch of high moorland, dotted over with thick clumps of low firs, scrub-oaks, stunted birches, and

heather. The soil is as varied in character as it can well be—gravel, sand, peat, and large stones cropping up, a jumble of soil and vegetation. Brown heather there is, old and tough, as well as young shoots of heath springing up in all directions under the cover of the old heather; patches of whortleberry-shrubs in rank luxuriance, that will make cover but bear no fruit—they are too thick and high for that; rush-clumps and moss, tory grass and the finest green turf; small shallow pools where the rush-clumps grow, and patches of quaky ground of all sizes, also of various degrees of moisture. So far as a feeding-ground is concerned, there could be no better; but half a mile below their old nesting-place—a wood covered on its slopes with beeches, oak, fir, thorns, and bracken, not to forget huge holly-clumps—a fine mansion has been built, timber felled, roads made, hill-quakes drained, and water conducted from the moor above to supply the mansion below. When all this actually reduced their nesting-haunt to quite half its dimensions, no wonder the birds became few in number. The few pairs that come about there now keep to the top of the wood on the fringe of the moor.

The brown owls hoot, and hoot again. From the wood, with large flapping flight just clearing the low trees on the edge of it on the moor-side, a couple of birds appear. From their flight, any ordinary observer would take them to be a pair of owls on the hunt, so very owl-like at this season is the flight of the woodcocks. As the birds clear the trees for the more open moorland this flight alters, and in the evening light they look like two hawks buffetting each other. No owl-like flap-

ping now, for they are tilting. This is the play of the woodcock just before nesting. The bird must have moist feeding-grounds, but his nest is, as a rule, placed in a dry situation.

There is very little done now in the way of teal—*that is*, springing for woodcocks: the birds are not numerous enough for that in this district. Drain-pipes have had the same effect in the decrease of woodcocks and snipes as they have had in causing fowl to leave the moorlands. The woodcock is a very interesting bird; as regards exquisite pencilled plumage, he takes the first place. After him, in the matter of delicate pencilling, comes the wryneck and fern-owl, goat-sucker, or heave-jar. As things are now, we never expect to be asked to look at a woodcock running about with her chick on the edge of the moor again. The way that the bird conceals himself—if squatting in dead leaves can be called doing that—is marvellous. One or two handfuls of scattered leaves and a bit of dead bramble is enough for him. Not much has he to fear from any prowler of the air; for if a hen-harrier—a bird very rarely seen on the moor now—should by chance sight him as he squats, his tail is spread out like that of a fan-tailed pigeon, and he ducks his head. If the sparrow-hawk, hunting for food for his ravenous young, sights the cock flitting through the trees, whilst he sits silently watching on some limb close to the trunk of a tree, and gives him a chase, he has his pains for nothing; for the long-billed, full-eyed, swift-winged bird shoots, twists, and doubles in and out of the network of branches and twigs with such lightning speed that the hawk has no chance of a capture.

The first bit of cover the cock sights below him he dashes into, and is lost to view.

For weeks I have been out in all directions, over the hills and through the hollows at their feet, over commons and through moorland-bogs, as far as I dare go, and in all places something is going on. Changes are taking place, and others are threatened. Fir-woods that at one time were sanctuaries for wild creatures are such no longer. The blackcock, the black-grouse, has left them, never, I fear, to return. Where only narrow woodland-tracks ran through, and the stems of the furze-bushes were covered at the roots with heather, heath, and whortleberry-shrubs so thickly that on summer nights I have rested there, most luxuriously, on a green couch of nature's own providing, wide paths have been recently cut in squares. I mean, the fir-woods are intersected by wide tracks as though they were allotment-gardens. Even the jays, one can see, are disgusted with such doings. What a vast difference there is between heath and heather! Heather makes, with its delicate blossoms of blush-white and purple, a garden of the wild moors; heath, when it is breast-high and old—very old and wiry—causes one to exclaim forcibly if, to put the thing mildly, one has to force one's way through it. It flies back and switches you in the face most unpleasantly.

At one time I could find snipes in any meadow that had rills running through it, natural drains, within five minutes' walk of Dorking town. No one thought about going farther than that for snipe-shooting, and very fair snipe-shooting it was for a woodland district. I have seen the birds close to dwelling-houses and rail-

way stations. The meadows were used for grazing purposes. One little fellow I knew, ten years old, went out with his father once to beat snipes up. Child-like, he was all eyes and ears for the sport. The boy's parent was a good snipe-shot. Not many minutes had he tapped about under his father's directions, for snipe at times can be almost trodden on, before up got another long-bill with a scape, scape, scape.

"Look out, father! what's that?" yelled the boy. Bang! and the bird dropped.

"Go and pick him up, my man; you know where he dropped." Off darted the youngster in high glee to the spot, looked, and went back to his father with a long face, saying, "It ain't a bird at all, father, it's a great striped toad; it squats there, an' I can't pick it up."

When the snipe dropped, it had placed itself in the usual attitude for the purpose of concealment before life left it; the position of the bird and the light stripes on the upper plumage made it look very toad-like. So very closely does the snipe's plumage fall in with withered herbage, that you might be the length of any ordinary room from one and yet not see the creature. But the snipes have gone from those water-meadows, and so have the fish.

The otter, one of the greatest ornaments and the most interesting creature that the river Mole still

can boast of, will be in fine form in a week or two; for what with eels just getting about, frogs, rabbits, and other little items, he will certainly whistle for pure gladness of heart, because for him the winter is past and gone.

In the sheltered willow-holts the little chiff-chaff chatters as yet feebly his chiff-cheff-cheff-chiff, chevy-chevy-chevy, chiff-cheff-chiff. On and about the old trees in the park the "yaffle" yikes, and the nuthatch sends forth his liquid flute-like call; while the wryneck, just arrived, chatters out a half-hearted peet, peet-peet, peet-peet! He will find his voice presently—and make good use of it.

On the topmost limbs of the dead and dying trees,—for most of these old woodland giants for which this park is famous have nearly lived their life out,—the two species of black-and-white woodpeckers execute their curious kettle-drum solo, or we might say their side-drum rolls. Through the woods and over the river the pied drummers are heard. Tap, tap, tap! then comes the roll executed with faultless precision; tap, tap, and the roll again. So loud is it that the hare frolicking in the field sits up to listen. When March winds blow is the time for their most joyous performance; whilst those who watch Puss just now see that "Mad as a March hare" is a proverb not without reason.

A SON OF THE MARSHES.

SUMMERS AND WINTERS AT BALMAWHAPPLE.

NO. III.—THE DEVIL TO PAY.

BALMAWHAPPLE was still in its civic infancy when the seventeenth century was young. These were hard years for Scotland. The king had gone south; the nobles had followed suit; and in the remoter districts the moral and spiritual supremacy of the successors of Knox had become a grinding tyranny. One superstition had made way for another. Any show of religious independence, of intellectual curiosity, was sourly repressed. The ministers, indeed, were everywhere omnipotent. The kirk-session was more powerful than the secular tribunals; and from the excommunication of Presbytery and Synod there was no appeal. The clown who had used profane language, the girl whose frailty had been exposed, the urchin who gathered "grossers" in time of sermon, had to do penance in face of the congregation—often for hours, sometimes for days. Great county families like the Holdfasts resented the dictatorial inquisition of the Church Courts; but they were comparatively powerless, and even when holding the office of Judge-Ordinary were unable to save their dependants from the vengeance of ecclesiastical fanaticism. It was often as much as they could do to save themselves;

and the high-born dame that Will Holdfast married—she was one of the great Catholic house of Huntly—was forced to ask pardon on her knees. It is to be feared that too many of the ministers of religion really *enjoyed* the power to bind and to loose that had been vested in them by law or usage; they inflicted pains and penalties with a light heart; they were cruel as well as ignorant and bigoted. Will Holdfast can hardly be regarded as a witness whose testimony is unimpeachable; and it may be that the opinions which he formed were coloured by the prejudices of his order, and by his close connection with more than one of the culprits against whom the clerical *anathema maranatha* had been recorded; but after every allowance is made, his notes of certain incidents which occurred at Balmawhapple in the year of grace 1620 may be taken as substantially accurate. Mark assures me that I may print them without any fear of reprisals; and as judge, jury, and victim have been dust for two hundred years, there is little risk at least of an action for defamation. So here are Will's notes, Will Holdfast, the eldest son of the Gilbert, who, as you may remember, saw Mary Stuart die.

I.

Nobody knew how old Lisbeth was. She had been in the Maitland family long before any of us were born; she had been our mother's nurse as well as our own. We loved her; yet she was never

exactly a lovable woman; and our love was mingled with fear. Until we were able, indeed, to shift for ourselves, her fidelity was absolute, her devotion unremitting; and she would, I have

no doubt, have laid down her life for us gladly. But as one after the other we grew up, her attitude changed. Imperceptibly but surely a wall of separation rose between us. Even her solicitude had been austere; whenever she permitted her thoughts to wander away from the work in hand, a frown would settle upon her face. Possibly there were bitter memories in the background; her only son, we knew, had been drowned at sea; and the catastrophe, which had been brought about by the recklessness of his mate, had been neither forgotten nor forgiven. It was curious, however, how her tenderness waned or appeared to wane (if it did wane) whenever we came to man's or woman's estate. We used to tease her at times, no doubt, and possibly the frivolities of youth hurt her more than we knew or cared. Her Calvinism had been learnt in a gloomy school: for every idle word God would bring us into judgment. Then, though our mother was a Maitland, our father was a Holdfast; and among the godly the Holdfasts were "suspect." The conviction that we did not belong to the elect, that we were outside the pale of those who had washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb, did not become actively aggressive while we were in the cradle or at her knee. The tricks of infants were as the tricks of kittens, to which no moral code applied. But with responsible beings it was otherwise; and whenever we arrived at years of discretion, as the saying is, it seemed to be borne in upon her, with a force that she could not resist, that we were numbered with the reprobate.

My brother Angus, who went to Paris to study at the famous medical school of the university,

used to tell us that Lisbeth was mad. There was madness in her eye; and her theology, he said, was the concrete form it assumed. But there was something more, he added; a bodily as well as a mental taint; and he recommended that she should be closely watched. A convulsive fit, of the nature of epilepsy, might attack her at any moment; and, if alone, she would die before assistance could be obtained.

This was the view of science, however; and science, as it is called, has as yet made small way in Balmawhapple. Angus treated the popular judgment with characteristic contempt; but few of us, or of our neighbours, had risen to his standing-point; and by the popular judgment—not at first, nor for long, but with redoubled energy at the end—it was definitively settled that Lisbeth More was a witch.

For a good many years now she had led a solitary life. We had built a cottage for her among the sandhills of the Whapple, where the rabbits burrow and the shel-drakes breed. The plaint of the whaup is almost the only sound that disturbs the summer silence: of a winter night, however, the moonlight water up to the cottage door is alive with wild-fowl—the wild-fowl that are shy of men. So she had no friends or neighbours; and till her niece Betty came to stay with her, when her strength failed, she had lived absolutely alone. In these circumstances it was little wonder that her hold on the life round about her had slackened, and that she should have seen visions and dreamt dreams. The fishers returning from the Dogger Bank in the early twilight (while the stars grew faint before the dawn) had heard as they glided past screams

of demoniac mirth or (it might be) of demoniac despair—had seen a woman, or the figure of a woman, with clasped hands and bowed head, wrestling with invisible enemies as she paced restlessly along the beach. The reek of burning brimstone which is known to attend the visits of the Prince of Darkness had been distinctly perceived by more than one of them. Little Betty was very loyal to her aunt; when Angus was away Betty was the one freethinker in the parish; and Betty treated the ugly and malevolent rumours with supreme scorn; but in spite of Betty's protests, the fact that Lisbeth was a witch, who held illicit interviews with the Evil One, could no longer be concealed. The general feeling was that the time had come when minister and session must take prompt action.

My brother Angus, indeed, continued to ridicule the whole affair. "Well done, Betty!" he said to me one day. "That trim little lass has all the sense of the parish in her head. She is constantly with Lisbeth, and she knows that the poor old doited body is clean crazy. Why, in the name of all that's rational, are Master Knox and his brothers in Christ so keen against witches? There was the Witch of Endor, to be sure; but she was quite out of date long before their blessed Reformation. The fairies no doubt were in vogue under the old *régime*; but I would a deal rather have to do with the Queen of Elfbane than with a parcel of dirty half-witted old wives; and whatever else they might be, if we are to believe the Bishop, the good people were at least good Catholics." And he went away to see a patient, humming to himself some rhymes which had been made by a witty prelate:—

"When Tom came home from labour,
And Ciss to milking rose,
Then merrily went the tabour,
And nimbly went their toes.

By which we note the fairies
Were of the old profession;
Their songs were *Ave Mariæ*;
Their dances were procession."

And indeed I am partly inclined to agree with Angus; at least I fancy sometimes that it is because the preachers are persuaded that the charms and invocations used by the witches had a Catholic parentage that they are so bitter against them. And rightly so, most of us will add, no doubt.

Yet I am not certain that the tide of popular feeling would have risen as it did had it not been for the Reverend David Dickson. The Reverend David Dickson was the assistant and successor of the Reverend Peter Gibson (whom we had known as children), and he was much esteemed as a powerful preacher of the Gospel throughout the Merkland. But there was much godly jealousy between him and the minister of Cuddiestane, the Reverend Ebenezer Macfulzie, who was cousin in the tenth degree to John Knox himself, and esteemed accordingly by the more precise Protestants. The rivalry had latterly grown somewhat keener than was seemly. There were rumours indeed (which had been traced as far as Cuddiestane) that the incumbent of Balmawhapple was not sound in the essentials, but addicted to pagan and papistical literature. So it behoved him to silence the evil reports of the ungodly; and when he was given to understand on credible testimony that at the Inquisition of Witches which was about to be held, Cuddiestane would provide no fewer than *three*, he perceived

that the honour of Balmawhapple and his own repute for piety and penetration were at stake. I really believe that he would have preferred to leave Lisbeth to die in her bed, or by her fireside (for he was naturally a kindly man); but the pretensions of Cuddiestane (where witches had been hitherto suspiciously rare) were not to be tolerated; and it was decided, with only one dissenting voice, that Lisbeth should be cited to appear and answer before the session,—*quam primum*, as the clerk added. Cuddiestane would thus be driven to admit that Balmawhapple was still a fruitful field in the vineyard, and that it could yield as goodly a harvest as in its best days.

It was Betty who brought the citation to Angus. Her indignation had been succeeded by alarm; and she had, as it appeared, real cause for anxiety—"Granny," as she called Lisbeth, having of late laboured under the delusion that she was demoniacally "possessed."

The event which had finally persuaded the old woman that she was in league with the Evil One had occurred not long before. Rab the Ranter was one of the vagabond people who call themselves Ægyptians, and had gone about the country with minstrels, sangsters, tale-tellers, and other idle and masterful beggars, practising jugalarie, fast-and-lous, and other unlawful games. Even in the wild community to which he belonged, Rab was regarded as insanely vindictive and ferocious, and he had been convicted more than once of monstrous and abominable crimes. But he was a polished ruffian; and had it not been for the cruel sneer on his lips and the wicked cast in his eye, he might have passed, as he sometimes did indeed, for one

gently born. He had been banished again and again. He had been scourged. He had been branded with red-hot irons. His ears had been nailed to the Tron and then cut off. But he had never been hanged, and indeed he seemed to bear a charmed life. The Devil had been good to his own, it was said.

Possibly a popular superstition had contributed to the impunity he enjoyed. The common people believed then, as they still do, that the body of a man who is guilty of unspeakable wickedness is inhabited by a devil. They hold that if the devil is driven out he will seek elsewhere another lodging; and that the surest way to drive him out is to hang the man in whom he lodges. But if the effect of hanging is simply to give another (man or woman) into the keeping of an evil spirit, and if it is quite uncertain into whom the evil spirit may prefer to enter, is it not more prudent to leave him in the abode which he presently occupies? This mode of reasoning may be faulty, but it was not without force, and Rab had profited by it.

But he had come to the end of his tether, and a week or two before the day when Lisbeth was cited, he had mounted for the last time the ladder on the Gallows hill. By an unhappy fatality the old woman had been passing at the time; and, dazed though she was, the unusual assemblage had attracted her attention. Rab had fixed his evil eye upon her as she paused, and with a villanous sneer had addressed some mocking words to her, which were understood to imply that he left her his interest in the fiend as a bequest or legacy which she was to use to the best advantage.

The shock was too much for

Lisbeth's shattered nerves, and she fell down in one of those fits to which she had latterly become subject. It need not surprise us if, as she writhed convulsively upon the ground, the ignorant spectators should have fancied that they actually observed the foul fiend enter into her.

I am afraid that Angus's advocacy (that Lisbeth should have shared in the delusion, as her niece sorrowfully admitted, only proved, he declared, that her insanity had taken an acute turn) did the old woman no good. The scorn which he could not conceal was not calculated to conciliate; and our interview with Mr Dickson—we asked him to dinner, and drank his health in a bumper of claret that had been brought from France in *The Gift of God*, the year of the king's marriage—was far from satisfactory. Though his heart was not in the business, he would not listen to our remonstrances, and words ran high (between him and Angus) before we parted.

The *questio vexata* was gradually approached, and we found him at first not unreasonable.

"The law," he said, "punishes with severity the strolling vagabonds who feign to have knowledge of charming, prophecy, and similar abused sciences. The fantastical imaginations of those addicted to witchcraft are of like evil effect, and must be not less strictly repressed."

"Then you do not think," I said, "that they have veritable communication with the enemy of mankind?"

"Many of them have confessed that they have——"

"But only after their memories have been refreshed by the pilnie-winkies, the caschilaws, and the boots," Angus interposed.

"Pardon me, I have known many cases in which the admission was voluntary. They gloried in their shame."

"Vanity, diseased vanity, assumes many disguises," the man of science replied. "Nor can it be alleged that what they do is invariably hurtful. Most of them, on the contrary, from their knowledge of herbs and simples are skilful in the cure of disease."

"But they pretend to cure by charms and conjurations, and the silly people who haunt them are misled by what they are told."

"Faith, we know, can move mountains. Even in the schools we require the faith of the patient as well as the skill of the leech. Miracles of healing," he added, after a pause, "have before now been ascribed to Beelzebub."

This was too much for our reverend friend. "I hold no communion with scoffers and blasphemers who are prepared to ridicule the mysteries of our holy religion," he exclaimed, as he rose hurriedly from his seat. "The session will hear of this," he went on, turning to Angus. "The spirit of unbelief is abroad. Sir, I do not believe that you believe in the Devil!"

"My good sir," Angus answered, with provoking suavity, "do not leave us under a false impression. I should be loath indeed to surrender my belief in One who is so eminently serviceable to your cloth. And yet," he added, with a shrug, "I am whiles inclined to agree with a vernacular writer of high authority who maintains that there is sma' need for a deevil in a warld where there are deceitfu' hearts and leein' tongues."

After this any hope of truce had to be abandoned. It must thenceforth, we knew, be war to the knife.

II.

The session-house was a low wooden shed on the north side of the church; and it was inconveniently crowded when we arrived. The minister sat at the head of the long table which occupied the centre of the room; his elders, the men who composed the session, were placed on either side. They were for the most part farmers—quiet, shrewd, dour, as the Balmawhappians mainly are; but they had come straight from the plough, and they brought with them the fresh smell of the newly turned earth. The local school-master acted as clerk of session, and he was reading the minutes of the immediately preceding meeting when we entered—room having been made for us near the end of the table where Lisbeth and her niece were seated. There was a lamp beside the minister which threw a dim light upon the strong grave faces at the other end; the rest of the room was in darkness. The sense of gloom was oppressive, and the raven-like croak of the clerk's harsh monotonous voice seemed exactly to suit the surroundings.

This (or words to this effect) was what he read:—

"The said day it is ordainit that a new pair of stocks be made for the punishment of stubborn and unruly delinquents. It is also ordainit that those who harbour papists or witches, who are present at fights, who do not communicate, who drink during divine service, who let on of bonfires, who do not attend the examinations on Sabbath afternoon, be excommunicate or required to satisfy as adulterers.

"The said day it is ordainit that Patrick Wilson for drinking after cockerow stand in sackcloth two Sabbaths at the kirk-door, and be

fined four merks; and that George Thomson and Elspit Gray be fined four merks of penalty, and sit on the stool of repentance two Sabbaths, for drinking during divine service.

"The said day George Gordon is cited to appear for profaning the Sabbath day by gathering grosers in time of sermon.

"The said day Grizzel Murrison is ordainit to mak her public repentance barefooted, twenty-six Sabbaths at the kirk-door, first betwixt the second and third bells, and thereafter upon the stool of repentance.

"The said day it is ordered that intimation be made from the pulpit that none of the parishioners receive Margaret Charles, who was lately parted with child in the parish of Cuddiestane.

"The said day Archibald Russell, presenting himself to be contractit, and being ignorant of the Ten Commands, is ordainit to pay forty shillings to the poor, and to learn them before he is married.

"The said day Alexander Cairnie, in Tilliochie, was delaitit for brak of Sabbath in bearing ane sheep upon his back from the pasture to his own house. The said Alexander compeirit and declairit that it was of necessity for saving the beast's life in time of storm. Was rebukit for the same, and admonished not to do the like."

Tilliochie's case was the last, and while the minute was being attested as correct, Angus whispered to me that there was an earlier decision, which had obviously ceased to be regarded as a precedent in the ecclesiastical courts:—*And He took him, and healed him, and let him go: and answered them, saying, Which of you shall have an ass or an ox fallen into a pit, and will not straightway pull him out on the Sabbath-day?*

The minutes having been duly approved, the Moderator (as the

chairman is called) rose and stated that the first business of the present meeting was to inquire into a *fama clamosa*. It was alleged that a parishioner, well known to them all, had been guilty of the mortal sin of witchcraft, and they had met to obtain, if possible, a free confession from the culprit, according to the practice of the ecclesiastical courts. Then, looking steadily at Lisbeth, he asked her if she was prepared to confess that she had had dealings with the Devil? The old woman, roused for a moment from her stupor, mumbled (and yet the answer was distinctly heard through the room), "It's ower true, it's ower true."

That was all; but Betty, who half supported her aunt in her arms, looked at Angus. "Will you no' speak for her and for me?" she said, with an air of pitiful entreaty. Angus rose, and observing that surely more was needed than the avowal of an aged woman, who was labouring under a deadly disease, and whose wits were gone, insisted that some evidence at least should be led. The request was too reasonable to be entirely disregarded, and two or three of the audience were invited to relate what they had witnessed. Jock Tamson, the smith, had been present at Rab's hanging, and had seen Lisbeth's convulsive struggle when the fiend took possession of her. Mrs Tamson and her neighbours had applied to her on various occasions for advice, and she had given them potions that had cured them with miraculous and unprofessional rapidity. One of them had seen her in the dawning gathering the herbs of which they were compounded. Another had found her sitting in a field of green corn before sunrising, and on being asked what she was doing, she had

replied, "I have been peeling the blades of the corn; I find it will be a dear year for us a',—the blade of the corn grows withershins (that is, against the course of the sun); when it grows sun-gates (that is, with the sun), it will be a cheap year." Another on the Eve of St John had helped her to gather the deadly fern-seed, which on that night only is visible to mortal eye. The evidence, to say the least, was not very conclusive.

It was in vain, however, that Angus ridiculed the contention that these nocturnal rambles clearly indicated that she was in pursuit of unlawful knowledge, and assured them, as a physician, that a convulsive seizure of an epileptic nature was quite consistent with innocence. Mr Dickson, in a few weighty words, reminded the session that the unfortunate woman had openly confessed that she had entered the service of Satan, and advised them to disregard the atheistical plea that all the symptoms which had hitherto been associated with demoniacal possession could be ascribed to natural causes. So on her own confession Lisbeth, as a witch, was remitted to the Commission.

Lisbeth, in the same dazed, half-conscious state, was removed from the session-house, and lifted into the cart which we had sent with her, by Angus and Betty. None of the neighbours would assist; was she not, on her own confession, a woman accurst? Angus led the moorland pony; Betty walked beside her aunt. There is a road all the way to the links (the others being mere tracks); *that*, at least, we owe to the old monks. The motion and the fresh air seemed to revive the old

woman, and ere they reached the cottage she was talking eagerly to herself—in strong trenchant words, such as she was wont to use before her mind went.

“Ye ken, sirs, that my mither was burnt for a witch (by the gude Lord James in his last progress through Fife), and her mither afore her. It’s a sair burden for an auld wife like me. The feythers have eaten sour grapes, and the bairns’ teeth are set on edge. Yet the Lord Himself hath declared that we wull not be judged for the evil done in the auld time. ‘As I live, saith the Lord God, ye shall not have occasion any more to use this proverb in Israel. Behold, all souls are mine; as the soul of the father, so also the soul of the son is mine: the soul that sinneth, it shall die.’ But I wudna lippen; I was ay proud; I was uplifted by the conceit that I belonged to the elect. But indeed, cummers, we maun stan’ or fa’ on our ain feet at the last. ‘The soul that sinneth, it shall die.’ And so for my sins I

was made over to the power of evil, and delivered into his hand.

“ ‘Like to ane bird tane in a net,
The whilk the fowler for her set,
Sa is our life weel win awa’.’ ”

He cam’ at me like a roarin’ lion, like a roarin’ lion seeking his prey. And I cud not resist, though I bethought me of the gude and godly and comfortable promises of David’s psalm in James Wedderburn’s version;” and then she sang in a weak quavering voice the well-known verse—

“ The net is broken in pieces small,
And we are savit fra their shame,
Our hope was ay and ever sall
Be in the Lord, and in His name,
The whilk hes creat hevin so hie,
And made the eird so marvellouslie,
And all the ferlies of the same.”

Betty walked silently beside her aunt, looking neither to right nor left; the tears had dried on her cheeks, and her face was set and hard. “Let them wirry us baith,” she said under her breath; “it’s a cruel warld.”

Poor Betty!

III.

The exploits of the Commission that sat at Aberugie that year have not yet been forgotten. They burnt more than one hundred witches—not counting the wizards and warlocks. Their industry was indefatigable, and was attended with remarkable success. But the field was so wide that they were unable to overtake it, and sub-commissioners were despatched to the outlying districts. These got through a very creditable amount of work; all along the coast, from the Moray Firth to Berwick, the reek of tar-barrels and fagots darkened the air. Passing mariners from France and Flanders had seen no such sight

before—except possibly during the season of “muirburn.”

It was rather difficult to understand why so many foolish and evil-disposed old women should have been indicted together. One can understand a nervous panic pervading a whole community; men and women, in unreasoning and uncontrollable alarm, frightened out of their wits. But, except in one or two instances, there was no sign of any personal animosity; on the contrary, in most cases there appeared to be a friendly understanding between the witch and her neighbours; and “Old Lucky” or “Mother Bunkle” was not un-

frequently a not unpopular functionary in the parish,—holding her own against the parson and the laird. And I believe, as I have said before, that, but for the preachers (who felt possibly that the tussle with Satan was a matter of life and death for themselves), there would have been few prosecutions.

The sub-commission that sat at Balmawhapple (in the big room of the old Holdfast Arms) consisted of three clerical and three lay members, and was presided over by the sheriff of the shire. An advocate from the county town had been sent to see that convictions were duly obtained; but, indeed, his services might have been dispensed with; for the zeal of the commissioners did not require encouragement, and most of the old women—there were ten in all—had been prompt to confess their misdeeds.

I was a spectator only; my name might have been included in the Commission had I desired; but Angus had persuaded me to abstain from taking any active part in the proceedings. "The ministers will vote to convict," he urged, "and Boghall and Tap-atourie will go with them; so that you could do no good—even if the shirra were friendly."

I don't think I shall ever forget—live as long as I may—the miserable row of wretched creatures who faced us. But with the exception of Angus and myself, and an English gentleman who was our guest, every one in the room appeared to regard the terrible ceremony with the most callous and stolid indifference. How was that cruel lust for innocent blood to be explained? The question puzzles me now as it puzzled me then.

A prayer by the Reverend Ebenezer Macfulzie, in which the

Lord was implored to ratify in heaven the sentences that His ministers on earth were about to pronounce, having come to a close, the assize was opened, and the first case was called by the macer, who, having ascertained that the accused was present, proceeded to read the indictment or "dittay."

The first case was that of Alison Dick, who was accused (as indeed they all were) of contravening the eighteenth chapter of Deuteronomy, as well as the seventy-second Act of the ninth Parliament of Queen Mary. Alison had been thrown into the Loch of Lindores with her thumbs tied, and had floated, which was *prima facie* evidence at least that she was in league with Satan. She was accused, moreover, of taking off and laying on diseases—the consent of the dog or cat on whom they were laid not having been obtained; and she had told Agnes Finnie that she would "gar the Devill tak a bite of her." Though it was clear that Alison Dick did not deserve to live, yet, as she had made a free confession, the court, it was intimated by the sheriff, would deal mercifully with her—she should be wirried (or strangled) first, and then burnt. Alison, when she heard the sentence, contentedly bobbed her head—which was her equivalent for a curtesy.

Old Lucky Wishart did not fare so well. She had, it appeared, made a wax figure of the king, and it had been seen melting away like an burning candle, fortunately without any evil effects to him of whom even the Devil himself was forced to confess, *Il est un homme de Dieu*. She had gone at midnight to the thief's gallows to cut some choice morsels for the brew she was compounding, and she had been seen

with other witches at the Cross of Muirstone above Kinnell, where they had danced reels and jigs while the Devil played the pipes. A pricker of witches declared that Lucky bore the Devil's mark; that he had driven a pin into it, and that she did not bleed. Her fingers had been in the pilniewinks, her legs had been crushed to pulp, a rope had been twisted round her head, heavy weights had been laid on her stomach, and yet she would not confess. For her malignant contumacy she was allowed no grace. Her sentence was that she be taken straight to the stake, and there burnt incontinently.

Most of the witches who undertook to cure disease had, it came out, apart from the freemasonry of the craft, charms or conjurations of their own. Bessie Boyd's curt formula was (the patient in the meantime having partaken of her hellish liquor), "Gif thou wilt live, live; gif thou wilt die, die;" but at other times she would repeat the lines which betrayed their Catholic origin:—

"All kinds of ills that ever may be,
In Christ's name I conjure ye;
I conjure ye, baith mair and less,
With all the virtues of the Mess;
Furth of the flesh and of the bane,
And in the erd and in the stane,
I conjure ye in God's name."

Isobel Gowdie cured, or pretended to cure, the "heart-fevers"; her patients, kneeling before her, repeated after her the invocation to "the nine maidens that died in the boortree in the Ladywell Bank," and then were appointed on nine successive mornings to eat the wayburn leaf; while Gielie Duncan, who was a sort of horse-doctor, employed the charm which, from time immemorial, has been noted for its singular efficacy in curing sprains and bruises:—

"Our Lord forth raide,
His foal's foot slaide;
Our Lord down-lighted,
His foal's foot righted,
Saying: Flesh to flesh, blood to blood,
and bane to bane,
In our Lord His name."

It appeared from Gielie's examination that the Devil had come to her as a gentleman in black, and asked her whether she was a poor woman, to which she had replied that she was; and that thereupon the Devil, in the shape of a gentleman, had said that if she would grant him one request, she should never want for meat, drink, nor clothes; whereupon she exclaimed, "In the name of God, what is it that I shall do?" upon which the gentleman in black (or rather, the Devil) vanished clean away from her. The sheriff was not satisfied with her explanation, and proceeded to cross-examine her.

The Sheriff. "In what shape or colour was the Devil?"

Gielie. "In black, like a bullock."

The Sheriff. "Did you never see the Devil but this time?"

Gielie. "Ay, once before. I was gathering sticks, and he came to me and said, 'This poor woman hath a great burden,' and would help to ease me of it; and I said, 'The Lord has enabled me to carry it so far, and I hope I shall be able to carry it further.'"

The Sheriff. "Did the Devil never promise you anything?"

Gielie. "No, never."

The Sheriff. "Then you served a very bad master, who gave you nothing. But maybe you will see him again shortly, when he will be better disposed," he concluded with grim irony, as he signed the order for her execution.

Angus had said once that he

preferred the old Catholic fairies to the new Protestant witches; but there was one case—that of Grissel Jaffrey—which seemed to show that the stories of Elfame were still current among the vulgar. Grissel's familiar was not the Devil, but Tam Reid, who fell at Pinkie on the Black Saturday. Tam had promised her, she said, baith household gear and kye gif she wad deny her Christendom and the faith she took at the font-stane. Tam, it appeared, had been all these years in Elfame, where many others made their abode—the king that died at Flodden and Thomas Rhymer among the rest. More than once the good wights from Elfame who accompanied Tam had desired her company, and when she refused they would vanish incontinent,—an hideous ugly sough of wind following them as they partit. The elves or female fays would ride upon white palfreys, with the queen at their head, and they bore candles and swords, which, more closely examined in the daylight, proved to be nothing except dead grass and straes. Gangin' once afield, she added, to tether her horse at Restalrig Loch, there came a company of riders by that made such a din as if heaven and eard had gone together; and incontinent with a hideous rumble they rade straight into the loch and vanished. Tam told her it was the gude wights that were riding in middle eard.

Grissel was found guilty of sorcery and other evil arts, and the Commission ordered that she should be tortured with hot irons first and then burnt. The severity of the sentence was no doubt intended to deter others from listening to the fables of fairyland which had been everywhere popular before the May-day sports had been in-

terdicted by the Reformed clergy: so Angus at least suggested.

Of all the witches who were examined during the day, Barbara Napier was the most communicative. She had been very intimate with Satan for many years, and had discovered him under various disguises. She had attended many witch-dances,—sometimes riding over the sea on a corn-sieve, sometimes on a corn-straw. To put her steed in motion she had merely to cry, "Horse and haddock in the Devil's name!" when it would fly away as thistle-down flies before the wind. The Devil, who would often take the likeness of a black dog that yowled at those who passed, would appoint the place of meeting, and then vanish. The kirk of North Berwick was a favourite rendezvous, and many a time twenty or thirty witches might be seen, by those who ventured abroad, riding on their corn-straws across the Forth. There, in the likeness of a man with a red cap and a rump to his tail, they found the Devil, and the wicked orgies would begin. But before they danced he would make a discourse to them in manner of a sermon, his favourite text being, "Manie goe to the mercat, but all buy not." He found fault with those who had been indolent in ill-doing; those who had been busy he called his beloved, and promised they should want for nothing. Then playing upon a trumpet he watched them dance, and those whose devilish antics had pleased him most were allowed to kiss his toe. The dance would last till long past midnight; but before the first cock crew they had mounted their corn-stalks and were sailing home.

Barbara's narrative was listened to with breathless interest; and when she had finished there was

a deep sigh of relief. Even Angus was impressed; if we should ever have another Dunbar among us, he said to me, what a play he might make of the half-mad, half-clad hussies dancing with might and main to the skirl of the pipes!

The afternoon had worn away, and the appetite for horrors had been wellnigh sated, when Lisbeth More was called. She had had another fit, and was now obviously moribund. Betty, who essayed to say a word for her aunt, was peremptorily silenced. Where there had been a formal confession formally recorded, there was no need for further argument. So she was told, when, white with indignation, she had burst out against the travesty of justice. Besides, the short winter daylight was on the wane, and the judges had become impatient of delay. A foregone conclusion had no need to wait on argument. They had been latterly sentencing the culprits in batches; and they were not going to spend the few minutes that remained on one old woman who was already at death's door. A rather amusing incident, however (at least to those behind the scenes), occurred while the clerk was writing out the judgment of the court. The minister of Cuddiestane interposed. This was a case, he said, in which the culprit had no title to be burnt alive. She was not a first-class witch, and could not be treated as such. She must be *wirried* first. Our friend Mr Dickson was on the horns of a dilemma. He was not a cruel man, and death by strangulation, he knew, was speedier and more merciful than death by burning; but, if he gave way, Cuddiestane, with its three first-class witches, would entirely eclipse Balmawhapple. It is undoubtedly to his credit, as Angus admitted,

that, in spite of the provocation, he held his tongue.

Next morning the sun rose upon a fine, clear, cold winter day. The snow lay thick upon the ground; every object was a dazzling white, except the sea and the black line of stakes, with their tar-barrels and piles of fagots, that had been erected along the beach during the night.

But the baron-bailie was wroth. It had been ordered by the court that the executions should take place within the burgh where the assize was held. Thus the whole cost had to be defrayed by the civic and ecclesiastical authorities of the parish; and the cost of burning ten old women would be heavy; for even the bodies of the two who were to be strangled had afterwards to be reduced to ashes,—the belief that to save the soul it was necessary to burn the body not being confined to Spanish inquisitors.

"The expense is just terrible," the bailie confided to the junior magistrate. "What authority has the court to saddle Balmawhapple with the cost of towes and tar-barrels for Cuddiestane? Cuddiestane should burn its ain witches."

"But think o' the honour and glory, bailie!"

"Think on an assessment o' saxe-pence in the pund! It'll come to that and mair. Here's the account o' the brugh's disbursements when Chirsty Bell was brunt. *Imprimis*, for ten loads of coals, three pounds sax and eightpence Scots; item, for a tar-barrel, fourteen shillings; item, for towes, sax shillings, forby the charges of the executioner: four-and-thirty pounds Scots *in summa*, of whilk one-half, nae doobt, was recovered from the session."

"Aweel! aweel!" responded his

colleague. "It'll be a fine play for the bairns!"

The condemned met their doom with astonishing placidity. The children romped noisily around while the irons were being heated; the girls from the burgh stood and gossiped with the country hinds: it was bitter cold, and more than one of the old women, it was noticed, sat with stolid composure, warming her hands at the fire that was about to consume her. Then the executioner came round with the "tows," and tied them up, one by one; the barrels were lighted; the flames curled round the bodies of the helpless victims, as the smoke drifted out to sea; some of them, through the crackling of the fagots, could be heard praying (or cursing?—it was reported afterwards that they repeated the Lord's Prayer backwards); while a devilish chuckle, that made the blood of the spectators curdle, was the only response. The Devil had been paid his dues, and he was possibly well pleased.

Lisbeth was the only one of the actors who failed to attend, and she was not much missed. She and Betty had been placed for the

night, through Angus's interposition, in a barn belonging to one of our tenants. When the door was opened in the morning it was found to be empty. The explanation commonly accepted was, that the Devil had carried off the witch—soul and body—during the night. What became of Betty they did not care to inquire (when last seen she had been supporting her aunt's head upon her lap); many years afterwards I met her in London (where they do not burn the witches, though there are many), in the service of a great noble related to ourselves. Her hair was grey, but she held herself as erect as in the old days, though the shrewd brown eyes were softer and less watchfully defiant than of yore. In the Holdfast burial-ground, within the ruins of the venerable Abbey, there is a plain slab on which is written, "*Here lies Elizabeth More.*" By-and-by it came to be surmised (not merely surmised, but openly asserted) that she had died during the night, and that one or more of the family she had served so well (according to her lights) had given her Christian burial. Possibly Angus and Betty could have told.

MID-WINTER IN THESSALY.

It is said that during one of the later expeditions to arctic regions a discussion arose among some ice-bound explorers as to which is less endurable—excessive heat or intense cold. There was present a medical officer who had taken part the previous year in the British expedition to Ashanti: he declared that, of the two extremes, he would choose exposure to a low temperature; for whereas it is always possible, with proper appliances, to protect one's self from cold, no expedient suffices to keep one cool in the fierceness of tropical heat. This may be true enough of the grades of temperature just within either limit of human endurance; but in ordinary European experience far more discomfort is caused by low than by high readings of the thermometer. For downright, resourceless cheerlessness commend us to an Eastern town under a visitation of cold, where the chief business of architects and upholsterers has been to provide protection from heat. Such at least was the conviction forced on the minds of our party, arriving at Larissa during a memorable tempest which swept over Greece last January. The previous day had been one of delusive splendour. Basking on deck of the steamer which brought us from the Piræus up the Ægean Sea to Volo, we had complacently compared the cloudless sky and blue sea to the leaden environment which winter wraps round *angulus ille terrarum*, fondly cleped by her sons the Pride of the Ocean. Four-and-twenty hours had brought about a grievous change. First, a fleecy scud had crept across the

sky; then tall clouds piled themselves upon it, flashing lightning from their violet skirts; a bitter north wind swept down from the mountains; lashing rain changed hilly roads into water-courses, and level ones into sloughs of ineffable despond.

To arrive at nightfall at the capital of Thessaly—the granary of Greece—under these circumstances was somewhat depressing; still, the town looked cheerful from a distance, for it was the eve of Friday, the Moslem Sabbath, and every minaret bore its girdle of lamps, twinkling gaily against the dark sky. But worse was to come. Our hotel—the *ξενοδοχείον τοῦ Ὀλυμποῦ*, or hostelry of Olympus—bore evidence of the revival of prosperity which annexation to Greece brought to Thessaly in 1881; formerly a common *khan*, it has been rebuilt, and outwardly, with display of broad white walls and multitudinous green shutters, promises some degree of comfort according to European notions, especially from the contrast it affords to the rest of the town, which is mostly mud-built.

Ne crede colori! A more inhospitable retreat for a bitter winter night could hardly have been devised. There was hardly any furniture except beds in the lofty rooms (beds happened to be the only furniture we had brought with us); the only carpets in the house were hung on the walls of a gaunt sitting-room, where all the servants and several idlers from the street were gathered round a small brazier of charcoal; and throughout this large house there is not a single fireplace or stove, for all cooking is done at

the hotel restaurant in the next street but one. The walls are so thin as to seem, on this blustery night, as if their sole purpose were to prevent the contents of the rooms being blown into the streets: positively, it was colder indoors than out. To crown all, every corner of the house was pervaded with that stench which of all others is least endurable by civilised nostrils.

However, it was no use showing peevishness under the inevitable; to do so would be in discreditable contrast with the unfailing good-humour of the townspeople of all classes—whether Greeks or Turks. The only thing to do was to keep on every available wrap, and get some dinner at the restaurant, where English travellers are sufficiently rare to ensure for us curious but respectful attention. It was fairly warm in the dining-saloon, though everybody, including a party of Greek officers, dined in their greatcoats.

After dinner we were slow in turning out to face the frosty gale, and, preceded by a porter carrying a Chinese lantern, struggled back through filth ankle-deep to the Hotel of Olympus. Without the leading of that kindly light it would hardly have been possible to thread the miry labyrinth, for gas is of course unknown in Larissa, and as petroleum lamps are few and very far between, even in the main street, the darkling wayfarer may easily find himself up to his middle in a muck-heap, or heels over head in one of the pits dug for the trees with which the municipality propose to adorn the πλατεία or principal square. The old town law, making it penal to move about after dark without a lantern, has lately been repealed; but in fact nearly every one carries a coloured paper lantern for

his own safety, and the effect of the dancing lights is very pretty.

An important ceremony awaited us before we got to bed. The kind consideration of the Government at Athens had caused our approach to be announced to the Demarch or Préfet of Larissa by telegram. The message had been sent from Volo before we left that town, but was delivered in Larissa some time after our arrival. The Demarch, much concerned that we had not been received with more attention, came to explain the circumstances. It was, it seems, the Feast of St John; the telegraph clerk at Larissa was named John: he had been celebrating the festival of his eponymus not wisely, but too well;—in fact—rarest of all misdemeanours in Greece—he had got very drunk. The Demarch was profuse in expressing his chagrin; and his purpose of retribution on the delinquent was rendered to us by the interpreter to the effect that poor John “would be stopped for one—two months, and perhaps, in the end, thrown away altogether!” We entertained some hope that, inasmuch as “John” is the only man within many miles of Larissa who can transmit or receive telegrams, his services will, by this time, have been found indispensable.

Things wore a brighter aspect next morning. The rain had stopped: it was as cold as ever, but the wind was busy drying up the streets.

Larissa is in a very interesting state of transition. For centuries the city and the magnificent province of Thessaly, of which it is the capital, slumbered—and groaned in its slumber—under Turkish misrule, till it was ceded to Greece in 1881 under the Treaty of Berlin. It is the only part of that kingdom

where large landed proprietors are still to be found—scarcely, in sooth, to be found, for most of them, being Turks, have retired to Constantinople, in spite of the inducements which the Greek Government have offered them to remain. That enlightened and courageous statesmen, Monsieur Tricoupi, recognising the evils of absentee landlordism, has been specially conciliatory towards the Moslem subjects of the Greek crown, and the general population of Greeks, Turks, and Jews (there are still about 30,000 Mohammedans in Thessaly) live together on most amicable terms, though occupying distinct quarters in the towns. But most of the landlords have persisted in departing, and are content to draw their rents and spend them in the Turkish capital.

The town of Larissa itself has, as yet, lost little of its oriental character. The Demarch, the Nomarch, and other officials are, of course, Greek, and look back with some regret to the time when, in greater ease and with less responsibility, they lived in their native provinces. But they are proud of their fine territory and confident in the future of their town, which must, when the resources of the country are further opened up, become an important trading centre. Already the railway unites it to Volo on the east, where there is a splendid natural harbour (the British squadron of five war-ships was anchored there at the time of our visit), and to Trikala and Kalabak on the west; and there is a movement on foot to carry the line further to the west, across the Turkish frontier through Albania by Janina to the coast opposite Corfu—a route at present wholly closed to travellers on account of

Turkish brigandage. Meanwhile, the municipality, aided by the Government, have carried out some improvements in the town. A wide street has been cut right through the centre of the Turkish rookery, and along this, stone-built houses are beginning to take the place of mud walls. Stone, however, must always be a costly exotic in Larissa, for throughout the vast plain around it is hardly possible to find a pebble big enough to throw at a dog. Probably before long it will be found profitable to start brickworks in the neighbourhood.

From two points of view this ancient town presents a striking appearance. One of these is at the far end of the bridge which here spans the Peneus, or, as the Turks call it, the Salámvrias. The natives credit the Romans with having built this bridge; but, whatever be the date of its foundation, its nine pointed arches denote reconstruction by a later people. Viewed from the river-bank a little below the bridge the town looks its best, rising from a girdle of lofty poplars with tier upon tier of warm-toned walls, crowned by the cupola and minarets of the principal mosque, and all mirrored in the glassy flood.

To reach the other point of view we must recross the bridge, pausing to watch the town water-carriers laboriously scooping water out of the river, and pouring it into cowhides borne pannier-wise by half-starved ponies. The apertures of the hides are kept open by bunches of brush, and half the contents of each jarful is spilt over the patient animal's quarters, as he stands haunch-deep in the river. It takes about half an hour to fill each pair of hides in this archaic way: the loaded beast then climbs painfully

up to the town—the water squirting freely from rents and seams in the leather. It is on this primitive method of supply that the entire town of some 10,000 inhabitants depends, for the wells attached to private houses have become deservedly suspect. The water of the Peneus is said to be wholesome; but when, as we saw it, it is swollen with winter floods and as yellow as the Tiber, it was a comfort to reflect that Larissa has store of sound, if not particularly palatable, wine. Moreover, it is hardly encouraging to observe that a gigantic muck-heap, where all the refuse of the town is cast—the happy hunting-ground of innumerable dogs, poultry, magpies, and pert little Eastern jackdaws—occupies about an acre and a half of the river-bank immediately *above* where the water-skins are filled.

Pursue we then our way up the principal street, past the bazaar and Turkish *café*, where dozens of wide-breeched, be-fezzed, and be-slippered citizens are drinking coffee, bolting sweetmeats, and sucking away at huge hubble-bubbles. Once into the Turkish quarter and you are back in the middle ages. No wheeled carriage may venture on that fearsome pavement, for Turks always go on horseback; and though the roadway suffices for their quick-footed barbs, you, on foot, must hop from promontory to island, and from island to isthmus in the ocean of filth. Still you will be tempted to linger here and there; for although the house-walls facing the street are, after oriental fashion, mostly without windows, here and there an open door gives a glimpse into a sunny court, where ripe oranges and lemons gleam among their rich verdure, and palm-fronds cast flickering shadows across

paved garden-paths, and you pass on, wondering what manner of life the men, and most of all, the rarely seen women, pass in these old-world abodes.

Entrance to the mosques is rarely refused to Christians, except on festivals, and it is to the top of the highest minaret in the town that we are bound. The narrow spiral staircase affords no more than head-and-shoulder room; the steps are foul with summer-blown dust, with bones brought in by owls and kites, besides other venerable rubbish; and, after what seems interminable gyration, we emerge upon the airy gallery which encircles the top of the slender tower. It is a crazy perch, for the whole structure sways sensibly in the strong wind, and it seems as if a moderate kick would send the frail parapet clattering down on the tile-roof far below; but, if your head is steady, the view well repays the labour of the ascent. Beneath your feet cluster the flat-roofed houses; here and there a chimney rises, crowned with an immense stork's nest, making one wonder how the domestic economy of the bipeds within the house can be reconciled with that of the bipeds without. From the dusky labyrinth of streets spring twenty-six minarets, like silvery bodkins, besides the one to which we are clinging. Then let your eye travel over the splendid prospect lying beyond the town. Full forty miles the fat plain is spread east and west, and five-and-twenty north and south, with hardly a tree to break the level, save where the peasants' cots cluster round the fortified granges of the land-owners. The northern horizon is closed by the massive rampart of mountains which marks the latest shrinkage of Ottoman rule. It is a magnificent barrier, though it

will not serve to bar the new-born aspirations of the Hellenes; and many impatient eyes are already turning towards the land of promise, where the dozing Porte still holds its sway.

As we stand, Pelion is far to the right; in front of us is Ossa; and to the left the domes and cusps of mightier Olympus tower over all, sagaciously assigned of old as the abode of shadowy deities, whose priests found these inaccessible heights as convenient to their cult as modern ecclesiastics have sometimes proved the labyrinths of controversial theology to be to theirs. Farther again to the west stretches in long perspective a range of snowy peaks, till the faint outlines of Epirus and Albania close the view. There is something in the breadth of this horizon, the rich plain and royal sweep of mountain-crests, that recalls the panorama of Alps and level Lombardy, viewed from the towers of Turin.

After all this brilliancy and breadth, how strangely narrow and dim the interior of the mosque seems when we descend! We stand awhile on the threshold of the inner court, corresponding to the choir or chancel of a Christian church. Worshippers enter one by one, kick off their slippers, pay their devotions, and so depart; and all the time a muezzin, kneeling on a carpet and leaning his back against a wall, chants monotonously and discordantly from the Koran.

There is not much winter shooting in the immediate environs of Larissa. The great fenceless, almost treeless, plain, with its monotonous tracts alternately of ploughed land, dead stubble, or withered weeds, seems to harbour little winged game after the quails

have left. Bustard, it is true, are tolerably plentiful; but they are keenly looked after by local gunners, who may be seen bringing them in for sale, slung on the saddles of their mules or ponies.

But our kind friends in Larissa were determined to provide us amusement of the kind dear to Englishmen, and the Demarch arranged for us an expedition to the preserves of a Turkish landowner, distant about ten miles from the city, on the southern spurs of Mount Ossa.

It was a glorious morning when we set out. Not a cloud floated in the sky, the gale had subsided, there was a delicious freshness in the air, and to the north Mount Olympus rose clear and glistening, betokening steady weather. As above mentioned, there is only one street in Larissa over which a carriage can be driven, and as this does not lead in the direction we wished to go, a long detour had to be made after leaving the eastern gate of the city; here axle-deep in ploughed fields, there bumping through Moslem cemeteries, and wholly over ways which any London cab-driver would pronounce impassable. However, after a couple of miles of this work, we gained the new Greek road running straight and fair to Hagya, and the procession of three carriages rattled on at a good pace. A diversion was caused in crossing a stream some five miles from the start, where two small grebes were sighted on the water. A great loading of guns took place. The English *chasseurs* were invited to descend and open the sport; but they waived the privilege, declaring the birds not to be ducks, but only *plongeurs*, and therefore not worth powder and shot. It was clear that their motives were misunderstood, and that they were suspected of having

misgivings of their ability to hit such small objects. To the Demarch therefore fell the lot to approach and fire, which he did with great eagerness, but without effect.

Progress was resumed. In the distance appeared our rendezvous, a large wood at the foot of the mountains, just under the hill-village of Marmagnano, and the ground began to look more gamey. Three wild geese rose far out of shot from a swampy meadow, and a hare moved out of some rushes after we had left the highroad and were driving across the open plain.

The first ceremony on arriving was an excellent *déjeuner à la fourchette*, spread *al fresco* on the short turf in the bright warm sunshine. There were six regular guns—two Turkish gentlemen, two Greeks, and two Englishmen; but in addition nearly all the beaters, of whom there were a score or so, were armed with fowling-pieces of sorts. It was a pretty scene: the bivouac, the groups of romantically dressed peasants, the excited dogs, the picketed horses. The wood was very thick copse, of great extent, and containing some magnificent plane-trees, oaks, and black poplars. The defect of Greek scenery, as a rule, is the want of trees: those that are allowed to stand are cruelly maltreated—the hardwood being lopped and hacked for fuel, the firs being gashed and bled to the verge of death for resin, with which the Greeks love to spoil their excellent wine. It is therefore a great treat to get into a bit of real woodland, and the russet oaks and silvery poplar-stems towered nobly against the blue mountain background.

It was not, let it be confessed, without some qualms of misgiving that we surveyed the dense jungle before us and took anxious note

of the number of guns—nearly twenty in all—with which the battue was to be conducted. What was the plan of operations? we asked; were we to walk in line, or were we to be stationed round the covert? “Ah! il faut aller partout,” replied our host, waving both hands airily in the direction of the wood, “et quand vous entendez aboyer les chiens—alors, vous cherchez une bonne place.”

This was not very reassuring; however, the party soon scattered through the copse, and operations began. Once more the unskilfulness of the English sportsmen became too manifest. A blackbird was observed sitting on a bramble-bush; a native *chasseur* pointed him out to the foreigner, who refused to shoot. Ah! it was too small a mark for him, so down went the Greek, stooping low, stalked the quarry, obtained a safe sitting shot, and, with a prodigious report, laid the unlucky songster low.

But there is bigger game on foot. It is time for each to seek “une bonne place,” for the dogs are barking wildly. The pack, by the by, is a mixed one; there is one English fox-hound, three pointers, and six or seven nondescripts. They are tearing through the underwood throwing their tongues merrily—pointers and all. A grey object darts shadow-like across a glade—stay! don’t shoot! it is one of the pack: no, by the chaste huntress! it is a jackal, and we should earn effusive gratitude from the shepherds if we could secure his skin. But it is too late now, he is away to the hill, and we shall see him no more. A fine old red dog-fox is not so lucky; he is bowled over by one of the beaters, who falls upon him and flays him on the spot

—thereby putting himself two clear days' wages to the good, for a fox-skin commands five drachmas in Larissa market. Had the wood-cocks been in, there would have been one in every bush, we were assured; the hard weather had driven them to the coast, and only four or five couple were bagged.

One of the prettiest sights of the day was afforded by a pair of white-tailed eagles which had their eyrie, a huge agglomeration of sticks, in the fork of an immense poplar not more than thirty feet above the ground. They were very bold, and it was not till several shots had been fired that they left their stronghold, and rising slowly on broad pinions to a great height, they continued soaring far above our heads for the rest of the day. Birds of prey, indeed, were much more conspicuous in this preserve than game, and better opportunity could not be had of watching the habits of buzzards (both the rough-legged and common kind), kites, harriers, kestrels, sparrow and other hawks.

As it wore to afternoon the heat became oppressive: the party was scattered far and wide: game was scarce, and two of us made our way back to the carriages to rejoin a Greek friend who had accompanied us from Athens. Not being a sportsman, he had not joined in the chase: none the less, however, had he met with his adventure. Visitors to Thessaly are always cautioned about the ferocity of the sheep-dogs. These strong Molossian hounds are prized by the shepherds as the guardians of their flocks against jackals: if a stranger is attacked he may defend himself with a knife; but—such is the custom of the country—if he shoots one of them in self-defence, the shepherds shoot him,

and there is not much chance of redress. Our contemplative friend was strolling along the wood-side, when he was suddenly set upon by two of these ferocious animals. A long black overcoat which he wore was instantaneously bereft of its tails—torn off by their powerful fangs; and then, with admirable presence of mind, he bethought him of Ulysses' tactics when, on his return to Ithaca, he was attacked by his own dogs—he *sat down*.

It is an infallible recipe: the dogs accept the surrender: they are content with setting the trespasser at bay, and they keep him there till their master comes to call him to account. The lesson is worth bearing in mind by visitors in these lands; for the conduct of the sheep-dog is the single exception to the hospitality shown to travellers in the interior of Greece.

As this day of memorable brilliancy drew to a close, a remarkable display of bird-life presented itself. The great fresh-water lake of Karlé, producing vast shoals of carp, and attracting large flights of wild-fowl, lies between the mountain-groups of Pelion and Ossa. It seems to be the remains of the inland sea which once flowed over the plains of Larissa and Trikala, the waters of which found an escape through the beautiful vale of Tempe. Immense flights of cormorants, coming from the direction of the Karlé lake, but possibly travelling from the Gulf of Salonike, farther to the east, appeared in the sky, moving steadily towards the nor'-nor'-west. The first and largest of these flights, formed in the shape of a huge V, could not have contained less than 1500 or 2000 birds. From point to point of the V appeared to measure about two miles. This

great flight was followed by others, numbering from 150 to 500 in each. In all, there could not have been less than 4000 or 5000 birds passing over our heads in the space of half an hour, out of gunshot, but so near that we could hear the sound of their wings in the still air. The well-known ornithologist, Mr Harting, was of our party; but, having remained longer than we in the wood, he saw only the last of the smaller flights at a considerable distance, and thought they were geese. But we examined the birds carefully through a telescope, and most clearly they were cormorants, bound for some definite and distant point. The number of fish consumed by such a multitude of these destructive birds must be prodigious.

It had been our intention to journey through the vale of Tempe to Salonike, about four days' drive, but every one whom we consulted warned us strenuously against the danger of such a proceeding.

Security, which is now absolute within the frontiers of Greece, is as far as ever it was from prevailing in Turkey. The passes of Olympus, and the whole of the Albanian mountains, are infested by brigands, who sustain themselves by levying blackmail on the farmers and villagers, and are always on the look-out for travellers whom they may hold at ransom. We asked if we could not obtain a Turkish escort. "Of course you may," was the reply, "but that would ensure your capture. The Turkish soldiers seldom receive any pay, and would certainly sell you to the brigands." We pointed to our arms and a plentiful supply of ammunition. "Useless," they said; "you would never have a chance of using them.

The first notice you would have would be a loud command to halt, from a band concealed in rocks and brush, and if you disregarded it you would be shot down."

So, reluctantly enough, we altered our plans. But it is exasperating that these beautiful highlands should remain inaccessible through the indolence and incapacity of a rotten Government. Where the will exists, the means of putting down brigandage are easy and inexpensive. They were adopted to good purpose in Greece during M. Tricoupi's first administration. He armed the peasantry, and set a price on every brigand's head. The peasants, hardy and warlike, were delighted at the chance of ridding themselves of their hated tormentors, and nothing has been heard of brigandage in Greece since the capture of Colonel Synge in 1881. That gentleman occupied a large farm on the borders of Albania. Relying on the fidelity and courage of his retainers, he laughed at the warnings of his friends, till one night his grange was surrounded and attacked. He made good his defence, till the marauders managed to fire the premises. Burnt and smoked out, he was captured; between twenty and thirty of his Albanians were murdered on the spot, and he himself was carried off and held to ransom for the usual price asked for an Englishman, £15,000, coupled with the conditions of indemnity for the band, and the release of some of their friends who were in prison. The English Government paid down the ransom, recovering it afterwards from the Turks by stopping it out of the revenues of Cyprus: the other conditions were agreed to, and it is said that the chief of the band retired to one of the islands, where he

has since lived in comfortable and peaceable circumstances.

But that was the end of it, and since then tourists have been as safe from molestation in all parts of Greece as they are in Dum-bartonshire.

The agricultural wealth of the two great plains of Thessaly, that of Larissa and the greater one of Trikala, profuse as it is, is capable of manifold increase. There is, as yet, no land-hunger here; at present there are not enough men to cultivate the soil in the sense that Western people understand cultivation. The use of manure, if not unknown, is at least not practised, though, heaven knows, the streets of every town might furnish plenty of good material: the ears of wheat are reaped with as little straw as possible, the remainder being burnt: each farmer crops one-third of his holding annually, the remaining two-thirds lying fallow. The grain is of splendid quality, and is exported largely to Italy for the manufacture of macaroni. It is a sadly spendthrift system, for the fallow land is not really resting, but is burdened with a rank growth of thistles and other weeds, the strength of which (some of the thistles grow eight feet high) testifies to the generous qualities of this deep dry alluvium. To the politician or philanthropist, worried and puzzled by the land problem in the restless, toiling west of Europe, there comes at first a welcome feeling of relief at the sight of such ample elbow-room. Far as the eye can reach on these great champaigns—as far in every direction as a horse may travel before set of sun—there is profitable industry, and room for three families for every one on the land at present. Threefold the present

harvest might be reaped, which, of course, on the prevalent *métayer* system, would produce a threefold rent to the landlord. Contemplation of the conditions of Thessalian agriculture—wealth of sun, fertilising rains and streams, an almost inexhaustible soil, steady markets and light taxation—turns our envious, wistful thoughts back to the hard-wrung, often ungrateful fields with which British farmers have to deal. There is plenty of English machinery in Thessaly already: the energy of the Greek Government in road-making has opened access to traction-engines, reaping and threshing machines; what forbids some of our English farmers, bled nearly to death by free trade, from settling in this land of promise? Well, the chief obstacle seems to be the ineradicable jealousy which the Greek bears towards foreign enterprise. It was this that put an end to the profitable business of a French and Italian mining company at Laurium: it is this which threatens to make abortive for the time M. Tricoupi's beneficent work in re-opening the ancient canals and draining Lake Copais in Bœotia, where the riparian peasant-proprietors resist an influx of strangers to till the land which they themselves are unable to take in hand. There is plenty of land to let in Thessaly; yet at present there is no opening for new tenants. It is not clear what will be the outcome of future years of steady and fostering government. The cruel old Turkish law which endured for centuries, under which the growing crops were taxed, has been lately repealed. Under the old system no husbandman might reap his harvest till it had been visited and valued by the tax-collector. This official, after the manner of Turkish officials, set no

store by punctuality : often, before he visited the fields, the crop was over-ripe and half wasted ; then the farmer had to travel many miles over execrable roads to pay his cess into the office before he was at liberty to put in the sickle. The withering effect of this fiscal blight still lingers : the people have yet to become accustomed to freedom, and learn to make the most of their splendid heritage. When they have acquired that, and begin to avail themselves of modern resources, Thessaly will become the richest province in Greece.

It is among these rank fallows that the plague of field-voles which desolated the harvests of 1891 and 1892 took its rise, and grew to such uncontrollable dimensions ; and the object of our visit was to ascertain, by personal inquiry and inspection, whether, as was asserted, Professor Loeffler had really succeeded in extirpating the voles by the application of his specific. This method consists in the diffusion of *bacillus typhimurum*, or the virus of mouse-typhus, among these mischievous rodents ; but inasmuch as the disease is not contagious, but can only be communicated to those animals which swallow food saturated with the infusion, serious doubts had been entertained as to the prospect of successfully dealing by this method with the plague of field-voles which has lately been the cause of so much mischief on the southern uplands of Scotland. In the spring of 1892, Professor Loeffler was invited by the Greek Government to commence operations in the neighbourhood of Larissa and Velesino, where the prevalence of voles threatened utter destruction to the harvest. All expenses

were defrayed by the Government, and the learned Professor, having satisfactorily proved that the virus of mouse-typhus is not communicable to human and other valuable forms of life, set to work distributing among the peasants bread saturated in the deadly broth. Immense numbers of mice no doubt died of the disease : it is the opinion of some people that besides those which actually ate the bread, others died from eating the flesh of the dead, but on this point the evidence is unsatisfactory and conflicting. Howbeit, in the opinion of the Professor and of some landowners in the district, the plague had been stayed : reports to that effect were made to the Greek Department of Agriculture, and forwarded to this country, and the British Board of Agriculture were strongly pressed to adopt similar means, and employ Professor Loeffler on the Scottish sheep-farms.

It is well that such a step, which would have involved considerable expense, was preceded by rigorous inquiry. On arriving in Thessaly we found that, so far from the voles having disappeared, they were in as great force upon some parts of the ground as ever. Possibly, had it been feasible to spread poisoned bread over every portion of the land affected, the results would have been more satisfactory ; but, apart from the immense area to be dealt with, there was also the indifference of many of the farmers to exert themselves against a visitation which Christians and Mohammedans alike regarded as coming direct from the Almighty, and only removable at His pleasure. Public opinion in Thessaly lends no support to the view that heaven helps them that help themselves. There had been, besides, carelessness in applying the

remedy. The preparation loses its virtue in a few days: it should be applied as soon as it is prepared. Consequently, on some farms where the bread was scattered no result ensued; and, in dealing with a district, it is of little use clearing one farm if the next one is allowed to remain infested.

On the whole, therefore, the conclusion arrived at was, that although Professor Loeffler's method, when properly employed, is as efficacious, though not so swift in effect, as mineral poison, and has the immense advantage of being innocuous to all animals except those of the mouse tribe, yet it is open to the same objection as any other poison which must be swallowed by the object of attack—namely, the difficulty and expense of spreading it uniformly and simultaneously over a large extent of country.

The liquid costs five francs a bottle, which contains enough liquid for two English acres. It is obvious that the cost of applying this remedy to a Scottish sheep-farm would often exceed the total year's rent of the farm. Thus, to clear a farm of, say, 6000 acres, would involve an outlay of £600 in typhus-broth alone, besides the bread used and the cost of labour. In Thessaly this expense was undertaken by the Government. In this country it would seriously perturb the Chancellor of the Exchequer if he were called on to provide material for the whole infected area in Scotland, extending, as it does, roughly, to about fifty miles in length by twelve to twenty in breadth.

The Thessalian vole (*Arvicola Guntheri*), though nearly akin to, differs specifically from, the vole with which Scottish farmers are only too well acquainted (*Arvicola*

agrestis). It differs also in habits; for whereas the British vole lives on the surface, and does not burrow, or, at most, scrapes out shallow runs, its Greek congener riddles the banks and fields with innumerable deep holes. At the time of our visit—mid-winter—the little animals were underground: winter in that country, though short, is a period of much more absolute repose in vegetation than in our long dripping seasons; there is no grass to tempt the voles abroad, and the presence of innumerable buzzards, kites, and kestrels, soaring and hovering over the plain from "the rising of the morning till the stars appear," seems to ensure the summary fate of any over-venturesome individual that should emerge.

The fact that birds of prey exist unmolested in such large numbers over the vole-infected districts of Thessaly, has a distinct bearing upon the theory put forward in our own country that the excessive multiplication of mice and voles has been due to the destruction of hawks and owls in the interests of game-preserving. No such proposition can be maintained in view of the plain facts of the case. Not only do the English chroniclers record recurrent visitations of this pest centuries before game-preserving, in the strict sense, was dreamt of in England, but here in Thessaly it never occurs to anybody to shoot the natural enemies of mice. They are always present in great numbers. In 1866, under the dominion of the Turks, there was an outbreak similar to that of this year and last. The Mohammedans are very kind to wild animals, and protect all that an English gamekeeper classes as vermin; but in spite of this the plague of mice comes (as it did

in the days of Apollo Smintheus, the Mouse-destroyer), waxes and wanes, according to the character of the seasons.

It must not be inferred from this that there is any doubt as to the useful work done by buzzards, kestrels, and all kinds of owls, against which gamekeepers have hitherto been allowed, and even encouraged by those who ought to know better, to wage indiscriminate war. These birds are harmless to game; their presence may mitigate and sometimes even avert a plague of mice; but mild seasons with abundant herbage will ever tend to encourage extraordinary swarms of small rodents, and the only chance of arresting the mischief under such circumstances lies in prompt and combined action by men and with dogs on the first symptoms of undue increase.

Reference has been made to the supineness of the peasantry under the visitation; but there are limits even to Mohammedan endurance; and the prospect of another harvest being ruined by voles has at length stirred the Turkish landowners to vigorous action. On the very day of our arrival at Larissa, a steamer left Volo harbour to fetch a cargo of holy water from Mecca, with which to sprinkle the infested plain! Not improbably this expedient may synchronise with the natural abatement of the plague, which usually runs its course in two seasons: what rejoicing, then, among the faithful who have witnessed the failure of the impious experiments of scientific Christians!

It is impossible to have intercourse with modern Greeks without being touched with some degree of the enthusiasm which inspires them in discussing the future of

their country, or without sharing the confidence with which they approach it. It may be true that the people are of hybrid race, that little of the old Hellenic blood flows in their veins, but few European nations of note, our own perhaps least of all, can boast unmixed descent: there is that in the air this people breathe—in the language they speak—the land they live in—which is of the very spirit of liberty. One meeting a countryman on the road accosts him as *patriote*, a term of more significance, of larger meaning than "citizen." But they are a people deeply democratic, and require delicate handling to steer liberty clear of the shoals of licence. Murmurings against the growth of taxation are already heard, and the extraordinary activity of the press ensures the publicity of every unpopular act of the administration. Manhood suffrage is an unstable foundation for a government; yet in Greece, where the population is almost exclusively agricultural, and, except in Thessaly, peasant proprietary is universal, there is less cause to apprehend those furious gusts of popular feeling which affect people crowded together in great industrial centres. If military and naval expenditure (especially the latter, for which in a country without colonies there ought to be no pressing necessity) can be kept within reasonable limits, there is good cause to hope that the new kingdom will be firmly established, her desolate fields become repopled, and her internal resources steadily developed.

There is one operation obviously desirable, which the Department of Agriculture are already bestirring themselves to promote—namely, the reafforesting of the mountains and planting of trees in the plains.

On a soil exposed to protracted droughts it is of prime importance that waste tracts should be clothed with wood in order to check evaporation, and the tendency of heavy rainfall to run off in destructive floods. But to attain this end the people must be brought to see that it is in their own interest to encourage the growth of young wood. At present it is considered an infringement of freedom to prevent anybody pasturing sheep or goats on any uncultivated land. Such trees as still remain on the hills are felled or lopped at random, the seedlings are browsed down, and millions of acres which might be made valuable woodland now grow nothing but mastic, cistus, and scrubby Aleppo pines. Education is free in Greece: it is not compulsory, because the peasantry are all anxious to have their children instructed: it would tend to increase enormously the wealth of the country could the rising generation be schooled into a knowledge of arboriculture, and induced to foster the natural reproduction of timber, and undertake the planting up of suitable tracts. The Government are liberal in the supply of young plants; it only requires that the young Greeks should be aroused to the import-

ance of planting and protecting them, and so arrest the process of denudation by

“Streams that swift or slow
Draw down Æonian hills, and sow
The dust of continents to be.”

There are those whose sense may be offended by all this stir of preparation and bustle of material concern which now echoes through this ancient realm, who sympathise with Mr Ruskin when, in one of his juvenile pieces, lately reprinted, he exclaims: “Who would substitute the rush of a new nation, the struggle of an awakening power, for the dreamy sleep of Italy’s desolation, for her sweet silence of melancholy thought, her twilight time of everlasting memories?”

Surely there are few who will hesitate to reply that to open a future full of bright promise before a nation possessed of an immortal past, is to add the harmony of a full orchestra to the voice of one crying in the wilderness; and the English poet who, beyond all other singers, mourned for and celebrated the shattered grandeur of Greece, would be the first, were he present with her now, to beckon her onward in her confident renaissance.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

ABERDEEN AND ABERDEEN DOCTORS.

IF doctors in their professional capacity are necessary nuisances, we have found them capital companions in private life. Shaking off the melancholy associations of sick-chambers and death-sentences, they seem bound to be bright and cheerful in self-defence. But we have never been in better medical company than among the Aberdonian worthies who are posthumously glorified in Mrs Hill Burton Rodger's delightful 'Narrative of a Medical School.' The society is mixed in the extreme; no one can complain of lack of variety; and we are grateful to Mrs Rodger for not confining herself over-strictly to the subject immediately suggested by her title. With the shades of departed doctors, she evokes the memories, and we might say the faces and figures, of more or less learned divines in the town and the country, and of the grave professors who once filled the chairs in the twin universities of the old granite city. She paints the manners and the simple habits of many a bygone generation with many an effective touch, which gives rare *vraisemblance* to the portraiture; and she fills in the canvas with a background of picturesque landscape and archaeology, which excites at once our admiration and our wonder. We know Aberdeenshire well: we were born on its border, and we studied in its schools and university. We have walked it from the wild hills of Braemar to the bleak seaboard of storm-beaten Buchan,

where, as Johnson said, the Lords Errol of Slains have the King of Norway for their next-door neighbour. We have fished its streams, and we have shot over its moors and forests. We owe much pleasant entertainment to many a hospitable laird, and we have gossiped over steaming toddy with many a doctor, minister, and farmer. If we say as much, it is not because we mean to be egotistical, but because we may modestly profess to being a competent judge of Mrs Rodger's marvellous accuracy. It is true that she tells us a great deal more than we have ever known or forgotten. We are mystified as to where she has found all her facts, as to whence she has drawn her Dutch-like fidelity of delineation. And if we dwell upon that absolute conviction of her truth, it is because we should credit her otherwise with a most humorous imagination. For it is a fact, that almost every one of the local celebrities she has individualised has certain oddities or eccentricities which make him quaintly attractive. Of course, as she goes groping backwards from the dim to the dark, the figures begin to fade, phantom-like, in the distance, and lose in expression and definite outline. That is inevitable, and only assures us that she never throws free reins to her fancy. But striking into the side-paths of illustrative social biography, what a panorama of personages it is that she presents!

Imprimis, there is the cowed

medieval monk who sought charitably to alleviate the maladies of which he was innocently ignorant. There is the gossiping barber-surgeon who operated indifferently with razor and lancet, and who had his regular civic *clientèle* who came to him for bleeding, as a precautionary measure, or when troubled by some ailment. Then the light of science begins to break out of the darkness, and there are practitioners, accredited or otherwise, with faint glimmerings of scientific knowledge. There was the minister who denounced witchcraft in all its forms, who banned the "wise woman" with her spells, and even looked askance at the rural midwife; and who beneficently practised with the "simples" which were grown in the garden of the manse. At least he was not as venturesome as the blacksmith practitioner Scott met in Northumbria, who dosed his patients with "laudamy and calamy"; and confessing that fatal mischances would occur, pled that "onyhow it would be lang ere they made up for Flodden." There was the laird's good wife, the Lady Bountiful of the parish, who laid in rhubarb and senna with the season's groceries, and furnished these drastic remedies indiscriminately to obsequious tenants. Probably that uneducated medical help was better than nothing, and for long it was a case of Hobson's choice. Then Mrs Rodger exhibits various specimens of the country doctor, who spent his toilsome days among dangers in the saddle, and never reckoned on an untroubled night. If he did not sleep in his riding-boots, they always stood ready to be drawn on. As to his fees, the less said of them the better; even comparatively wealthy landowners paid him in kind or in dinners. He lived by the farming which was a second drain on his ener-

gies, as even the town physicians would fall back on the chemist's shop, or possibly a farm. Neither the one nor the other had "a position" to keep up. The country doctor would have advertised himself a fool had he forded flooded streams and forced fathomless snow-drifts in a suit of sables, and the town doctor did more than the conventionalities demanded, if he dressed in decent broadcloth and sported buckles in his shoes. More dignified were the solemn professors of the universities, who, if like the parrot of story they were sometimes constitutionally taciturn, were in all probability "beggars to think." Johnson, on his visit to Aberdeen, expressed some contempt for their conversational cowardice, but that was only a proof of Aberdonian shrewdness. They knew that their illustrious visitor was cunning of fence, and had been keeping his hand in by constant practice among the Burkes and the Beauclerks of the English metropolis. Not a few of these discreet old gentlemen were really *savants*, and some were professors of medicine with a genius for chemical and anatomical research, though sadly hampered by the difficulty in procuring subjects. So we come to the ambitious young medical students, at whose illegal proceedings their seniors connived, and who risked the prison and penal servitude in the interests of science by violating the sanctity of graveyards. Then we have the surgeons and doctors who sought their fortunes abroad, or served with the British troops on the Continent and India; and, lastly, there are the physicians of yesterday or to-day, who drive in their carriages, leave competencies to their heirs, and die in the odour of celebrity, affiliated to learned societies.

Indebted for all our inspiration to Mrs Rodger, we shall venture

to draw, besides, on our own early reminiscences. She gives a most graphic picture of Aberdeen—of the town and the country. The climate is inclement, and, indeed, simply detestable. The aspects are bleak, and the soil is rather barren. Oats and hardy roots are the staple crops, and the wheat, though it sometimes yields well, flourishes as a rare and well-manured exotic. Yet, at any rate to the Aberdonian, there is a wonderful fascination in Aberdeen. The storm-tossed passenger on a Shetland-bound steamer, who has been rocked on the rough bosom of St Andrew's Bay, who has coasted the frowning red cliffs of the Forfarshire of the 'Antiquary' and the Mucklebackits, and who has cast sickly glances at the ruins of Dunnottar, sacred to the memories of tortured martyrs, has pleasant recollections of the city on the Dee, if the direction of the wind gives comparatively calm water, behind the bold headland of the Girdle Ness. The smoke of the manufactories of the prosperous town hangs over the funnels of the steamers and the masts of the miscellaneous shipping. There is a faint clang of restless hammers from the numerous shipbuilding-yards which turned out the famous Aberdeen clippers. There is an agreeable odour of fresh and smoked fish, toned down by the North Sea ozone. Yet there is the sublimity of perpetual menace to the seafarer in the forbidding rocks of the headlands, in the treacherous shifting sands to the north, and in the seething turmoil on the ugly bar. The crews of the tarry-sailed fishing fleets must always venture out with their lives in their hands; and those brilliant lights on the Girdle Ness have flashed down on the terrors of many a tragedy, when the home-

bound fishing-boats have missed the harbour-mouth, or when some crippled vessel "in irons" has been drifted insensibly on a lee shore. Scott in his "Northern Cruise" makes allusion to the loss of the Oscar—a whaler hailing from Peterhead. We have cause to remember that memorable catastrophe; for some five-and-thirty years afterwards, going to the funeral of an old relative in a country churchyard, we remarked a great square oaken beam, drilled with auger-holes, which supported one side of the family vault. We were told by the old sexton, with bated breath,—he happened to have been the father of one of the Oscar's seamen,—that it was a bulkhead from the ill-fated vessel. But fifty years ago, before Aberdeen had assumed its present industrial and commercial importance, you saw everywhere the signs of a pushing seaport, that sought outlets in maritime adventure. The place was a regular port of call for ships bound on arctic search expeditions. The Messrs Hall and other shipbuilders were overwhelmed with orders for vessels with double keels, guaranteed to stand the crush of the ice-packs, or for fast-sailing clippers for the tropics, warranted, so far as possible, against tornadoes and cyclones. The railway then was slowly working its way northwards, but all goods and most passengers were still sent by sea. No American had as yet struck oil in Pennsylvania, and the bottomless petroleum wells of Batoum were still untapped. So the chase of the whale, although always more or less of a lottery, might be marvellously lucrative; and the fleets of well-found whalers, which were the best of training-schools for hardy seamen, put out annually from Aberdeen, Dundee, and Peterhead. When an arctic explorer

was looking for pilots or ice-masters, he always put in at one of these ports. Near Aberdeen, on the suburban farms, we remember that it was a common thing to see the gate of a field garnished by a pair of huge whale-jaws in the manner of a triumphal arch. We fancy that most of the prosperous trades-folk and successful lawyers—"advocates," as they are honourably designated by Crown charter—speculated in shares in the whalers. So there was general excitement in the town when the arrival of the first ship from Baffin Bay was signalled, telegraphing her own luck by a well-understood system of signals, and probably bringing news of the fortunes of her companions.

Aberdeen is obviously an admirable nursery for the mariners, who are familiar with peril almost from the cradle, who are accustomed to bitter cold, and who become insensibly hardened to privations. It is the centre of that wild and most unkindly coast which stretches from the Isle of May and the Bass to the Moray Firth, and thence, with that solitary break of shelter, to the formidable Race of Pentland. From Cockenzie in the Lothians to Thurso and Wick, that coast is thickly set with fishing villages. If the families of the men are to live, the men must go to sea in most weathers, put their faith in Providence, and "d—n the barometer." It is only in the natural course of things that sooner or later they may come to grief, and meet the fate of good Sir Patrick Spens. But meantime it is still more in the order of things that they scud before gales and snow-drift in their undecked sloops; that they strive in vain to keep their blood in circulation; and that they tighten

the belts on their empty stomachs when they have consumed the last of their scanty sea-stores. So in Aberdeen, to borrow reverently the words of the Apostle of the Gentiles, they have learned to endure hardness. The fishermen's quarter of Footdee is located among nets, fish-boxes, and tar-barrels, in the Gut of the Dee, between Highland winds and seawater, with the ominous moanings of the bar lulling the natives into their slumbers. But even the more fashionable quarters of the town are as suggestive of dogged defiance to the elements. The spacious thoroughfare of Union Street, which Mrs Rodger praises very deservedly, is built with the massive solidity of the St Petersburg palaces on the Neva, and seems to defy time like the Colosseum. The cold glitter of the quartz and mica in the ponderous granite blocks sends a chill to the veins of the southern visitor, even when the wind is tending towards the airs of the milder west. In fact, the charms of New Aberdeen, such as they are, are of the cold and austere classical style; and the dreary Drumthwacket moor, the ancestral property of Dugald Dalgetty, which is supposed to stretch away along the sky-line to the south, seems no inappropriate setting.

But if we have dwelt on New Aberdeen in its most stern and forbidding aspects, it is to show the contrast between that and the "auld toon." The bleak and barren Buchan has its sheltered nooks where forest-timber strikes root in the soil, and even fuchsias, when matted, flourish through the winter. So it always strikes us that Old Aberdeen is a pale northern reflection of an English cathedral town, and has its closest counterpart in Northern Brittany. Like an English cathedral town,

it has its quiet "precincts" in the Chanonry, though the sites of the former residences of the canons came to be occupied by modern ministers and highly respectable spinsters. Like—let us say—the Breton town of St Pol de Leon, with its Creizker, the twin spires of the venerable cathedral are a conspicuous landmark from the sea, and visible for a distance in all directions; and the student who attended the King's College before the union of the universities, more nearly resembled the poor Breton *kloarek* than even the tag-rag and bob-tail of the Paris University in its wild medieval days, when a François Villon was the companion of cut-purses. There was no flagrant crime in the King's College of Old Aberdeen, though its "lodgings" have been stormed in county feuds, and there is a tradition of a college porter who perished in a practical joke; but there was much hand-to-mouth privation and hard shifting for a decent living. New Aberdeen stands exposed to the blasts from all the points of the compass; the population was always compelled to keep moving, and so the cold-fretted body reacted on the energetic mind. In Old Aberdeen, when deserted for the port by the Dee, there was little stimulus for exertion. It prided itself on its stately cathedral; it lived by its university; it woke up a little through the five short months of the college session, and slumbered peacefully for the other seven. It had the quaint and homely charm of a Dutch town like Leyden, with far more of romantic beauty in the surroundings. To the seaward were the broad links, enamelled in the summer with sea-pinks and daisies, bordered by the sheltering sandhills which broke the storms. To the northward were woods and verdant meadows, sloping away

to the winding valley of the Don, which might have better inspired ballad-singers than the braes of Doon. Byron never forgot the Brig of Balgownie, built by the Bruce, and spanning the black abyss of "the deep, dark, salmon-pool," with the sharp turn of the sheer precipices, in their drapery of clinging copsewood. Old Aberdeen was a Scottish Hereford, or a Chester, without the girdle of the embattled wall. There were old houses let at low rentals, with great old-fashioned gardens, showing that the ground-lots in the venerable burgh had little more than agricultural value. The Chanonry, which had been the quarters of the beneficed Catholic clergy, was removed by the length of the High Street from the College and the collegiate residences in its environs. The High Street is tolerably wide; the pavements, though narrow, are more than sufficiently broad for the listless traffic; and at either side flows the open gutter, odoriferous sometimes in a drought, but flushed by the frequent rains. At the top, and facing downwards, stands the town-house, its grotesque ugliness gaining some dignity from age, like the face of a wrinkled old woman, with its plain features set off by a cupola, which might be likened to the old lady's "mutch."

On the other hand, though possibly we may be prejudiced in its favour, King's College always architecturally impressed us as a noble monument to the memory of the munificent founder. Bishop Elphinstone built solidly, and he must have secured the services of an architect of genius. The structure in its massive simplicity is in keeping with its surroundings, yet its severity is lightened as much as may be by the graceful span of the crown-surmounted open ending that tops the grey square

tower. The noble chapel, supported on robust buttresses, was lighted by lofty windows with graceful tracery. The other buildings forming the quadrangle were of more recent date, although there was not only picturesqueness but propriety in the broad sheltering colonnade on the southern side, which has since been swept away. For the flags of its pavement were worn by the tread of innumerable generations of thinly clad students, who kept up their courage and circulation by pacing up and down while waiting for the class-room doors being opened. It was there the anxious youths would swarm with the hum of clustering bees, while expecting the announcement of a list of bursaries or prizes, in the bitterness of a Scotch October or March. If these old grey cloisters could speak, they could tell as much as the gilded saloons of Monte Carlo of disappointment, despair, or feverish triumph. For, unlike the careless sons of wealthy southern families, those youths—though indeed they were often middle-aged men—came to college in grim earnest, with their future staked on their fortune. Mrs Rodger tells us all about them. They might have taken for their motto the text of that admirable sermon, preached by Trollope's old bricklayer in 'The Last Chronicles of Barset,' "It's dogged as does it." Moreover, the majority of them showed a heroism of patient self-denial and of honourable ambition which was beyond all praise. The ambition of not a few was justified and stimulated by the consciousness of talent; but there were many melancholy cases when victims, foredoomed to disillusioning, had only dull resolution with ordinary or inferior capacity.

It was a quaint and pathetic spectacle in the quadrangle, at the

beginning of a session, when the results of the bursary competition were to be announced. Those bursaries which were to be held for the four years of the curriculum meant wealth, or competency, or a comfortable supplement to expenses. One or two of the most valuable came to as much as £30; the lowest might be £5 or £10. The competitors might be of any age. There was the set man in grave maturity, who might have been teaching in some back-of-the-world school in the Hebrides, where the scholars in the winter brought the daily tribute of peats; or looking after sheep on the hills of Sutherland, or even breaking stones and mending roads,—and we can recall examples of all these cases. And they were pitted against some clever boys looking childlike beneath their years. When the doors of the Hall were thrown open, when the prize-list was to be read by the Principal, there was a rush and scramble for the places on the old oaken benches, hacked and scarred with many an initial of long-departed *alumni*. For the old Principal's voice was sure to be feeble, and so very much hung upon his faltering accents. To him, kindly as he was, his announcement was mere matter of routine: to many of his hearers it was matter of life or death. To be sure, to some of those absurd juniors who had scarcely got out of jackets, it signified little. If they failed, they had time to try again, and they still hung on to the paternal coat-tails. But their solemn and anxious and work-worn seniors had been staking the savings and the struggles of years on a single ambitious cast. The Principal calls out "Alexander,"—pauses, removes his spectacles, and carefully wipes them. Meantime a round dozen of Alexanders — *Maximi*,

Majores, and *Minores*—are eagerly pricking their ears, while you might almost hear the beating of their hearts. Alexander M'Tavish, first bursary, £30; and the stalwart M'Tavish sinks back upon his seat, with a breath of ineffable relief, and in a bath of agreeable perspiration. For that moment, Alexander, though by no means morbidly imaginative, seems to have conquered the world. He need not sneak home with his tail between his legs, like a rated collie, but, on the contrary, he has the world before him, with the most encouraging assurances of success. It is true he knows there are struggles before him, nor perhaps does he much overrate the spending power of his £30. But he is willing to endure everything while he waits and labours. If staunch determination can pull a man through, M'Tavish will be a tough competitor. Why, he revels in the thought of toilsome days, of note-books elaborately filled and carefully studied, and of long nights of effort in the smell of the midnight oil, or, more precisely, of the ill-trimmed mutton-fats. For Alexander is a lucky man, and may consider himself affiliated to the Epicureans. He can nourish himself with a sufficiency of plain and wholesome food, and he can encase his person in warm clothing. For four years at least he may be free from care and full of hopes. In short, he is one of the fortunate few who are envied for their affluent circumstances.

The majority have to struggle along by the aid of a pittance from the College funds, or to fall back on their own scanty resources. As Mrs Rodger says forcibly, many literally drew their supplies from the paternal meal-girnels. They were housed for the most part in what were appro-

priately called "College bounds." The auld-town folk, with few visible means of subsistence, eked out their living by these winter lodgers. The *élite* of the students, who were the sons of ministers, of prosperous northern tradesmen, or comfortable farmers, were tolerably accommodated. There was a small and single-windowed sitting-room, with a tiny bed-chamber. But the democracy were stowed away in back-rooms or in shelving garrets. They were used to rough accommodation, and that signified little, though even the sizzars and servitors of English universities might have found it depressing to study under such circumstances. They were content with the simplest fare, if there were a sufficiency. But they had to scrape and save and stint to provide themselves with the indispensable text-books. As for healthy recreation, those active and vigorous youths, who were buoyed up and carried along by their animal spirits, never thought of it. They never skated; they never curled; they seldom if ever indulged in a constitutional walk; and only now and again, by way of special indulgence, they would break out of a Saturday in a game of shinty or football. Their indefatigable industry was laudable, but we believe it was a short-sighted mistake. Towards the close of the short session, the brains were deadened and the spirits went down under the incessant strain and pressure. The night-work was prolonged as the examinations drew near; and most of the students would have been in far better case for the competition had they taken an opiate and gone to bed for four-and-twenty hours.

A rough lot they were in looks, and rougher still in manners. When fresh caught as they came

from their native hills, they seemed shaggy and unkempt as a drove of Highland ponies. Their clothes were of queer antediluvian cut, and some of the sturdy mountaineers and islesmen still wore their cottage homespun. Perhaps it was from an instinctive sense of the fitness of things that the "bajants," or students of the first year, revolted against the smug respectability of the brilliant red gown. It was a point of honour to rend the gown into tatters, and as it was never renewed in the course of the curriculum, before the wearer came up for his degree, the weather-bleached shreds and patches would have discredited a scarecrow, or some ruffian of the highways who had been gibbeted in chains. Their speech was as uncouth as their pronunciation; their behaviour was boorish, and they were silenced and abashed in the presence of their social superiors. Yet gradually education did its elevating work, as they sat at the feet of the Latin poets, and were familiarised with the Greek tragedians. Grinding up against each other in the mills of the schools, the rough diamonds took a polish, and even began to sparkle; so that many of the humbly born students of the fourth year had become gentlemen in the best sense of the word, and were ready to do honour to their *alma mater*.

They might take the professors of the old school for models. It was a strange contrast, at least in Old Aberdeen, between the teachers and the taught. The Senatus had become something of a hereditary guild. There were families, like the Gregorys, the Gordons, the Gerards, the Forbeses, the McLeods, and the Macphersons, locally illustrious in letters or science. These professors, who generally lived to a good old age,

were men of family and refinement, who prided themselves on their birth and their dignified bearing. Mrs Rodger has commemorated two whom we well recollect, as familiarly known under the *sobriquets* of "Prosody" and "Habbie." The students might affect to laugh behind their backs, but they held them in wholesome dread and regard. Those hearty and hospitable gentlemen out of class hours would try their hands at social education, and a hard and ungrateful task it seemed. No benevolence could have stood the ordeal of asking a lot of shy and silent lads to dinner, so the form of entertainment was a series of breakfasts. A formal breakfast at all times must be an unnatural and unconvivial meal, even when the guests are famous for their conversational powers, and there are hosts like the poet Rogers and the late Lord Houghton. Few men can be bright, ready of repartee, or rich in anecdote, upon tea and coffee at 10 A.M. But these college gatherings were the most dreary of entertainments, with the brawny guests nervously clattering the crockery and balancing themselves awkwardly on the edges of the chairs. Though doubtless they had their ludicrous side, when the professor was painfully unbending like a superannuated contortionist, and his fair womankind, turning Circes for the nonce, were casting their spells over the herd of wild-eyed Highland cattle.

We have lingered over King's College as the more characteristic of the twin institutions, and like Mrs Rodger we need say much less of the life at the younger university. It was founded and endowed after the Reformation, by the generous and chivalrous nobleman whose name it bears. Dugald Dalgetty has told us some-

thing of what it used to be in his time, when he learned his quick eating at the bursars' table, "When if you did not move your jaws as fast as a pair of castanets, you were very unlikely to get anything to put between them." The days are long gone by when the bursars were boarders. The students were generally the sons of substantial Aberdeen citizens, or of lairds and ministers in the neighbourhood; and as they lived or lodged in burgher families, they were civilised, and had not to shift for their living. But Marischal College is closely associated with the growth of the Medical School, the formation of a medical association, and the biographies of the Aberdeen doctors. Many of them filled medical chairs, or were attached to the university in some honorary capacity. And we can dimly remember one of those good gentlemen and a relative, who dressed to the last in ruffled shirt and knee-breeches, in black silk stockings and bright buckles of silver.

Aberdeen, though but a provincial capital with some 15,000 inhabitants, enjoyed the unique distinction of two universities, each boasting its degrees. The education, as we have seen, until towards the middle of this century, was necessarily elementary and imperfect. Boys of fourteen—and sometimes they were younger—raw from a parish school, were scarcely ready to receive the higher culture, and often, in their good broad Scotch, were stuttering on the very threshold of the Greek grammar, and stumbling at the *pons asinorum*. As Mrs Rodger shows, the regular medical school was of very gradual growth. Yet those rough-and-ready training establishments produced the distinguished men of science she inscribes on her long roll of local doctors. The Scot

has a genius for getting on in the world, and has always been specially successful in medicine and surgery. Sir Robert Christison in his Autobiography claims that "Edinburgh had long been the only medical school of fame and resort in the British empire, whither students flocked from its most distant regions." Aberdeen had always taken high rank as a scientific *succursale* to the Scottish metropolis, and at this moment, we believe, it may boast of at least one of the ablest consulting practitioners in Britain. But when Mrs Rodger begins her story in earnest, with the birth of exact and scientific medicine, Aberdeenshire offered few opportunities to the doctors of making even a decent livelihood. As we have said, the payment by money fees was the exception rather than the rule, and the hard-worked and ill-remunerated master-physician took apprentices, who slaved for their board and instruction in exchange for a modest premium. They picked up what knowledge they could in compounding simple prescriptions, and kept themselves in condition by constant exercise out of doors. When their indentures expired, the world was before them. They might go on working for their employer at a dog's wages, and sicken with hope deferred while they waited for some doubtful opening. There were always better chances for the adventurous in the south or abroad. Mrs Rodger traces the various fortunes of the old class companions of successive generations. The more timid naturally stayed quietly at home: some went to India in the Company's service: some went out to Canada or the infant Australian colonies. Others, like Abernethy of the biscuits, made a fashionable and lucrative practice in Edinburgh

or London by brusque eccentricity almost as much as by skill. There were men of polished manners, like Sir Walter Farquhar, who gained decorations, wealth, and a title as Court physician. But what served these pushing Aberdonians best were the wars which convulsed the world towards the end of last century. Doctors were in great demand in the Peninsular armies, perpetually decimated by battle and disease, and Sir James M'Grigor, who rose to the highest place, was only the most eminent of many who did excellent and patriotic work. What with pay and perquisites, and the casualties of prize-money, the surgeons in the navy had still more lucrative berths. So we shall select a few of the most characteristic of Mrs Rodger's very miscellaneous types—her stories and sketches of their surroundings may come in incidentally,—and, like her, we shall be somewhat indifferent to chronology, and take the subjects pretty much at random.

Even in the reign of the sixth James, Aberdeen, like a modern Bath or Cheltenham, had a doctor who would bring it into fashion by preaching the virtues of its Spa. Dr Barclay was a poet who swore by the tobacco against which the sovereign had given out his solemn "Counter-blast." Barclay believed in it as much as Charles Kingsley, and declared "it was the only medicament in the world ordained by nature to entertain good company." He proclaimed the virtues of the Spa Well, which was in the garden of Jamesone, "the Scottish Vandyke." He said it surpassed the original spa in the Ardennes; and in fact, down to the rising of the '45, it was a favourite resort of wounded soldiers, like Barèges and other mineral springs in the Pyrenees. Barclay sang the praises

of the Spa and the more romantically named Corbie Well, and is said to have idealised Jack's Brae and the Short Loanings as the Aberdonian Parnassus and Elysian Fields. What he could not away with was the unlicensed quacks—the "barbarous apothecaries, Highland leeches," &c. The worthy physician forgot that orthodoxy was limited to the city, and that the less fortunate residents in out-of-the-way parishes had to put up with what help they could get. Long after he had been laid to his rest, and the weather had half effaced the inscription on his tombstone, Mrs Rodger describes the neglected condition of the rural districts and the daily lives of the doctors who were dotted about here and there. Even in the lowlands of the county, moss and moorland had been seldom reclaimed; the crops of oats looked as if they were raised in the *débris* of the stone quarries; the cattle were herded by barefooted children in unenclosed wastes; the tenants had a severe struggle to keep body and soul together on oatmeal and kail; the lairds received great part of their rents in kind, kane, or carriages; and it was difficult to gather change in silver and copper for a £1-note. The doctor took his precarious fees in any shape, and was thankful to get anything; generally he fell back upon a farm, which at least supplied him with meat and meal. Yet with his exceptional skill, and in common charity, he was bound to be at the call of all his neighbours. There were few roads in his district; the unbridged streams would come down in sudden spate; and in the winters the hill-tracks were smothered in the snow-drifts. Of course, however warm-hearted the man might be, he became brusque, independent, and eccentric. Here is a

sketch of Dr Dougal of Keith, who was made a member of the Aberdeen Medical Society in 1795 :—

"He is described by a careful village chronicler as having been of simple and humble life, exemplary in his religious duties, and devoted to the service of his fellow-creatures. His house and shop were in the north-west corner of the Square of Keith, where were also the old town-hall and the school, and he had there a good collection of medical books, for Dr Dougal had the education of a gentleman. He was a man of herculean strength, with strongly marked features. His snuff-brown coloured single-breasted coat with basket buttons, his brown vest with flaps hanging half-way down his thighs, his small-clothes of plush or velvet, his buckled shoes and galligaskins, gold-headed cane, tie, wig, and tricornered cocked-hat, were classic objects in Keith for many a long year. He was looked upon with fear and respect, and was a strict Presbyterian, enjoying to fight the battles of the Kirk."

A good story is told of him. One day a man came to his shop, tortured by toothache, and begged the doctor to draw the tooth. The doctor declined, saying the pain was only passing; but the patient insisted, until the mediciner waxed wroth. "By God!" he said, "I'll draw every tooth in your heid!" and he laid hands on a most hideous forceps. The scared patient fled across the market-place, hotly pursued; and when he chanced to trip, the doctor was down on him and extracted a couple of tusks on the spot.

No man seems to have toiled harder than Dr Cran of Tarland, who practised in the first half of the present century. His district extended over twenty hilly miles. His visiting was all done on foot or on horseback, and he never kept a gig. He often forded the Don and the Dee at the peril of his life, and had many narrow

escapes in blinding blizzards and deep snow. He was the medical man mentioned by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder in his book about the great Morayshire floods of 1829 as crossing the river Noughty on the morning after the spate with a rope tied round his waist.

"In pursuit of his practice he had many adventures. In his earlier days Aberdeenshire was infested by highway robbers, and the doctor was often waylaid. In a lonely part of the road near Tarland on a dark night a man rushed out of a wood and seized his horse's bridle, crying, 'Your money or your life!' Dr Cran had the presence of mind to give him such a blow on his fingers with his whip that he loosened his grasp. One evening, passing a gipsy encampment where a great fire was burning, a 'stoutrief' or stalwart thief played the part of brigand; but on his seizing the doctor's valuable horse it reared itself free from his grasp and galloped off. This horse, well known throughout the country, became an object of envy, and several attempts were made to steal it. One morning his stable was empty; the doctor's steed was gone, saddle and bridle and all. Some days after the horse was found grazing in a field near Kincardine O'Neil. The hill where the gipsies always encamped had an evil reputation for being haunted, and causing folk to lose their way on it. On a night of choking 'blindrift,' going home on foot, Dr Cran called in at a shepherd's hut on the hill to ask the way, and wandering about for several hours, attracted by a glimmering light, found himself back at the same place again. The shepherd, guiding him to the top of the hill after vainly persuading him to remain all night, judiciously advised him to keep always going down-hill, and he would soon find his way home. Dr Cran's life was one of incessant toil. For whole nights in succession he was out of bed, and away long distances above Ballater. He had just got into bed after two nights spent thus when he was called away at midnight to the far end of the Forest of Glentannar, among the Grampians, to see a man whose leg had been broken by a

falling tree. The patient lay in a small hut in a wild inaccessible spot at the foot of an overhanging cliff, which looked as if it might fall at any moment and crush both patient and doctor. Returning home after setting the broken limb, quite worn out, he lay exhausted on the floor of his parlour and fell fast asleep. On one very stormy night, with deep snow on the ground, he was called to a house a few miles distant. He had to walk, as his horse could not have gone through the snow, and he had great difficulty in coming home again, for at every step the snow was up to his knees, and the wreaths and drifts at the roadside were high enough to bury him. When home was reached at last, he sank down on a chair speechless; his clothes were stiff with snow and wet with perspiration—a few yards more and he would have fallen outside his own door, never to rise again.”

A different type was Dr Adams of Banchory, though as stalwart of frame and as devoted to his duties as the other. He was a man of unusual learning and of fine classical taste, and would solace himself in his precarious intervals of leisure with the odes of Horace or the plays of *Æschylus*, and with turning Latin verse into Greek. Hill Burton, Mrs Rodger's father, once dropped in upon his solitude, and found him buried among his favourite books. Though condemned to obscurity, he was not altogether lost to ambition, and he published translations of certain professional works in the dead languages, which brought him more credit than profit.

The county doctor, like the Irish priest, was always an honoured guest at local festivities. The celebration of births was by etiquette confined to the women of the neighbourhood; but much money was squandered on the marriages, to which all and sun-

dry were bidden. The doctor might have a reversionary interest in the probable results; but naturally he had more direct concern in the funerals, on which the expenditure was still more wantonly lavish. The most frugal of peoples, independent of means or degree, would pay a tribute of ostentatious sacrifice to the dead, doing their best to embarrass the family. Scott has commemorated that pious weakness in ‘*The Bride of Lammermoor*,’ and we have heard that the funeral of the last Duke of Rothes, with a procession drawn out for several miles, permanently crippled his successors in the title. “There was always a feeling that reckless expense showed a proper respect for the deceased.” An old story may still bear retelling. The faithful servant of a defunct laird was seen at his master's funeral making prodigious efforts to intoxicate the guests. When remonstrated with, his answer, from which there was no appeal, was, “It was the wull o’ the deid that I’s mak ye a’ fou at his burial, and his wull maun be obeyed.” So it was with that other jovial funeral-gathering at the House of Culloiden, which forgot the corpse when mustering the *cortège*, and had to send back across many a mile of moor and morass to fetch it.

But most of the departed had passed away without any help from the professional man. We can hardly realise now the condition of chronic sufferers who knew nothing of the maladies with which they were afflicted, and were treated by people as ignorant as themselves. Mrs Rodger says that the gardens of the laird's mansion or of the manse were generally fairly well stocked with simples, which were probably safe if not sovereign

specifics. The prescriptions of the laird's good lady were not to be refused, but we are told she was not altogether unconscious of her responsibilities. One of the Ladies Bountiful, who went in for experimental research, was asked how she knew that her herbs were not poisonous. "Fine that," was her unhesitating answer; "I always try them first on the laird." We fancy that in those days when the fittest survived, the survivors were exceptionally tough. Indeed Christison assures us that in his younger days—that is to say, about 1820—enfeebled patients stood a portentous drain of blood which would have been sudden death about 1860.

We have referred already to the families associated by descent with Aberdonian medicine, and especially with King's College. The most illustrious of these was that of the Gregorys, and we well remember the last learned representative when he filled the chair of chemistry at King's, and when he was already passionately interested in those startling mesmeric *séances* of which Christison has much to say. Of course he was a profound believer in the spiritual influences which condescended to interest themselves in the most trivial sublunary matters. In a lady's-maid of Mrs Gregory, he found a wonderfully sympathetic medium; and we can certainly recall, when he was afterwards living in Princes Street, Edinburgh, some admirable shots made by the gifted young women. Those Gregorys were really M'Gregors; "an auld and honoured name," so says Bailie Nicol Jarvie, "sair worried and hadden doon." Perhaps the most illustrious of the Gregorys was professor at King's College during the '45, and he was a cousin of Rob Roy. It occurred

to the daring outlaw when in hiding in Aberdeenshire that he ought to pay his kinsman the professor a friendly visit.

"Under the circumstances, he was not welcome. Rob Roy, who was quite as proud of his own profession as Dr John Gregory was of his, seeing young James Gregory, afterwards the famous Edinburgh physician, a sturdy likely child, offered to take him with him to the Highlands and 'make a man of him,' promising to return to fetch him for that purpose. This story is very artistically worked up in Sir Walter Scott's 'Waverley,' where it forms one of the gems of that world-famous novel. Dr Gregory was horrified at the idea of his clever son becoming a 'stout-rieff,' and was relieved when, one day walking arm in arm with his cousin Rob Roy in the Castlegate, the beating of drums was heard, and a troop of soldiers came from the barracks. 'If those lads are stirring, I had better be off,' said the freebooter, as he disappeared down a neighbouring close, and was never seen again in Aberdeen."

We may remark, by the way, that by a slip of the pen Mrs Rodger speaks of 'Waverley' in place of 'Rob Roy.' *Appropos* to Gregorys and M'Gregors, we may again notice Dr M'Grigor, the most famous of the military surgeons who hailed from the far north. After great experience at home and abroad, he received the very flattering appointment of chief of the medical staff to the Peninsular army. The appointment came at a critical moment. Napoleon had declared in one of his bulletins that half the English force was on the sick-list, and that bulletin was more truthful than most. As for the Duke of Wellington, he seems to have been disgusted with the incapable doctors, and to have ceased to expect anything from them. Consequently he gave lukewarm replies

to M'Grigor's first applications; he grumbled that he had to do his own work and that of other people as well. He flatly refused to provide conveyances for the wounded, saying it would only encumber operations. To cut the story short, at last M'Grigor, who was engaged to dine with the Duke, had taken the matter into his own hand. Wellington spoke with his habitual peremptory decision. "Is it you or I who command the army? Never act again without my orders." However, the Commander-in-Chief and the chief of the medical staff dined and discoursed, and the Duke was amenable to reason. After that dinner, Wellington gave the Aberdeen surgeon *carte blanche* in his department, and with good results. For M'Grigor after due inspection made a sweep of the malingerers, and set the invalids on their legs, so that in an incredibly short space of time the sad returns of the sick-list were actually reduced to a twentieth.

Abercrombie, the author of 'The Intellectual Powers,' which used to be a favourite text-book in Scottish moral philosophy classrooms, was another Aberdonian who made a fortune in Edinburgh. He was said to be regular as a clock, rich as a Jew, and a great physician besides. Abernethy, a pupil of the great anatomist Hunter, whose coffin was lovingly disinterred from the vaults of St Martin's at Charing Cross by that enthusiast Frank Buckland, was a member of the Aberdeen Medical Society, although we do not think he was educated at a northern university. "In London this remarkable doctor was the rage, and an enterprising baker became at once popular by christening his biscuits 'Abernethy.'" Many of the stories told about him must

be familiar. But here is one we have not heard before, showing how medical precept may clash with practice. His regimen was even more ascetic than that of Sir Andrew Clarke, and he put his patients into severe training on nine ounces of food *per diem*, with no drink, but with blue-pill *à discretion*. "A patient having confided to Sir Astley Cooper his entire belief in Dr Abernethy's regimen, his rival cruelly said: 'I will faithfully recount to you the dinner he ate himself yesterday at the Freemasons' Tavern, where I sat next to him. He took turtle-soup and punch, venison, champagne, pastry, and cheese; and now, he said, 'Waiter, bring me a glass of brown stout.'" That was merely a case of self-indulgence, and Abernethy ought to have understood his own constitution. But medical practice is always much the same, and we can recall an example of more disinterested and more patent inconsistency. We consulted one of the most famous Harley Street physicians for a bad bilious attack, and were enjoined the abstinence of a St Anthony or a Simeon Stylites. We remarked that in that case we should not have the pleasure of meeting him at a gorging literary banquet which was to come off at Greenwich the next evening. "Nonsense!" he said; "you go there and get a seat opposite me. If you make too free with the *entrées* and the wines, I'll hold up my finger."

The mentioning Sir Astley Cooper suggests the subject of the resurrectionists. Mrs Rodger says that it was under his leadership in London that the violation of graves became a horrible trade. In Aberdeenshire the business was in the hands of amateurs, and, not without reason, she expresses some

sympathy with that objectionable form of professional enthusiasm. Anatomy is essential to the practice of surgery. It came to this, that when capital punishment was abolished for all offences save murder, the students had either to dispense with bodies or steal them. Professors who desired that their teaching should be something more than a farce, not only encouraged the students to "resurrect," but often gave them personal assistance. Naturally, the bereaved friends of the dead looked upon the matter in a very different light: the graves were guarded by armed men; and we can only wonder that fatal casualties were not more common. Strange to say, the violation of city churchyards was considered comparatively safe, and the ventures generally were brought off in the evening, before the citizens had gone to bed. Christison says that in Edinburgh all went tolerably smoothly, so long as Dr Munro and Dr Barclay divided the town, with an amicable understanding as to delimitation of burial-places. But when Liston set the conventionalities at defiance all was changed, and the rival gangs of anatomists would squabble and quarrel, very much to the common danger. It may be presumed that at the time the city graveyards were supposed to be safeguarded by their situation. It needed no little audacity, for example, to carry out, in Aberdeen, the delicate operation within stone-throw of the principal thoroughfare, and in a densely populated quarter. For it was matter of prudence, for the future as well as for the present, to efface all traces of the disturbance; and a body doubled up in a sack was a compromising burden, when the public susceptibilities were nervously excited. The objection to raids in

the country was, that, in the more secluded spots, the watch was more careful; and that the gig which paid toll at unholy hours, had to stand the scrutiny of suspicious and ill-tempered turnpike men. Undoubtedly the guardians of the dead were sometimes bribed, and not unfrequently they might be caught napping. We can draw on our own second-hand reminiscences for a case in point. Our grandfather—though it sounds absurd to use the impersonal "our" in the circumstances—was a landowner, immensely popular with his tenantry. He was laid in the family burying-place in a lonely churchyard on a promontory, encircled by a sweep of the river, and situated not many miles from Aberdeen. The tenants volunteered to keep watch by turns for a week or two: it may be assumed that the family undertook to supply them with meat and liquor. A more eerie situation in the gusty autumn nights than the storm-beaten churchyard it would be hard to imagine; but there was a snug little mortuary in one corner where the guard could turn in. Of course they got lively over the whisky-bottles early in the night, and probably drowsy towards the small hours. Be that as it may, one night, in a lull of the winds, one of the watchers heard the rasping of steel on iron. A rush was made, and a party of grave-diggers were startled, who had nearly sawed through two of the lofty iron bars. Had they encumbered themselves with a scaling-ladder, the raid must have been successful. As it was, they were hotly chased down the precipitous kirk-path, which dipped through granite blocks and patches of broom, to the road, where a conveyance was in waiting, which dashed away at the gallop. And

we have reason to believe that the surgeon who would have received the stolen goods had often been seated at the dead man's dinner-table. After all, it is a question of sentiment or prejudice. But there was much to be said for the Aberdeen mob, when they burned what they called the "Burking-house" of Dr Moir, after some revolting discoveries in the adjacent Denburn.

Although the grave is the end of all earthly things, we do not care to close the article in the anatomical theatre, and so we shall glance at one or two of Mrs Rodger's lively sketches of old-world professors. Her most heroic figure is Dr Patrick Forbes, whom we remember in his venerable age. Well born and highly bred, his versatility and intellectual vigour were marvellous. We remember him as Professor of Humanity and chief incumbent of Old Machar Cathedral. He was a type of the most learned divines of the Moderate party, and no man more bitterly detested the Disruptionists. A pluralist himself, he never appreciated the conscientious sacrifice of the men who resigned their livings. Yet he was not only an able but an eloquent preacher, and drew crowded congregations to listen to his scholarly discourses. Mrs Rodger tells us, what we never knew, that he had been devoted to natural history and chemistry, and that he had forecast the future of electricity when the electricians were ridiculed as dreamers. "A lover of original research, he knew no rest, and often worked from five in the morning till past midnight." "Gentlemen," he said once, "in thirty years it will put a girdle round the world, and words will flash from land to land in twenty minutes." The staggering statement made one of the

audience forget his respect and break silence. "Na, na; I'll tak' a lot from you, doctor, but I winna tak' that." Dr Forbes was wont to pass his holidays in London; he was introduced by his relative, Beattie the poet, to the inner literary circles, and was frequently admitted to interviews with the First Gentleman in Europe, whose manners and bearing he greatly admired. Another memorable figure, that will never fade from our memory, was Principal Jack—he lived to the age of eighty-six—whose garden was in the shadow of the coroneted tower,—“a little old gentleman, quite blind, but with beautiful white hair, wearing a black velvet skull-cap, and of a most reverend look; he used to be seen in the college chapel leaning on his daughter's arm.” That he should have continued to the last to preside over the *Senatus*, shows how pleasantly things were managed in those drowsy old days. Then the members of the college, though socially far removed from each other, were really a happy family. Mrs Rodger tells how the good old Principal and his colleagues—notably Dr Macpherson, the Greek professor, who was laird of Hebridean Eigg—were in the habit of visiting the students in their humble lodgings; and we know that in cases of sickness the friendless lodgers knew well where they might confidently apply for help and sympathy. The standard of university education has been raised: professorships have been multiplied and chairs have been endowed: the students live more comfortably, and their manners are more polished. Yet, when we lay down Mrs Rodger's delightful volume, we give a sigh of regret to her recollections of old times, and doubt whether all the modern changes are for the better.

THE SEARCH AFTER CULTURE.

A TRUE STORY.

It was a hot May day at Florence. The sun's rays poured on the pavement of the street, which reflected a fierce glare that shimmered in the distance, but they played about the Campanile till its old marbles almost lived beneath the glow. As I wandered along, looking for a place where coolness might help the digestion of lunch, the deep shade of the Via Calzaioli beyond the burning Piazza del Duomo appeared refreshing, so passing across the intervening space I entered almost the first restaurant. Small things hang upon small things as well as on great. If it had not been exceedingly warm for the time of year, it would not have occurred to me to seek the shelter of the Calzaioli, and the following characteristic story would never have been heard.

With the thermometer registering summer heat, it was natural to desire elbow-room, to select an unoccupied table; and having ordered my lunch, including a small flask of Chianti, I leant back against the long red-cushioned seat lining the wall, and gazed around.

Presently an American girl of twenty-three or -four approached. She was dressed in plain black, had no gloves, wore an unfashionable brown hat, and carried a Baedeker in her hand. She looked like a tourist doing the sights of London — an intelligent, observant tourist. Not at all a *fin du siècle* young woman, with a head full of crude ideas, but an unsophisticated American very much of the world as it is on her own continent among the travelling

class, yet not of the world at large. She scanned every one, pondering a second or two. Instinctively a feeling arose—the object of her consideration was the vacant seat at the table. Instinctively also I felt, having some knowledge of the United States, that she had the virtues and faults of her race. It was too hot a day to be drawn into conversation, to hear that America was the greatest nation on earth, that Botticelli's pictures were “just lovely,” or that Europe would be bankrupt if it were not for American travel; so, summoning to my aid whatever amount of British indifference might naturally be mine, I happily succeeded, as I thought, in impressing on her mind the disagreeableness of being my *vis-à-vis*, by a sort of occult, electrical communication which frequently exists between two individuals near to each other, but may possibly yet be scientifically established as a telegraphic, spirit-intercourse between individuals apart, that will widen knowledge and explain psychical experiences. She passed by the chair, hesitated a moment at another table, and then sat down. The next moment, however, she stood up, turned round, and walking in my direction, deliberately took the empty place.

“Confound her!” I said to myself, as a certain undefinable shadow of coming fate crept over me, dissimilar from what I had expected, and the quick eyes of all the Italians began to study the situation. At the same instant the waiter brought my lunch and handed the *menu* to the American.

With a glum look I immediately dived into the humble Tuscan dish called "Tortorelli," and unavoidably saw that the Italian phraseology was to her so much double-Dutch. She turned over the pages of Baedeker, tried to discover amid the meagre list of Italian words a name corresponding with another on the *menu*, and then said in English to the waiter, "I want something to eat, but don't understand Italian." The waiter smiled the smile of him who expects a tip, and tendered again the bill of fare.

Until then she had been as indifferent toward me as I had been toward her, and if silent demonstration has a meaning, she must have observed I wished her a thousand miles away. I had heard, too, expressions of that kind before; had seen an American woman thumping on the counter of a Tirolese shop, loudly demanding "brass nails," and finally getting them; but when she could not succeed in making herself understood, when the waiter kept on smiling, at the same time casting forth glances of surprise, it was impossible to continue quietly eating as if she were not there, so I said, "If you have no objection I will be glad to order your lunch."

A smile lit up her face. Her clear brown eyes—noticed briefly, seemed childishly innocent—were full of expression. She thanked me, and I gave the necessary orders.

We relapsed again into silence, but she quickly broke it by saying, "I'm in great trouble! Will you help me?"

Now, had the girl been English, I might probably have recommended her to apply to the British chaplain, as the fittest man to examine the troubles of stray young

females about a foreign town. As it was, however, my American memories bade me wait. I knew that, to a certain degree, it was the custom for an American girl or woman of the middle classes to claim aid from a strange man if occasion arose, much as if he were a brother or a kinsman, and to expect to receive it without a thought of anything else on either side. It is an old-fashioned New World bit of chivalry, perfectly comprehended by the people of the United States. Besides, happening to be a believer in the future of the Anglo-Saxon race, in the union of Englishmen all over the world, I felt secretly pleased to think, notwithstanding the failure of my efforts to be alone on a warm day, that we two strangers could thoroughly judge each other directly, could arrive at what was good or bad in each other by the natural inheritance of a common tongue. I therefore rapidly scrutinised her hands, face, dress, everything. The accent of her voice sounded as a genuine appeal, and she modestly stood my almost offensively critical examination. As a precaution, nevertheless, I said, "Have you no friends? Florence is full of Americans! Where are you staying?" She replied she had no friends in Europe, very few even in the United States, and had gone to an hotel not far off, the name of which was familiar. Seeing me half hesitate, and doubtless feeling herself the subject of close scrutiny, she remarked, "Ah! I see you don't care to help me."

"Not so," I said, having made up my mind. "What can I do for you?"

She then told me she feared a friend at Chicago must be very ill, as no letter had come for a month, though the friend was aware

of her address; that she had cabled to inquire, had received the answer, but was afraid to read it. Would I read it for her and find out if the news were good? If so, it might be divulged. If it were bad, I was not to let her know the extent of its badness,—must answer in such a way that she could still have hope.

At the conclusion she put her hand upon the table, holding there the telegram. Involuntarily I fastened my eyes on her fingers. She wore merely a small gold ring, with a black guard-ring as if scooped out from a gutta-percha button,—a curious transatlantic fashion long ago prevalent among schoolboys of advanced years. I asked if there was no American woman at the hotel who could have done this for her.

"No," she replied, "there was no one, only the porter, who did not speak English."

"Well, then," I answered, "let me have it;" and taking it up I began to open the envelope. She drew herself together into an attitude of intense expectation, saying at the same time, "Remember! It must not be bad."

With some curiosity I read the contents, simply the word "Yes." I immediately therefore inquired, what was her cable to Chicago.

"Are you well?"

"Ah, then," I said, feeling relieved, "it's all right. Whoever it is, is quite well."

This evidently gave her great satisfaction; she smiled happily, leant back in the chair and thanked me, yet it seemed as if a shade of disappointment lightly passed over her. At the same minute her lunch appeared, and constraint being broken, we both commenced to chat as if we were old friends.

"You're not an American!" she remarked.

"No," I answered.

"You hurt my feelings just now by asking if I had no friends, and where I lived, but we do things differently in America."

"Oh yes, I am aware of that, and beg to apologise."

"Doubtless, to you, it may have sounded strange. Still, I had only three days to see Florence. I'm working like a horse, and if the news had been bad I couldn't have gone on, but I felt it must be done. I'm engaged to be married to an American gentleman. He's a splendid fellow; there's nobody like him. He speaks all the languages, and I must make myself worthy of him. I learnt French after a six months' residence at a Paris *pension*, then went to London, saw everything there, and finding I had just two hundred dollars left, came out to Genoa from Southampton in a steamer of the Norddeutscher line as a steerage passenger for two pounds. Oh, it was an awful experience! I can hardly realise it, or tell any one what it was. Now, however, it is over. I did it for him. He's been through these places, knows the art, is highly cultured. I had to know it too. In order to help him I must know even more than he does. I've seen Genoa and Florence pretty well, am going on to Venice to-night, and so northward towards home. What else is there to do here? I've been to several churches and the galleries, as well as to San Marco, which I visited this morning. The picture at the Pitti of "Judith and Holofernes" has attracted me most."

As this tale proceeded, I congratulated myself on not having acted hastily under preconceived impressions from the fear of being bored, upon having a slight acquaintance with American cus-

toms, for the recital was evidently giving her relief. Her whole soul entered into the narration, and she spoke *con amore*. My interest deepened in the girl. I forgot the heat, the restaurant, the quick eyes of the Italians, and grieved that a self-sacrificing heart was again in trouble. As she finished, I mentioned a few other places of note while revolving mentally what course to take. Shall I offer her some money? No, I thought. If she took it when not in need it would leave an unpleasant remembrance,—a great uncertainty hereafter if the story were genuine; also, if she refused, as it struck me she would refuse, her feelings would have been hurt once more. A woman might have tendered it, a man could not. Shall I take her to one of my American friends? That would lose time and prevent her seeing the remainder of Florence. She intended going the same night to Venice, and had each day marked out so as to catch a German ocean steamer by a certain date. Probably, too, she wouldn't go. What, then, could be done? Here was a girl flying over Europe, possessed, Alastor-like, with a spirit to follow where its promptings led, and these were to obtain culture at great risk, by hard work through steerage passages and third-class Continental trains, not for herself, but to become capable of helping a man forward whom she regarded as a superior mortal whose back already might bear early traces of archangelic wings, who knew about her foreign travels, who hadn't written for a month, and in response to a cable, replies only "Yes." The sending of the telegraphic message, after a month's cessation of letters, showed they had previously been in close touch, and their stoppage looked as if he

were taking the first step towards breaking up a relationship, the formation of which had acted as an inducement to the undertaking of a lonely journey. Perhaps, on the other hand, he was imitating that fool of Ibsen's play by trying how far he could make a woman's soul subject to some quixotic caprice called training. The girl, I had grown fully convinced, was above suspicion, was possessed of a high ideal, even if a trifle romantic, for a prosaic world; but youth has its glamour, she lived in that golden period of semi-ignorance and bliss, the gliding out from which fills us with regret. She loved. She had a hero. The heroic age is never finished. I took a dislike to the fellow. Culture, be hanged! I soliloquised. He is a commercial traveller, who must speak the business slang of two or three languages as a seller of Yankee export "notions," answering partly to "Articles de Paris" and tinned goods, not always to be bought without reflection. Perhaps he's a German, hawking Rio coffee or pork sausages round the mixed populations of the Western States. Why didn't he put into his cable one secret word of love, one sentence which she might interpret to herself and feel it was all right? She was probably a village lass, living close to and influenced by Chicago, who read Longfellow and the light papers in American magazines on Italian Art. Could Judith be her female ideal, bent, as she certainly appeared, upon performing a great feat? I recollected the shade of disappointment that had flitted across her face. What was to be done? Ought I even to interfere? Should I not preserve a strict unconcern, a merely courteous demeanour? These thoughts went through me like a shot. She asked

for water. This gave time. I explained it was unwise to drink water recklessly abroad, and forced upon her a tumbler of wine.

By now my luncheon was finished. I lit a cigarette to gain a few more moments, and then decided a line of action must be taken. It was clear, firstly, she did not appreciate the danger of talking to strange men in large restaurants as if in her own land. She did not conceive that trouble could only ensue. It was not my business either, to didactically speak to a stranger. It seemed clear, secondly, if, on arrival at home, her ideal was shattered by the fine knight proving false, that she might go crazy. It never occurred to her to suspect the cessation of letters could mean the cooling down of love, and if this were to happen, her heroic efforts would be lost. Thereupon the thought flashed out, if I break a bit her ideal, it will be an unsympathetic lesson, teaching her not lightly henceforth to consult chance European men. She was so simple, that had I been a villain, a little sympathy would have entirely won her confidence, and the result at the least must have conveyed a moral shock. If, again, when she reaches home, her lover is no longer true, she will think of the conversation in the Florentine restaurant, and that will check the first rush of disappointment; while, if he is true, the recollection of the haphazard meeting with me will vanish away from memory amid the fulness of joy. I was not afraid of a melodramatic suicide in the Grand Canal, or *à la Française*, if my action sent her off at a tangent. Americans are naturally hopeful and practical. Love also endures.

I consequently said, "Do you believe ideality and reality are

identical terms? No doubt they ought to be. If an idea is capable of correct proof, as a matter of fact it is real; but unfortunately, as the world goes, it is not often the case. My opinion is, he is not worthy of you."

"Ah, yes!" she replied, mistaking my words, "I know I'm not worthy of him. He's far too good for me."

"Oh no!" I answered, "you do not understand. *He is not* worthy of *you*."

A stillness followed. The sentence was comprehended. Then she said despondingly, "Ah! I shall never marry him now."

"Don't think that," I rejoined; "it is better always to take a cheerful view of life," wishing to lift her when the other side had been seen.

She thought a little. I saw that the long silence of the month was stereotyping itself into an objective fact, and, with the brief cable, were both rising into their natural positions in the picture which must be passing across her mind like a slide through a magic-lantern. She looked at me a little crestfallen, then shook her head mournfully, saying, "We've been too confidential. Good-bye."

I stood up and bowed, feeling the sudden conclusion was a slight rebuke for taking so much upon myself,—a gentle but proper defence of herself. She went to the far end of the restaurant to pay her bill, and when passing out before me took not the smallest notice; but, as she disappeared into the street, it seemed from the lines of her back, from a sort of general pulling up, as if the nervous force had been drawn together again—as if she had gathered resolution to fulfil all present intentions, to face bravely an unsettled, an unknown future.

TWO YEARS OF MOORISH POLITICS.

A RETROSPECT.

So much attention has lately been bestowed upon the subject of British politics in Morocco, and so little light has been thrown upon what has really been taking place there, that an account of the policy of Great Britain during the last two years in that country may not come amiss to those who desire to further their knowledge on the subject.

Until comparatively lately there seemed in England to be a passive disregard to the future that sooner or later is bound to be the lot of the last independent Mahammedan State of North Africa. While France and Spain were watching with jealous eagerness each other's movements, the policy of Great Britain was an inactive one; and although British subjects enjoyed a certain amount of prestige in the country, it was owing more to the personality of their representative, and to the fact that no matters of great moment were arising between the British and Moorish Governments which might strain the relations existing between the two countries, than to the policy of the home Government. Such, then, was the state of things in Morocco until two years ago, from which period this article deals. But it will be necessary, in order to lead up to the commencement of the year 1891, to sketch very briefly what had previously taken place.

In 1886, Sir John Drummond-Hay, who for over forty years had served his country in the position of Minister in Morocco, retired, and Sir William Kirby-Green, then Mr Kirby-Green, was appointed to the post. Sir William's

previous posts had been in Damascus, Albania, and Montenegro; but he had earlier in life been vice-consul at Tetuan, and during his long absence in the East had never forgotten his Moorish Arabic, an accomplishment that stood him in good stead on his return.

In the spring of 1887, Sir William, with a large suite, undertook his first mission to the Moorish Court. The Sultan being at that time at Morocco city, some 450 miles south of Tangier, the Minister was obliged to visit him at that remote spot. The mission lasted in all some three months, and was more or less successful in its objects, owing partly to the fact that no matters of great importance were brought under the Sultan's consideration. Returning to Tangier in June 1887, Sir William Kirby-Green carried on his work there, until at the close of 1890 he set out a second time for the Moorish Court. The objects of this second embassy were more important than had been those of the first. Morocco had been gradually becoming a question of some interest in England, while an event had meanwhile taken place in the southern dominions of the Sultan which called for reparation. Beyond this, there were a considerable quantity of British claims against the Moorish Government to be settled. The demand of the British Government for reparation was in the Cape Juby case. On a small spur of rock bordering on the Sahara an enterprising English company had built a factory, with the object of trading,

and of the place eventually becoming a new outlet for the trade of the western Soudan. For this the situation was excellent, as all the caravans passing between the Soudan and Morocco would pass within a comparatively short distance of the Cape Juby factory, while communication could be held with Tinduf, one of the most important of the resting-places and stations of exchange of produce on the whole route. So far south is Cape Juby, that it was an open question whether the Sultan could claim any jurisdiction at all over the surrounding desert. However, Mulai el Hassan commenced at once to lay every difficulty in the way of the new company; and his protest having been disregarded by the British Government, on the grounds that he held no jurisdiction, and certainly no authority, there, he determined to stop by force any attempts at trade on the part of the factory. On this account he despatched an influential *kaid* to the spot, accompanied by a band of troops. Adopting the dress of the desert Arabs, these people attempted to stir up the fanaticism of the local tribes against the traders; but the Arabs had already found the advantage of the factory as a means of exchange of goods and a source for procuring their needs, and refused to make any open opposition against the place. However, the Sultan's word was sufficient to prevent their trading. But the Sultan's *kaid* and their guard were not satisfied with this, and went further. Tempting the Englishmen to leave the factory and land on the mainland,—for Cape Juby is connected with the continent by a narrow ridge of rocks dry only at low tide,—they fell upon them unawares, and Mr Morris, the manager of the company, was brutally murdered, while

two others were seriously injured. On the news becoming known a gunboat proceeded to the spot, but the natives had retired inland, and nothing could be done.

This, then, was the most important question that had arisen between the British and Moorish Governments during the interval elapsing between Sir William Kirby-Green's special missions of 1887 and 1890-91. Meanwhile the company had not been inactive, and the gun and ring of the murdered man had been gained possession of from one of the soldiers in question, and the whole story of the attack brought home to the native Government.

Previous to his departure for the Moorish Court, Sir William Kirby-Green had been suffering from a serious illness, ensuing upon an attack of paralysis sustained while pig-sticking near Tangier. However, his health was sufficiently restored to allow of his proceeding in December 1890 upon his second and last mission. How it ended is too well known to need repeating at any length here. The lies, the procrastinations of the Moorish Government, detained him a long time at Morocco city; while the intense strain and worry in dealing with the unprincipled scoundrels by whom the Sultan is surrounded injured fatally his health. But his perseverance was to be rewarded. At his last interview with the Sultan, worn out with the hollow compliments of that monarch, he spoke to him as probably the Eastern potentate had never been spoken to before. He told him that his health was in a precarious state, and that it was he, the Sultan, who was killing him; that at any moment he might fall dead before him, and that his Majesty would be called to account by the British Govern-

ment. That afternoon the question was settled. The Sultan paid £50,000 to the Cape Juby company for interfering with their trade, and £5000 to the family of the murdered man, at the same time giving an assurance in writing that, as far as the Sultan was concerned, the company might continue the objects they had in view. But it was too late. The strain and the worry had done its work; and only a day or two later, in the Maimounieh Palace, surrounded by its orange-gardens, Sir William Kirby-Green suddenly died. Hurrying back to the coast, his widow and the suite of the late Minister returned to Tangier, leaving Mr de Vismes de Ponthieu, H.M. Vice-Consul at Tangier, to complete the minor affairs still left unfinished.

What was then the action of the Moorish Government? One would have thought that, the most important objects of the mission already arranged, and taking into consideration its sad termination, the Sultan would only too readily have acceded to such minor details as remained in Mr de Visme's hands. But no; their policy was continued, and he met with even more serious difficulties than Sir William had experienced. Yet in spite of this, before leaving the Court he was able to settle some of the claims which had remained under discussion after his chief's death.

Meanwhile Sir Charles Euan-Smith, whose success at Zanzibar so eminently fitted him for the post, was appointed British Minister in Tangier—Mr Herbert Whyte, the consul, acting as *chargé d'affaires* until his arrival. Sir Charles's career had been a brilliant one. He had been a soldier and a diplomat; had gathered an abundant knowledge of the oriental in India and Afghanistan, in Muscat and

Zanzibar, and the news of his appointment was received in Morocco by all British subjects with great satisfaction. He arrived to take up his post in November 1891, his coming having been postponed on account of the new British Legation not being completed. Sir Charles's arrival soon made itself felt in Tangier, and he began with activity to carry out such improvements in the place as could be instituted without incurring the enmity of the native Government. The Moorish sailors manning the "pratique" boat were put into uniform, the local board of health was awoken from its long slumber, and the streets began to look cleaner and the offensive odours of the place to become less.

But Sir Charles had more important work on hand than such reforms. For several years past the British Government had been considering the propriety of proposing to the Sultan a new commercial treaty, but up to the time in question it had been thought disadvantageous to urge upon the Moorish Government any such radical reforms as were necessarily involved in such a measure. Up to the present date the only treaty of any importance—the only treaty, in fact, on which the relations between Morocco and the Powers are regulated—is that drawn up at the treaty of Madrid in 1881 after the Spanish war. Lengthy as this treaty is, and carefully as its every clause was considered at the time, yet the Moorish Government have, in their cunning, found more than one opportunity of escaping from the obligations therein laid upon them. It is necessary here only to mention one case, regarding the purchase of land in Morocco. The clause in question states that land is purchaseable by Europeans with the consent of

the native Government. Needless to say, this consent has never been granted; and although in Tangier many Christians have become possessed of land, and almost no difficulties are made regarding its sale and purchase, the same is not the case in the interior, where, on no pretence whatever, with but one or two exceptions in the case of property adjoining the ports, has a European succeeded in obtaining the permission of the Moorish Government to purchase. Perhaps the principal clause in what is now known as Sir Charles Euan-Smith's treaty was to enforce the carrying out of the original clause as contained in the treaty of Madrid, and which, as was already stated, the Sultan has so far found means to evade. However, during the negotiations preceding the refusal on the part of the Sultan to sign the treaty presented by the British Government, and when it was considered that the Sultan's signature to the remaining clauses was a certainty, upon pressure from the Moorish authorities Sir Charles Euan-Smith withdrew this clause, as it appeared to be the main stumbling-block to bringing his labours to a successful termination. The remaining clauses of importance related almost entirely to lessening the import and export duties on certain articles, allowing the free passage of grain from one coast port to another, the institution of police in the towns in which were European residents, and other such reforms, which, though badly needed in Morocco, will convey but little interest to the general public. In all, Sir Charles Euan-Smith's treaty was a natural outcome not only of the treaty of Madrid, long ago unsuitable and out of date, but of a second treaty obtained three years ago by Count

Tattenbach, the German Minister at Tangier—a treaty that is so unfortunately worded that the benefits derived therefrom, although apparent, are very small.

It must be understood that in all such matters these benefits are shared by all the nations included in the "favoured nations clause" of the treaty of Madrid. Speaking generally, this includes all the greater Powers of Europe. From this it will be seen that Sir Charles's treaty, had he obtained the Sultan's signature to it, would have by no means been advantageous to British interests alone; and the object of the British mission to Fez was not to obtain concessions for British subjects, but to bring about in the general trade of Morocco an improvement to be shared by all the Powers alike. Yet on the face of this Sir Charles met with opposition from at least one foreign Power. To understand how France could have taken this course—a course as disadvantageous to herself as to England—one must look at local matters and examine the relations of the different legations at Tangier to one another. And in this point we have the whole story of Morocco.

Close to the shores of Europe we find a country, beautiful, rich, and fertile, yet struggling in the coils of rebellion, oppressed, squeezed, full of bribery and corruption, one mass of crime and vice—and why? Almost every Power of Europe is represented at Tangier by a minister or consul-general, and many by a number of officials. Periodically they visit the Court, and I have no hesitation in saying that there is not one amongst their members who is not fully aware of what is daily taking place in Morocco. Yet no attempts are made to alter the state of affairs—rather the policy

of the representatives of the Powers is to keep dark all that is going on. And why? Because, unfortunately, of international jealousies. For this reason, and for this reason alone, because the obtaining of a new commercial treaty by England would tend to raise her prestige in the eyes of the Moors. The then representative of France—for Comte D'Aubigny, the present Minister, had not arrived—did all in his power, and unfortunately succeeded, in wrecking an action in the benefit of which France would have shared, equally with all other nations, to the advantage of her trade and subjects.

That such a state of things should exist is sad. It is this policy of jealousy and ill-feeling, this constant putting aside of all united action on the part of the Ministers, that is the reason of the present state of the interior of Morocco. The Sultan and his Government are aware of this existing feeling, and take advantage of it. There have lately been many examples of this besides the case in question, and he finds it an easy and altogether satisfactory means of continuing his misrule and oppression without notice being taken of the horrible deeds of cruelty which are of daily occurrence in the interior. He knows that no Minister will call the attention of the world at large to the affairs of his country, for fear that some other Government may answer to the call and attempt to put things straight. So it is in reality the very Ministers, while guarding the interests of Europeans in Morocco, who are the stumbling-block to progress in that country. It must not be thought that I am referring to the Ministers personally. Many I know to be in favour of an organised and unanimous action

on the part of the interested European Powers; but in these days of telegraphs and steamships they are merely tools, for the most part, in the hands of their Governments. It is well known, for instance, that Spanish policy in Morocco is entirely directed from the Foreign Office in Madrid; and it was principally on this account that, at the last change of Spanish Minister here, the post was refused by three diplomats before one could be found to take it over. This, then, is the reason of why Morocco is to-day in perhaps a worse and lower state than any other country in the world. It was owing to this international jealousy that Sir Charles Euan-Smith failed in obtaining the Sultan's ratification to the British commercial treaty.

Before, however, entering upon any of the details of Sir Charles Euan-Smith's mission to Fez, it may be as well to state by what means communication is kept up between Mulai el Hassan and his Court and the European Ministers resident at Tangier. Although a considerable amount of the diplomatic work is carried on directly between the Sultan and the Ministers, the usual procedure is to have recourse to the Moorish Minister of Foreign Affairs resident at Tangier. The man who at present fills the post is a native of Tetuan, by name Sid el Haj Mahammed Torres, a descendant of one of the old Moorish families of Andalucia. After serving his predecessor, Sid Mahammed Bargash, as confidential secretary, he was appointed to the post he now holds on the death of Bargash. He is an old man of handsome appearance, who hides behind a visage of the sweetest innocence a masterly knowledge of politics as practised in Morocco, and a store of cunning devices. Yet in

spite of the fact that he has recourse now and again to measures which in England would scarcely be considered altogether above-ground, he is without doubt the most honest man connected with the Moorish Court. His powers are limited, and in all important matters he is little more than a buffer between the Moorish Court and whatever European Power may be interested. Yet, on the whole, the position he holds could not be better filled by any other than his Excellency, and his endeavours to maintain friendly relations between his own master and the foreigners are appreciated by every one who comes into contact with him. In small matters he acts as a special commissioner for the Sultan, and many affairs of no great moment are settled in his office; but in all questions more nearly touching the relations of the Powers he is merely the medium of intercourse between the Sultan and the Christians. This, however, must be said in his favour, and it can be said truly of very few people connected with the Moorish Court, that he is unbribeable.

So slow is the settling of difficult questions, and of simple ones too, and to such an extent do matters accumulate in the legations and consulates, that periodical visits, with more or less success, have to be undertaken to the Court, whether the Sultan be resident at Fez, Mequínés, or Morocco city. On account of the vast trouble of organisation, and the great expenditure necessitated by these embassies, they are as often as possible avoided. Although the greater part of the transport and the entire entertaining is paid for by the Sultan, a very considerable sum has to be expended by the Ministers in presents, &c., and one at least of our British missions to

the Moorish Court has cost over £4000.

It is not until a Minister finds himself at headquarters that he comes in contact with the wiles and machinations of which Moorish politics principally consist, to call them by no stronger terms. It is then, and then alone, that he discovers that he has to deal with men who are one and all unscrupulous, from the Sultan downwards; who lie sooner than tell the truth; who procrastinate until in disgust they hope to satisfy the Minister, whose life they are worrying out of him, with absolutely nothing, carefully concealed behind an immense amount of wording, and all the while they are protesting their friendship and desire to please. Never was an eel more slippery than a Moorish vizier. Such, then, are the means of communication between the European Powers and the Sultan.

To return once more to Sir Charles Euan-Smith's mission to Fez. Leaving Tangier in April with a large staff and an enormous equipment, Sir Charles and party reached Fez after fourteen days' travelling, progress being necessarily slow on account of the fact that all the vast quantities of baggage and provisions have to be carried on the backs of pack-mules. The distance is a little under 180 miles, but several rivers have to be crossed, particularly the Sebou, and these cause long delays. At the above-mentioned river all the animals have to be unladen on one bank, their burdens put into roughly built boats and rowed across, the animals generally swimming. At Fez the Minister was lent the house of Si ben Nis, a fine specimen of gorgeous and unsuitable Moorish building, and a few days after his arrival was publicly received by the Sultan.

Of the gorgeous pageant with

which the European Ministers are introduced to Mulai el Hassan there need be said but only a few words. As a pageant, with its show of horses, of officers of the Court, and slaves, it is magnificent. As the reception of one of the representatives of the great Powers of Europe, it is revolting. In robes of snowy whiteness, mounted upon a white steed caparisoned in rich green silk, over his head waving the imperial umbrella of crimson and gold, Mulai el Hassan receives the Minister, who, bareheaded and on foot, does the haughty monarch homage. It could be only equalled in England by the Queen receiving the Turkish ambassador from the balcony of Buckingham Palace, while he, his boots off, braved the elements below, surrounded by none too polite or clean a crowd. Yet such matters as these, it may be argued, are of but slight importance compared to the maintenance of friendly relations between the Powers; and after all, it pleases the Sultan and does not hurt the Minister, unless he gets sunstroke or a cold in his head.

Sir Charles Euan-Smith's reception over, the work of the mission commenced, and negotiations were opened for the arranging of a commercial treaty on broader lines than either that of Madrid or that obtained by Count Tattenbach, the German Minister. At his first private interview with the Sultan, Sir Charles was asked to place before his Majesty a full written statement of what were the objects of his mission, and this he did. From the end of April until the beginning of July the treaty was being discussed between Sir Charles and the Sultan's Commissioners, notably Sid Fad-hool Gharnét, the Grand Vizier; and upon several occasions the Minister had personal interviews

with the Sultan upon the subject. At the commencement of July everything tended to show that a satisfactory and speedy conclusion was being arrived at. True, before this time the French had commenced through various agents in Fez to impress upon the Sultan the dangers—purely imaginary—into which he was running by countenancing Sir Charles's overtures for the treaty. No doubt the monarch was hard pressed and anxious. Several of the most important clauses had already been removed, and the treaty as agreed upon stood ready for the Sultan's signature by the 4th of July last. But the following day was that on which the Sultan gave his solemn word to sign the papers. In the morning Mr de Vismes de Ponthieu, the British Vice-Consul, and several of the members of Sir Charles's staff, had been grossly insulted, and even stoned, in the streets of Fez, by a rabble largely consisting of soldiers, amongst whom was Kaid Dris Benani, the Deputy-Governor of Fas Bali, or old Fez, the quarter of the city in which the mission was lodged. The fanaticism of the Governor, Kaid Buchta el Bagdadi, Basha of old Fez, and his highlanders, toward Englishmen, has been for a long time well known, and scarcely a British traveller had visited the northern capital without returning with complaints of his arrogant manner. But in attempting to insult Sir Charles Euan-Smith and those with him, this Buchta had met with a man of whose character he had not formed a sufficiently careful estimate. He found too late that his hostile demonstration was a costly one; and on the afternoon of the 5th of July he was commanded to pay to the British Minister the sum of 10,000 dollars for his insults, and to humbly beg his Excellency's

pardon. This was carried out, and, as is now well known, the money was distributed amongst the poor of Fez and the servants of the Minister.

Previously that day Sir Charles had seen the Sultan, and informed his Majesty of what had taken place. Mulai el Hassan was evidently much excited at the episode, and promised faithfully to sign the commercial treaty the following morning. What happened is now a matter of history. The Sultan broke his word, and offered Sir Charles a bribe of £30,000 to accept the treaty as drawn up by himself,—a document as worthless as the trick was base. It was the finishing blow to a policy of lies and procrastinations. The Moorish officials had tried all in their power before offering the bribe to frustrate Sir Charles's objects. So far they had failed. Their attempts to gain a personal influence over the Minister had been met with courtesy, but with no show of a desire for intimacy; their procrastinations, sufficient alone to have tried most men, with remarkable patience; their lies, with polite but forcible contradiction. In their straits they had recourse to a stratagem essentially Moorish—a change in the wording of the treaty to nullify its every clause, backed by an enormous bribe; and this after the Sultan, before witnesses, had pledged his word to sign the treaty, and named the day and hour at which he would do so. Sir Charles had by this time perceived that the labour and efforts of more than two months had been all in vain. He left Fez, and proceeding to Rabat, returned on board *H.M.S. Amphion* to Tangier at the end of July.

That Sir Charles Euan-Smith's mission to Fez had failed no one can deny. That it failed through the action of Sir Charles himself

is absolutely untrue. All through his labour, and labour it was, in the heat of a Morocco summer, in an unhealthy and damp house, ill at times with fever, he acted toward the Moors with a courtesy and forbearance which were remarkable. He was firm, it is true, and rightly firm; but it was remarked at the time by those who were with him, and before the final ending came, that he showed almost too much regard for the Sultan and the Vizier's feelings. What, then, occasioned the failure of his mission?

It must be remembered that Sir Charles Euan-Smith's embassy was not merely one of a complimentary form. It was an embassy to which was intrusted more important work than any that had gone before. It was the first British embassy that in recent years had attempted any great reform; and for this reason it cannot be fairly compared, in considering its results, with any of its predecessors. To Sir Charles was intrusted not merely the clearing up of accumulating British claims, or even the demanding of an indemnity for the murder of British subjects. His mission had higher aims. It was intended, and the opportunity was thought a favourable one, to cause the breaking down of that policy of seclusion and misrule which for centuries has been the key-note of Morocco. In fact, Sir Charles Euan-Smith was despatched to the Moorish Court with a treaty that meant, should it be successful, an immense, an immeasurable, advancement of progress and civilisation in Morocco, slight as may seem the importance of its claims to those whose knowledge of Morocco is not such as to enable them to appreciate them. This treaty was no invention of Sir Charles's; it was a treaty drawn up at her

Majesty's Foreign Office in London by men whose whole lives have been spent in framing such documents. Sir Charles was merely the formal bearer of this treaty to the Sultan, and the failure in getting it signed cannot be in any way laid upon his shoulders. But, unfortunately, two separate events did not tend to tell in his favour: first, the extremely antagonistic attitude of the foreign press; and secondly, a change of Government at home. That the first of these was ephemeral has been proved by the fact that, when it became known in Morocco that Sir Charles was not returning, the foreign press, once so bitter, openly expressed their regrets at the policy of Great Britain. As to the second, happily Lord Rosebery's policy of continuance assures us of forcible action on the part of Great Britain. Yet one cannot help feeling that Sir Charles Euan-Smith has been placed in the position of the cat who was made to pull the hot chestnuts out of the fire by the monkey. He bore all the burden of the work, and has been blamed for its failure. In truth, no one is to blame. So intricate, so unsure, are the workings and machinations of the Moorish Court, that success can never be assured,—and so much depends upon what support may be accorded to the Sultan by other European Powers. Great Britain paid a large stake, and has lost; she is continuing still her play, and will win in the end.

But the removal of Sir Charles Euan-Smith from Tangier, no matter whether his services are rewarded by promotion to another post, cannot fail to leave upon the minds of the native population of Morocco a feeling unfavourable to British prestige. As soon as our Minister had left Fez, in order to

smother the rumours afloat in the country, the Moorish Government spread a report that Sir Charles Euan-Smith had been dismissed by the Sultan from the holy city. An unfortunate occurrence gave a still greater appearance of truth to the rumour—namely, the fact that Sir Charles a month later returned to England on leave of absence. The viziers saw their opportunity, and took it. Not only did they state that his absence was owing to his dismissal from Fez, but also that Mulai el Hassan had expressly forbidden him to return to Moorish soil. The report spread like wildfire, and is now generally credited throughout Morocco. No matter how many commercial treaties our new envoy may obtain, no matter how many apologies the Sultan may make, it will be impossible to stamp out the effect that this rumour has made upon the minds of the common people.

During Sir Charles Euan-Smith's stay at Fez, a new diplomat had arrived upon the scenes at Tangier, Comte D'Aubigny, who for some time had held the post of French Consul-General and Agent at Cairo, where he had won the respect and esteem of all who had come in contact with him; and not long after Sir Charles's return to Tangier, a French mission visited Fez. There is little doubt but that they started with every idea of a complete success. It had been owing principally to French influence that the British mission had been frustrated in its objects, and this, they thought, would stand them in good stead with the Sultan. But they miscalculated the character of Mulai el Hassan, who, no sooner had he got rid of the British Minister, set to work to use his abilities in hatching plans by which the

French might be treated likewise. The stay of Comte D'Aubigny at the Moorish Court about equalled in length that of Sir Charles Euan-Smith. Although not receiving the check that our mission had experienced, Comte D'Aubigny returned to Tangier with but little gained beyond the settling of French claims, less 25 per cent on the total sum. This alone was highly satisfactory, but beyond it there was practically nothing, such concessions as had been granted being nullified by the manner in which the Moorish Government had drawn them up.

So far I have dealt only with matter that has become public through the press and otherwise, but I come now to a period in which the policy pursued by England has never been treated of. The following facts were supplied to me by an influential member of his Shereefian Majesty's Court. Although perhaps of no great political importance, yet they throw a light upon the period during which it was undecided whether Sir Charles Euan-Smith would return to Tangier or no.

On the arrival of the British mission at Tangier, and after the receiving of Sir Charles Euan-Smith's despatches, Lord Salisbury—for the Government had not changed at this juncture—informed the Queen of the desirability of correspondence on the subject of the mission with the Moorish Government, and advised her Majesty herself to write a letter to the Sultan, while he would do so to the Grand Vizier, asking whether Mulai el Hassan had any complaint to bring against Sir Charles Euan-Smith. The receipt of these letters puzzled the Sultan and his Court, and with their constant practice of looking for hidden meanings, they

conceived the whole thing to be a trap, and on this account vouchsafed no response. Three months having passed, and no replies having been forwarded, it was thought advisable to send a member of the British Legation at Tangier to Fez to apply for the Sultan's answer. Meanwhile, nothing had been decided in London regarding the advisability of the return of Sir Charles Euan-Smith.

Early in December Mr de Vismes de Ponthieu, the British Vice-Consul at Tangier, a proficient Arabic scholar, whose knowledge of the Moorish Court would stand him in good stead, proceeded to Fez. On Mulai el Hassan learning that Mr de Vismes was coming he suspected the reason, and feared still more that he might attempt to interfere in the wording of the reply to the Queen's letter. On this account the answers were despatched at once, and passed through Tangier about the middle of December—probably on exactly the same day as Mr de Vismes, who had gone to fetch them, arrived in Fez! With what answer was his inquiry met—for he knew nothing of the sending of the letters? "Wait a few days, say five," said the Grand Vizier; "we are not yet decided in what terms to reply to the Queen of England's letter." Mr de Vismes, unconscious, of course, of the trick being played upon him, waited until he heard from the British Legation at Tangier that the letters had been received. He did not leave Fez, as there were still other questions left to his discretion to be decided. It was with no little difficulty that the writer obtained the contents of the letter from the Sultan to the Queen, but eventually he was successful in procuring a rough draft of its wording. After

many compliments, Mulai el Hassan continues the note with the ambiguity so common in Arabic despatches. The letter, itself a masterpiece of Arabic and oriental diplomacy, states absolutely nothing. The general tenor to be gathered by its careful perusal is that, while deprecating the policy of the British mission, the Sultan had no fault to find with Sir Charles personally; yet he let it be understood from its general tone that a change of Ministers would be acceptable—and why? I have already stated that the Moorish Government had spread all over the country the report that Sir Charles Euan-Smith had been forbidden to return to Morocco by the Sultan. For this reason, if for this alone, it was part of the Sultan's policy to hint at least that the change would be acceptable, in order that an appearance of truth would be given to the official rumours of the Court, and that thereby the prestige of the Emperor might be increased.

No doubt this has been the case; and although Lord Rosebery's policy of continuing that of Lord Salisbury is worthy of all praise, yet a change of Minister, however successful Sir Joseph West Ridgeway may be, will tend to lower British prestige in the eyes of the people, who, ignorant of all diplomatic affairs, uninterested in mercantile questions that touch the merchant classes alone, are impressed solely by the fact that one Minister is gone and another arrived, apparently at the command of their lord and master.

Early in December an event occurred in Tangier which again drew attention to the question of Morocco,—the murder by Moorish soldiers of a British subject, Juan Trinidad. It is unnecessary here to enter upon any particulars of

the crime except to briefly sketch how it occurred. Trinidad and some companions, returning late at night from a *café*, were challenged by the street guard, and on their laughingly jesting with the soldiers, were fired upon—Trinidad himself being killed, and one of his companions, a Spanish subject, wounded.

The usual investigations were commenced in the presence of the Governor of Tangier, the British and Spanish consuls attending. The crime was, to the satisfaction of the Basha, laid to the door of the guards. That such was inevitable will be clearly perceived when it is mentioned that, amongst other conclusive evidence, the bullet was extracted from the man's body, and found to fit the rifle of one of the soldiers. The Governor of Tangier promised to imprison the men, and the affair was officially placed in the hands of Sid el Haj Mahammed Torres, the Moorish Minister of Foreign Affairs resident at Tangier. In spite of the overwhelming evidence, the Vizier reported to the court that the man was shot by his Spanish companions, and refused to listen to the British *chargé d'affaires*, Mr Elliot, who had been sent from his post at St Petersburg to take over the charge of the British Legation, a month before the unfortunate occurrence. False papers had been made by the guard in question, swearing that they had seen a Spaniard fire upon Trinidad; and in spite of the fact that the Basha acknowledged the documents to be untrue, Torres refused to take official notice of the affair.

In order to show that British subjects were not to be shot down in the streets of Tangier with impunity, Mr Elliot wrote a forcible

letter to the Sultan demanding that an indemnity of 5000 dollars should be paid to the relations of the murdered man, the perpetrators of the crime punished, and the native Minister of Foreign Affairs reprimanded for his action in the matter. The Sultan was given forty-eight hours to decide upon the course he would pursue, and was told that should his answer prove unsatisfactory to the British Government, means would be taken to obtain the indemnity. A copy of this ultimatum was, the day it was sent—namely, the 1st of January 1893—forwarded to the European Ministers at Tangier. The matter was a simple one; its conclusion was certain—that the Sultan would pay; yet it being known that the relations between Great Britain and Morocco were strained, an immense amount of undue importance was attached to the ultimatum by the foreign press. One read of troops being massed at Malaga, and of coming French squadrons. But on the representations of Lord Dufferin at Paris, and Sir Henry Drummond-Wolff at Madrid, the perturbed state of mind of the two Governments was quieted.

Owing to the extremely bad state of the roads and the heavy rains, no answer was obtained to the ultimatum until January 17, when a satisfactory reply was sent to Sid el Haj Mohammed Torres to be forwarded to Mr Elliot. Thus ended a matter to which a great deal too much attention had been paid by the foreign Powers, and which was in no way connected with general British policy in Morocco, except as showing that, although the Government had changed in England, an attitude of firmness was still to be maintained in regard to affairs in that country.

Early in January the news was received at Tangier that Sir Joseph West Ridgeway had been appointed to proceed there as Special Envoy. The choice was a happy one, and, perhaps, barring the return of Sir Charles Euan-Smith himself, the best course that could have been pursued. Sir Joseph West Ridgeway has ample experience of orientals to fit him for the post, and it is to be hoped that, by the time he leaves his post at Tangier, the state of affairs between England and Morocco will be in a more satisfactory condition than they are at present. Yet it must be added that a strong feeling of regret was expressed on all sides in Morocco that Sir Charles Euan-Smith was not returning. Not only would British prestige suffer, but the prestige of Europe in general. Fears for the future were, however, somewhat allayed by the choice of Sir Joseph West Ridgeway as Special Commissioner. That he was by profession a soldier was satisfactory, while the fact that he had been in the service of the Salisbury Government was still more so. By this wise choice Lord Rosebery clearly demonstrated to the Sultan that he must expect no change of action from the fact that the Conservative Government was out.

Such, then, was the state of affairs in Morocco in the middle of January. Mr Elliot was admirably discharging his duties as *chargé d'affaires*, and Sir Joseph West Ridgeway was shortly expected as the Special Envoy of her Majesty. The affair of the ultimatum—a veritable storm in a teacup—had ended satisfactorily and in the only possible manner, and the crisis in Morocco was, for a time at all events, relieved.

WALTER B. HARRIS.

THE HOME RULE BUBBLE.

MR GLADSTONE has broken silence. For seven years he has brooded over a scheme which would give autonomy to Ireland, and yet maintain the sovereignty of the British constitution, a problem which, as he admitted, "passes the wit of man." "At any rate," he confessed, "it passes not my wit alone, but the wit of many with whom I have communicated." His despairing avowal is quite borne out by the scheme which, after all these years of devising, he has been able at last to place before the country. His Home Rule plan is a magnificent failure, a counterpart of the boldest attempts at squaring the circle or the most ingenious invention of a perpetual motion; and we have that respect for Mr Gladstone's intellectual resources which makes us admit that, since he has failed to co-ordinate Irish self-government with the sovereign authority of the British Crown and Parliament, the subject may henceforth be set down as a political paradox.

The House of Commons never met under more sensational circumstances, at least for two centuries, than on the afternoon of February 13, when Mr Gladstone was to reveal the well-preserved secrets of his policy. The bustling crowd at the locked doors, the rush and crush and the storming of seats, were more characteristic of London playgoers at the pit entrance on the first night of a new burlesque than of British statesmen weighed down with the gravity of an impending crisis. But curiosity had been sedulously fostered by the obscurity in which the whole scheme

of Home Rule had been veiled up to the last moment. It was that curiosity which, more than confidence, had led Liberal members to give in their adherence to a plan of which they were ignorant; the same curiosity which, more than any trust in Mr Gladstone's power to effect a satisfactory settlement, mainly induced the British electors to give him such limited support as he last year received. But now that curiosity is gratified, that the Premier's proposals are before us, and can be judged apart from the glamour of his own rhetoric, and from the imaginative magnificence which attaches to the unknown,—will the electors recognise in the principle and details of Mr Gladstone's scheme *that* arrangement for settling the Irish difficulty, and freeing this country from the twenty years' worry and turmoil in which Irish affairs have involved it, which he and his party were returned to Parliament to effect?

If the British electors had any idea of a legislative accommodation of Ireland with an independent Parliament, it must have been based upon the bill of 1886, which, with a few incoherent and generally irreconcilable statements dropped from time to time by Mr Gladstone, Mr Morley, and Lord Thring, the draftsman of the bill, remained the only formal scheme within the cognisance of the public. But the bill of 1886 has in the interval been so thoroughly picked to pieces, and its provisions have been shown to be so unconstitutional, so unworkable, and so fraught with danger to the interests of Great Britain and to

the security of the loyal Irish minority, that it was fully expected that any future measure of Home Rule would avoid the dangers which the former bill so obviously presented. All over the country at the last general election Gladstonian members, when they committed themselves to any opinion about the future measure, spoke of it as one which would be purged of the objections which had been universally taken to its predecessor, or pointed out that the natural fears which were expressed about the sovereignty of the Crown, or the condition of Ulster, would be carefully removed in a new bill. Whatever expectations the country has formed that Mr Gladstone would profit by the lesson of his former failure, by seven years' reflection, by the critical controversy that has been carried on all these years, are now found to be belied. As a practical measure of legislation, maintaining the supremacy of Parliament, relieving the House of Commons from the incubus of Ireland, securing the rights of the Protestant minority and the province of Ulster, as a measure that will work without friction, and bring about something like finality, the new bill is no improvement upon its predecessor,—in many details, as we shall soon see, its provisions are even more dangerous and unconstitutional.

It is important, in the first place, to note that the changes made in the present bill do not reflect a change of views on the part of the country, or any deference to public criticism. They merely betray the changed position which Mr Gladstone himself now occupies. In 1886 he was bidding for the Irish vote, but he approached the purchase on an equal footing:

the united adherence of his party, and the general approbation of the country, would have repaid him for resisting any extravagant demands from the other side. Viewed in this light, the bill of 1886 was an extraordinarily generous concession, more generous as it turned out than the country could afford to give. But in 1893 Mr Gladstone is the dependant of the Irish Home Rulers. His place and his policy are at their mercy, and his Home Rule Bill must satisfy them as its first condition. In 1886, Mr Gladstone was merely the dupe of the Home Rule agitation, to put the most charitable construction upon his conduct; in 1893, he is its tool and its mouthpiece. We must therefore remember that whatever changes are in the bill in 1893 are in furtherance of the views of the Irish Nationalists; and if some of its provisions show greater affectation of regard for British authority, and bear an ostensible appearance of a desire for compromise, it is because the Irish leaders desire to make it manifest that they themselves are the controlling agencies of the situation, and wish to delude the British members and electors into a belief that they are now animated by a moderation and reasonableness which have hitherto been entirely absent from their policy.

In his exposition of the Home Rule Bill, Mr Gladstone certainly fought the cause of his clients with a rhetorical oratory that was not unworthy of the older traditions of the Commons. But it was the speech of an advocate, not the argument of a statesman. The sight of the grand old man of eighty-three, the last survival among statesmen of the brightest and most honoured days of parlia-

mentary government in England, standing up, as the latest great effort of his career, to plead, with his own unrivalled eloquence, for the preamble to the degradation of Parliament and the disruption of the empire, in the midst of the largest and most anxious assembly that ever perhaps crowded the Commons,—the sight, we say, is saddening beyond words. One involuntarily thinks of the last speech of Chatham in the House of Lords, but immediately recoils with pain from a comparison. Did Mr Gladstone, as he gazed around him at the unusual crowd whom he had attracted, recall the words of Canning, whom he admires so much and imitates so little: “It is singular to remark how ready some people are to admire in a great man the exception rather than the rule of his conduct: such perverse worship is like the idolatry of barbarous nations, who can see the splendour of the noonday sun without emotion, but who when he is in eclipse come forward with hymns and cymbals to adore him.”

Let us now briefly review the latest version of Home Rule which has been put before the country, basing our remarks in the meantime rather upon Mr Gladstone's exposition of it than upon the bill itself, which is not free from the looseness, the obscurity, and the ambiguity which so noticeably characterised its forerunner. It does not follow that Mr Gladstone's summary of the bill and the clauses of the bill itself identically correspond, but if we mainly follow his version we shall be in less danger of being unjust in our observations.

As a preliminary basis to his argument, Mr Gladstone reiterated those views of Irish history upon

which he has so often insisted during the last seven years, and of which the most authoritative refutation in these columns, as elsewhere, has never been able to disabuse his mind. The lesson he draws from the history of Ireland since the Union is that that measure failed to give the identity of interests and equal laws that should have been the equivalent for the surrender of independence. But whose fault is that, if not that of the Irishmen themselves? Ever since the conscience of England was aroused towards the case of Ireland,—and we give Mr Gladstone the full credit due to him for arousing this country to a perception of justice,—Ireland has got more than equal laws: special laws adapted to her grievances, real or imaginary; the removal of all religious inequality; modifications of the land laws, conceded in vain to allay agrarian discontent,—with the result that with each fresh step we took to meet her, Ireland, or rather the dominant faction of agitators, receded into a stronger and more hostile position. As an example of this inequality, he mentions that out of the sixty or seventy statesmen with whom he had sat in Cabinet, the Duke of Wellington was the single Irishman to be met with. Lord Ashbourne certainly had a seat in the Salisbury Cabinet. We have some recollection, too, of Mr Chichester Fortescue being in the Cabinet which Mr Gladstone formed to overthrow the Irish Church; but this is only one instance of the loose way in which the Premier puts forth his assertions. But, granting this, is it not owing to the fact that few Irishmen have made sufficient mark in Parliament since the Union, without being implicated in hostility to the constitution, to qualify them for

Cabinet rank? If there was any such injustice, Mr Gladstone has again and again had opportunities of redressing it. Not longer ago than last August he might, if he had chosen, have made Mr Timothy Healy Lord Chancellor, and have intrusted Mr John Dillon, as Home Secretary, with the keys of Portland and Pentonville. No doubt Mr Gladstone had good reason for not doing so; as little doubt his predecessors in the function of Cabinet-making had as good reason for passing over contemporary Irish claims. But the insinuation which Mr Gladstone wishes to put forth is absolutely baseless. The perfect equality of members of Parliament of whatever nationality, the free opportunity of every member raising himself to the highest offices in the Administration by his talents, merits, and services, has never been interfered with until Mr Gladstone himself came forward with this bill, a main provision of which is to introduce inequality of status among members of the House of Commons.

Home Rule in Ireland is to be carried on by two separate Chambers and a contingent of eighty Irish members in the House of Commons, thus involving three separate sets of constituencies and three separate registers, as each body has an electoral basis of its own. The expedient strikes us as clumsy on the face of it; but we are much more concerned with the restrictions under which the two local bodies are to act than with either their constitution or their functions. The most important question is, What safeguards are reserved for Great Britain under the new bill? It was the imperfect and unsatisfactory guarantees which the bill of 1886 afforded for the sovereignty of the British Par-

liament and for the protection of the Irish minority which sealed the doom of that measure at the hands of the country. And since that time a change has come over the Home Rule agitation which will necessitate even stronger precautions than might have seemed sufficient then. The capture of the Nationalist movement by the Roman Catholic hierarchy is an event which puts a new complexion upon any concessions towards Irish autonomy. It is useless to deny, after what we have recently seen in Meath and other counties, that whoever may be the nominal administrators of the affairs in Ireland, the real power and control will rest with Archbishop Walsh and his colleagues. Under Mr Parnell's leadership we had simply to apprehend the extinction of landlordism, the rooting out of the loyal classes, and the preparation for an Irish Republic. But now that the Home Rule movement comes forward with dynamite in one hand and the crossier in the other, there are worse dangers in prospect,—the possibility of Ireland falling under the domination of a priestly tyranny, all the more dangerous and powerful that it will be kept well in the background, and exercised in a fashion that the Imperial Parliament will be unable to assail. Against such a contingency, by no means remote, Mr Gladstone's Home Rule offers no safeguards worthy of the name. On the contrary, it distinctly paves the way for the establishment and exercise of an occult sacerdotal supremacy which would be fatal to the liberty and progress of all classes in the country.

But it is time we looked at these safeguards, upon which the author of the bill dwelt with so

much complacent satisfaction, a little more closely. Mr Gladstone seems to think that there is much virtue in the assertion of the parliamentary supremacy in his preamble, "Whereas it is expedient, without impairing or restricting the supreme authority of Parliament." So there would have been had the body of the bill kept this assertion clearly in view throughout. But when we come to examine the safeguards closely, the means by which the supreme authority of Parliament is to be exercised will be found to be illusory and impracticable. First we have the limitations imposed upon the new Legislature. It is precluded from dealing with aught that relates to "the Crown, the Regency, and the Viceroyalty, all that relates to peace and war, all that relates to defence, all that relates to treaties and foreign relations, all that relates to dignities and titles, the law of treason and what belongs to it, the law of alienage and what belongs to it, everything that belongs to external trade, the subject of coinage, and some other minor and subsidiary subjects."

Mr Gladstone also intimates that the Irish Legislature will be restricted, as in the bill of 1886, from bringing forward any measure respecting the establishment or endowment of religion, prohibiting the free exercise of religion, and imposing disability or conferring privilege on religious grounds. Now it is not from the Legislature but from the Executive that religious intolerance is to be expected. Its victims will be men and not measures; it will work not openly but secretly, and it will pervade the whole country if a pliant Viceroy and Executive can be found, and no Viceroy and Ex-

ecutive will find their position long tenable in Dublin unless they become the willing instruments of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. We are doubtful, too, if these restrictions can be enforced in their fullest sense in the Irish Chambers. A legislative body does not by prevalent usage confine itself to the mere making and passing of enactments. It claims a right to question ministers upon all matters of public interest, whether domestic or foreign; to debate, to propose motions, to pass resolutions without proceeding to give them the force of an enactment. There is nothing in this bill to prevent a Parliament of Timealies assembled in Dublin from taking under its review the conduct of the British Cabinet and British Legislature with regard to any conceivable subject, whether specified in the restrictions or not, and censuring or indorsing it as suits the fancy of the majority, so long as they do not commit themselves to an enactment on the subject. Such a contingency, and it is one that may be looked forward to with certainty, will not lead to the union of hearts or increase local respect for the central supreme authority. The bill prohibits legislation, but cannot prohibit the discussion of the reserved subjects; and the bare feeling that such discussion must be necessarily inoperative will only serve to provide a fresh field for agitation, a new cry against the British Power and Parliament.

The second elected Chamber, the Legislative Council, as it is to be called, is, according to Mr Gladstone, "the fairest, most constitutional, and most unexceptionable method of redeeming that pledge—if it be a pledge—which we have given; but at any rate of endeavouring to meet that expecta-

tion which we have frequently held out, that we would, if we could, give to the minority in Ireland some means of vocal expression, and of securing fair, full, and deliberate consideration for its views." "Vocal expression" seems, indeed, to be all that is left to the minority—*vox et præterea nihil*. But whether the Legislative Council will serve as its mouthpiece is more than doubtful. The presumption that it will represent the minority rests merely upon its being returned on a higher franchise than the Legislative Assembly. But will the higher franchise, with the presumed higher intelligence which should accompany it, hold its own in three provinces of the country in the face of such clerical influence and intimidation as is still fresh in our minds from the last general election? On the whole, the new Legislative Council affords a less protection to the minority than did the hybrid and anomalous body proposed in the bill of 1886 as the First Order, with the twenty-eight representative peers as members. Nor is the influence of the Legislative Council for the avowed object of its creation strengthened by reducing the term of its members from ten to eight years. It is to consist of forty-eight members, representing 170,000 electors, while the population of Ulster alone is considerably over a million and a half, and the number of Protestants in the country amounts to over 25 per cent of the population. Dublin University is to be disfranchised as the penalty of its steady loyalty to the Union, and as a first-fruit of the triumph which the bill proposes for the Roman Catholic majority. The "vocal" utterance of the minority of Ireland will accordingly, it

is to be feared, find a very cramped expression.

Such small safeguard to the minority as the constitution of the Legislative Council may be supposed to afford is entirely annihilated in the event of a difference between the two Chambers. When they disagree upon a bill, and the same bill is brought up again after the lapse of two years, or after a dissolution, the Chambers are to vote together upon the measure, and the forty-eight members of the Upper Chamber are to be merged, we may say submerged, in the 103 members of the Legislative Assembly, and the question to be determined by the absolute vote. This safeguard for the minority thus holds good only for a certain time and to a certain extent, and constitutes in fact no safeguard at all when brought to the test. Nor will such a body, if it should prove an efficient check in the interests of the minority, be long permitted to retain independence in Ireland. As Mr Balfour has very shrewdly pointed out, "it will become the object of such concentrated action that it must give way with the first on-rush of popular feeling." To imagine anything else would be to ignore all the previous lessons of Irish agitation.

Next to the so-called domestic safeguards, we come to the external checks which it is proposed to apply to the Irish Administration and Legislature. Chief among these is the veto of the Viceroy, now to be appointed for six years, and freed from religious disabilities. With the Viceroy is to be associated an Executive chosen from the Irish Privy Council; and with the assistance of this Council he is to determine what measures are to be initiated in the Legislature and

what Acts vetoed. Even in Mr Gladstone's own mind the conception of the Viceroy and his Council seems to exist in a very nebulous form. We know nothing as yet as to the principle on which this Council is to be chosen. We may presume that it is to be made up of the Irish ministers, for the existence of a Legislature implies ministers responsible to it. But this is a cabinet and not a council, as we understand matters on this side of St George's Channel. And if the Viceregal office, as representing the Crown, is to be maintained in proper dignity and respect, surely the first care that should be exercised is to fence it against being degraded by association with unfitting councillors. It is more than probable that her Majesty's representative may find himself seated between an ex-dynamitard on one hand and a ticket-of-leave man on the other; and his first set of colleagues will to a certainty be composed of former denizens of Kilmainham. There never was such a flagrant attempt to drag the representation of the British Crown into the dirt at the very outset of Irish autonomy. The vetoing powers of the Viceroy are as unworkable as his position is unseemly. Amid the utter confusion introduced by the bill it is difficult to enumerate the many cases in which the Viceroy—standing between the Irish Legislature, his own Council, the British Parliament, and the British Cabinet, each of which, under the circumstances thus brought about, may entertain a policy differing from that of any or all the others—will find himself powerless to do anything except to throw up his appointment in disgust. If he dares to employ the veto, whether on his own judgment, the advice of his

councillors, or on the express commands of the British Home Secretary, a shriek will be raised by the supporters of the vetoed Act all over the country that the concession of autonomy to Ireland is a sham; and the cry in this instance will not be very wide of the mark. The clamour will be caught up by the Irishmen in the British House, and every veto of the Viceroy will be made the pretext for demanding a more free and unfettered constitution. The possibilities of collision and friction presented by the Viceroy and his veto are unlimited and indefinable; but we shall content ourselves with a single practical and obvious illustration chosen by Mr Balfour.

"Let us suppose some case arising in Ireland upon which English Ministers of the Crown take a very strong opinion exactly opposite to the opinion taken by the Irish Ministers. The Irish Ministers give the Viceroy the advice not to withhold the veto; the English Ministers advise her Majesty to withdraw her Viceroy unless he will promise to veto the Bill. Both sets of Ministers announce that they will resign unless their advice is followed. It appears to me it would then rest with the Crown to decide whether she will lose her Irish Administration or her English Administration. Let us suppose that she decides to lose her Irish Administration, then the veto is given not in accordance with the advice of Irish Ministers, but in accordance with the advice of English Ministers. You have deadlock in Ireland and things go smoothly in England; but if, on the other hand, the Crown takes the opposite course, then things will go smoothly in Ireland, but not in England. In the first place, it is evident you will very greatly augment the power of the Crown, and in the second place, that you will bring into existence a state of things which might at any moment produce deadlock either in your Irish Government or in your English Government."

There is no analogy between such a case and the exercise of the veto upon colonial legislation. The colonies have grown up under the veto system; they have no representatives in the House of Commons to protest against its exercise; but the hypothetical Irish constitution is too much interlaced with our own, and the presence of Irish members in the British House of Commons is too grave a fact, to allow of our regarding the viceregal veto either as a security or as a power that can be safely exercised on emergency. To put the question in its simplest form: if the veto is applied, it renders Home Rule nugatory; if it is not applied, it affords no security for the minority or for any other purpose.

If any bribe could have induced the British nation to provide Ireland with the means of committing political suicide, it would have been the prospect of clearing the House of Commons of the gang who for the last twenty years have obstructed its business and reflected discredit upon the venerable and cherished reputation of what was once held to be the most dignified and polished legislative body in the world. The sole virtue that the bill of 1886 possessed, in the opinion of a large proportion of the British constituencies, was that it effected this clearance, and though the proposal was attended by the gravest constitutional objections, the public mind would readily have reconciled itself to these, if the House could have been freed from Irish intrigue and obstruction. Upon the retention or exclusion of the Irish members Mr Gladstone has never been able to make up his mind definitely. As was pointed out in 1886, the ex-

clusion of the Irish members involved either servitude or separation from Ireland; and this constitutional objection was one of the grounds that determined the opposition of a considerable number of the Liberal Unionists. But even before the defeat of the bill Mr Gladstone had announced that he was prepared to withdraw the excluding clause, and through all the intervening years he has been reasoning himself into a belief that the retention of the Irish members in the House of Commons was not merely desirable but perfectly practicable. In his present position the continuance of the Irish members in the House is absolutely necessary for the existence of his Government, and so he determines to retain eighty members, who will furnish him with a majority, whenever his real minority is threatened with defeat. The obvious convenience of such a course at the present juncture will naturally outweigh all constitutional scruples and difficulties in the minds of the Gladstonian party. The only obstacles that the bill places in the way of Irish members obstructing public business, and obtruding themselves upon the House, are purely nominal, and beset with opportunities of being evaded on every side. The bill provides, first of all, that the Irish members shall be excluded from voting on any bill or motion expressly confined to Great Britain; second, upon any tax not levied upon Ireland; third, on any vote or appropriation of money otherwise than for imperial services—and all the services which by law will stand as imperial are to be enumerated in a schedule; fourth, any motion or resolution exclusively affecting Great Britain or any person

or persons therein; and, finally, a covering motion to exclude them from any motion or resolution incidental to any of the foregoing except the first of these excluded subjects, and any bill or motion expressly confined to Great Britain. We have thus the anomaly of a second and inferior body introduced into the House of Commons, with limited powers of legislation, but with a practically unlimited potentiality of obstructing and opposing the business of legislation. They may participate in any debate, even on one touching an excluded subject; they may ask questions, they may propose resolutions, they may move motions, they may practise unchecked all their familiar expedients for blocking business, only they are not to go into the division lobbies except upon an Irish question. But the distinction which Mr Gladstone has endeavoured to draw between British and imperial business on the one side, and Ireland on the other, is quite as illusory as any of his other safeguards. In the course of the century of Union, Irish interests have become so much incorporated in those of Great and Greater Britain, and the relations of Ireland so inter-ramified with the ordinary business of the House, that there are few measures which can come before the House upon which the Irish members may not with some show of justice impose a colourable claim. Another interesting addition to the overwhelming confusion with which the House is threatened arises from the fact that some, if not all, of the Irish Ministers will be in the Commons, and liable as members to be called to account for their official conduct, and subject to any interpellations which

British and Irish members may address to them. We see nothing in the bill to prevent this, and nothing that will save the Irish members from having visited upon them in the House the full weight of the errors and shortcomings of the Administration and Executive in Ireland. Instead of the relief which under a scheme of Home Rule had been contemplated for the House of Commons, it will become a theatre of worse confusion and disorder than before. Mr William O'Brien will vapour as hitherto, Mr Healy pass his small impertinences, and Mr Sexton obstruct in general; and the House, which used to be the most refined and orderly legislative chamber in Europe, will continue what the Irish members have made it within the last decade, a bear-garden, and a reproach to representative government.

From the drift of Mr Gladstone's speech, and the careful balance in which he held the subject of the retention or the exclusion of the Irish members, it is inferred that he will not make this provision a question vital to his bill. The right honourable gentleman displayed a similarly accommodating disposition with regard to clause 24 of the older bill, which excluded the Irish members. His pliancy on that occasion did not save the measure, nor would a similar complaisance serve him at the present juncture. If the eighty members are to be excluded, he will perforce have to fall back upon the device of the bill of 1886, and make provision for summoning back the Irish members for special objects, which would now be a much more difficult expedient from the constitutions of the two elected Irish Chambers. But the whole of Mr Gladstone's scheme turns upon the

presence of the eighty Irish members at Westminster; and if that is withdrawn, the whole bill, as it seems to us, must fall to pieces of itself.

But whether the Irish members are to be permanently retained or whether they are to present themselves in Parliament only when summoned, the subject of two unequal orders in the House of Commons remains equally serious. A grave constitutional question arises which to the British electorate is even more important than any scheme for permitting the Irish Home Rulers to misgovern their own country. The constitution of the House of Commons is the product of a long and slow growth; it bears the mark of the wisdom and experience of centuries; it is so compactly welded together that one portion cannot be removed without threatening the stability of the whole. Perfect equality in the parliamentary status of all its members, freedom of speech, and freedom of voting have always belonged to the House of Commons. We have now proposed the erection of two orders of members in the House, with different powers and privileges; a limitation of freedom of speech on the part of one order or the other to certain specified subjects, and an absolute denial of the right of voting to the inferior order upon subjects also specified. Such a radical change in the constitution of the Commons appears to us to be much too grave a matter to be effected by the subordinate clauses of an Irish bill. The propriety of such an innovation can only be pronounced upon by the constituencies, and Mr Gladstone has never condescended to ask their opinion upon the matter. The right honourable

gentleman has in fact begun at the wrong end of his task. Instead of seeking to fit his Home Rule scheme into the constitution of the House of Commons, he should have begun by fitting the House for the reception of his scheme. How valuable that constitution is to the security of the nation is implied in the resistance which it offers to Mr Gladstone's present project, and his confession that it passes the wit of man to co-ordinate it with his ill-advised efforts. Before the constitution of the House is thus tampered with, it is necessary that the electorate should be consulted, and give a verdict upon a subject which has never been put before them, to the importance of which they have awakened with surprise, and which may in the issue be of infinitely more consequence to the British democracy than any system of Home Rule that Mr Gladstone ever has invented or ever will devise.

But it is not merely the constitution of the House of Commons that Mr Gladstone's bill aims at altering. The composition of the House of Lords is to be subjected to the same confusing rearrangement. The representative Irish Peers are to be members of the Upper House as before, but to be fettered by the same restrictions as to deliberation and voting as the Irish members in the Commons. Here, again, the principle of internal freedom and equality so essential to the due discharge of legislative functions is overthrown. The Peers of England and Scotland have a right to demand why the Peers of a country parliamentarily separated from their own should have a seat in their assembly, or any share at all in their deliberations. The Irish

Peers, on the other hand, have a right to protest against being placed in an inferior position to the Peers of England and Scotland, against the injury done to their order in violation of the articles of Union, and against the infringement of the indefeasible right which every Peer of the realm has to give his opinion and counsel to the Sovereign upon all matters relating to the welfare of the State. To make the bill at all operative upon the Irish members of the House of Lords, the bill would have to prescribe a new and limited writ of summons to be issued to them, which would involve interference with the Royal prerogative, as well as with the constitution of the Upper House. For all these weighty constitutional reasons, the Lords, should the bill ever reach them, will be justified in rejecting it, apart altogether from the question of Home Rule or no Home Rule. The corruption of both Houses of Parliament by the destruction of equality and the institution of an inferior order of members is clearly a matter upon which the sense of the country will have to be taken.

An appeal as to the validity of any Irish Act will lie to the Judicial Committee of the British Privy Council, as in the former bill, and this arrangement will consequently tend to bring a body that is and ought to be purely judicial in its character into the arena of party politics, and not improbably into collision with the British and Irish Legislatures. But suppose in a case brought before it, the decision on which turns upon the validity or nullity of an Irish Act, the Committee gives judgment on the one side or the other, how is this judgment to be carried out? If op-

posed to the opinion of the Irish Executive, the Irish Ministers will exercise no authority in giving effect to the hostile judgment of an alien court. The Committee will have to set the Home Secretary in motion, he in turn will have to appeal to the Viceroy, who may, if he can secure the consent of his Council, have the judgment of the Judicial Committee enforced. Such a system of legislative reference may answer in the United States, where the Supreme Court, like other Federal bureaux, has its own officers in every state of the Union to execute its decrees; but here such an expedient can only cause friction and end in failure. And, with the Irish party in Parliament, we should have the decisions of the Judicial Committee dragged into party warfare, and the highest tribunal in the country degraded in the popular estimation. Nothing can be more aversive to the spirit of our constitution than to clothe a body that is purely judicial with an administrative faculty, and to introduce a spirit of party politics into juridical deliberations. This appeal to the Judicial Committee is one of the securities which Mr Gladstone so ostentatiously puts forward; but for all the practical value that it will prove to the minority, the constitution might well have been spared the damage that seems likely to result from this reference.

The control of the Judges and of the Police and the settlement of the Land question are the three great points round which the Home Rule agitation has always centred. We cannot profess to say how far the concessions made in the present bill will satisfy Mr Gladstone's Irish clients, but they will cer-

tainly add to the already overwhelming anxieties of the minority. The judges are to be appointed for six years after the separation of the countries by the Imperial Exchequer, and are to be irremovable except upon the joint petition of the Irish legislative bodies. The appointment to vacancies will then fall to Irish Ministers, and the bench be filled with party nominees. What chance is there, as Mr Balfour very properly asked, of getting good men to go on the Irish bench, or if good men are found, of their being able to execute justice in high places? Abuse of the judges and vile insinuations against their impartiality have been the stock theme of Nationalist declamation at every Home Rule gathering since the commencement of the agitation; and the leaders of the movement have very plainly signified the sort of judges to whom they would commit the administration of the law, as soon as they were placed in possession of power. It is not too much to say that the successful candidates for judgeships under a Home Rule Government will be men whose natural place is the dock rather than the bench. We know the dangers that presently menace a juror if he dares to prove true to his oath and give his verdict against the popular sentiment. How much greater will be the dangers that will menace an upright judge in the performance of his duties? No judge who is not a mere creature of the dominant faction will be able to count on a secure tenure of his seat. And as there must necessarily be two parties in the Irish Chambers, we may expect changes of majority and changes of ministry. If Archbishop Walsh prescribes the policy of the Irish

Treasury bench, we may be sure that Patrick Ford and the Clanna-Gael will give the *mot d'ordre* to the Irish Opposition, for we look upon the Protestant minority as lying altogether outside the working of Mr Gladstone's scheme. What chance, then, has a judiciary of independence which will practically be at the mercy of majorities of these parties? Mr Gladstone's proposal, however, is not without the grace of congruity, for under his bill the administration of the law will be as great a farce as the making of the law.

The Irish Government is intrusted with the power of organising a local police to take the place of the Royal Irish Constabulary, which is to be gradually annihilated. The Royal Irish Constabulary, as it seems to us, is the only body mentioned in the bill that can regard it with unmixed satisfaction. It does not require the gift of prophecy to see Ireland a scene of anarchy in which civil authority will be powerless to assert itself, and amid which the performance of such duties as the force has hitherto discharged so bravely and so well would receive the censure rather than the support of their new masters. A police force such as an Irish Government would be likely to establish, means that the security of life and property will depend upon the military garrisons and the authority of her Majesty's Ministers at Westminster.

The Irish land question, upon which Mr Gladstone's previous Home Rule Bill was professedly based, now occupies so small a portion of his attention that he omitted all reference to it in his exposition of the measure. He has, however, given us incidentally to understand that the subject is

to be reserved to the Imperial Parliament for three years. If the Premier's indifference to the land question arises from his perception of the beneficial change which the Ashbourne Acts are producing upon the agrarian difficulty, we can understand his position. But it will take more than three years, or three times three years, for these Acts to put the Irish land difficulty upon a satisfactory basis, more especially as an Irish Legislature in Dublin will make political capital of futile promises about the land when they get it into their own hands, and hold out extravagant ideas which will bring purchases by tenants to a standstill in the meantime. And during these three years the carrying out of evictions and the enforcement of all agrarian decisions of the law courts will be left to the Irish Executive, with what results we need hardly pause to inquire. The arrangement under the bill may be briefly described as a provision for allowing the Nationalists three years to worry the Irish landlords as a prelude to devouring them altogether. But if the Irish are wise they will insist upon taking the land with them from Westminster; for three years' working of an Irish administration may raise doubts in the minds of even the most advanced Radicals whether it would be well to implement Mr Gladstone's bargain. But if the Irish are not fit to be immediately trusted with the land, are they immediately fitted to be intrusted with a Legislature? Mr Gladstone does not propose a Land Bill at the present moment, but there can be no doubt that some measure is a part of the understanding between him and his clients. We may expect, then,

that when the Irish take over the administration of the land they do not intend to do so empty-handed, but that Great Britain will be called upon to provide for some such extravagant outlay as accompanied the Premier's former proposal.

The financial details of the measure are so obscure that even Mr Gladstone's doubtless lucid explanation failed to make them very intelligible to the House or the public. One fact, however, is apparent, that they are much more unfavourable to the British Exchequer than the proposed arrangements of 1886, and that yet they fail to satisfy Irish cupidity. Mr Gladstone in defence of his liberality advances the proposition "that Ireland has been most shabbily and most unjustly treated in respect to money advances;" and brings forward as a proof of his assertion the fact that "the civil charges of Ireland have increased in the last seven years by an aggregate of £800,000, giving an annual increment in these modern days not of £66,000, but of £113,000." Strange reasoning indeed. Other parts of the Union, Scotland, for instance, could manage to put up with the shabbiness and injustice of the Imperial Government if it were expressed in such terms, taking revenue, population, and demands into consideration. The point of most interest to the British ratepayer is, that Mr Gladstone proposes to hand over to the Irish Government, to enable it to carry on its work, a "bonus" of £500,000 a-year, which represents a capital of £17,000,000, and for which there is no return. As Mr Balfour puts it, "we have been engaged in a contest with the forces of lawlessness and disorder, we have been beaten in that contest, and a war indemnity is now de-

manded from us." To Mr Gladstone's plea for "liberality to Ireland" the leader of the Opposition returned the following spirited rejoinder:—

"I am all for being liberal to Ireland when Ireland is in the same firm with ourselves. (Cheers.) So long as we are partners here—(cheers)—I am not only not averse but I think I have shown that I am in favour of a policy that will place at the disposal of the poorer country some of the resources of the richer country. But we are going to cut off all connection with regard at all events to internal affairs—we are going to make a clean division between the two countries. Then, sir, I think a little less generosity and a little more justice will not be out of place."

Mr Balfour will find, when the time comes, that he correctly interprets the minds of the British electors on this subject. We have no confidence that any financial arrangement which can be made with Ireland will avail to prevent extraordinary burdens being from time to time thrown upon the British Exchequer, or from its having to bear the loss and discredit of the eventual bankruptcy of Ireland. For bankrupt the nation must become sooner or later when cast upon its own resources, with shattered credit and a declining prosperity. A correspondent of one of the chief Nationalist organs names twenty years as the limit of Ireland being able to remain solvent under Mr Gladstone's scheme of finance. There is little probability of the crisis being so long postponed. The shock which Home Rule will give to confidence and credit; the withdrawal of capital from the country; and the consequent unsettlement and depression of all kinds of industry, except agitation,—will have an immediate

prejudicial effect upon the Irish revenue from all sources. The Customs receipts, upon which Mr Gladstone relies to meet the obligations of Ireland for the imperial service, will fail to come up to its requirements, and the consequent loss will fall upon the British Exchequer. It was no fanciful comparison that Lord Randolph Churchill cited between Mr Gladstone's financial scheme and the working of a similar relationship in the Argentine Republic, where the central government keeps the Customs, and allows the provincial governments to appropriate the same taxes as Mr Gladstone proposes giving to Ireland:—

"As may be supposed, the provinces, released from central control, squandered their money, and when the members of the provincial governments take their seats in the Central Assembly, they steadily refuse to vote anything the nation requires until large subsidies in some shape or other are made to the provincial assemblies, with such a result that bankruptcy, I suppose, had never been spelt in bigger letters."

Demands for subsidies, "bonuses," grants-in-aid, and money loans will pour in an unceasing stream upon the British Exchequer; and there are few Cabinets strong enough to resist demands that will be backed by a threat of the solid opposition of eighty members. In fact, the only definite idea that Mr Gladstone's tangled statement of his financial proposals affords is, that it presents an admirable basis for further spoliation of the British taxpayer.

In every respect the bill is a failure, a sham, and an insult to the British constitution. It may survive the second reading; but the minute the Committee lays hands upon it, the whole structure

will fall to pieces like a house of cards. In the meantime, the public, with the text of the bill before it, will have awakened to a lively perception of what Mr Gladstone's scheme of Home Rule really means. No statesman has ever used that public and the constituencies, and even his immediate followers, so badly, or treated them with so little confidence. He exacted from them a blank commission to deal with the Home Rule question, and they can see for themselves now the account to which he has turned this trust. We often hear of the "blindness" and "slavishness" with which it is charged to the Tories that they obey their leaders; but we make bold to say that if either Lord Salisbury or Mr Balfour had ventured to treat their supporters as Mr Gladstone has used his, they would have found themselves in solitude in their respective lobbies. But as Mr Gladstone will probably at an early date have an opportunity of making his explanations and apologies directly to the constituencies, we need touch no further on this point.

If there is one feature more than another that stamps the measure as utterly objectionable in the eyes of the constituencies of Great Britain, it is the reckless indifference, we may say the positive contempt, with which Mr Gladstone has treated the Protestant and loyal part of the Irish population. He has no expression of sympathy for their apprehensions; he is quite callous regarding the serious dangers to which their abandonment by Great Britain will leave them exposed; and he contents himself with tossing to them the most formal and illusionary securities for their future existence. But the "vocal

utterance" which is all that he proposes to leave to the minority will ring his own political doom in every corner and in the ears of every constituency of Great Britain. We have become tolerant of Roman pretensions, more tolerant than we probably would have been but for a sense of past injustice; but the feeling of the country is still Protestant enough to rise in arms against the danger of Roman Catholic ascendancy being re-established in any corner of these islands. And this is one of the most certain issues flowing from this measure. When the Roman Catholic hierarchy captured, as we have said above, the Home Rule movement, it changed its character. Under Mr Parnell the agitation had a republic for its ultimate aim; under Archbishop Walsh its goal will be the establishment of hierarchical influence and the subjugation of all other denominations and interests to that of the Church of Rome. Lord Randolph Churchill has pointed out the fate that will await Trinity College, Dublin, and the education of the country in general. All the public offices, all the central and provincial boards, all chairs of instruction, will be filled by members of the dominant religion as Protestants are forced into retirement. Religious equality is a phrase unknown to the Church of Rome; and the Archbishop and his colleagues will have less ambition than the world gives them credit for, if they do not avail themselves of the facilities which Mr Gladstone proposes to place in their power, for riveting their yoke upon the whole Irish population. It pains us to have to write in terms that may seem illiberal of a Church that in Great Britain has earned for itself

general respect both by its loyalty and its Christian charity ; but the language of the great majority of the Irish bishops, and the conduct of the Irish priests at the last general election, can leave no doubt upon the mind of the public what the end is which they have in view.

The more the bill is considered the more will be the defects and dangers which the public will find out for themselves. The speeches of Mr Balfour, Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir Edward Clarke, Mr Chamberlain, and Mr Goschen, have all made it clearly demonstrable that a bill such as this can never find a place on the statute-book. Even supposing that the country as a whole had clearly made up its mind to concede Home Rule, which as a whole it is very far from doing, yet it has never made up its mind upon the measure which, in abuse of its confidence, Mr Gladstone now brings forward. And there are important changes introduced into our own constitution about which the country has a clear right to be consulted. Mr Gladstone knows that even

though he carry his measure in the House of Commons, he will yet have to submit it to the constituencies in the last resort. He found before that although Home Rule sounded grandly in the abstract, the constituencies did not relish it in a concrete form. Such will be his experience again unless he takes warning in time, and pockets the defeat of his measure. Even if, on his own showing, there is no alternative between Home Rule and coercion, there is, on the other hand, no choice between coercion and chaos. Under a six years' period of so-called coercion Ireland was thriving and prosperous, and would have been contented but for the curse of the National League and the operations of its boycotting and campaigning agencies. And the utmost that his policy can effect will be the substitution of one agitation for another—the agitation for existence of an oppressed and struggling Protestantism, to which the masses of Great Britain can never turn the cold shoulder of indifference.

THE LATE LORD BRABOURNE.

[READERS of this Magazine will share with us our regret for the sudden death of Lord Brabourne, which occurred at his residence of Smeeth Paddocks, Kent, on the 6th ultimo. It was well known that his lordship was a frequent and valued contributor to 'Maga,' and its pages during the past eight years have contained many articles, both signed and unsigned, from his pen. Among his latest contributions was an interesting series of papers on "Old Elections," a subject in which he felt a keen historical interest, and regarding which he had amassed a unique collection of pamphlets and documents. In his political contributions to 'Maga' Lord Brabourne was a keen and incisive opponent of Mr Gladstone's policy of disintegration, and his exposure of the Premier's historical inaccuracies with respect to Ireland made a great impression upon the Home Rule controversy at the time of the bill of 1886. His writings showed a warm sympathy with and appreciation of the great measures of domestic legislation carried through by Lord Salisbury's Government; and his loss will be all the more regretted at a time when the nation stands in utmost need of men possessed of the patriotism and ability which his lordship ever displayed both in Parliament and with his pen. The following reminiscences, which have opportunely reached us, throw a good deal of light on Lord Brabourne's political feelings apart from party connections, and remove the imputation of inconstancy so unjustly levelled at him when he declined to embark with Mr Gladstone in a career of revolution and disintegration.]

THE OXFORD UNION SOCIETY AND EDWARD KNATCHBULL HUGESSEN.

Earl Granville is reported to have described Lord Brabourne as an ideal cross-bench legislator. I, who knew Edward Knatchbull before he was called Hugessen, and before he was an acknowledged Whig, or had held office, or been talked of as a possible peer, have thought him, perhaps, what Lord Granville seems to have wished him to be thought, unstable and fickle to his political convictions; yet I have come in later days to estimate him rather differently, and to see that what struck the careless observer as a change of front was an impression produced by the unhesitating emphasis with which he asserted his own intui-

tive convictions in spite of party ties, apart from any fickleness of disposition or time-serving calculation. There are some lines on a weather-cock in an old magazine which exactly express my view:—

"Thou, like some lofty soul, whose
course
The thoughtless oft condemn,
Art touched by many airs from heaven
Which never breathe on them;
And moved by many impulses
Which they do never know
Who round their earth-born circles
plod
The dusty paths below."

When Hugessen wrote and spoke scathing denunciations of "turn-coat Peel," it was in the same

impulsive fashion in which, when serving in the Palmerstonian ranks, he abjured his former errors, fiscal and political, dubbing himself far more of a Liberal than he ever really was, for he never became a Radical, nor yet a Gladstonian. His current of thought drifted at an entirely opposite tangent to that wave of sentiment which has borne the Liberals of to-day upon the rocks and quicksands of disintegration and anarchy.

It may not be improper to explain why I claim to say this with some authority; the more so because it involves the telling of the story of the early days of men, some of whom have made their mark in contemporary history. When I went up to Oxford in 1844, the Union Debating Society had fallen into a state of comparative decadence from the palmy days of Gladstone and of Wordsworth. Names not unknown to fame were still enrolled among its officers; but with a meagre attendance, the debates were far too frequently devoid of all animation—a state of things occasioned in no slight degree by the want of political vigour which at that time characterised Oxford. Polemics we had in abundance; but as to general politics, a kind of cultivated Liberalism prevailed among the leaders of both parties; and Sir Robert Peel's Corn-Law legislation especially was regarded with academic indifference, of which a fair gauge might be afforded by the attitude of the prospective member for the university, who extended to his leader's measures just that modicum of support which decency demanded, and bore with equanimity the inability to take part in the final struggle, which resulted

from his temporary exclusion from Parliament on accepting office and vacating his seat. So far as Oxford was concerned, the controversy was tabooed; and men who came up in 1845-46 from ancestral parks or country parsonages, where the repeal of the Corn Laws was the one great topic of political controversy, found themselves reduced to stony dumbness on a subject which no leader chose to touch, and attended the debating-room with listless indifference to hear discussions upon some abstract proposition or some question of bygone history, about which nobody save the orators themselves cared one iota. The only signs of life in the arena which once resounded with animated debate consisted in heated wrangles between the members who wished to exclude 'Bell's Life' from the reading-room and those who by way of retaliation voted against the 'Record,' or in squabbles between colleges, which at one time threatened to extinguish the society altogether by the operation of a reciprocal system of black-balling.

Even when, rarely, public affairs were the subject of debate, the Premier's conduct was arraigned rather upon the ground of his Maynooth policy than of his commercial legislation. I well remember that the first debate of this character to which I listened—Sir George Bowen, G.C.M.G., in the chair, in which he had just succeeded Canon Cazenove of Cumbræ—was opened by Hardinge Giffard (Lord Halsbury), who proposed a vote of censure on Sir Robert Peel, which found a second in a man from St Mary's Hall (*Skimmery*, in Oxford parlance) called Higgin, but afterwards better known as Bellew,

much to the annoyance of the mover, who relied upon a man of his own college, Smythe (eighth Lord Strangford), to perform the duty. But although this debate was prolonged to two nights, an unusual thing at that period, I am sure that import duties, if mentioned at all, were passed over with a very slight reference indeed. After Bowen's term of office, the chair was taken by Simpson of Oriel, since a London clergyman of repute, and he again nominated as his successor Lord Dufferin, then at Christ Church, a moderate Liberal, and an able, though then not very lively, speaker. In the meanwhile, however, it had been my lot to apply the match to the smouldering mine of discontent, for, as history tells us, it is generally a subordinate hand which brings about a revolutionary catastrophe.

My genuine interest in debate, without any special ambition to figure therein as a speaker, I owed no doubt to our opportunities at Westminster School; and it has frequently occurred to me since, that had a man of genius and breadth, an Arnold or a Vaughan, with quick sympathies and bold views on educational points, taken the school in hand and had full scope for judicious extension, it might have been made one of the best nurseries for modern public life—not by altering the curriculum of study, for I avow my devout belief in classical training, but by stimulating and systematising that acquaintance with the great concerns of English life which the privilege of attending the sittings of Parliament (in my day actually occupying places within the House itself), combined with our constant connection with the Abbey, its functions and its

memories, forbade even the least intelligent member of Queen Elizabeth's foundation totally to ignore.

I became a regular silent attendant at the Union, and one night in 1846, in a very thin house, a Mr Cleaver, the grandson, I believe, of an Irish Archbishop, but, like many Saxon settlers, *ipsis Hibernis hibernior*, proposed that the 'Nation' newspaper be taken in. In default of other speakers, I was compelled to say a word or two of protest, and to challenge a division, and of course—for the few members who had stayed were friends of the mover—found myself in a minority. Nettled at my defeat, I availed myself of a rule then in force, and gave notice that on that day fortnight I should move that the 'Nation' newspaper be discontinued. I came, I saw, and conquered; the 'Nation' was expelled, and a good speaker of energetic and popular talents, the late Canon Portal, who saw in me I suppose a likely party fugleman, suggested the organisation of an independent Protectionist opposition under our joint management. We secured the services of Hayman, since head-master of Rugby; and of Alexander, now Bishop of Derry; G. W. Latham, once member for Crewe; G. Ward Hunt, Chancellor of the Exchequer; R. A. Benson, the police magistrate; and John Pakington, second Lord Hampton, and G. D. Boyle, Dean of Salisbury—although the two last were not strong Protectionists—also co-operated with us. Our first step was to propose a list of candidates for the committee in opposition to that of the president, challenging four of his nominations, and substituting the names of Portal, Hayman, Alexander, and myself. Hayman

and I were elected upon a poll, ousting Boyle (the late Lord Glasgow), and a man from Wadham, a small and unpopular college. If my memory serves me, our colleagues were Professor Conington, Dean Burgon, Congreve, Milman (of Sion College), and Stanton, an assistant Charity Commissioner. The president appointed me secretary, and my small share of association with a man so distinguished is one of the proudest recollections of my life. Not very long ago I saw him in the stalls of the Haymarket Theatre, enjoying with the utmost zest the fine play of the Dancing Girl, and I wondered if by the merest chance his thoughts ever went back, as mine did, to a debate at the Union in which he advocated the proposition that the theatre was injurious to public morals, while I made my first set speech in opposition to the motion, being rather severely handled by the next orator, a Rugby precisian, who contrasted the elevated moral tone of the noble lord with the flippant and easy generalities of the honourable gentleman opposite. I am afraid that I not uncommonly exposed myself to just criticism of this character, but on the whole the "whirligig of time" has brought me revenge. On one memorable occasion, a man of my own college proposed that Mr Round (then standing in opposition to Mr Gladstone) was the preferable candidate for the University, and asked me to second him. I declined at first, having no great *penchant* for Mr Round, but on pressure had to consent, and for want of something better to say, drew a fancy picture of Mr Gladstone's future political career, urging that as a man who deserted his party once might do

so again, we might see the distinguished statesman advocating the ballot, universal suffrage, disestablishment of the Church, repeal of the Union, abolition of the monarchy, and everything distasteful to his present supporters—a view which excited the utmost indignation among my Conservative High Church friends, some of whom resented it as a "disgraceful imputation" upon the character of an eminent Englishman.

Being thus thrust into a position of some importance among the younger politicians of the University, any recruit to our ranks was pretty sure to come within the circle of my acquaintance, and almost as soon as Knatchbull came up to Magdalen I was invited to meet him. Like most of those who knew him in those days, I was captivated by his good looks, good humour, and good sense; and when I heard him speak, I saw at once that, with his Eton influence and natural talent, he would soon become a leader.

His principles were those of a man brought up to regard the landed interest as the foundation and mainstay of the prosperity of the country. He had no more sympathy with the cavalier and High Church tone of the Oxford Tories of that day than the duchess in Disraeli's novel had with her son when he broached his idea of making a pilgrimage to the Holy Land: "My dear Tancred, if you must travel, why not try Holland? It is a Protestant country; and there are no vermin." In fact, while he called himself a Tory, he was a pure Whig of the Orange type; and it would have been better had he, like another friend of mine, the late Charles Newde-

gate,—between whom and Huggessen there was more in common than either of them would have been willing to acknowledge,—insisted on being recognised as holding that political pedigree. One of his best speeches was delivered in opposition to a motion of mine in 1848, when, under the influence of Disraeli's novels, and full of admiration for Bolingbroke's policy and George III.'s determination not to be a Doge, I proposed a resolution dubbing the Revolution Settlement an "oligarchical measure," which deeply disgusted Huggessen, who moved an amendment. Both his views and mine, however, were summarily quashed by the High Churchmen, who, led by Portal, condemned the Revolution of 1688 as "detrimental, both in its principles and effects." It is only fair to say also that, strong Protectionist as he was, Huggessen was never a follower, nor even an admirer, of Disraeli, but adhered to that section of the party who, on the death of Lord George Bentinck, acceptable to them as a leader not less by name than by ability, would have far rather seen the leadership held by a Granby or a Stanley than by a man whom they insisted upon regarding as a "free-lance" rather than as a stable politician.

My favourable opinion of Huggessen's qualifications as a debater were amply confirmed by the result: between 1847 and 1850 the complexion of the speeches at the Union had so far changed, that the Conservatives, from being a small and uninfluential section of the debaters, were so strong both in numbers and talent that the Opposition were almost "crowded out," and the successful party, as in such circumstances is often the case, began to differ among them-

selves. Portal became the leader of one section, while he was considered by another, with which Huggessen acted, and to which I gave my adhesion, as biassed by Christ Church influence and theological prejudice. The outcome of this irritated state of feeling was that I was requested, having now arrived at the patriarchal stage of my university career, to nominate two men, Jervis (a brother of the late Lord St Vincent) and Austin (then the leading Liberal orator), in place of two in Portal's list, Selater and Ralph, who, though they afterwards both made their mark in life—Selater as secretary of the Zoological Society, and Ralph first as editor of the 'Yorkshire Post' and then as secretary of the Church Defence Society—were not well known in those days. My list was accepted on a poll, Boyle (Dean of Salisbury) heading it with 240 votes, Knatchbull and Austin polling 207 each; Cecil (Lord Salisbury) and Benson, 202; Temple (a Conservative Free-trader), 199; Jervis, 186; Ralph, 138; and Selater, 76. This was a snub which the autocratic president could not brook, and he availed himself at an early opportunity of a rule considered obsolete, which enabled him to turn out Jervis and put in Ralph. I entered an immediate appeal; but as the rule precluded me from impeaching the president during his term of office, the question was not allowed to come on until March 1849, and, even after the lapse of so many months, created a strong and acrimonious personal discussion. Though Portal and Huggessen came to wordy war, and I am afraid that I was very uncivil to the new president, Meyrick, yet the cause of our defeat arose from a vehement dispute

upon a matter of veracity between Cecil and Austin, in which the sympathy of the audience went with the former, and we were beaten, in a very full house, by twenty votes, though Ward Hunt and Milman voted with us; several of our own men going over to the other side. But these personalities had no lasting effect among generous young men; and Hugessen, who became in his turn president of the Union, after a contest with Austin, in which he obtained 240 votes to the other's 80, closed his Oxford career with a great Free-trade debate, in which he distinguished himself highly. He was, in after-years, inclined to speak disparagingly of this speech, which was printed in a report by the 'Oxford Herald' of the three nights' debate; but on reading it over again the other day, I am bound to say that I do not take that view. It is at least as good as any speech on the other side, and might have been delivered with credit in much more pretentious assemblies of collective un-wisdom than our little parody of Parliament. Hugessen admits in the article which he wrote about the Union that he wrote bitterly, because he suffered long from his "pronounced and Union-published Toryism," and in some respects the Nemesis was just. In that same year, 1850, he published a little volume of verse entitled 'Protectionist Parodies by a Tory,' the spirit of which may be estimated from one specimen, which I give as the shortest and not the worst in the collection. The original is in 'Ivanhoe,' "English neck in Norman yoke," &c., his version being—

"Peel his strength to Cobden lending—
Cobden turncoat Peel defending,

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Russell causing Peel to fall,
And *agitation* ruling all.
Blythe world in England never will be
more
Till England's rid of all the four!"

Very naturally the author of these and even more trenchant rhymes, when he entered Parliament in 1857 as a Liberal, and became a member of the Reform Club, and held office under Mr Gladstone, must have had a twinge of recollection now and then; especially as many other people, who had changed their opinions as much or more than he had, and utterly forgot that Lord Derby's first Government had slain Protection, and the Crimean war had fused and confused parties, so that the great Conservative leader had not merely to educate, but even to create a following, would maliciously or unintentionally rub a sore which must always have galled, in spite of the home-sympathy which he possessed. I never was one of those friendly and confidential contemporaries who, as he complained, assured him that they knew that he was a Tory at heart whenever he came across them, but I did not think that he was the stuff of which Radicals were made. We used to meet occasionally, and talk on some non-contentious topic, or I would felicitate him, as an old friend might very well do, on those charming fairy fancies which ought to keep his memory green in many a nursery to the end of all time; but any allusion to politics in our intercourse came from him, and was generally couched in half-playful deprecation of what "you wicked Tories" might say about him. Yet I was not surprised when, one evening in 1878, in the lobby of the House of Commons, an incident occurred

which induced him to tell me of his dissatisfaction with Mr Gladstone's attitude upon the Eastern question, and his determination not to be led into the unpatriotic course of embarrassing Lord Beaconsfield's Government. I saw then that the cleavage was at hand, and was not surprised that in 1880 the member for Sandwich was not included in the new Government, and was destined henceforth to take his place in the serener atmosphere of the House of Lords. It was part of his old impulsive self-abnegation that made him so soon quit the Reform Club and join the Carlton; for a recent correspondence with him on the Tithe Bill showed me that his sentiments on the agricultural question were, as I always thought them, more Protectionist than Conservative. He was really a constitutional Liberal,

—a party which, I hope, will ever subsist in this country,—and so regarding him, his change of front at any particular period was no more tergiversation than that of the great Duke who never feared a foe, or had a qualm save as to “how the Queen's Government was to be carried on.”

In that treasury of quaint and useful knowledge, Southey's ‘Commonplace-Book,’ I found a saying which he drew, though not at first hand, from an Elizabethan writer, very appropriate to my late friend: “Unconstancy, I confess, is sometimes culpable; but may we not say so too of constancy? Many times. Which is therefore resembled (somewhere) to a sulen porter who keeps out better company oftentimes than he lets in.”

W. K. R. BEDFORD.

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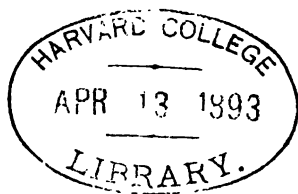
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APRIL 1893.

VOL. CLIII.

A VISITOR AND HIS OPINIONS.

A STORY OF THE SEEN AND UNSEEN.

CHAPTER I.

HE came round the corner of the cliff suddenly, no step or rustle as of a wayfarer betraying him before he appeared, with something indefinable in his pose, as if he had just descended from a height, and a quick look around as at an unknown landscape quite new to him. It was near Dover, on the road that leads by the sea past the Castle heights towards the town. A man more than ordinarily tall, of an imposing personality so far as could be seen in the darkening air, clothed not like the usual wayfarers on that road, but in long dark-coloured garments scarcely definable, different from ordinary English dress, though it was scarcely possible to say in what way. His sudden appearance was very startling, as her-

alded by no sound or step, to the one or two people going in the other direction who met him without any warning, and started aside a little to make way for him without well knowing why. The covering on his head was like a close-fitting Spanish cap, but enveloped with filmy folds of something dark which made it resemble a turban—all vague, however, in the ever decreasing light. Something shone in the front of this cap, vague also, like a faint star among clouds, or the gleam of one of those little electric lamps that are now so much in use on the stage. It flashed in the eyes of a man on the road and dazzled him so that he had almost fallen over the cliff, though the other with whom he was walking saw nothing at all,

but asked, "What light? I saw no light," when his companion cried out. The passenger, however, neither paused nor questioned, but walked on, with an exceedingly light firm step, and a certain air of noting everything about him, though he did not stop to look either to the right or left. He went on into the town, keeping his way straight, crossing streets, and even the railway itself, without the faintest hesitation or alarm, with the air of one whom neither train nor heavy waggon could hurt, as if he could have wafted them all away by his breath or a wave of his hand. And this air of quietness, of calm assurance as if nothing could harm him, was very impressive, and made people turn to look after him as he went swiftly, lightly past them. Who was he? One knows that princes are not greater to look at, larger, stronger, more powerful, or even more imposing in aspect, than other men; yet there is a certain tradition of grandeur lingering about the name, so that several people said, "He looks like a prince," as this man went by.

He went to the great hotel, the Lord Warden which we all know, and where, as he rose into the light ascending the steps, much curiosity was excited, and a sudden pause occurred in the little bustle of people coming and going. It was such a pause as might occur if somebody had suddenly said, "The Prince of Wales is coming": the porters and other attendants about backed into corners, the manager came forward bowing low, and rubbing his hands nervously: and the guests in the hotel drew aside in little clusters, gazing at the new-comer, who, though he had nobody to announce him, and came forward attended by no suite or

servants, made this curious impression on all who saw him. He came up to the obsequious manager, with again one almost imperceptible flash of a look round, which took in everything as everybody felt—a true prince's look, which in a moment recognises whoever there may be who is known; but there did not seem to be any one here known to this great personage. He said a few words to the manager in a tone which was not German or any accent we are used to, but yet not English either—in a large sonorous voice which gave a thrill to every one standing by. The manager bowed more and more, till he seemed almost doubled in two. "It is all right, sir—your Highness—my lord," he said: and instead of calling any inferior, took up suddenly a pair of silver candlesticks in which the candles had just been lighted for some other guest, and himself went mounting backwards very uncomfortably up the stair, showing the way. The Prince, or whatever he was, smiled, and said, "Walk, sir, as nature intended you." These words were heard by everybody. They were not very extraordinary in the way of words; but yet they were repeated in the most curious way from one to another, as if they had possessed the most remarkable meaning. "I heard him say it with my own ears," various people said afterwards, as if they had been made partakers of some great axiom of wisdom. It was to the best apartment in the house that the Stranger was led—a spacious sitting-room, with large windows looking out upon the Channel, which that night was "dirty," flustered by big waves with white tops which rose and fell, making a fine effect to those who viewed it from the security of the shore.

The room was dark, save for these two twinkling lights and the broad spaces of window through which shone the last of the twilight, and the clearness of a windy sky, and the glimmer and weltering light of the sea. "Your Highness had, I fear, a bad passage," said the manager: he paused a moment for a reply, and then added, "But the luggage and your Highness's servant arrived all right."

At the same time another figure appeared in the doorway between the sitting-room and a bedroom opening from it. No doubt about this individual. A well-bred valet, gentleman's gentleman, grave, respectful, point-devise. He had a letter in his hand. "From Lord Hillesborough, sir," he said, at first with less awe than had been hitherto shown at the sight of the Stranger; but on the second look at this majestic figure, half visible, with the light of the candles behind him, even Jerningham felt a thrill. "I was to wait your—your 'Ighness here," he said, faltering as he drew back within the door.

"You will have the goodness to call me Sir only; I am not accustomed to titles," said the Stranger. Sir! to be sure! that was what it was right to say to the Prince of Wales himself. Not accustomed to titles! was he perhaps, then, a king *incognito*? It appeared more like that than anything else to these two persons, accustomed to all the laws of service. Highness, though it means a great deal to other men, would not mean much to a king. To him it would mean a derogation, a sort of disrespect, though unintentional. Sir was the title for him—spelt with an "e" at the end, and not pronounced exactly as the English monosyllable is. Sire—it was pronounced Seer the manager was aware, who knew a little of all the languages of the

Continent. He made a lower bow than ever, backing and bowing himself out of the room, murmuring "Yes, Sire," as he went. As for Jerningham, his soul owned a thrill of alarm to feel himself left alone with this wonderful person, king or potentate. "A gentleman of great distinction," he was told, had engaged him; a foreign gentleman, not accustomed to English ways. This is not a description which usually fills the English domestic with the graces of humility. It is difficult for him not to despise a personage, however exalted, who is ignorant of English ways. But, though there was an outlandish look about this one, for once Jerningham was really overawed. He retreated from the doorway, and began to occupy himself with unpacking his new master's luggage; but after a time his curiosity overcame him, and he peeped through the chink of the door to see what 'E was about. And indeed nothing could be more curious than what he was about. He had taken the letter to read it, not to the light of the candles, which burned all by themselves as though nobody wanted them upon the table, but to the window, where he stood reading it in the dark. No, not exactly in the dark either—a soft light fell about him, showing the whiteness of the letter and the attitude of his head bent to read it; a light that seemed suffused over his figure and the very part of the carpet he stood upon, and to shine in the panes of the window against the darkness that was in them from outside. What was it? Had he a taper, then, or some travelling-lamp, or—what? At this point in Jerningham's curious self-inquiries his new master turned his head half round, and the

man felt as if he were being looked at with a sort of mild observant smile, though it could only have been through the woodwork of the door, or the wall itself, which was impossible—for that barrier of physical obstruction was between the gazer in the one room and the sudden observation of the personage in the other. The effect, however, was so real, that Jerningham retreated to the farther corner of the bedroom and turned his face to the wall, and covered it with his hands to escape the sudden sensation. Yet the look which he thought he felt (which was ridiculous, impossible!) was not a severe look but a smiling one,—a look full of indulgence, as if for the error of a child, though so penetrating. Jerningham persuaded himself afterwards that it was that dashed taper or lamp, or whatever it was, by which the Prince was reading his letter, which caught a reflection in his own eye through the chink of the door. But anyhow he did not venture to pursue his own observations any further.

The letter thus read was remarkable in tone, being as it was a letter from an old and distinguished English peer to a man much younger than himself, and, though so remarkable in appearance, coming so suddenly and with so little pretension upon the scene. It was in the most respectful terms, almost more than his own native prince would have called forth from so eminent a subject, though there were no titles of honour employed :

“I have endeavoured to carry out your wishes in the most complete manner in my power, though our arrangements here are necessarily all so incomplete, so little perfect, that I fear you will scarcely be able to understand that I have really done everything I could, remem-

bering your command that there was to be no shutting out of the common conditions of our life, and that your desire, which it is the highest pleasure and honour to me to obey, was to see these conditions in their most simple form. I wish I could hope that the sight would give you any satisfaction ; but I await with the most eager anxiety your permission to arrange my poor house here for your reception, with a trembling hope that perhaps the rural life amid which we live, though still so unlike everything you have ever known, will not seem to you so terrible and repulsive as I feel with humiliation that which you have now come into must be. The man whom I have sent is likewise according to your command, neither better nor worse than the ordinary. I could have selected a man of higher character so far as our imperfect knowledge goes, but it appeared to me that this would not be according to the sentiment you had expressed nor the object which you pursue. With what anxiety, what hopes, and what fears, I follow your course in my thoughts, I will not attempt to express : and I should add with what sympathy—were the word such as I could venture to use in the comparison between your elevated nature and that which is the inheritance of one who is always your devoted and most humble servant,

“HILLESBOROUGH.”

Signed below this name was a cipher in strange lettering like a second name. The Stranger put down the letter on the table, still with the same smile upon his lip which he had turned upon Jerningham—a look as of indulgence, understanding everything, not unaware of feebleness, of

something mingled in the respect, perhaps of a tone of obsequiousness, perhaps of an overstrain of effort—but accepting all with a benig-nancy which had no criticism in it. Presently he took off the covering from his head, which had the most curious shadowy appearance in the half light, as if the filmy drapery round it were a pair of folded wings, and the soft light that fell round him came from between them like the shining of a star. The last hypothesis was not un-justified, as he took something from among the folds which caused an instant displacement of the lights and shadows about him. What it looked like was a large diamond set in something dark and indefinite, with a white rim as of silver round this strange little lamp of light separating it from the darkness below and around. He put it down upon the table, replacing upon his head the hat or turban upon which the downy dark wings seemed to close more distinctly than ever. It appeared to be habitual to him to have his head covered. He turned back after he had done this to the view from the window—the dark sea tossing its waves, the spray dash-ing upon the rocks and piers, the long weltering of the ridges of sea as they rose and fell, the lights in the harbour sinking and rising, the shadow of the cliff wrapping everything in deeper darkness. It seemed to have a great fascination for him. During the course of the evening he turned to it again and again, as if with a sensation of relief, perhaps feeling that nature and even storm were more congenial than the surroundings of man. But he was not disposed to separate himself so far as would appear from the life going on around him. He looked at the clothes which Jerningham had

arranged for him, spreading them out on the bed, with again a smile. “This is the dress of England?” he said, with the little accent which not unpleasantly pointed him out as not an Englishman. Jerning-ham by this time had recovered his self-possession. “Not of Eng-land, sir,” he said; “but for the evenin’, as far as I’ve ‘eard, the costooome of all the civilised world.”

“Is it so?” said the Prince, with an amused look. He added, “Is it much remarked when a stranger continues to wear the dress of his own country here?”

“Oh, not at all, sir,” cried Jer-ningham, with a sort of patronage and condescension to ignorance. “There was the Indian princes at the Jubilee in all colours, and blazing with jewels, as the papers said. It was peccooliar, but it was admired. The ladies, they liked it,” he added, perceiving that his new master, now that he saw him more closely, was still a young man. “If I might make so bold as to ask,” he said, after a mo-ment’s silence, “what was your ‘Ighness’s country, sir?”

“I do not think,” said the Stranger, “that I will change my dress to-night. Do you belong to this country? have you relations with the people here? do you think you could act as my guide?”

“My last place was ‘ere, sir,” said Jerningham, in a slightly alarmed tone. “I was in the commandant’s service; and though I’ve no relations, yet I can find my way about. There ain’t, how-ever, as you might say, very much to see in a place like this,—nothing except the Castle, and—and the cliffs, and——” Jerningham ended abruptly, constrained by his new master’s eye.

“Some thousands of people,” said the Prince. “I wish to see them. Can you guide me to the

places where they live? Men—and women—are what I want to see.”

Jerningham looked up with a sudden leer in his eye. “O—oh!” he said. His glance told that he divined in his master a hypocrite of the foulest tastes hidden under this guise of gravity, and that his mind was somewhat relieved by the discovery. He put his hand over his mouth to conceal his suppressed laugh. “I can show your ‘Ighness—what we calls life, sir,” he said.

His master looked at him with a mild severity which betrayed no anger, yet, if that were possible to a countenance so full of intelligence, something like a want of understanding. It was the look of an acute observer confronted with something which was a puzzle to him, and called all his faculties into exercise. The mean perplexes the noble as much as the noble disturbs the mean. He did not understand.

“We will go at once,” he said.

“Lord!” said Jerningham to himself, “ain’t he hot on it!” He was pleased to guide a Prince to see life, but there were preliminaries which he felt ought not to be neglected. “If I might make so bold, sir,” he said, “won’t your ‘Ighness dine first? After your ‘Ighness’s journey——”

“I will go at once,” his master repeated, with the air of a man not accustomed to be contradicted; and turning round, walked towards the door.

“Sir!” said Jerningham. “The weather is a bit cold. Your ‘Ighness will put on a big coat at least over your costooome?”

“Put on a coat yourself, my good fellow,” said the Prince, benignantly. “Thank you for thinking of my comfort. I shall not feel the cold.”

He went out without another word, followed by Jerningham, struggling into a greatcoat behind him, with haste and difficulty, not daring to keep this wonderful person waiting. As they went downstairs the same phenomena occurred as before. The people about the hall of the big hotel, though they were people in some cases thinking no little of themselves, drew back upon each other with the same impulse as moved the busy porters and waiters, and left a clear path for the Stranger and his attendant. The manager bowed to the ground, rubbing his fat hands obsequiously, but caught at Jerningham as he passed with an eager demand, half in pantomime, half in a whisper, “Won’t the Prince dine?” Jerningham answered in the same way, “He’ll do as he likes, and there’s no orders.” He was a little put out, as well as the manager, about this unordered dinner; for if the Prince was not hungry after his journey, Jerningham was, though he had made no journey: and the valet was fond of taking his ease in his inn.

He hurried, however, after the tall figure which went on in front of him, towards the lights of the town. Dover is not a well-lighted town. The twinkles of lamps made the darkness visible, and almost increased the danger of the path across the railway and all the intricacies of the streets, though in the darker parts Jerningham grew curiously aware of a light that seemed diffused around them, of which he could not tell where it came from, but which certainly was there. The darkest corners were somehow lighted by it, so that even Jerningham did not stumble and kick his shins, and the Prince marched forward as if he had known the way all his

life; but the man could not tell where it came from, and afterwards got into so dazed a condition from the various surprising incidents of the night that he ceased to remember that strange preliminary, though at first he was constantly turning round, gazing about, and even looking overhead to discover where it came from. When they came into a street full of flares of gas, many of them unprotected and waving in the breeze, and where all the traffic of a Saturday night was going on,—outside stalls and little booths with their set out of provisions, red-and-white joints of beef, high coloured in the flare, deep green piles of vegetables,—the Prince walked up and down several times together, now on the lighted side, where all the people were hustling each other, now on the darker pavement opposite, where everything appeared as in a phantasmagoria, the waving flame of the coarse lights, the incessant movement of the shadows, the din of the cries filling the night air with uproar. This was not what Jerningham believed his master desired, and he would have led him by a cross street in another direction but for the wave of his hand, which stopped all explanation. There was a man half lying in a wheelbarrow towards the middle of the road, in the way of the carts and carriages which passed infrequently. He had something to sell half crushed under him where he lay, but he was past thinking of anything to sell. Whether he was ill or drunk was a difficult question. Jerningham unhesitatingly gave it, however, in favour of the latter, especially when his master stopped beside this partially perceptible figure, which suddenly yet softly became quite visible, showing a face stupefied and sodden, though

whether with work or beer, or the sleepiness of fatigue, it was impossible to say. The man was roused, but writhed and twisted himself uncomfortably, as unwilling to be so brought out of his half-unconsciousness; but it was he who spoke first, struggling up out of his prostrate condition, and crushing the shell-fish over which he was lying as he raised himself on his elbow. "Who are you? and what do you want with me?" he said.

"Get up," said the Stranger, "and take me to your home."

"My 'ome?" said the seller of shell-fish: but he got clumsily to his feet. "Don't you shine your lantern into my eyes," he said. "I've got no 'ome."

"Take me to the place where you live," the master said again.

"What do you want with the place where I lives? I lives nowhere to speak of—where I can, one time one place, one time another; and no good for me to go there at all, if I don't sell my winkles and get a somethin' to tide over Sunday. Hey! I say, don't turn on that blasted lantern. Come on, then, I'll go if I must, and you'll just hear what She says."

Jerningham found himself after this, with a humiliation not to be described, walking along the flaring street, a wretched barrow trundling in front of him, and a still more wretched man. He had dreamed of something very different,—oyster-bars and strange expensive drinks, and smiles—that could be purchased too. The man with the barrow might be what his master understood by life; but Jerningham's ideas were not of that kind. They went on to the veriest slums—not to the quarters lit with fitful luxury to which Jerningham had intended

to introduce his master. And as they went there ran on a sort of monologue of grumbling talk from the costermonger who was their guide.

"Nice streets these are for a man to be trundling about at this hour o' the night, where there's not a soul to buy a penn'orth, and not a copper in my pocket, s'help me——! Oh, I knows better. Ye needn't ask me! I knows country roads that are deeper in the mud, and more quiet still; and I knows London. London's what I like. Ye can lose yourself there, and none knows if ye're a man or just a bit of the whole blasted thing as is a-going round and round. If ye drops it don't matter, and if ye goes on it's all the same."

"And what has brought you to this?" said the clear voice which sounded over the head of the crouched-up, shambling creature. He gave a side-look up towards his questioner's face, then blinked and shrank again.

"Where have you got your bull's-eye thing as blinds a man a-flashing in his eyes? What's brought me to this? How d'ye know as I wasn't always like this, crying winkles about the streets? Well, I wasn't, and that's the fact, however ye've found it out. It's a many things, if ye will know. My folks was very respectable once. I was put to school and went to church and all that, and wore as good clothes as—you do. Lord! but you've got queer clothes on: I never had no outlandish rig like that. You're a furreeneering chap, I suppose? and what do ye want putting questions to me?"

"I want to know what has brought you to this." The Stranger had the calm of power in his voice. He made no explanations, and there was no cap-

ability of resistance in the individual whom he questioned,—at least in the present case.

"Well," said the man, defiantly; "chief thing, I suppose, is drink. I was a silly when I was young—thought a poor chap could be like a gentleman, and take his pleasure 'stead o' working, working like a mole. And then came bad company, and then—Lord! when anything's happened to you as makes you miserable, there's nothing like a drop o' drink. Good folks they think it's your bad 'eart, as if a man wisht to get dead drunk and tumble about the streets. What a man wants is to forget hisself and all his trouble; to get lifted up as if he could fly; to have a dazzle in his eyes that makes everything grand. If it makes ye miserable in the end, I'm not denyin' of it; but at first beginnin' it's a prince it makes ye, as if ye could fly over all the world.

"And then there's other things," said the man, pausing upon his barrow, standing still as in a reflective mood. The Stranger stood like a tower immovable by his side, pausing when he paused; while poor Jerningham, indignant beyond words, not only to be in such company but to be forced to stand and listen, drew back as far as he could from this ridiculous group. The light, whatever it was—concealed lantern or bull's-eye—shone upon the costermonger's face, lighting it up with a soft ray. "Lord! when I think what a fool I was!—I thought as I'd always be a young chap able to take my fling: and I thought as being a silly one day was nothing again' going straight the next. Nor it ain't neither, that's a fact, still," he added, vehemently, "so long as a man can keep his 'ead."

"Then some men, you think,"

said the Stranger, "do keep their heads."

The man paused a moment reflectively, and then he burst into a harsh laugh. "Fact," he said, shaking his head. "I don't know as many does. There's a fellow I know as makes believe, and lies low and gets the tin out of poor chaps like me when they has a shilling to spend. That's one thing as brought me to this pass, as you're so curious wanting to know. And then there's the missus—as aggravates a man with her tongue and her sharpness and naggin', till ye don't mind a bit what ye do."

"The missus—that means that you have a wife? how in this state of wretchedness could you bind another being to yours?"

"Wretchedness!" said the man, so stimulated by this reproach that he sprang to his barrow and pushed on so quickly that Jerningham, proudly paying no attention, was left behind, and had almost to run to keep up with his master's accompanying stride. "I wish you'd talk of what you know, master! She ain't no more wretched, I can tell you, for being along o' me. Wretched yourself! and ye ain't no 'appier than the rest of us, I'll go any money, if the truth was known! Bless you," he said, dropping out of his momentary indignation into more ordinary tones, "we weren't like this neither her nor me when we come together. I was a young chap, earning a good wage when I was steady, and she was a young lass as—as wasn't for any man to turn up his nose at. Lord! she was a tidy one when we come together first! and nice-spoken when her back wasn't up: but always a bit hasty in the temper, ready to give ye a kiss or a blow. As for wretched, you keep them

big words to yourself, master! Jyane, I believe, if you ast her, she'd rather have me and my barrow than many a man as drives his own cart: for I'm a good-tempered one, I am, and takes a deal of worritin' afore I answers back; and as for liftin' my hand upon her, much less my boot, as some chaps do, that's a thing as never happens—'cept now and again, when I'm devilled with the drink."

"But how was it," said the Stranger, "when you were once young and earning a good wage, and she once so tidy and pleasant,—how was it that you did not continue so? You knew that the drink would harm you, did you not? and you knew that your bad company would make you bad too? and you knew that quarrels would spoil your comfort, and idleness would stop your wages? How was it, then?—how was it?"

The costermonger stopped again: he sat down upon the shafts of his barrow to reflect. "Blessed if I know," he said. "Lord! I've said all that to myself many a day, but it ain't done no sort of good. Always seems, somehow, as if the wrong thing was the most fun. Governor! don't you say you don't know that, for I knows human nature, and I wouldn't believe you,—not I."

"You thought it over, then?" said the questioner: there was no blame in his voice,—it was the voice of an inquirer anxious to know. "There were times when you stopped and regretted, and wished to turn back to the other way?"

"You don't speak like a parson," said the man. "I donow what kind of a bloke you are. You don't seem somehow as if you was a-tryin' to ketch a chap up. Sartin sure as I thought it over many a

day. And we've kissed and made friends, Jyane and me : and we've said we'd never do it no more : but, Lord, afore you're six steps from your own door there's a chap coming along as says, 'Hallo, Joe! goin' to work o' Monday mornin' like you was the boss hisself. Man! I'll not believe it of you. There's some fun agoin' on down the street. Come you along o' me.' And p'raps you stops a moment and jaws, and says he'd best go to work himself, 'stead of stoppin' them that means better : but, Lord! it always ends the same way," he added, starting off with his barrow again. "You thinks it's just for once, and you goes. And then you wishes you had cut your throat sooner. And then you feels as if you'd choke the missus afore she gets out one of her burnin' blazin' words. Well! one thing as I can say is this—that it ain't them as preaches as suffers for it, but you yourself. And that it ain't never done o' purpose as they thinks, but just as you says to yourself for once and accidental-like. Lord! don't you think I'd rather have a good coat to my back, and a good supper to go 'ome to, 'stead of wheelin' a barrow full o' dashed winkles as I hain't sold and ain't likely to, and not a copper in my pockets to give the missus for to-morrow as is Sunday?—which is your fault, master, now I comes to think of it, draggin' me out of the market where I could have got rid of every shell o' them, sure as I'm alive."

"Old your tongue," said Jerningham, glad of an opportunity to display his disgust. "You were lying there drunk and smashing the winkles when you were spoke to by—a gentleman as—didn't ought to touch with the tongs a drunken beast like you!"

"Ho!" cried the costermonger,

quick as fire, letting down the shafts of the barrow, and turning upon his new assailant; "you're agoin' it too? but I ain't that low down as I'll take abuse from the likes of you."

Jerningham, who really was the person to be pitied, having his personal dignity so sadly disturbed by such associations, only saved himself by jumping back from the sudden blow levelled at him. But the costermonger's wrath lasted only for a moment. The Prince laid his hand on the man's arm, and he calmed at once by an influence which he understood as little as it was contrary to the circumstances altogether. He took up the shafts of his barrow again in haste and silence. And the strange party proceeded without a word through one dark street after another. Yet it was not dark around them. The dark atmosphere of the night, and the thick air contaminated by all the emanations of the crowding miserable houses, seemed just then to be softly cleared, illuminated by a vague radiance scarcely enough to be called light,—something softly diffused coming from no point like a lamp or lantern, but moving with them, wrapping them in a tempered warmth and softness. The tall figure of the Stranger was the least revealed of the three. He moved like a shadow, towering over them—a Presence always felt yet vaguely seen. Thus they came at last to the court, opening off a little dingy street, where the seller of shell-fish lived. It was a sort of square of dingy houses, each with light in its windows, which filled the ill-smelling enclosure with a sort of squalid cheerfulness, in which, late as it was, children were still playing, and women keeping up a noisy conversation from the doors. The

din, the closeness, and the smells quite overcame Jerningham, who was not accustomed, as he said afterwards, to no such slums. He fell back, his devotion to his new master being insufficient to make up for the injury to his feelings. "I'll be handier here, sir, to call the police, in case you should meet with anything as is disagreeable," he said. "Quite right. I approve your prudence—and thought for me," said the Prince, looking upon him with that smile which made Jerningham so uncomfortable. "I wish, sir,—I do wish as your 'Ighness would be guided by me, and not risk yourself in no such places," cried the valet in his irritation. His master only laughed: this was all the answer Jerningham received.

And then there rose a tumult in the court,—one of the women darted out from her door, a fury with wild hair flying, with a wild flutter of ragged clothes, and a shawl on her shoulders, from which she flung forth her arms, the heavy drapery lending force to her fierce gesticulations. "You've been at it again, you drunken beast! you blasted fool! you darned ass!—you! you! you!" with each an epithet, she cried. "He's got them all still in the barrow, as I gave him the money to buy for a last chance. And here he's back without a penny, and my last shillin' gone to the dogs like all the rest, and nothin' left to buy a bite for the children—and it Satterday night! Oh! oh! oh!" she burst out in a wild mingled outburst of rage and tears, flying at the throat of the man. The Stranger stopped her in full career with his hand upon her shoulder, but she did not yield to his influence so quickly as the man. She struggled under his touch, tore herself away, and once more flung herself upon her hus-

band who had seated himself on his barrow, with screams of rage and misery. A mingled din of approval and disapproval came from the lookers-on. "I don't wonder at her, poor lass, after all as she's had to bear," said one woman, who seemed to be on the outlook also for an errant husband; but, "Lord! she's got to put up with it, and why can't she take it easy?" said a matron, amiably tipsy, on another door-step. "Jyane, Jyane, you'll be sorry after!" said a third, interfering; "and 'im never lifting a hand!" The Stranger drew near the group again. He put his hand once more on her shoulder, and drew her away. "Is this the woman," he said, "that was so tidy when they came together, and so nice-spoken? and that a man loved? And what has brought her to this pass?"

The woman turned upon him, struggling still. "And who told you that?" she shrieked,— "for you don't know me, nor I you. Tidy—and that a man loved! Look at him now—is that a man?"

"What has brought you," he said, "to this pass?—you that were once sweet and young."

The woman stared in his face, but could not see it, while hers was clear, the seat of many passions, convulsed and struggling. "Let me go!" she cried. "I'll tear his eyes out, and no person shall stop me. Young! I'm not old yet, to be treated like that. Oh! if I was once tidy and nice-spoken, who's done it? I'm better than he is. I thinks of my children. I'm not—so bad as he."

"What has brought you to this pass?" the Prince repeated, with his voice of perfect calm.

The woman flung herself down upon the dirty pavement, and covered her face with her hands.

CHAPTER II.

Jerningham had much of the same sort of annoyance to bear during the first month or two of his service with the mysterious Prince. He was made the purse-bearer, which was some slight compensation (indeed on that first never-forgotten Saturday night he was called to pay for the barrow of winkles, and thus smooth down the tumult of the moment between the costermonger and his wife). His master showed a singular indifference to money, which he never touched or had any dealings in, bidding Jerningham do what was necessary whenever there was any question of payment, with a confidence which seemed to proceed rather from a certain contempt for that medium than from any well-founded trust in the man who had been recommended to him as an ordinary man and nothing more. In this situation of dignity, however, the servant accompanied his master through many strange scenes. He went with him to London, and to many places there where Jerningham would willingly have followed, or even led his lord with very different aims from those which the Prince seemed to pursue. And, indeed, the Prince's aims were not very easy to fathom. He was not a charity organiser, nor an almoner, nor a missionary. He gave, or rather ordered Jerningham to give, money freely on occasion; but this was certainly not his object. He went everywhere with the same inquiry on his lips, "What has brought you to this pass?" and he put it to everybody, sometimes in the most astonishing circumstances, addressing people who it might have been thought would have knocked him down for his impertinence, or at least re-

sented it in some unequivocal way. But though they might be angry at first, they always ended by telling some story of strange things unlike those appearances which met the eye. One of the persons, for instance, thus interrogated was the clergyman of a large parish, a man full of good deeds, who was very indignant with the words—"this pass?" What pass was the excellent rector in, whose hands were only too full of everybody else's business, who was the Providence of so many? He had looked contemptuously, indignantly at his questioner, with a scorn of him as an unauthorised busybody which was most natural. But then a spell had fallen over that good clergyman. "How did I come to this pass? full of tickets and cases to examine, and subscriptions to be got? How can a man help it? You go out full of faith, and the first person you meet with cheats you, and turns your very heart. Then you rush to the other side and trust nobody; and the first thing you hear is that you have helped to starve some real sufferer. Then one gets wild for a time; and at the last you come to feel there's no confidence to be put in anything but figures and cases, and cut-and-dry machinery. There was a time when I was—a young fool; thinking everything was to be done by reasoning with them, and persuading them, and showing your affection. Ah, that's the grand principle still! the love of God, and the sympathy of our Lord. But then one drifts into the organisation tickets, and elections to hospitals, and so forth. Regret it? ah, that I do with all my heart! If I were a young man again I'd stick to the

higher principle: but what can a poor parson do that has to make the best he can of his parish, and keep all his charities going?"

There was never any reproof in the Prince's eyes: he heard this, and a hundred other strange avowals, with a calm which was never broken, and he was unwearied in hearing them, going about the world everywhere, inquiring from every man the secret of his divergence. He took no notes of these many and varied cases: of the women who began with protestations of having been deceived, then, in the light of his steadfast eyes, burst forth into wailing complaints of folly, of the heedless rush into temptation, the fall, half invited, half defied; or the merchant who had meant no harm, who had staked his friend's credit for something which only an accident prevented from becoming his friend's advantage instead of hurt; or the servant who borrowed from his master, meaning nothing but to repay. Over all these persons and hundreds more the light which it was so difficult to define suffused itself, never failing although the sun might. Jerningham made out at last by much study that it proceeded from somewhere just over his master's head, for it lighted up the faces of those who were before him, and kept himself in a curious depth of shadow, so that the most earnest gaze fixed upon him could scarcely penetrate that dimness. There were many things in Jerningham's mind as he thus attended upon his master. A strong curiosity in the first place. He could not in any way fathom this man. It was not for charity he went about the world, though sometimes he would be very charitable—so charitable that Jerningham thought that it was nothing but proper in the circumstances to take toll:

nor was it for any pleasure to himself that the valet could understand. For what was the good of collecting all these stories? The Prince never talked of them, so far as Jerningham knew; it was not for the sake of gossip. Nor did he seem to intend to write a book, for he never put pen to paper, never wrote a letter. The problem was one which could not be explained in any way. And there were a great many mysterious things about the master to whose service he had been sent by so unexceptionable a nobleman as the Earl of Hillesborough. He had evidently plenty of money, which was left in Jerningham's hands, and which he himself never looked at. The Prince lived as if there were no such thing as money in the world. When there was anything to pay he looked at Jerningham, and that was all that was necessary. Jerningham had pretty pickings, it must be allowed. He did not rob his master, nor permit any one else to do it, but he took a percentage for his trouble: this appeared to him perfectly right and justifiable. He did not, indeed, intend to do anything of the kind when he began. He had always been honest, he said to himself, and he never meant to be otherwise. But a percentage, that was allowed everywhere when a man had so much trouble as he had—a trouble which had never been mentioned or thought of when he was engaged.

Another thing was that, as the Prince did not wear the beautiful clothes that had been provided for him, preferring his own "costume," as Jerningham said, it seemed wiser that the valet should wear some of them than that they should be thrown away. Jerningham wore the coats to keep the moth out of them. He put on one on a certain day with this excellent

object, and another day he put on another. The Prince was larger than he, and much taller, yet somehow they all fitted Jerningham. It could do them nothing but good should the master finally make up his mind to put them on, that they should be worn to air them now and then. With all these things Jerningham did very well for himself and harmed nobody, as he himself believed. It did not occur to him that his master might one day turn upon him with his usual inquiry, "What has brought you to this pass?" and that he might be compelled to reveal everything. This pass! he was in no pass! he was doing nothing wrong. And as for any interrogation from his master, he made very light of that. The Prince did not observe any of these things. In short, Jerningham came by degrees, notwithstanding the mystery that surrounded him, to have on the whole a considerable deal of good-humoured contempt for his Prince.

There was one thing, however, about which he continued to be so very curious that he felt no effort to be too great to find it out. And that was, as has been said before, the mysterious light which accompanied his master everywhere. It flashed upon him suddenly at last what it was. Going into the Prince's room one evening in the twilight, he was astonished and blinded by the light which shone from a table at which his master had been sitting,—a light almost level with the table, proceeding from one central point. Jerningham drew near upon the tips of his toes, though the Prince was not there. He saw then, to his amazement, that it was a jewel in a curious dark setting covered with strange signs—but it was not the setting or the signs that moved

him. It was the diamond!—such a diamond as he had never in his life beheld before. You may think he was not likely to have had much experience in diamonds; but Jerningham had been in good places all his life, and had seen a great deal of jewellery in his day, though never, never anything like this! It was of the size of a small watch, and as it lay there on the table seemed to represent Wealth itself incarnate, fortune and all it brings—quite unprotected, within the reach of any chance person that might come into the room. A flood of indignation rushed through Jerningham's mind at the rashness of his master, who could go and leave such a prize as that open upon the table. He bent over it to look at it, but it so blazed into his eyes that they were dazzled and could see nothing. Lord! what a thing to see lying on a table within reach of your hand—worth thousands and thousands, enough to make a man comfortable for life: comfortable! more than that,—rich, like a prince. Jerningham made a rapid calculation in his mind how a man—not himself! oh, not himself! but any man—might dispose of such a thing. It would be difficult to do, for diamonds of that size are not common anywhere; but no doubt, at least in foreign parts, it could be done. And a man could get away to Holland or some such place before ever anybody knew anything about it. From London a man can get off anywhere. These thoughts flew through Jerningham's mind with a sort of rush of moral indignation to think how easily it might be done, and how any man could do it. He put out his hand, not without alarm, to touch the wonderful thing which was worth, he said to

himself almost bitterly, far more than all a man even in a good service could lay up in his life; but as he was about cautiously to lift it he heard the Prince's step returning to the room, and fled precipitately, fearing to be asked what he was doing there. This was all that happened the first time.

But it appeared that the Prince, always a strange person in all his habits, had a fancy for reading by the light of his great diamond, and Jerningham saw it many times after this. He began vaguely to define also, after many questions with himself where his master had hitherto hidden it, to make out, putting one thing to another, that this blazing orb of light was in reality no other than the shining jewel which he had hitherto thought no bigger than a glow-worm, which shone among the filmy folds of the Prince's head-gear when he was out of doors. This made it more wonderful still to think that it could contract and then magnify itself in this way; but Jerningham soon came to the conclusion that its contraction must be caused by some peculiarity in its setting, which partially covered it when worn, and subdued its size and splendour. His mind grew more and more full of this diamond as time went on. He had been so angry at the thought that some one might steal it and escape to Holland with it, that it would be wrong to imagine he had any intention of committing such a crime: and yet his mind was full of the diamond by night and by day.

One night, he could scarcely tell how, he found himself at a late hour in the Prince's room. Among his other habits was one of walking late, and so far as Jerningham was aware, his master was out,

though he had represented to himself that he had heard the bell, and that this was the reason why he made his way thither at so late an hour. He was curious to know also (he said to himself) whether the Prince went out with so valuable an ornament in his hat, alone, and at night, which would have been so foolish a thing to do. Jerningham's heart gave a jump when he saw the blaze of the jewel on the table. The rest of the room, the bed and the large space behind, lay in total darkness, but a luminous circle was drawn round the table upon which the diamond lay. He paused a moment, his heart beating loud, and then he drifted silently, moving, as he afterwards said, by some sort of compulsion, not by his own will at all, into this circle of light. His face was a sight to see as he came within the range of the illumination out of the shadowy gloom in which all things are softened. It was blazing with excitement, with eager cupidity, with that vehemence of desire which is so strong a passion—to have it, to possess it, even to take it into his hands! but he was also afraid. His master might come in upon him before he could escape. There might be some trap about the dreadful glorious thing itself. It almost blinded him as he looked down into its white flames. At last, in mingled greed and terror, he put out his hand——

Ah! Jerningham's shriek would have wakened the Seven Sleepers; and there was no one to be awakened here, but only a perfectly collected, self-possessed looker-on, who had seen everything with a pair of serene open eyes from the bed. What the Prince saw was a man fixed and immovable, his countenance con-

torted with alarm and horror, standing, not as if he held the diamond, but as if it held him, in the centre of the floor, the rays of the gem shining round him, his features convulsed, his whole soul gone forth in that wild shriek. He stood trying vainly to disengage his fingers from the paralyzing grasp that seemed to him to have seized him, an image of fright and helplessness. "Jerningham," said his master, "is it you? and what has brought you to this pass?"

"Oh, let me go, sir!" he cried. "I'm a fool; I'm a thief. I don't mind what you call me. Let me go; let me go! Your 'Ighness, I'd ask you on my bended knees, if I could bend a knee or move a finger! Oh, let me go!"

"What did you want with my diamond?" the Prince said.

"Want with it? It was your Ighness's fault leaving of it there, where a man couldn't help seeing it. Want with it,—oh Lord! But I don't want nothing now but to be let free and never trouble nobody any more."

"What would you have done with it?" said the Prince, in his calm tones, "had you got it safely away?"

"Oh Lord!—oh Lord!—only let me free of it for one moment! I'd have sold it," cried Jerningham, feeling the words forced from him, and understanding now in his trouble how it was that every one had answered these questions—a thing he had never understood before.

"To whom? not to any honest dealer, who would know its value."

"I'd have gone—to Holland. I'd have found some o' those fellows out. It mightn't have been its value," cried Jerningham, "but it would have been a fortune to me. Oh, your 'Ighness! don't

pull the brains and the eyes out of a poor man's head, but let me go!"

"And what would your life have been afterwards? You would have trembled to see me come in wherever you were and ask for my diamond. You would have been afraid to be seen by any one who knew you. You would have wandered from place to place, and tried every coarse pleasure which you cannot indulge in because you have your character to think of now; and you would have found them all bitter in your mouth."

"Very likely, sir; very likely, sir," cried Jerningham in his distress. "It's true; it's true. I've thought of all that. I knows it as well as any man. Sir, I'll never ask you for a character nor nothing if your 'Ighness will let me free."

"You thought of all that?" said the master, in his absolute calm.

"I did; I did! I knows it all. But what's the good of knowing when a thing drags you as if your soul was coming out of your body? It's your 'Ighness's fault for leaving it there."

"Then you will do it again to-morrow if I let you free."

"Oh, never, s'help me—oh, never! Yes, perhaps I will. A man never can tell what he'll do. I can't tell you a lie though I want to;—perhaps I will. It's stronger nor me. Oh, your 'Ighness; oh, for the love of God, let me free!"

Jerningham was in torture. The blood in his veins seemed to be turned into fire; sparks came from his broadcloth; his temples throbbed as if some dreadful machinery had been set going within; and the blaze of the diamond in his eyes was like those flames which he had heard of all his life as the

reward of those who steal and lie. But suddenly in a moment he felt a dark still shadow over him. The machinery in his head stopped; the flare in his face was subdued; a cool hand touched his; and the cruel thing that held him loosed its clutches. This was what the sensation was—not that the diamond was taken from him by his master's hand, which was the fact, but as if it had been constrained to let him go. A sudden sense of relief ran through Jerningham's frame, but along with that—was it possible?—a regret,—a pang as of something which had all but been his, yet never would be his again.

The Prince put it down on the table on the same spot as before. "You are sorry," he said, "that you have not succeeded. You forget already how it punished you. You would try again."

"No, your 'Ighness; no, your 'Ighness," said Jerningham. The sense of relief was in all his veins, and yet it was dreadful to him to give it up, and have no further hope of it. There ran through his mind like an arrow the thought, that after he was dismissed there might be a very good chance of coming back privately, and, with gloves or handkerchiefs wrapped round his hands or something, managing better another time. He did not entertain the thought, but it flashed through him all the same. He stood back in the shade an abashed and penitent sinner, notwithstanding this flash of thought.

"I asks no warning, sir, after what have 'appened; no board-wages nor nothing. I'm thankful to your 'Ighness for a-letting of me off. I asks no character. Mr Jones of the hotel will see, sir, as I leaves everything right, and not a pin out of its place. I'm—I'm a good servant, sir," said Jerningham. He paused for a moment,

his intromissions with his master's garments and his percentages jumping up suddenly into his face. Then he added, "I mayn't be strong to resist a great temptation as has been left before my eyes; but I'm a good servant, sir, and nobody can speak different."

"You intended, then, to go away?" said the Prince, with a smile. "No; you need not go away. I shall not dismiss you. You will, perhaps, attempt to do this again? Well, you know beforehand what the issue will be, and I need not say any more. We understand each other, I think? in this and also in the other little ways——"

"What other little ways, sir?" said Jerningham, holding his head high; but it was very difficult to keep any pretence up in the presence of his master. "If your 'Ighness is satisfied, sir, so am I," he added, lowering his eyes and his tone.

The Prince's laugh was not unkindly, yet it rung into Jerningham's very heart, and stung him much more than a lecture. "I am satisfied—that we understand each other," he said, and dismissed the culprit with a wave of his hand.

And this was how the strange incident ended. A master that had no respect for himself as a master; that could find out an attempt at robbery and never dismiss the man; that left the most valuable property about, and all his money in Jerningham's hands, notwithstanding that he knew Jerningham to be a rogue—as if it didn't matter,—as if nothing mattered! "Lord! I'd have turned him neck and crop out o' the 'ouse. I'd have in with him into the hands of the police sooner than look at him. He shouldn't never 'ave 'ad a day's grace from me!" Jerning-

ham said to himself, putting himself in his master's place; but he was on the whole relieved to be going to bed as if nothing had happened, with his character safe, and no longer any necessity for flying to Holland or elsewhere in order to realise his ill-gotten gains.

It was shortly after this that the Prince went for the first time to Hillesborough, though, as the reader may recollect, it was Lord Hillesborough who had arranged everything for him on his arrival in England. He was received with great state as became the highest rank—indeed, though he never stood upon his greatness, and his title was never fully announced, he had at the same time never hesitated to accept the name of Prince as natural and befitting his condition. When the old earl came out to the door to meet him, their rencounter was considered by many persons to be both curious and touching. Lord Hillesborough had travelled much in his life; he had been all over the world—everywhere, people said, without knowing very well what that word meant. He had penetrated far into the East, he had gone through Africa (as was said; for much less was known of Africa in those days than now). As for Europe and such little holiday journeyings as are to be accomplished there, he thought nothing of them; and that he should have met in his wanderings a mysterious Prince whom nobody knew, yet who was every inch a Prince, bearing his superiority in every feature and action, was a very natural thing. But it was strange and pathetic, as people say, to see that very old man, full of dignities and honours, bowing low before the Stranger, who greeted him with the warmest cordiality, but no such demonstra-

tions of respect. Lord Hillesborough hurried down the steps to open the carriage-door with his own aged ivory hands. He murmured something about so poor a means of conveyance, though his carriage was good enough for the Queen herself. The Prince smiled in the most gracious and affectionate manner; he put his hand to his heart, his lips, and his forehead by way of greeting; finally, when he got out he put an arm round the old gentleman like a son, and seemed to raise him thus like a feather up the flight of majestic steps, which were usually a great strain upon Lord Hillesborough's limbs and breath. "I am glad to arrive at your house, my old friend," he said. "And I am honoured above all honours to see you here," said the old man. The Prince drew the old earl's arm within his own—and those who were watching saw, as if some air of youth and strength had blown that way, his countenance clear like the sun, and light come into his eyes. See what friendship does, they said, even to so old a man! For he no longer looked old when this glorious young Prince, —so more than common tall, so splendid in his bearing, in his strange yet noble dress, and with —now clearly shining and displayed—a diamond bigger than the Koh-i-noor shining through the filmy folds of his head-dress,—had him by the hand.

There was a party of some eminence assembled at Hillesborough, presumably to meet the Prince, though, so far as I am aware, the name of this illustrious *convive* had not been mentioned directly to any of them. The old earl had spoken, however, to some, of a friend whom he expected, who was making a sort of voyage of discovery in England, a member of a very old prince-

ly race, "of a civilisation much anterior to ours," he said. What did he mean? a Brahmin prince from India—perhaps a sacred Llama from Thibet,—“one of old Hillesborough’s swans, who are mere geese,” a witty member of the party said. But they did not laugh when they were presented to the mysterious and noble personage who appeared among them—though there was scarcely one who was not distinguished in one way or another—like an eagle among the lesser birds, rather than a swan. He talked with them freely and upon all subjects, with an easy grace of utterance which was very surprising in a foreigner. And he was not a Hindoo: no dark nor even dusky blood ran in the veins which traversed visibly on his temples, in lines of blue, the milk-white of his complexion. He might have been an Anglo-Saxon for his fairness; but he was not an Anglo-Saxon,—the type was much higher, more intellectual, and finer than anything produced among our races. There was a keen ethnographer among the party who was eager to identify him, yet entirely baffled by the Prince’s imperturbable and smiling incapacity for being questioned. He questioned a great deal himself on his own part, and knew almost everything about the private history of most of the people there, and this almost exclusively from themselves, for he encouraged no gossip. Day by day his fellow-guests wondered more and more at him,—at his points of view, the opinions he expressed, and his curious spectator-attitude in respect to everything that went on. He blamed nothing, they observed, attacked nothing—had not a word to say

about the foreign policy of England, nor her treatment of the distant States in which her sons had made their settlements. This was a thing that was eagerly expected from him at first. A foreigner himself, and evidently one from the far East or South, there was nothing so likely as that he should criticise the methods of Great Britain with those conquered or allied provinces, and the vast world of heathenism which she had more or less subdued. But to the surprise especially of a Cabinet Minister, who was one of the party, he said nothing at all on this point. He did not even attempt to make out that his own race was more truly civilised than the British, and might with truth call them barbarians. He never spoke, indeed, of his own race at all. Sometimes he would exchange a recollection with Lord Hillesborough of some particular moment or occurrence through which they had passed together, and on these occasions named him apparently by a name which was quite unknown, and indeed never was caught by any one, each hearer making of it a different sound—a word of a language which nobody had ever heard before.

The mysterious visitor caused great interest and excitement among the guests at Hillesborough. He was heard of through all the county; and people to whom it was half a day’s journey came to call, with a sense that the very crown and climax of all old Lord Hillesborough’s eccentricities was thus to be seen and taken account of. But the Prince’s visit was of still more importance to some of those who were most closely at hand.

CHAPTER III.

Lord Hillesborough had never married; but he was not without ties of family on that account. He had led a wild and wandering youth, and for the greater part of his middle age had been pursuing researches, which nobody could quite trace out, in distant parts of the universe, sometimes for years together dropping out of the knowledge of men. He had got beyond the climax of life when he returned and took for the first time possession of his ancestral place and honours. There he had neither been unaware of nor indifferent to the responsibilities of such a position. He had done all that a member of the House of Lords can to stimulate good legislation and control bad,—which is the highly important and useful office of that body,—taking care that the nation should have full time to think, and do nothing rashly or unadvisedly. He had taken up many schemes which seemed visionary to his colleagues and fellows, and some which were very practical and excellent. His estates were governed with great care under his own special supervision—no wrong being left without a remedy, and no poverty which could be helped being permitted to exist. Whatever was best in the way of leases and improvements to the farmers, and of good cottages, allotments, and indulgences to the labourers, existed on his land before the younger theorists had begun to speak of such schemes. He was not altogether successful—what man is or can be?—and yet life was as tolerable at and about Hillesborough as it could well be made. He could not change the nature or the character of his surroundings. He that was unclean was unclean

still, except now and then when a miracle would happen with which Lord Hillesborough had nothing to do. He did not believe that allotments or anything else that he could do would save either men's souls or bodies; but when that divine something did come into an erring man's breast which makes him a good man—a miracle still daily accomplished among us, heaven be praised! which is greater than healing—the old lord acknowledged it with reverence however it came,—whether by means of the Methodist preacher in the village, or by the ministrations of an anachronism under the form of a modern brother of St Benedict, or by more intimate and secret help from heaven,—always allowing that this gift from God was beyond all allotments, and that to be made good was the one primary necessity of life. This was a point in which he differed from most law-makers of to-day; and yet he was very modern in his way, and scorned no suggestion, even when coming from the least venerable quarter, which seemed to have any good in it. He was surrounded, in consequence, with what might be called a very high average of general wellbeing. More, perhaps, is scarcely to be looked for, whatever men may do or say.

I have said, however, that he did not want for the ties of a family, notwithstanding that he had never married, and had consequently no children of his own. His house was superintended and reigned over by his sister, Lady Elizabeth Camden, who had an only daughter, to whom the old gentleman was much attached; and it was the home of his nephew and heir, the son of a younger

brother, who had been Lord Hillesborough's favourite in life. It was the evident and most commonplace conclusion that these two young persons, both so dear to the master of the house and both so deeply indebted to his bounty, should marry and carry on the lineage after him; but this most desirable and natural issue had been put aside some time before, when it became evident that Arthur was not likely to turn out so well as had been hoped. There were many excuses for him, people said. Why should he work either at school or college, when he knew there was no need whatever that he should do so, and when, without any exertion, he could have everything that is desirable in life? No doubt he would sow his wild oats, and settle down and marry some nice girl, and be as irreproachable as most of his fathers had been before him. Anyhow, he should not marry Lucy, Lady Elizabeth said, and she was a woman not given to changing her mind. At the same time she had indicated, which perhaps was not so wise, the man who was to marry Lucy, who was already an epitome of all the virtues, a man with very fine estates and a good deal of money, and universally approved of wherever he went. But, unfortunately, Lucy was not of her mother's opinion in this latter respect. Therefore, even in this admirably regulated house, with such a man as Lord Hillesborough at its head, all was not peace as it ought to have been. He was an example to the whole county, but it was not an example which was efficacious in his own house. And yet these two erring young people were both very fond of him, and considered him the best of men. They would have liked to please him; there was no opposition to him in either of their minds.

Sometimes they were both in rebellion in different ways against Lady Elizabeth; but Uncle Hillesborough was to both the most loved and trusted of friends.

It was not long before this state of things was made very apparent to the Prince. He fathomed it the first evening, when he saw the young people doing their utmost to entertain their guests, though nothing could have been more natural or delightful than the family affection between them. What might have been the confidences between him and Lord Hillesborough I cannot say—nor if there were any confidences; but it was not very long before this important and evidently most influential visitor, whose manners were such as gained everybody's trust, was sought by young Arthur with his tale, and a prayer for his intervention. "For one can see that Uncle Hillesborough thinks nothing too much to do for you," he said. "If Lord Hillesborough is so good, is not that a reason why I should be very cautious what I ask him?" said the Prince, with a smile. But he soon was made aware very plainly what it was the young man had to ask. He listened patiently, and then he proceeded in his usual way to trace the trouble to its cause.

"What," he said, in the words he had already used so often, "has brought you to this pass?—for one like you, so young, so full of happiness, so well off, cannot have come to despair in a day. What has brought you to this pass?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the young man, with his hands in his pockets, swaying backward and forward against the light of the broad window—"nothing that was very bad. I got drawn in a bit with fellows I had known at school,—not for any harm, only for fun,

don't you know. Every one bets a little ; and you never think when you begin that you can't stop just when you please. Then that leads to other things. When you get into your first hole, and see what an ass you've been, the thing you want most is not to think about it. It seems no use thinking about it when you can't mend it. Then fellows tell you how by risking a little more you have such a good chance of recovering yourself ; and then you get awfully excited, and you heap on everything, and you feel sure you must win this time. Some fellows do, and set themselves straight, and then pull up, and are not a bit the worse for it. That's what I meant. They are actually the better for it, don't you know, getting such loads of experience ; and, after all, nothing but experience ever teaches a man. Well ! then when you have everything in the world hanging upon the chance of what is going to happen at a race meeting, or something else of that sort—don't you see your head's not any good for work or reading, and you can't bear home or being quiet. You have got *not* to think ; and the only way not to think is to keep yourself in a whirl with—well, with other things ; and so you get into what people call dissipation, without wanting to, without meaning to, just to keep yourself from thinking——”

The Prince said nothing, but shook his head : there was perhaps a half smile on his face—or so at least the young man thought.

“What's the good of talking ?” he said ; “I can see you know it all quite well : and of course, however far off your country is, and however mysterious you make it, Uncle Hillesborough and you—human nature, I suppose, is the same there as here.”

The Prince did not make any

reply to this : he continued to shake his head. “It seems to me,” he said, “that if, instead of taking precautions against thinking, you had allowed yourself to think, all might have been mended at any moment before things came to this pass.”

“I didn't come to a man like you,” cried the youth, almost indignantly, “to be told that ! Why, any old woman could have told me that ! Don't you know how it draws you on ? Oh, hang it all, you must know ! You can't have come to know such lots of things, and to understand men so well, without finding that out. It draws you on ; and in a kind of a way you like to be drawn on ; and you think it's life, and all that ; and after a while you can't bear the quiet of home, and the routine. You must have something to excite you, to fill up the gaps. I don't know why things that are called wrong should always be nicer than things that are called right. They make you spin, they keep you going. But it isn't because they're wicked you care for them ; it's because they are fun.”

“To me they seem very poor fun,” the Stranger said.

“Well, perhaps,” said the youth, subdued. “You're above all that. I shouldn't suppose they would seem fun to you. I—shouldn't like it if they were. They're not always fun, to tell the truth, even to me ; but they keep a fellow on. But you don't blame me badly, do you,—you that know what men are ?” he added, after a pause, glancing up with a pleading look, like the insinuating plea of a child.

“Yes,” said the Prince, “I blame you : but still more, I wonder at you, selling your youth and all your chances and hopes for less than the mess of pottage ! That was always something,—it satisfied a hunger of the moment ;

but yours are only the husks that the swine eat."

"Oh, I say!" cried the youth; then he paused, and said, penitently, with a drooping head, "I believe you're not far wrong. I have been a dreadful ass, that is the truth." He looked up again with his boyish insinuating plea. "But I've learned better now. I've bought my experience. Prince! if you will get Uncle Hillesborough to look over things this once, and start me straight, you shall see it will be very different another time."

"Will it be very different?" said the other. "If you had meant wrong the first time, and now meant right the second, I think there would be better hope: but you meant only fun, as you say; and how can you be sure that you will not mean fun again?"

"Oh, by Jove!" cried the young man, "I know better now! Fun's very well, but if it can only end in a revolver, one sees that won't pay. I'm up to a great many things now that I never thought of before. If you'll stand my friend, Prince——"

"In any way, in every way that is permitted, I shall certainly stand your friend," the Stranger said, in his grave tones but with his benignant look.

Young Arthur could not burst out with his schoolboy exuberance, "Oh, thank you; thank you awfully!" as he had intended. He was silenced by that look, which seemed to mean so much more than the words meant, which is not the usual way; but yet he did not know what they meant. He went away a little awestricken; yet he was full of hope.

And it was, I think, the same day that Lucy also sought the Stranger with her story. She was more timid than her cousin. She had no confession of wrongdoing to make, in Arthur's way,

but yet it was dreadful to the girl to be in opposition to her mother, and to be appealing to a person she knew so little. She said to him prettily, with downcast eyes, that she did not know how it was that it seemed more natural to speak to him than to any of her old friends whom she had known all her life.

"Perhaps it is because I am a stranger," said the Prince.

"Oh," cried Lucy, "perhaps it is that! The others would either take sides with mamma or blame her,—and she is not to be blamed, she is right; but oh, Prince, you who know everything, I can't help thinking I am right too."

"I am afraid I don't know everything. I am only an inquirer among you little young people on the earth; but you will teach me to know——"

"I—teach you!" cried Lucy, clapping her hands; "but if you don't know everything, you understand, and that is better. Oh, Prince, I am so full of trouble and difficulty! One thinks naturally that anything one wishes for, very, very much, must be wrong, you know. But this I am quite, quite sure is not wrong."

"Tell me what it is," he said, with a smile.

She gave him a quick glance, and then drooped her head again. "You will know," she said, very softly, "even though I didn't tell you, that it must be something about—about my marriage, Prince."

The last words came out with a little rush, as if Lucy were glad to get them said. "Oh!" he said, "is that so?"

"What else could it be?" said Lucy, with a sigh. "Of course on no other subject would I oppose mamma. I know that she understands most things far better than I do; and she is very, very good. She is my best friend; she loves me more than anybody in the

world. Oh, Prince! you must not think I don't know that."

The Prince smiled, looking down upon her benignantly, but said no word.

"But when you think that it is I who must pass my life with him, not she—and that there is one whom—whom I——while the other, though I know he is a good man, and that mamma is right about him, and—and all that—yet I could not, I could not bear him, oh, Prince, how could I? when there is another—another!"

Lucy put up her hands to her face with a little sound of tears.

"Tell me about this other," the Stranger said; "sit down and be composed and tell me—everything you can tell——"

"I can tell you—all!" cried the girl. "I couldn't to anybody else; but I am sure you must have loved—some one, very, very much, and you understand."

He smiled over her downcast head, and in answer to the sudden upward glance of her wet eyes; but the smile was mysterious, reticent, opening no confidences on his own part. He did not assent to the assertion she made, nor yet contradict it. His attention was given solely to the suppliant, not disturbed by any reflection from experiences of his own.

"This gentleman," said Lucy, plunging into the middle of her subject, "whom mamma thinks so much of, is old—at least older a great deal. I seem to have always known him. He is very nice, and he has always been very good to me. I might have done—what mamma and he wanted, and never known anything better, and just lived dull and half alive all my days. But one day last summer I went over quite by accident to see—some other girls at Horndean. I had not been invited. It was only because it was a fine day, and

Uncle Hillesborough had given me my pretty little pony-cart, and I thought I should like to go: just a fancy—and quite by accident."

"Quite by accident," the Prince echoed, in a tone which made Lucy look up at him once more; but she did not understand either his look or his mysterious spectator-smile.

"And there was—some one, who came in for tennis quite by accident too; they had not asked him; they did not even know he was at home. And we drew each other for partners in the game, and we played all the afternoon; and afterwards he walked by the side of the pony-cart half the way home. He walks so quickly and so light, he went as fast as the pony. Oh, Prince, do not you think that when we met like this, without a thought, knowing nothing about it, that it must have been Providence—Providence! heaven itself that brought us together when we never knew!"

"And this was the man?" the Prince asked.

"Oh yes!" cried Lucy with fervour, clasping her hands, too earnest even to blush, "this was the man! the only man—the only, only one that I could ever— And it is all so different. I might have married the other gentleman whom I was always meant to marry, and never known what it was at all— But the first moment I saw Harry I knew. I was ready to put my hand in his and go with him anywhere; and I don't mind if he is poor or rich, we could always, always get on together. We don't need even to speak to understand each other. We know what we mean—he me, and I him. And to think that we should have met like that——!"

"Quite by accident," the Prince repeated, in his musing tone.

"I prefer to say," said Lucy,

with great gravity and solemnity, "by Providence, Prince! It seems accident to us, but God,"—the girl lowered her voice with tender reverence and enthusiasm,—“God must have put us down for each other long before, and brought it about so, that we might always see His hand in it. *He* thinks so too. We are quite, quite sure that it has all been brought about by heaven. They say, you know, that marriages are made in heaven,” she added, flashing a wistful smile at him out of her shining wet eyes.

“And is it a proof for that that earth opposes?” the Prince asked.

“Mamma opposes,” said Lucy; “this is my great trial. He is not rich, and the other gentleman of course is; and she still wants me to marry him, as if our love was a mere fancy and meant nothing: when it means everything—our whole lives! Oh, Prince! you can help us; everybody listens to you.”

“But,” he said, “do you not think that your mother knows best? that this gentleman, whom I do not know, whom she has chosen and selected for you, who has thought of you for years, is

very likely a better mate for you than one whom you have met without any choice, inadvertently, quite, as you say, by accident.”

“Love doesn’t choose,” cried Lucy, “it comes! it doesn’t think of being suitable or not, it just is, and there is no more to be said. Oh, Prince! I shall think you do not know so much as I supposed, have not had so much experience as I thought, if you don’t know that. It is the only thing in all the world that is quite, quite true.”

“It seems a beautiful thing—through your eyes,” he said; “but if I talked with your mother——”

“Mamma,” cried Lucy, “would not deny that—nobody would deny it; they may try to get over it, but they would not deny it: for everybody at least, though they may go against their knowledge—which is blasphemy—knows what Love is.”

“They know what Love is?”

“Oh yes, yes, Prince! and that it comes like the wind in the Bible where it listeth—bloweth where it listeth—comes when no one is thinking of it, without any invitation, without any arrangement.”

“Quite by accident!” the Prince repeated, with a smile.

CHAPTER IV.

The party at Hillesborough being, as has been said, a party composed of very distinguished persons, with aims and pursuits much above the common, was greatly occupied at this particular moment by discussions concerning the best means of reforming society, and especially concerning the condition of the poor, which takes up so much thought and so many anxious plans in this generation. There were some very active advocates of that which calls itself the Service of Man, and which considers

itself an immense improvement upon the Service of God, though that has been for many hundred years the rule by which loving your neighbour as yourself was given forth as the half of law and religion. And there were also many who went in the ways of that older faith. Much discussion, not only between these different methods, but upon—to their credit be it said—the best way in which each man could try his own method without assailing his neighbour’s—was naturally rife, and many

schemes were debated in the hearing of the Stranger, who listened so courteously to every speaker, but never put in any suggestion or advice of his own. This was his general attitude—hearing everybody speak, without either criticism or judgment, collecting all opinions, and listening with grave respect to what the very humblest had to say. But naturally his imposing presence and all the prestige that surrounded him, the sense of superior intelligence and understanding which everybody felt who approached him, made this silence on his part unnatural, and he soon was referred to on all sides for his opinion. "One who has seen so much as you have," it was said, "with so many varied experiences—so great a student of human nature——" These words came from different speakers, all pressing upon him to know what he thought.

"A student of human nature, am I?" he said. "Yes, it is perhaps the distinction which I am most willing to adopt. My studies have not been of long duration nor so profound as I should like them to be. But still—human nature is the most interesting thing in the world,—a thing which above all, as the Scriptures say, the——other races desire to look into."

"It is flattering to the Scriptures to be quoted by you—if a little unexpected and old-fashioned," some one said.

"Ah, you think so? I am old-fashioned. I have heard even from some of your clever people that I do not exist," said the Prince, with a smile.

There was a little chorus of half-laughter. "Berkeley, you mean," with little liftings of the eyebrows, however, between some of the hearers and a murmur of "Old-fashioned indeed!"

The Prince replied to this mur-

mur as if it had been the voice of the company in general, distinguishing the whisperer, who had been only heard in the shape of an inarticulate murmur by the rest. "Very old-fashioned, as I told you, keeping many primary ideas; and I have always found very great interest in the human race. To us who are bound by other rules, the mere existence of this delightful vagrant in the universe—a creature always choosing, always changing, acting according to a will which is not the same for two days together—is the miracle of miracles: a being so strange! that can lift up its reasonings, its little round of fantastic argument, against the Lord of heaven and earth; that can defy Him, and yet is not consumed; whose laws of living are so unlike everything else; with whom nothing is settled, nothing certain; the plaything, not of chance, as you say, or of fate, as your predecessors said, but of something far more fantastic and wayward still, his own will. Sometimes I have noticed that a woman, that a child, as being a still more marked embodiment of the law of your being, is an object of the same tender amused observation to you as the universe in general gives to your race."

The circle gathered closer around the Prince, with looks, some of aroused curiosity, others of offended surprise. "Our race—which I suppose, whatever difference there may be in nationality, is yours also. You philosophers of the East take much upon you, but scarcely to be above humanity," one speaker said.

"The Prince is from Thibet. I knew it," said another, with a laugh.

But the attitude of Lord Hillesborough was the most curious of all. He stood with an expression of the deepest anxiety, and also of an almost agonised entreaty, upon

his face, addressing that speechlessly with look and gesture to his friend. The Prince gave him a smile, waving his hand as if gently putting the remonstrance away. He made no reply to the comments of the other spectators.

"Your schemes," he said, "are good: there is much in them of that divine charity which some of you acknowledge (as if you were paying a compliment to your God) and some of you do not. You will do something by them, all of you, in proportion to the heart you put into them: yet you will never do anything. For why? It is impossible that you should ever succeed."

"And why should we not ever succeed?" asked one. The circle laughed: it was angry,—there was quite a tumult of feeling round the speaker.

"Because you have to do with a race which learns nothing, which makes no progress, which begins again afresh in every generation——"

His voice was lost in a chorus of laughter and exclamations. "This is too much, in the very age and birthday of the Science of Evolution. We allow all that the Mystic can demand as a matter of argument; but no progress?—Prince, this is too much!"

"You did not think, I suppose, that I spoke of your machinery?—the great paraphernalia of life-convenience that you build about yourselves. That does not make you true or pure, or to walk humbly with your God. What is it this earth of yours wants to make it happy and free of those evils you contend with?"

"Ah, tell us that!" some one cried.

"I will tell you that; it is simple. It is like what you say to a child: it is to be good. It is that it should get once more into harmony with the will of God. It

is that it should eschew evil, learn to do well. It is that it should become natural to be pure, to be temperate, to be true. It is that no man should hurt his neighbour, or tempt his neighbour, or vex his neighbour any more; that there should be no excess, no breach of the rules of nature, no rebellion against the institutions of God——"

"Ah that, *par exemple!* long sermons and daily prayers and so forth!"

The Prince took no notice. He went on with his calm voice, as of one who knew no argument, who stated only the most evident unsailable fact—"Whereas," he said, "every human dwelling is full of rebellion and refusal. It is the first thing in the outset of a child upon life. That which is ordained is resisted; the principle of all things is to contradict. It seemed to us others a wonderful possession to have this will, this power of choice—a virtue which none of us could reach who were bound by other laws—the very flower of being: not to follow our Father's guidance only by necessity of nature, but to do it by choice, selecting His noble will by the glory of its own manifestation as the best, the only way. Who to be so much envied, so much thought of, as Men? Even afterwards there was still a charm. It is more wonderful than any evolution—I take your word," he said, looking round him with a smile—"to see a creature of God, standing, choosing, amid all the powers of heaven and earth—everything in love and subordination save he—he alone, by his nature free to do what he will. Think of it! We did so and sang for joy. The triumph and the height of all seemed to us to be so made that you could choose. Those who choose not but obey,—who know not hatred nor falsehood nor dis-

turbance, but only the law of love, —applauded, acclaimed to the farthest depths of the infinite. To us, I tell you, it is a charm still to see every new man come into the world, to see him hesitate which turn he will take, to see everything placed before him and his own soul confirm the lesson, and experience point out and conscience protest. Ah, you know that process, every one of you. It is another evolution than your science dreams of. The father has learned the lesson, but that does not teach the son. Over and over, over and over, your own children show it forth before you. To each new generation the world begins over again : each new man makes his choice like the first man—untaught by what has gone before him, undaunted by the misery of the past."

The group which had gathered round the Prince was silent. Some of them looked at each other askance, as if saying he has heard of So-and-so or So-and-so : for there were those there who had learned that lesson bitterly in the ruin of their children or their friends. Those who felt in themselves that this stranger was perhaps playing upon the secrets of their lives, confronted him with a pale defiance not to betray their consciousness of that truth ; but all were still overawed by his bearing, and the wonder of his attitude, and what he said.

His face suddenly melted as he looked round after that address. A tender smile came upon it. His eyes grew luminous and soft as if with tears. He broke forth in a voice that was slightly broken with a sound of half weeping and half laughter. "But all by accident!" he said. "The new man pauses ; he thinks ; he chooses in his heart : it is solemn to him as the movement of the spheres—when, lo ! a little breeze rises ; a little cloud floats over him : a bird

sings : a comrade calls : and he turns—into the other way. Not with intention—he has no mind to go wrong : it is only for once—for a moment—and all will be well again. And as it begins so it goes on. His life, that was to be so lofty and so great, becomes an accident—the accident of accidents. He does not know when he wakes in the morning how far he may have gone ere night. He goes out heedless and smiling, and meets Ruin round the first corner. He makes a thousand plans, and then foils them all in a moment by the lifting of his hand. He cannot tell from hour to hour where his steps are to carry him. He remembers, and ponders, and knows—yet next time does the same. We who look on are moved by I cannot tell you what wonder, what interest, what pity ! We would shout aloud to warn him, but our voices are not as his : and who can warn him who knows all that we could tell him, and the penalties, better than we—yet makes no difference ? The wisest cannot tell what he will do next—where his steps may stray. We watch him as you might watch a child upon the edge of a precipice. He totters ; he stumbles ; he turns aside ; the butterfly leads him now to the edge of destruction, now away laughing to the flowery fields : then, while you rejoice, back again like the flight of a bird—over, into the darkness ! Ah !" cried the stranger, with a voice that burst forth like a great organ, "that last alone is what appals you. You think then that all is over—whereas it is the great escape."

He paused a little, nobody saying a word, then resumed in a calmer tone : "How are you to set right this round of accident ? You cannot make any man begin where his father left off, or profit by his

experience. But I have learned one great thing by coming here, and it has been a consolation to me unspeakable, almost making up for everything. It is that he very rarely means any harm when he begins. What he intends is to do well. Take this to your heart, you that are truly troubled. Very, very rarely do they mean any harm. There is one here who meant to be a noble man like those he belonged to—but one heedless step after another has brought him face to face with despair. Ah!" said the Prince, with a little start of pleasure, looking round him, "this law works also in things which are not evil but good. I see another who went forth one day like a child to her play, and met—another who is to be her companion through earth and heaven. They did not plot it or plan. An hour before they had never heard each other's names. An hour after and the link that is never to be broken was welded between them. They met—by accident. Can I tell you how this was done? Not I: nor can they. Love is: it is not known how it comes; it is an accident like all the rest." Here he turned towards his host and called him by that name which no one understood, or could ever catch distinctly. "Brother," he said, with a tone of mild authority, "you will look to these two, for they are yours. See to it." He paused again, then turned to the little anxious crowd which was full of eager curiosity. "The strange thing is," he said, "that this free soul, this being all will and independence, has never yet, amid all his vagaries, chosen fully and always to be good. This was what we looked for, hoped for, fully expected—that out of so many there would be one here and there who in the fulness of his will

would choose. There was One as you all know; but He was the only one in heaven or the universe who could do whatever He would, whose existence was His own to use as He pleased. There might have been some among us who would gladly have tried, but each of us belongs to his own sphere, and has his own duty to render; and who could tell that with man's will we might not have failed as he does. There was but One bound by no law; and He, you know, has done it. He took your nature and your will, and exposed Himself to all your accidents, and chose the perfect life, and fulfilled it. You all know. And in the face of the Son the Father sees you all. Nay, a greater wonder still than that, if greater wonder can be. When I look at you," the Prince said, touching lightly his bosom, bowing slightly his head, "it goes to my heart. You are a little like Him! a little—a little! for He is a man in the fulness of your manhood. You remind us all, like little brothers, like far-off relations, always of Him. Think whether those, whose image our Lord wears, are dear to us or not! There is something in all of you—a look, a movement. You wear His features, and flout Him as if He had never been. The wonder of it! But you are a little like Him all the same—all of you, even in what you call the slums. I, who have been there, have been caught by a glance—just a movement of the eyes, perhaps, a lifting of a hand, something, I cannot tell what, that reminded me of my Lord!"

He paused with a long breath of emotion, and there came from the bosom of that little crowd, all gathered round him, a sigh, which was unspeakable, which meant they knew not what,—a strange thrill, an indescribable feeling. The Stranger made a slight move-

ment, as if shaking off an impression too deep for the moment. And then he resumed—

"In the meantime, it is very good, very good that you should help your brothers, as that they should help you; and good will come—accidentally, as all your actions are swayed. But you will make no fundamental change. If by giving bread and coals, and education and comfort, you could make them good!—but that is the only thing: and as for these thousands of years they have not chosen it, it is not likely they will to-day. And no one can force them to be good. God may not. His pledge is against it. They are to be free: it is the law of their being, as it is ours to obey. The consolation is that though all do evil, scarcely one—I have never seen one—meant to do it from the beginning; perhaps not one!—they are swept along by accident after accident. And thus your earth sways undestroyed in the great space and breath of God, which is common to us all. And the years go on towards their accomplishment. And your countenance, the face of man, shines over us in heaven."

"What is all this talk," said one of the spectators, impatient, who had long been trying to get utterance, "of us and you?—as if you had some superiority over our race, or were not subject to all our penalties. You speak well, Prince, and your traditions may be so different from ours as to give you this feeling. Still I suppose you are a man like the rest of us. I like that you said about no one meaning harm, and about each starting afresh—I have myself felt that. But——"

The speaker paused confused. He uttered a strange sound as of wonder, remonstrance, bewilderment. Some one said after that

there had been a noise in the other part of the room, and that everybody had looked round. I don't know what explanation of the incident there might be in that, or indeed if it really was so at all. But this is certain, that the gentleman who had begun to reply to the Stranger suddenly paused, making that wonderful sound in his throat. And it immediately became apparent to everybody around that the foreign Prince, Lord Hillesborough's guest and friend, was no longer there. It happened in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. Even had the attention of the other guests been called momentarily away, there was no second door by which he could have left the room, and nobody saw him leave the room. But he was not there. He had been the centre of the group, closely surrounded, and that living circle had not opened that anybody was aware of to let him go forth. But he was not there. There was, as was natural, a great outcry and hubbub. Some of the women fell a-crying; the man who had been speaking stood with his lips apart, as if still in his consciousness giving forth that strange muffled cry. One man cried in mockery, "I told you he was a Mahatma from Thibet!" But perhaps the strangest thing of all was the aspect of old Lord Hillesborough, who was perceived to be standing quite outside the group, with his hands clasped, and the most wonderful expression of tenderness and trouble in his face. Whoever was surprised it was very evident he was not surprised, which to some seemed the most curious of all.

Arthur, the young heir of the house, rushed out of the room as if with the intention of following and finding the visitor who had disappeared. He returned in a few minutes with Jerningham in a state

of great excitement, sobbing, with gasps of utterance, and holding an open paper in his hand, "Which I don't deserve it, my lord, I don't deserve it!" he cried. "I've done perhaps no worse than others would have done in my place, and I didn't mean no harm: if he didn't use 'em himself it seemed—it seemed a kind of a pity not to use 'em: and here he says I'm to have all—but I don't deserve it, my lord."

Half-a-dozen people precipitated themselves upon the paper in Jerningham's hand, hoping to discover some mystery: but it was no more than a few simple words, requesting that Jerningham should have all that was in his hands. "He will do better another time," the paper bore, and it was signed by a curious cipher in a language to which no one there had any clue. Jerningham interposed, with convulsive exclamations. "He have put the big diamond into his 'at again," he said; "I thought as something must be up. He didn't leave that—no, my lord, oh no! nor I wouldn't have touched it if he had, seeing how once it took and grabbed me—me that was doing no harm: oh Lord! no, that's not true. But oh, gentlemen, he's took it, and he's gone—and the best of masters, and I'll never see his like again——"

The commotion that ensued in the house, and the way in which many of the gentlemen present endeavoured to trace the mysterious visitor, walking all over the park, going to all the railway stations, and making a hundred inquiries, need scarcely be told. Some of them thought they had accounted for his disappearance more or less satisfactorily. As for Lord Hillesborough, who made no inquiries, he was fully satisfied a few days after by the arrival of a letter from the north of Scotland, written in the scratchy and tremulous hand-

writing of a woman, and one that did not appear to be an educated woman or belonging to his own class. It ran as follows:—

"DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—One that you will know of has just come in bye to me, and bid me to write and tell you his visit was over, but stepped out of his road to give me a word, as a poor person that has had great privileges and been admitted to things she does not attempt to understand. Dear sir, he bids you to know that he is well satisfied, and glad that he was permitted to come, and has now gone to his own place, the which you will understand better than me: and that if you will take his advice about things you are acquainted with, he is free to say it will be well. He sends you his greetings but no farewell, seeing that he awaits your arrival soon, and also that of me, an unworthy sister, scarce daring to put down, though he gives me the permission, dear sir and brother, my new name, _____"

What followed was in the same cipher as that of the Prince. The old earl had seen it before, but did not know who was the bearer on earth of that name.

He took the advice of his mysterious counsellor, and abounded more than ever, if that were possible, in good deeds and kindness to all. And one day he was found smiling in his chair, where he had sat in a great peace all the night, having departed many hours before any one knew. The last thing he had done was to trace on the paper before him a word in the same cipher as the above, which no doubt was also his name there whither he had gone.

And the Prince, so far as I am aware, has not been seen or heard of more.

THE COUNCILS OF A NATION.

HISTORY is to be made to-day. The nation who solemnly dedicated herself to heaven, whose spirit contrasting with her flat shores has suggested the proverb, "Tonga lofty within," with whom the great Powers are proud to make treaties, holds her first free Parliament to-day. The eyes of the civilised world are upon her. A British ship of war will watch the ceremonial with critical eye, and the captain will describe the scene to Queen Victoria. Therefore must no effort be spared to open Parliament with dignity on the English plan. The day has dawned cloudless and drowsy; the hum of the fleecy breakers on the distant reef, the whispering of the great palm-leaves, and the faint tap of the *gatu* mallets, vaguely suggest a reverie in a hammock, with no more substantial clothing than a *vala*; but native garments are unlawful to-day, for Parliaments in civilised lands are not opened in bare legs save in the imagination of Carlyle.

For days past the stores on the beach have done a spirited trade in trousers, coats, and shoes—not the sort of shoes that may be bought by the dozen at any boot-maker's, but majestic fabrics of leather built expressly for the opening of South Sea Parliaments upon a special last fourteen inches long by eight or nine broad. Such shoes as these cannot be used lightly; and so the spiritual guides of the people, when teaching that no self-respecting Tongan should attend church without black coat and trousers, admitted the religious principle that a man might work out his own salvation in bare feet, and the shoes were relegated to the meetings of Parliament.

But the hour is at hand. On the smooth turf between the wooden Parliament-house and the sea, the College students are drawn up in two lines extending from the king's palace to the doors. Outside, the brass band and a guard of honour, composed of the entire army of thirty men, are drawn up to salute his majesty. Within, the king's chair has been placed in the centre of the crimson dais; and the crown, the heaviest in the world, reposes on a sofa-cushion supported by a three-legged table. The benches are filled. The Sergeant-at-Arms, clad in full uniform and lawn-tennis shoes, has ushered the Nobles to the seats below the throne on the right of the House, and the Representatives of the People to those on the left. The Cabinet Ministers, headed by the aged Minister of Finance in a naval frock-coat and checked trousers, occupy the front bench. Lower down sit the distinguished foreigners in British uniforms, and behind them a motley crowd of invited guests. There is a movement outside, and the Sergeant-at-Arms vainly endeavours to clear a passage through the overcrowded house with his gilt scabbard. The door is darkened, and he gives way before superior strength. The Princesses Charlotte and Anna Jane—the former barefooted, but majestic with her masculine stature, the latter not less imposing with her nineteen stone encased in magenta satin—sail through the crowd, which closes in like the waves in the wake of a ship.

At last! The Tongan National Anthem, the rattle of saluting arms, break the suspense, and George Tubou, the oldest reigning

monarch,¹ strides into the room, followed by two aide-de-camps—the one dressed as an English admiral and the other as a colonel of the Colonial Defence Forces. No grotesque surroundings can destroy the dignity of the king. His sober black coat is in marked contrast with the bizarre attire of his subjects. A sovereign who wields absolute power may well tire of pomp and circumstance after his ninetieth year. As he takes his seat his great-grandson, the colonel, a boy of seventeen, steps forward, and unrolls the Speech from the Throne. His reading is a sorry performance, owing partly to the tightness of his tunic, and partly to defective education; but we gather that the Speech consists of the usual ministerial platitudes, congratulations upon “our cordial relations with the other Powers,” and promises for the future. There is a very brief allusion to the revolution of twelve months ago, when an ex-missionary, who as Prime Minister had for years abused his position, was dismissed from office, leaving an empty treasury and an accumulation of debt. He, the king, gave thanks to God that these clouds were happily dispersed: it was for the Legislature to provide for the future by revising all the laws and regulating finance. Being convinced that their efforts in pursuit of civilisation would not be crowned with success until they mastered another language besides their own, and that national prosperity could not be assured unless the population ceased to decrease, he had provided them with a school-master for their minds, and a doctor for their bodies. In conclusion, he commended them to

God, and trusted that there would be no more dissension between the Churches—a hope which the rival missionaries will take care to disappoint, seeing that to proselytise successfully the first efforts of each must be directed towards rooting out the other sects.

At last the youthful colonel stumbles to the end of the Speech, not without an impatient exhortation from his majesty to speak up, and the king rises and walks out, followed by a mob of senators and invited guests of every shade of colour. The band dash recklessly into the triumphal march from Tannhäuser, struggle awhile, and arrive breathless at the end within a bar or two of one another.

Thus had the morning been devoted to propriety: pleasure was now to have its turn. In half an hour not a black coat was to be seen. Elderly gentlemen, who an hour ago excited mirth in the garb of Christy Minstrels, now strode into the sunlight in all the dignity of native cloth. Groups formed wherever a tree-top cast a patch of shade. Strings of men, swinging their limbs with the glorious freedom man enjoyed before the invention of trousers, filed up and flung their burdens of pig and yam upon an ever-increasing heap, while a *claque* of aged men shouted approval. Let us withdraw. Roast pig scents the hot air. In ten minutes the members of both Houses will be pig-smeared to the elbows, and who knows whether we may not be called upon to shake hands! Civilised man is out of place at a native feast. Let them enjoy themselves to-day, for tomorrow will bring debates, shoes, and the knife and fork.

At ten o'clock next morning

¹ Since this article was written, news has been received of King George's death, on February 19, of an attack of influenza.

H.M.S. Cordelia steamed out of the hazy reef as the great wooden drum announced that the business of the country was to begin. The House had been cleared for action. On the dais the throne was replaced by the Speaker's chair; and a long table, at which sat four Clerks of the Parliament, took the place of the visitors' benches. Two sentries of the guards and four stalwart policemen, drawn up at the door, saluted as we went in. Both Houses were in their places,—Nobles on the right and Commons on the left of the chair. The Cabinet had a bench to themselves among the nobles, and below them sat the governors of districts. There were sixty-eight members in all, only one of whom was a foreigner, who sat *ex officio* as one of the king's Ministers, with the newly invented portfolio of *Fakahinohino*, or Expounder of the Dark Ways of Civilised Man.

Lords and Commons stare at the ceiling without intermission for twelve minutes by the clock. At the end of that time a messenger is despatched to Tungi the Speaker. He had been in sight when we came in, but being stouter than formerly, and a bad walker at any time, he has had to rest his shoe-tortured feet every twenty yards of the road. At last there is a movement behind the dais. Claude, Sergeant-at-Arms, clatters in and cries, "The Chair!" (*Koe Sea*). We all rise. Tungi climbs the dais panting. Physically he is fitted for his office, for never did man wear wisdom so plainly written on his face. The only small thing about him is his stature, which, small as it is, is dwarfed by an enormous head and face. The half-closed eyes and square jaw suggest the State secrets of half a century. No human cunning could overreach such a face: it would have fore-

seen and circumvented the trap before it was even devised. Tungi is followed by the Pontifex Maximus of Tonga clad in decent black, and wearing an expression of deprecating piety. Like the Proconsuls of the later empire, this dignitary, having cast off the yoke of the religious body who sent him as missionary to teach the heathen peace, turned his arms against the powers that sent him, and as head of the Free Church of Tonga vanquished the Wesleyans, and gave to his native flock a taste for warring churches. His attitude to-day is not warlike, for his stipend from the Government as Royal Chaplain figures in the Budget. He gives out a hymn: the member for Vavau, who forms the choir, bellows the tune, while the rest follow him two octaves lower pianissimo. Then the House shades its eyes with its hands while the prelate wrestles awhile in prayer, and discreetly withdraws. There is a pause. Then the Chief Clerk (who, by the way, is supposed to be undergoing imprisonment for flirting) calls the roll. The new members are now to take the oath. The two Roman Catholic members object to be sworn on the Protestant Bible, and a clerk runs in hot haste for a Roman Catholic version of the Bible in Tongan. He returns with a thick shiny covered book, which the two members kiss cheerfully. I examined the book afterwards. It was a French and English dictionary. We had reason to remember the terms of this oath, since most of the Commons held that to discharge their duty as representatives meant to oppose the Government, whether right or wrong, upon every question submitted to them.

The first business of the day was to move an Address in reply.

As this gave an excuse for adjournment, it was relegated to a Select Committee of six, while the rest of the House trooped out to smoke *sulukas* in the shade. Of the Select Committee, five betook themselves to the arduous task of rolling the leaf and hunting for a box of matches, while the minor business of drafting the Address was thrust upon the foreigner. He prepared an eloquent speech, exhausting, as he thought, the capacity of the language in expressing satisfaction at every announcement in the Speech from the Throne. It read a little flat, perhaps; but when he wrote the King's Speech it had not occurred to him that he would also have to reply to it. But his draft fails to give satisfaction to the Committee. It is handed to the Premier as a skeleton to work upon, and it comes forth glorified, bristling with expressions of gratitude of which he had never dreamed. It is adopted unanimously. The Sergeant-at-Arms recalls the House by shouting to them from the doorstep. The Address is read. At the words, "We feel confident that God will avert religious strife, for He is the God of peace," I see a cynical smile curl the lips of Hoho the Romanist. Doubtless he is thinking of how, less than a year ago, the Free Churchmen and Wesleyans were invoking heaven's wrath upon one another.

The party the Government have most to fear is the contingent from Vavau, who have talked sedition for months, and longed for Parliament as a vent for their grievances. All save one, however, mean to wait for a better opportunity than the Address in reply. The exception is Manase, governor of Vavau, a pillar of the Free Church, and a bitter opponent of the Government he serves. Till now it has been a disputed point

in the Cabinet whether Manase shall be impeached for misconduct or not. Blindly he rushes on his doom. "The Address is good," he says, "with one exception. Why was a schoolmaster appointed without consulting the wishes of Vavau?" Three Cabinet Ministers rise at once. "Is it becoming," asks the Auditor-General, "in a governor appointed by the king to question the wisdom of his majesty's action?" The House murmurs. Manase, poor wretch, would explain; but the House wants no explanation, and he has to sit down crushed and humbled. Manase has the face of an apostle, but he must have the brains of a mule, or he would have let the disappointed candidate for the post of schoolmaster fight his own battles.

By the time the Address has been despatched to the king by the hands of the Chief Clerk the wooden drum has begun to beat. Aged nobles whose eyes had been getting dim, and whose heads had fallen forward, started and straightway threw off twenty years of their burden of life. The whole House fixes its gaze on the clock. It is the dinner-hour, and the Speaker, with an indulgent smile, adjourns the House. A stream of black-coated legislators hobble to a long white building not two hundred yards away, and besiege the doors as if it were the pit entrance to the Gaiety. A bolt is drawn, and both Houses of Parliament surge inwards. There are two long tables, each accommodating forty guests, the one reserved for the Lords and the other for the Commons. Ministering to their wants are twenty copper-coloured maidens, selected for their beauty from a host of competitors by a Committee of the House some three weeks ago. As far as feature goes, they do not do much credit to the taste of the

Committee; but I am told that at the last moment their hearts failed them, and they chose the first twenty that offered, defending themselves by the plea that, if they had used discrimination, the rejected fair ones would have taken their own lives to escape from the humiliation. These damsels have been ordered to appear in white dresses without lace or other ornaments. They have treated the order with the scorn it deserves. The ox-eyed Sau, breathing propriety with every sigh, is dressed in white satin trimmed with furniture lace, and has a crimson sash coquettishly tied round her waist; the demure Vika, demure only in the presence of her elders, has broken out in bugles of jet, and a cincture of native cloth. The trader who supplied her striped *vala* will be sold out of that pattern to-morrow, for in Tonga the fashion is set by the pretty girls. When not engaged in languidly handing plates, these damsels whisper and giggle in the windows, and hide their blushes on each other's glistening shoulders. Fish and yam, turtle and yam, pork and yam, turkey and yam, and so on: seventeen courses in all, concluded by rice boiled to a pap and half-hidden in brown sugar, and yet scarce a plate goes away with enough to show what had been on it. And many of these aged senators had accomplished the feat hampered by a knife and fork! The Lords are allowed a glass of sherry and a glass of beer each; the Cabinet Ministers half a tumbler of rum in addition; the Commons have to content themselves with beer only. At last the Chaplain hammers with his knife-handle, and says grace. Our places are taken by as many of the Civil servants as can muster trousers and shoes. There follows a fatal half-hour, during which the fell

effects of such a dinner become apparent. When the bell rings members sink into their places, glare determinedly at the ceiling for a few moments, and lapse into unconsciousness. The Sergeant-at-Arms, having drunk neither *ele* nor *lamu*, rises and creeps stealthily towards the Lords. Such of the members as still retain consciousness crane their necks in breathless excitement. He is stalking Havea, Lord of Haapai. Catlike he creeps on, gold-mounted scabbard in hand, poises the weapon over the bowed head, and—Havea starts up with an exclamation which I could translate exactly, though I never heard it before. The House indulges in a well-bred titter. Meanwhile the Clerks are looking round the House, and making frequent entries in a book. It is the Book of the Sleeping. I have since heard Hoho, the Roman Catholic, asserting that the insertion of his name was a malicious libel. His *lotu* compelled him to pray at noon, and to pray he had to close his eyes. The Clerk retorted that if he could not begin prayers with a hymn, as is the usage of any respectable sect, he too must go into the book. After-experience taught us that the morning before the *ele* and *lamu* was more suitable for Committees, and the afternoon for third readings,—for during the third reading even the Sergeant-at-Arms would close his eyes. The Speaker, too, after recovering himself with several violent efforts, succumbs. The monotonous voice of the Premier has long ago lulled to sleep the most active of the Opposition. When the voice becomes silent the Speaker thunders out the question, eyelids tremble open, and hands go up. "Those who are against the motion will hold up their hands;" but the eyelids have all closed again, and the bill defining

the Procedure of the Courts becomes law. It is high time to adjourn.

The business of the session being to enact a complete Code, and to sweep away all former laws, time is valuable, and the Premier expresses the hope that the House will not waste time in opposing such parts of the Code as are transcribed from the Constitution, and are necessary only for completeness. "The king is supreme over the chiefs and people, but his ministers are responsible for good government." Rises Hoho, representative of the Roman Catholics, primed by the French priest. Tall, attenuated, and Mephistophelian, he looks more like a Spaniard than a Tongan. Not only does he speak the words of another, but with palms turned outwards and uplifted shoulders, he has even caught the French gestures. "Why," he asks, "should the king be supreme, and why should the Ministers be responsible?" He, for one, can never vote for such a measure. The House snorts impatiently. The Premier points out that the words are transcribed from the Constitution, and that Hoho should reserve his steel. The Spanish Jesuit retorts that he resigned his post as schoolmaster to make him eligible for election, that he has taken a solemn oath to do his duty to the utmost of his ability, and that if he did not oppose this measure he would not be doing his duty. At this all the members start up, slap their chests, and quote the terms of their oath. The Sergeant-at-Arms rages up and down, calling upon all but Uilame to sit down. William is understood to say that he respects his oath, but defers to the wisdom of the nobles. The Jesuit springs to his feet with the sense of having the whole Catholic hierarchy at his

back, and passionately exclaims, that if comparisons are made between the two sides of the House, he thinks *he* knows on which side wisdom will be found. There is a solemn hush. Aged noblemen gasp and make a mute appeal to the Speaker, who rises in agitation. "Never in the whole course of his parliamentary experience had such a terrible insult been offered to the chiefs of the land. That a commoner, a vile commoner, who after all was only there to listen to the words of his superiors, should have dared to throw decency to the winds, had never happened before. But, thank heaven, he was there to deal with such cases. Without stood the dark cells; within the Sergeant-at-Arms. To the cells the vile commoner should go." The oration lasted twenty minutes, during which the "vile commoner" sat with bowed head until the storm should pass over him. The nobles thank the Speaker with their eyes: there is an awkward pause. The Premier, who has been looking very uncomfortable at this exposition of the liberty of speech, about which the Government organ has been singing so joyously of late, fills the breach by reading the next section. The volatile Kubu, Minister of Police, edges up to me, and whispers that Tungi has gone too far, and that I must restrain him. When the next question is put, not one of the Commons will vote. Another storm is brewing, so a message is conveyed to the Speaker from the Treasury bench to adjourn. As the Jesuit stalks out a group at the door cry derisively, "Go thou with the priest to France!" In the evening comes an indignant protest from Father O—. "The Republic has been insulted, and when the news reaches France her anger will be terrible,—France, the loving friend and protector of Tonga! Is Tonga

unmindful of the benefits she has received from the great Republic?" (Tonga has good reason to remember them, for the last benefit was the visit of a ship of war, commanded by an angry captain, who forced the Tongans to build a Roman Catholic Church for the priests against their will.)

A mild reproof must have been conveyed to the Speaker before the morning sitting; for, prayers over, he rises to apologise to the Commons for the strength of his language overnight. They look pleased. He goes on to point out the severe provocation he received, and as the full magnitude of the insult is borne in upon him he lets fly again, and gives the Commons a severer lashing than in the speech for which he rose to apologise. The Ministers cover their faces, and the Commons look sulky. The Premier seems to wish that the Speaker was not his father: he implores the Commons to believe that they have the fullest liberty of speech,—in short, not to mind what his father says. After a long silence Vili Tai rises. His heart is subdued by fear: in spite of his oath he no longer dares to speak. The Commons sadly shake their heads.

The House is now to go into Committee. The Premier moves that the Speaker vacate the chair, and that Ata, Lord of Hihifo, be Chairman of Committees. The chair is vacant, and all eyes turn to the new Chairman. He has disappeared apparently under the bench. The Sergeant-at-Arms impatiently calls his name; he reappears heated with exertion. "Why don't you go to the chair, Ata?" "Pardon me until I have put on my boots." There is the sound of a scuffle, and Ata rises heated but victorious. In Committee each member may speak as often as he will, or can per-

suade the Sergeant-at-Arms to permit; for the gold-hilted sword is no idle tapper of sleepy heads: it also pronounces who shall address the House. In Tonga a member does not catch the Speaker's eye—he catches the Sergeant's sword.

"The Premier shall provide accommodation for the members of the Legislative Assembly," &c. Tuuhetoka rises with troubled face. "It is a good law, but this year it was not obeyed. When I came to Haapai on my way hither I wandered up and down the beach hungry, and slept on the cold sands, and—(laughter). There is nothing to laugh at. I was —" He got no further. The Speaker waved his hand, the gold-hilted sword was raised, and he sat down and poured the rest of his story into the ear of the member next to him. At this point the doors swing back, and two maidens enter, bearing lemonade and glasses, and a plate of oranges ready bored for sucking. The Speaker, Minister of Police, and Chairman of Committees suck oranges; and a youthful nobleman tries to trip up the maidens as they go out.

In Titipu, according to Mr Gilbert, flirting is punishable with death; in Tonga the penalty is penal servitude. Whether the severity of the punishment or the frailty of human nature is to blame for the prevalence of this crime I know not, but whatever be the cause, the police force are so actively engaged in hunting down the delinquents that they have neither time nor inclination to attend to burglaries, thefts, or other less interesting offences. Although flirting has furnished labourers for public works, besides a revenue of some thousands of dollars annually, the Government proposes to allow the police to devote their energies to the sup-

pression of other crimes, and let each man prosecute the delinquents in his own family if he will. This proposal evokes a passionate debate. Vili Tai opposes the measure in a burst of fiery oratory. He quite sees that it may suit Britain or France to regard flirting as an offence against the individual, but in Tonga, at least, it is a crime against the State. For have not the Tongans solemnly dedicated their country to God? Pointing to the royal arms blazoned above the dais, he cries, "What other nation has the right to *that* motto, 'God and Tonga are my inheritance'?" If you quote what is done in *Bilitania*, I will quote the motto of the nation!" There is a murmur of applause. It is in vain to point out that restricting the functions of the police is not in itself likely to call down the divine wrath. The sluice-gates of Tongan eloquence are open, and cold common-sense can never stem the flood. Another enthusiast fixes a rapt and inspired gaze on the ceiling, and demands whether the House will dare to break faith with God. "It may be true that under our present laws our country is becoming depopulated, but better we should perish from the face of the earth than break our solemn covenant with God." William, who generally talks sense, reminds the House that thirteen years ago a similar measure was passed, and within three months an epidemic seized the people, but when the measure was repealed the sickness abated. He only mentions the fact to remind the House that the Almighty does expect higher things from Tonga than from other countries. At last the closure is applied, and the Government carries the motion by a bare majority of two. That evening Mataka, the Chief Clerk, reads it to the king, sitting on the floor at the old

man's feet. When the fateful words are reached the king expresses disapproval, and declines to sign until it has been taken back to the House. The news leaks out, and at the next division the Ministers are left alone. A Tongan has no convictions that are not shared by his king.

The steamer from New Zealand brings the news of the ravages of influenza in England. After prayers the Speaker proposes a vote of sympathy with the British House of Commons, who have lost thirty of their members by illness, and in a moving speech returns thanks to heaven that this Parliament has been spared. It is an eventful day, for the Customs tariff is to be discussed, and many of the Commons, primed by the European traders, will be in vehement opposition. Foremost is the Jesuit, who wants light wines, the beverage of the priests, admitted free. The Cabinet take counsel and cunningly propose the appointment of a Select Committee, composed of the most dangerous of their opponents, to draft the mercantile laws. Henceforth a Select Committee sits till the small hours, fortified by the *kava* bowl and unlimited tobacco. Opponents are converted into champions, for what they have understood in Committee they are ready to support in the House against all ignorant attacks. But the House is reasonable, and even generous. There was an excuse for exempting native vessels used only as yachts from the coasting dues paid by steamers and vessels plying for hire; but they prefer to tax themselves with the rest, lest it be said that they incline to one-sided legislation.

Hansard, meanwhile, is growing to unmanageable dimensions. The Clerks take down every speech in shorthand, and sit up, poor wretches, laboriously copying out

the mass of incoherence until daylight night after night. Not the smallest spoken word passes unrecorded. It is time for a brief holiday, for the House has sat for two weeks; the sick-list is heavy; and many noblemen who take the air in native dress cannot attend the House until their feet have recovered from the penalties attaching to boots. The Speaker announces a holiday for the morrow, "that you may wash your shirts and be tidy for Sunday."

Monday opens stormily. Manase the orator makes a tremendous speech upon the recent history of the country, incidentally alluding to the magnanimity of the king. The House seems moved—perhaps by his eloquence. There is a long and ominous silence. Then a noble of Vavau, with a grey military moustache, rises to order. He has with difficulty contained himself, he says, during the last indecent speech. What does Manase think? Have the Lords of Hahavea no feelings? Do they like to be reminded of the past? The Lords of Hahavea glare responsive at the ceiling. I ask my neighbour Kubu what Manase had said to hurt their feelings. He whispers that the king conquered them years ago, and, contrary to Tongan custom, restored their lands to them, and to speak of the king's magnanimity recalls unpleasant memories. I mentally resolve not to make the most distant allusion to Tongan history.

During the last few days the seventeen courses at dinner have begun to tell, and many seats are empty. The scale of entertainment has been kept up, lest invidious comparisons with a former *régime* should rouse dangerous opposition to the Premier, who caters for the table. But to-day the Premier is able to announce that by special arrangement the doctor will

prescribe gratis for all the members in need of medical treatment. An hour or two later I was attracted to the dispensary by the sight of a dense crowd, doubtless brought there by some bad accident. On getting nearer I found that crowd to be composed of legislators. There could not have been a dozen members left in the House. Within the dispensary was the newly arrived doctor, heated and gesticulating, trying to drive back the mob of senators, who were all trying to describe the peculiar symptoms of stomach-ache from over-eating in dumb show. I was not surprised that the doctor talked of resignation before the end of the week.

I was absent from the first reading of the Minor Offences Act. When I came the Premier, who is not often moved to express himself strongly, was rating the House in unmeasured terms. He had not believed, he said, that the Legislative Assembly of Tonga could so far forget itself as to indulge in such a disgraceful scene. What would be said of Tonga if such a thing were known outside the walls of that House? What respect for Tonga could any civilised nation retain after hearing of her shame? The Commons seemed quite overcome by a sense of guilt. "What has happened?" I whispered to Kubu, Minister of Police. "A disgraceful thing." "But what?" "A shameful thing. When Osaiase Puaka (Osaias Pig) was speaking, some of the Commons pretended to cough, and shuffled their feet." The House had been lashed by the Speaker before his son took them in hand, and Kubu described his remarks as "very heavy." He spoke to me afterwards about it. "I was so glad you were not here to see our shame," he said; "if the miscreants had not been so many, I

would have committed them all to the dark cells. I suppose if such a thing were to happen in the British Parliament the delinquents would go to prison?" "Ye-e-s," I answered. "But such a thing never has happened?" "Oh no; though I have heard of it happening in the French Parliament," said I, and thought of the House during one of Mr Conybeare's speeches.

For some days Havea, a Lord of Haapai, has been absent from his seat. To-day it is whispered that his complaint is unnameable—in other words, that leprosy, the scourge of the Pacific, has seized upon him. It makes one a little nervous to remember that until a week ago we were sitting and eating with a leper; but the consternation on the faces of my colleagues is due to other causes. For by Tongan etiquette it is forbidden in polite society to speak of leprosy at all, and it is more than questionable taste to speak of the illness of a chief; but to describe a chief as a *leper* is utterly impossible. But the thing must be done somehow, and the Premier nobly fills the breach. They had all heard, he says, about their dear friend, and they all mourned at the report. It was probable that Havea's friends were pining for him at home, and therefore it seemed only right that they should sacrifice their own wishes, and alleviate the longing of Havea's friends by allowing him to return to them. At the same time, it was right to say that the doctor had pronounced that the report about Havea was not entirely true—in short, that the proximity of Havea was not likely to render his companions liable to the same remarks as those made about Havea. But Tuuhetoka was less guarded. "I am in favour of gratifying the longing of Havea's friends to see his face. Nay, more: to the westward are

a number of delightful islands, which I know Havea is longing to visit, where every wish may be gratified, and where—well, where the wind would blow so nicely from us to him that Havea would be more than happy." I improve the occasion by urging the establishment of a leper settlement to check the alarming increase of the disease; but I soon flounder hopelessly, and before I am aware of it I utter the forbidden word *leprosy* (*kilia*). The House shudders, and I am covered with shame. To effect a diversion, I describe the labours of Father Damien at Molokai. At the adjournment, Jesuit Hoho says, "I come to thank you for your words about the priest Tamiene. I shall report your words to my priest and the bishop, who will be much gratified."

There is a fierce battle over the Taxes Act. The majority want a reduction. The Government, knowing that any reduction will mean a deficit in their Budget, declare their intention of resigning in a body if they are beaten. Then the aged Niukabu rises sobbing, and cries aloud, imploring the Premier not to act *fakapapalagi* (in white man's fashion). "We are all Tongans, not white men, therefore pity us and reduce our taxes." But the Ministry are obdurate, and Niukabu's sobs are drowned by those who dread a change of Ministry more than taxes.

Now the rest of the triumphs of the Ministry, and their impeachment of Manase, and the parting dinner that they gave to the members of both Houses, and the strong *kava* that they drank, and the tears that they shed at parting—are they not written in the pages of the Tongan Hansard? Other kings may reign over Tonga, other nobles sit in the seats of the wise, but the memory of the first free Parliament of Tonga will never fade.

PARIS THEATRES FROM 1750 TO 1790.

NOTHING is more common in these days, when theatres have multiplied in the land, than to hear people who seldom go to them deploring the dismal falling off, both in plays and actors, from the standard and traditions of the past. If this complaint be just, the public has only itself to blame for such a state of things. It is the lack of critical faculty on the part of the spectators that is really the ruin of dramatic art. What encouragement has the actor to give deep thought and careful study to his part, if the people who are to see it acted fail to grasp his points or to understand the feelings which his gestures try to express? How many are there among the audience to whom the inflection of the voice in a particular sentence conveys anything at all?—how many who detect any difference between the way in which Oroizette flung the teacup on the floor after her rival had drunk of it, in the great scene in “*L’Étrangère*,” and the rendering of the same action by an inferior artist? If you said that in one case the gesture summed up a passion of outraged dignity, and in the other only expressed the fretfulness of a pettish child, you would be considered a person of undue imagination, and would probably meet with no answer. As long as the first thought and the first remark of the crowd of playgoers is, “How beautifully it is put on the stage!” the object for which that stage exists—plays and their acting—will be of secondary importance.

All people who care for the drama as distinct from upholstery, and to whom the theatre is a delight and not a resort of fashion, will take an

interest in its history and in serious criticism of its work and methods. The topic to be treated of in this article is the condition of the French stage during the last half of the eighteenth century, described in the pages of one of the keenest of observers and the acutest of dramatic critics, the Baron Melchior Grimm. One of the most fascinating points about Grimm’s verdicts is, that we have all the freshness of his impressions as they are recorded from day to day. There is no effort at consistency about him: he never troubles himself to reflect whether the actress he is praising to-day be the person he was abusing yesterday. He tells us how the thing strikes him at the moment, and sometimes the interpretation is bad and sometimes it is good, according as the character suits the actor. There is no *parti pris* about Grimm’s judgments, any more than there was about those of Pepys, who said boldly, because secretly, whatever occurred to him; and one advantage Grimm had over newspaper critics, that the actors and actresses were not his personal friends, and, his letters being private letters, he could speak his mind freely about them. Grimm is slowly converted to admiration of Clairon, though he never ceases to be annoyed by her faults, and after a hard struggle he lays down his prejudices at the feet of Glück. When he has been led astray by a promise of talent that has never been realised, he says so openly, and lays no claim to infallibility on any one of the many subjects about which he writes to the Empress Catherine II. and to some lesser German sovereigns. Yet that he succeeded in his efforts to interest Catherine in the vicissitudes of the

French actors is very evident, as in the year 1768 she sent magnificent furats to Clairon, Prévile, and Lekain.

The fifty years or so extending from the time when Clairon reigned down to the theatre of the Revolution, with Talma and Mlle. Mars for its king and queen, were fraught with many changes. The Parisian public was no more conservative in those days than it is in these, and craved for constant variety. In 1753 Grimm complains with bitterness that a rage for ballets has set in, and that it is absolutely necessary to introduce them at the Français, so as to secure an audience for "Cinna" or the "Misanthrope." The old French opera, which was all the fashion when Grimm first began his 'Correspondance,' fell into disrepute in a very few years, and was condemned as detestably low and vulgar. In its place the people turned with avidity to a procession of dull plays, representing conventional coquettes and traditional *petits-maitres*, and these were superseded in the affections of the Parisians by a craze for Greek art and subjects. "Avec du grec on ne peut gêner rien," they seemed to cry with Molière in the "Femmes Savantes," till they suddenly forsook the Greeks for their own history, varied occasionally by excursions into that of England or Rome. For a few brief years a mania for *féeries* took possession of Paris: and the Comédie Italienne encouraged a love of imbrolios, parodies, and vaudevilles. Dancing was revived; and although till his death Voltaire continued to write tragedies and the Comédie Française to act them, yet on the whole it may be said that the general temper was light and airy, and unfit for the reception of any serious work. Music, in which mighty results were being achieved, will be treated of in another place.

Yet if the creative spirit was

lacking to the stage, as it undoubtedly was, necessary reforms were set on foot which were to establish the art of acting on a new basis. One of the most important of these was the revolution which took place in costume, thanks chiefly to the exertions of Clairon and Lekain. It is owing to them that paniers and perukes were abandoned for something more nearly approaching the garments probably worn by the persons represented, and that Tancréd and his Normans did not appear in Voltaire's tragedy in robes of silk brocade. Pages, however, allotted by custom to hold up the robes of the actresses—one apiece, and two to a queen—were not abolished till 1783.

In the middle of the eighteenth century, when Grimm first began to write, the theatre-going public consisted almost entirely of tolerably well-educated people, who passed the greater part of the day in each other's company. They seem to have talked an immense deal, and in the intervals of conversation diverted themselves with "portraits" and *jeux de mots* of various kinds, till the hour for the play arrived, when most of the circle took their departure. The ladies went as often as they could, we may be sure; but their opportunities were very limited. Grimm was informed by Clairon about 1760, that no woman who did not wish to make herself notorious would ever be seen in the theatre more than twice or thrice a-month. As time passed on, a change took place in this as in other things, and the introduction of boxes with *grilles* in 1786, enabled ladies to be present as often as they wished.

Authors as well as actors found a Parisian audience difficult to reckon with. The mania for this style or that changed so suddenly and so completely, that the aspiring playwright hardly knew

what *genre* to adopt. Yet one would have thought that nature had sufficiently indicated the line best suited to the French as a nation, and most in harmony with their character. Grimm is speaking the truth when he says that it is only in France that comedy, thanks to Molière, has attained any degree of perfection; while her tragedies, being based on artificial maxims, must always be failures. "If a sensible man related to you seriously some important event that had taken place in Europe, in the style in which these things are set forth in our best tragedies, he would excite nothing but contempt. If a minister or statesman discussed some grave matter after the fashion of the famous scene in 'Sertorius,' which is continually quoted as a masterpiece of political writing, he would be thought to have reached his second childhood. If the speech of a man in despair or the victim of some terrible passion bore the faintest resemblance to his tirade in a tragedy, instead of touching your heart it would convulse you with laughter." So says Grimm, and partly accounts for these facts by the constant use of Alexandrines in tragedy. "They are too elaborate," he exclaims, "and put too much measure into passion. The second line is generally made for the first; and as long as they are employed for tragedies, declamation will be false and acting artificial."

Yet during those fifty years, if tragedies were apt to be flat and monotonous, comedies were not much better. And this is all the stranger because, as Prévost observes, "in a country where Society is the principal object, all the lesser arts which tend only to please—fugitive pieces, essays, and such things—ought to reach a high degree of excellence." But originality and simplicity seemed to

have fled the earth. Plays there were in plenty, but few indeed kept any firm hold on the boards. Their authors fell into the snare of depicting living people, instead of characters who were the concentrated essence of a class. They were apt to wander from the matter in hand, and to introduce extraneous incidents. They have no sense of proportion or gradation, and their personages are either tame or grossly exaggerated. "The one thing the writer really cares for is to display his own cleverness, though indeed he would look vainly for inspiration in the elaborate, complex, imitative collection of beings which make up society."

It is amusing to note Grimm's views about the old dramatists, and how widely they differ from those that have always been current in France. Of course Grimm had read them, and it is perfectly possible that many of the people who alluded to Racine and Corneille with bated breath had never gone far beyond the covers. Milton is considered a great classic in England, yet it would scarcely be safe to examine one's friends on "Paradise Lost"! Grimm considers that Voltaire is a better tragedian than Racine—for stage purposes, that is—because Racine maps out everything so carefully that he leaves nothing for the actor to do, and he holds both superior to Corneille. "Every enlightened man will allow that there are great beauties in Corneille," he writes in May 1764, "but he will also admit that they are scattered and hidden in a huge dunghill. If I attempted to publish what I really think of him, I should certainly lay myself open to stoning. He had genius and elevation, but his heart was arid, and he was ruined by falling under the influence of Spanish literature, which bristled with dec-

lamation. He invents splendid situations, but is unequal to the task of carrying them out; while, if you transplanted one of his lovers or tyrants into real life, he would seem mad if he uttered a single word of what Corneille makes him say." Molière insisted that a king, in conversation with his Ministers, need not behave "like a demoniac." The actor, apparently, was only carrying out the ideas of the poet. The prevalent idea of the absolute truth of Corneille's Roman patriots appears to have emanated from Louis XIV. and Condé; but the fact is, that Corneille was as ignorant of the feelings and ways of Romans as were his noble patrons. His Romans would have known themselves as little in the rounded periods and romantic sentiments he puts into their mouths, as they would had they met themselves on the stage in the flowing perukes in which they were represented. The age did not teach sympathy, or the duty of entering into lives that were different from your own.

It is worthy of notice that, in spite of the fetters imposed on tragedy by Alexandrine verse, the most remarkable names on the stage from 1753 to 1790 are those of tragedians. Clairon, Lekain, Aufresne, Dumesnil, and Talma have made themselves celebrated through all time. Besides these, the Comédie Française may boast of others who obtained a temporary fame, among them Mlle. Raucourt, with her evil reputation—evil even for that evil time.

There is nothing and nobody about which Grimm changes his mind so frequently as about Clairon. This strange woman, who had enjoyed success on the stage ever since she was fourteen, was one of those people whose individuality is so strong that they can never be passed over. Even now we

seem to know her well, though one reason for that may be her striking resemblance in many respects to a famous living actress. In the first mention Grimm makes of her (July 1753), he complains of the monotony both of her speech and gestures, although this fault was only apparent to connoisseurs, as the public were carried away by the loudness of her voice, the finish of her pronunciation, and her sudden bursts of violence. But this is only what is to be expected. Delicate shades of acting are lost on the audience, who fail to see that genuine talent never exaggerates.

However, Clairon had a keener sense of art and more variety than Grimm was willing to allow her, for two years after, when she played Idamé, the heroine of Voltaire's tragedy "*L'Orphelin de la Chine*," she had dropped her inflated and affected mode of declamation, and delivered her words quite simply. This piece, which was an immense favourite with the French public, was extracted from Chinese sources, and brought into France by the Père du Halde, a missionary in China. It produced a profound impression in Paris, but Grimm thinks but lightly of it. He says that it is far too long, and that the characters deliver portentous orations in the face of the most pressing dangers. The Court of Genghis Khan entirely lacked oriental repose, and was always in a bustle; while, as everybody passes their existence in the deadliest peril, it is impossible to harrow one's feelings about the heroine in particular. Yet the "*Orphelin*" is noticeable as being the first play in which the actresses appeared without paniers, and Voltaire abandoned his author's rights for the benefit of their dresses.

It is interesting to follow Grimm's remarks about Clairon

through the years that her imposing figure dominated the Français. He does not like her, and he never loses a chance of praising her gentler rival Dumesnil at her expense, but he is very curious about her, and even a little fascinated. "She is very clever," he writes, after the first night of "Tancred," when Clairon had played Aménide and won a tumult of applause—"she is very clever, has a great deal of finesse, and is full of resource; but in her acting I always discern art, and never nature. She has a way, too, of *singing* in tragedy; and when she wishes to introduce a touch of spontaneity in her parts, she falls into a familiarity of tone which is insufferable save in comedy."

Side by side with Clairon in all her triumphs, and, in Grimm's opinion, scaling heights which she never reached, stands Lekain. Lekain at this time shared with Aufresne the honour of being the best male tragedian at the Français, and is a standing contradiction of the remark Grimm afterwards makes about Monvel, "that a man so ugly and insignificant ought to be forbidden the stage." But even on Grimm's own showing, Lekain, whose bodily presence was more than contemptible, could carry his audience away in a manner which it is only given to ugly men to do. No one "had ever been more deeply penetrated with the spirit and dignity of French tragedy; and with his two gifts of a charming voice and expressive eyebrows, he could, if need be, take a play on his own shoulders and bear it triumphantly through. His manner of acting was simple and unaffected, and Tancred was one of his finest parts. The play had some good scenes and telling speeches, and the cross-rhymes proved a welcome relief from the monotony of 'endless Alexandrines'; but the construc-

tion was weak, and it abounded in puerilities." The subject seems to have had a fascination for the French playwrights, as three years later (1763) we find an adaptation by Saurin of Thomson's "Tancred and Sigismunda" (witnessed by Garrick) under the title of "Blanche et Guiscard," and the chief parts fell to Brizard, Lekain, and Clairon. This time Grimm's dislike to Clairon breaks forth anew. "Mlle. Clairon, ceaselessly applauded, eternally fêted, will infallibly be the ruin of the Théâtre Français. Never have I seen her act really well, save in some cold and romantic rôle from Corneille, when it was only necessary to be able to speak with dignity and self-possession. Then her lovely voice bewitches one's senses. Ah! you are very clever, but you have no nature about you, and no heart, so you will never have power to rend mine. Already your dangerous example has led astray those whose talents are but slight; already tragedy is acted with a slowness and deliberation that gains applause for the actor at the expense of the piece."

After all, this tremendous jeremiad is quite uncalled for, as, if there was little creative instinct in the Paris of that day, surely no period could boast such a long line of actors, both in comedy and tragedy, whose names are still names to conjure with on the French stage. Besides the stars we have mentioned, there were the great comedian Sarrasin, who died in 1763; Prévile, whom the public liked but Grimm rather despised; Molé, admired by critic and public alike in spite of his tendency to give all his lovers a passionate and petulant air; and above all, Aufresne, the finest tragedian then existing in Paris. His style of acting appears to have been in direct contradiction to that of Clairon, in a measure also to that of Lekain. Aufresne,

like his rival, had natural disadvantages to contend with. His manner lacked grace and his voice flexibility, but by careful study he overcame these drawbacks, and his natural way of rendering his parts exercised a great influence on the other actors. Grimm deeply regrets that Aufresne should never have played before Garrick, who arrived in Paris at this time (July 1765), and was present at the first night of "*Blanche et Guiscard*." He had an immense reception, and treated his friends to a private exhibition of the stabbing scene in "*Macbeth*," and of a man who drops his tarts into the mud. Both seem to have been equally good, and Grimm declares that Garrick is the only man who ever realised his ideal of a comedian.

In these circumstances, with the popular Dumesnil torival Clairon in tragedy—and successfully to rival her as regards the performance of *Athalie*—with Dangeville retiring, and Doligny coming on, to say nothing of Mme. Préville, Mme. Vestris, and Mlle. Mars in the future, it is not easy to sympathise with Grimm's repeated cry of the "dearth of talent in the theatre." At any rate, life could never have been dull at the *Maison de Molière* with Clairon to keep them lively! Between her threats of retirement, her cries of "privilege," her refusal to act with Dubois (who was accused of some mean act) in the "*Siège de Calais*," and her consequent imprisonment in Fort l'Évêque with Lekain, Brizard, and Molé, the public was in no danger of forgetting her existence. At length it took her at her word, and for a time we hear no more of her.

All this time there are scattered notices of comedies acted at the Français, which become more and more frequent as the years go on. They do not appear to have been very thrilling, though here

and there Grimm gives one of these pieces a good word. He praises "*Le Cercle*" or "*La Soirée à la Mode*" (1764), a lively picture by Poinciset of the frivolity and dulness of the Parisian clubs, which were expected to be the ruin of society. He likewise commends highly Sédaine's "*Gageure Imprévue*," brought out at the Français in 1768, and afterwards acted at the Petit Trianon. As a rule, however, the *comédies de mœurs* at the *Maison de Molière* consisted of a series of tame and often unpardonable personalities, as in Palisot's "*Philosophes*" (1760), where the Encyclopædists were all exhibited on the stage, and Rousseau makes his entrance on all-fours! "*La Confiance Trahie*," by M. Bret (1764), was another specimen of this class of piece, and was directed against the *fermiers généraux*.

That French comedy was rescued from the abyss of dulness into which it had fallen appears to have been in a great measure owing to Sédaine, on whom Grimm considered the mantle of Shakespeare to have descended. The old French comic operas which had created such a sensation ten years before had followed the invariable course, and had become low and vulgar. At this point Sédaine stepped in, and stemmed the tide of unpopularity with some unpretentious plays full of grace and ingenuity, such as "*On ne s'avise jamais de tout*" and "*Rose et Colas*." These met with a prompt success, and henceforth Sédaine's name is more frequently met with than that of any other dramatic author.

Sédaine wrote a great deal for the *Comédie Italienne*. The bright little house on the right bank of the Seine had for many years drawn larger audiences than any theatre in Paris, and could well afford to pay its 35,000 francs a-year to the French Opera for its licence. For

some time the actors had ceased to use their native Italian, and sang their librettos in French—a change which Grimm deplures, on the ground that a Frenchman's only notion of expression was to sing loud for passion and soft for love. Any kind of play that was light and amusing was welcomed at the *Comédie Italienne*; and even if the piece was not much in itself, it was always sure of being well acted. Imbroglíos, skits, and burlesques were all given in turn; and in 1758 a very funny parody of Lully's "*Alceste*" called "*La Noce Interrompue*" was produced, followed by one of Glück's, "*Armida*," in 1777.

It is curious to remark that in those days the libretto, or "poem" as it was then called, held an equal place in the mind of the public with the music which accompanied it. "For the last thirty years," writes Grimm in 1769, "the knowledge of light Italian music has been greatly extended, and the sweetness of Italian melodies, combined with the easy method in which these melodies were sung, ensured to Italian music a great popularity. Lully and Rameau succeeded, however, in raising considerable opposition, and the Italian artists were ordered to quit France; but their singing had touched a strong chord in the French nation, and they were speedily recalled." It was from them that the French first took their ideas of comic operas. Hitherto their efforts had been confined to the serious branch of the art, and here they were completely routed by Glück. Then they ranged themselves on the side of the Italians and made common cause with Piccini and Sacchini, till Paris was torn by the feud of the Glückists and Piccinists. After this it was only natural (and national) that they should turn round and mock at their idol, and even induce

Paësiello the composer to lend a hand in the parody of the "*Marquis Tulipano*" for the French *Opéra Comique*. As might be expected from the co-operation of Paësiello, the music was full of *verve* and variety; but "the piece failed," says Grimm, "for lack of interest in the libretto." This remark has a naïf ring in the ears of modern English readers!

What an era it was for all who cared for music! In April 1774, Glück's "*Iphigenia*" was given at the Opera, with Sophie Arnould in the title rôle, and Larivée as Agamemnon! Piccini and Sacchini, his rivals, allow that "his harmony is profound, but they deny him melody, and complain that his airs are crude, his accompaniments monotonous, and his recitative heavy; and, worse than all, that they are compelled to listen, for it is impossible to sleep"!

Four months later the "*Orfeo*" was given, with the words in French, exactly ten years since its first production; but in those ten years Grimm's mind concerning it had changed. Paris was intoxicated with delight, and Grimm with it; and though he admits that Sophie Arnould was less successful as Eurydice than as Iphigenia, he declares that Le Gros was magnificent as Orfeo, and the ballets better than any given before.

To speak in detail of that wonderful time, when the rivalry of composition sharpened the wits of the great composers, would take far more space and knowledge than we can command. As it is, we can only indicate a few landmarks of operatic history. In 1783 appeared Piccini's "*Atys*," with the plain and impressive and magnificent Mme. St. Huberty as Sangaride—Mme. St. Huberty with the sorrowful face and burning eyes. A month later she came out in "*Armida*" from Sacchini's '*Renaud*'; but the

opera hung fire through no fault of hers, and she achieved her greatest triumph two years afterwards in the "Didon" of Marmontel and Piccini.

But we have wandered far away from the Comédie Italienne and its cheerful entertainments. From time to time Sédaine puts on the stage a fresh comedy, now in conjunction with Grétri, a talented Liègeois whose music was in great demand, now in connection with Philidor. Perhaps he is at his best in "Le Philosophe sans le Savoir," in which his light touch, grace, and wit were sure of appreciation by the Parisian public. He also shares with Marmontel and De la Harpe the task of writing the words for the pastorals that were coming into fashion, for which Grétri and Duni provided the music. The chief rôle was usually intrusted to Caillot, a magnificent singer, and as an actor considered by Grimm far superior to Préville of the Français. Marmontel was a famous writer of librettos, and was the "poet" of Piccini. Grimm objects that he is artificial, and is always opposing him to Sédaine. De la Harpe appears to have been very variable. At one moment we find Grimm declaring that his work ("Mélanie" was the play in question) is "delightful in its elevation and purity," while in another place he exclaims with fervour, "Heaven keep M. De la Harpe from writing plays, and us from seeing them!"

In the long-run, Grimm's judgments were sure to right themselves, but they were apt to go astray at the outset, and never more so than when he announced (January 1770) that Caron de Beaumarchais had not "the ghost of a talent" and was a "prey to affectation." The play that called forth this luckless criticism was "Les Deux Amis" at the Français: it is not till four years later that

we hear the first whispers of "Le Barbier de Séville," which was destined to make such a stir. Twice the play was advertised, and twice it was postponed, till the first performance finally took place on January 23, 1775. It was too long, and though vast crowds thronged to see it, the general feeling was one of disappointment—a feeling, however, by no means shared by Grimm, who is ready to eat his own words, and to declare the author a wonder. It was not until the "Barbier de Séville" was shortened that it became popular; but the "Mariage de Figaro," which came out at the Français nine years after, achieved a brilliant success at once. Beaumarchais's plays were always favourites with the Court. In one of the *fêtes* at the Petit Trianon which lighted up the closing days of the Monarchy, the Queen herself acted Rosina, while Figaro was played by the Comte d'Artois, and Almaviva by M. de Breteuil.

The Revolution was fast drawing on, yet the people of Paris amused themselves as gaily as ever. Everywhere we hear of graceful little pastorals, such as Rousseau's "Devin du Village," of ballets at the Opera, of little plays acted in the houses of the nobility,—for acting was as much a passion with the French during the eighteenth century as swimming is now. Professional assistance was often required, and among others we find the charming Sophie Arnould, "more justly celebrated for her wit than for her asthmatic voice," taking part in "La Tour Enchantée" at the Duchesse de Villeroi's. The ballet was very dull, but Sophie contrived to make it go off as she did everything else. No one knew how to touch the heart as she did; yet when she was on the stage, you might be sure that during her most moving scenes she would be making jokes, and

that when she was sinking, faint with emotion, into the arms of her lover, she would be sighing out, "Oh, my dear Pilot, how frightful you are!" It is strange, looking back on the events of that troubled time, to notice how little stress was laid upon the growing discontent of the people, which was showing itself, one would have thought, clearly enough. Grimm, who was a philosopher and grave by nature, continues to keep the Empress Catherine informed as to the chit-chat of the day, and rarely mentions anything more serious. He tells her how the actors of the Français have applied for three months' leave in the summer, how it is decided that Molière is to be acted on Thursdays and Sundays, and new pieces on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays. He records the production of "Aucassin et Nicolette, ou le bon vieux temps," at the Comédie Italienne in 1780, with the words and music by Sédaine and Grétri; and that of an excellent little *comédie de mœurs* called "L'École des Pères," by a young Nismes merchant, in 1787. He even quotes—and there could be no better proof of the temper of the time—a letter from M. Pitra to a friend, written in June 1785. M. Pitra speaks scoffingly of the Assembly of the Notables which has just taken place, and declares that it was "quite as well that the curtain fell when it did, for he does not know whether the interest excited by the Assembly, great as it might seem, would have resisted that caused by a lyric masterpiece by the immortal father of Figaro" ("Tarare," from the 'Cabinet des Fées'). "Every French Minister," he adds, "ought always to have in his pocket an opera that can be performed the day after a battle has been lost or a tax imposed."

It is impossible to do more than mention the names of the actors

and actresses who were so famous in their day, and whose memories live with us still—La Rive, the pupil of Clairon, the gloomy Mlle. Raucourt, the graceful Mlle. Contat, the lively Mme. Vestris, and her sister Dugazon, the delight of the Comédie Italienne. The long line culminates worthily in Talma and Mlle. Mars. But a notice of this sort would be incomplete without a brief allusion to the art of dancing, which had made such strides during these fifty years. This advance was owing in a great degree to Mlle. Camargo, one of the dancers at the Opera, who first shortened her petticoats, to the scandal of all playgoers, and invented the celebrated *danse à cabrioles*. It was she who gave a real impulse to the art, though she was distanced in her performances by Mlle. Allard, the mother of the younger Vestris. Indeed Allard was supposed to be the best dancer of her time, with the exception of Mlle. Heinel, a young German who made her appearance (1769) in an opera by Philidor. The great composer of ballets was Noverre, author of "Les Caprices de Galathée" and "Apelles et Campaspe," and he was fortunate enough to include in his operatic *corps de ballet* such excellent dancers as the elder Vestris and Le Picq, besides the artists already mentioned. Camargo had died in 1770.

It has not been the intention of this article to introduce any of the gossip or anecdotes of the kind usually associated with the life of the stage. Scandal enough and to spare gathered round the names of Clairon, Sophie Arnould, Raucourt, Contat, and the rest; but those who desire to study such subjects must do so elsewhere. It is chiefly as artists that the players of the day are attractive

to Grimm ; therefore his opinion of their performances is all the more worthy of consideration. But interesting as Grimm's criticism always is, he was without the sure dramatic insight that characterised his friend Diderot ; and there can be no more fitting close to an article on the French stage than some remarks of Diderot's, called forth by a little pamphlet which appeared in 1770, entitled 'Garrick ; or, English Actors':—

"I should desire that the actor be a man of judgment, and a cold and unimpassioned spectator of human nature ; that he should have delicate perceptions, but no emotions—or in other words, that he should be able to portray everything he sees, and have an equal aptitude for every kind of character and part. If he trusted to the inspiration of his emotions, it would be impossible for him to play the same *rôle* ten times running with the same force and the same success. Whereas, if he founds his art on the observations he has made of nature, he will act better the tenth day than he did the first, for his conception of the character represented will become clearer in proportion as he works it out to his audience.

"As long as actors rely on the promptings of their feelings, the excellence of their rendering of any given part will vary from day to day, while those whose interpretation is based on reflection, study, imitation, imagination, and memory (on the head, in short, instead of on the heart), can be trusted to be substantially the same. For instance, take Clairon. She thinks carefully out the character she is going to play, and after she has grasped the *idéal* of the *rôle*, sets herself with the utmost pains to embody her conception. When this is done, she feels that she has mastered the subject, and relies on her memory for the rest. Her rival Dumesnil, on the other hand, proceeds on a totally opposite method. She leaves everything to the inspiration of the moment, with the result that sometimes she is sublime, and sometimes she is lamentably weak.

"Take again the cries wrung from a mother which torture the hearts of

the audience. They are the consequence, not of the emotion of the instant, but of study and rehearsal, during which the actress has listened to herself. And the merit of her impersonation consists in her exact reproduction of the external signs of feeling. It is a *singerie sublime*, executed faithfully and punctually. The actress never loses consciousness of what she is doing, and can recall it afterwards point by point.

"It is emotion that makes the majority of actors indifferent ; it is emotion which dulls their talents, it is the lack of emotion that makes actors sublime. True passion almost always expresses itself in grimaces which are copied slavishly by an artist without taste, but are avoided by the really great actor. It is also to be remarked that it is only when the age of passionate emotions is past that long study and experience has taught the actor how to render them ; as any one may know who watched the automatic interpretations of Clairon or Molé when they first went on the stage. I would even go further, and say that an excellent way to act flatly and badly is to copy your own character, for by so doing you miss the grasp conferred by conceiving the essence of all such characters. If Clairon on the stage was to copy herself in a rage at home, instead of striking terror and awe into the hearts of her audience, she would convulse them all with laughter. . . . The true speech of the theatre is a mixture of words and gestures, for in nature the face speaks as much as the voice. In proportion as passion increases, words become few and energetic, and gesture more eloquent. . . . Actors should never forget that on the stage it is never a servile reproduction of the truth that is wanted, but an adroit impression, made up, it may be, of details that taken individually would be found incorrect, yet as a whole prove that the author has seized on the point that is essential in the thing imitated."

This is why conversations transplanted direct from novels would sound flat and weak on the stage ; and this is also why it is almost impossible for any amateur to hope to write an acting play without professional assistance.

SUMMERS AND WINTERS AT BALMAWHAPPLE.

NO. IV.—OUT OF THE DARK.

It was a surprise to Balmawhapple when Dobbs became famous. We had not thought much of him as a boy; he had been steadily and persistently flogged for many years without much apparent result; when he left us for the metropolis—shaking the Balmawhapple dust fastidiously off his duck gaiters—we imagined that he would be quickly sucked into the whirlpool, and lost to sight. Lost to sight, and not even to memory dear. But we were wrong: what we took for a crack in the brain was only, it appeared, a streak of genius; when we ridiculed “Miss Dobby,” as we called him at the grammar-school, we had mistaken delicacy of imagination for constitutional flabbiness. The ‘St Giles’ Gazette,’ which declared on its honour that there were only three men in the country who could have written “An Arcadian Summer,” first opened our eyes; and, had he lived, the freedom of his native burgh would no doubt have been unanimously conferred upon Dobbs. But the pale Impressionist is first cousin to *pallida Mors*, and Dobbs, with most of the school to which he belonged, has gone over to a majority which is increasing with alarming rapidity,—the catastrophe which Beddoes anticipated appearing indeed to be imminent:—

“In the old time death was a feverish sleep

In which men walked. The other world was cold

And thinly peopled, so life’s emigrants
Came back to mingle with the crowds
of earth;

But now great cities are transplanted
thither,—

Memphis, and Babylon, and either
Thebes,

And Priam’s towery town with its one
beach.

The dead are most and merriest; so to
be sure

There will be no more haunting till
their towns

Are full to the garret; then they’ll
shut their gates

To keep the living out.”

One sketch left by Dobbs has not been hitherto published: it is a narrative of certain events which took place in Balmawhapple and its neighbourhood while Cul-loden was still a living memory. I call it a narrative, though, according to the usage of his school, it is rather a commentary than a narrative. The story had been used, I take it, to illustrate the old conflict between good and evil, between day and night; and to do Dobbs justice, the little frivolities of style, the little eccentricities of sentiment in which he indulged, did not extend into the domain of ethics. “Out of the Dark” was accidentally discovered in the office of ‘The Tomahawk’ when the editor’s sanctum was being scrubbed during his absence on urgent business at Tibbie Shiel’s; and as it is the only document in my possession that throws any light upon the Balmawhapple of last century, the reader, I make no doubt, will be glad to have it. The fame of Lala’s gold pieces still lingers in the burgh, and the truth of the main incidents is attested by a parcel of papers in the Holdfast charter-chest which I have seen.

I.

St Abbs is, or was, the rival of Balmawhapple. Balmawhapple indeed regards the pretensions of St Abbs as the ox in the fable regarded the frog's. The population of Balmawhapple is twice as great; it sends thirty big ships to the Greenland seas, whereas St Abbs has only one; the herring-boats that fish from Balmawhapple are numbered by hundreds, those from St Abbs by tens. But then St Abbs has a real live Earl; and St Abbs is so close to the Earl's seat that a day seldom passes without some of the family or domestics from Cardono being seen at the Erskine Arms or elsewhere in town.

The best consolation that we have is that his lordship is not only Earl of St Abbs but Viscount Balmawhapple; and Viscount Balmawhapple is the courtesy title assumed by the eldest son when there is a son. So that St Abbs cannot be held to have an exclusive or vested interest in the Earl; some part, at least, of his lordship belongs to us.

At present (that is, be it understood, at the time of which I am writing—1775, let us say) there is no elder son—only a daughter, in fact; and this is a constant source of discomfort to lord and lady alike, for the title is limited to heirs-male, and on the Earl's death goes to a distant Mar or Marshal or Menteith, who does not care to add to a dignity which was in existence before Robert Bruce was born, the more modern honours of St Abbs. It was a younger member of the great house who stood by James VI. in the Gowrie House at Perth who was the first Viscount; for they were Viscounts of Balmawhapple before they were

Earls of St Abbs,—which, indeed, is another feather in our cap.

Yet another feather we had; for all Balmawhapple knew that the Earl's only sister, Penelope Erskine (long before her brother was like to be a peer; for there had been at one time a dozen good lives at least between him and the title), had married Adam Holdfast, the laird of Ballallan, who had been bred to the Bar, and who now held the dignified office of Sheriff of the county. The "Shirra" continued to live at the old house of Ballallan—it is now a mere ruin overgrown by ivy—which was just outside the burgh boundary of Balmawhapple. It was a hospitable house—none more so in all the country-side; the front door stood open from morning till night, as if inviting all who passed to enter; and, on the weekly market-day, gentle and simple from far and near were proud to be numbered among the guests. The lands of Ballallan were not extensive, and the official salary was the merest pittance; but "Aunt Penelope" was a famous manager, and £100 a-year in those days went further than £1000 goes now.

Cardono is built upon the rocks, and overlooks the sea. The view from the bay-window of my lady's boudoir where husband and wife are sitting this winter afternoon is almost too vast for domestic comfort: that boundless plain of waters, that illimitable heaven, overpower the imagination. Once in a way it were well; but day and night to listen to the sob of the waves and the moaning of the wind from this aerial perch is a fearful joy—a joy that is near akin to pain. The perpetual strain, indeed, is too severe for

sober bliss. A man may live up to a flower-pot or a teapot if he tries very hard; but too much is required of him when he is invited to live up to the sea.

They were pleasant and simple people, and (in spite of the close vicinity of their awe-inspiring neighbour—to whom, indeed, they had become used) they led a pleasant and simple life. They had been brought together originally in the strangest fashion, and they used often to speculate what would have happened if a certain East Indiaman had not foundered one stormy night off the coast of Moray, a hundred miles to the north of where they were sitting.

"But for that we would never have met," said the Earl.

"Marriages are made in heaven, my dear," was the lady's reply, as a bright smile lightened up her handsome face; "and Providence, we may hope, would have found some other way to bring ours about."

At this moment the door opened, and a rather pretty girl of eight or ten, with fair unconfined ringlets drifting behind her, burst into the room. The rain was lashing the window-panes by this time, and the shadows of the winter twilight were falling upon the sea.

"I have been telling nurse *the* story, mother, but she says I have got it wrong," the girl exclaimed, breathlessly, as the ruddy fire-light fell upon her chubby cheeks. "Please, mother, tell me it again."

"Your father knows it by heart, child, and he is the best of story-tellers," said my lady, glancing rather mischievously at her husband.

"Such a story-teller!" said the little woman, with a slight lisp, that rather added to the insinuating sweetness of the address. It was one of those voices in which

we seem to feel the caress. Men like to be coaxed into doing what they wish to do by just such a voice. "Oh, such a story-teller!" she said, with an arch little laugh, as she climbed on to his knee.

"Well, it's the very night for the story," said the good-natured Earl, as the windows rattled in the rising gale. "It was just on such a night that the East Indiaman went down."

So he began *the* story,—the coincidences of which are wellnigh past belief. Yet it is attested by credible witnesses, some of whom I have spoken to as a boy.

"It was soon after the '45," the Earl began. "Our people had been mostly 'out,' and some of them never came back. My grandfather, the Black Earl, as they called him, was abroad at the time of the rising—which was lucky as it happened, for he was a fierce Jacobite, and would doubtless have been one of the first to join the Prince. He was wild when he heard afterwards that the Prince, on his way north, had lodged for a night or two with the then laird of Troup—Simon Gordon. The bairn has never been at the Tor, Anne,—we must take her there some day. The rocks at Tor of Troup, Nell, are higher than ours, and the house itself is built like a hawk's nest on a shelf that overhangs the sea. If you have a steady head and can look over the parapet, you will see a straggling village of fishers' huts, and a church that they say is older than Iona. Then the sharp saw-like teeth of the reefs run right out to sea, and the ship that scrapes them when the wind is inshore goes straight to the bottom. They rip her up—like the tusks of a wild boar. Well, Nell, one night not long after Culloden such a gale got up, and the laird was awakened—he

slept in the tower where they kept a light burning from dusk to dawn—by the minute-guns of a vessel obviously in sore distress, which he heard now and again through the fury of the storm. Of course no ship in *that* sea could live through the night, and before the laird and his people reached the shore the guns had ceased, and the vessel was in fragments. Not a soul escaped except one little girl whose crib was miraculously washed far up the bay, and stranded upon the beach. The baby was sleeping the sleep that babies sleep, and when they woke her up she had no consciousness that anything was amiss, but laughed and babbled as if on her mother's knee. The word "Kit" was worked in blue-silk thread on her night-dress, but there was nothing else to show to whom she belonged, and the laird took her into his house and heart, and brought her up with his own little girls, who were called—what do you think?"

"I know," said Nell, gravely; "Anne and Joanna."

"Two very plain girls," continued the Earl, "with red hair and freckled cheeks."

Nell put her hand upon his mouth and stopped him.

"Mother is just bee-u-ti-ful," she said, carefully accenting each syllable.

"Well, Nell, if you won't believe me, mother must tell you the rest."

The Countess put her spinning-wheel aside, and took up the running, Nell standing at her knee.

"Indeed, Nell, nobody would believe a word of it who didn't know it was true. Kit grew and flourished till she was quite a big girl—bigger than your little mother, bigger than your aunt Joanna—but such a dear sweet girl that everybody loved her.

Father, indeed, made so much of her that we grew quite jealous at times."

"You hear, Nell," said the Earl, pulling her curls. "Wasn't that naughty?"

"No," said the little hero-worshipper; "mother couldn't be naughty if she tried. It was only in fun," she added, to explain the situation.

"Then when Kit was eighteen, what do you think happened?" This was Nell's opportunity.

"Another great storm got up, and another ship was wrecked below the house, and when grand-papa went down again he found the poor people on the rocks, and he took them up to the Tor, and gave them tea and brandy and bread-and-butter; and next morning one of them said—What did he say, mother?" Here Nell paused, out of breath.

"He was as fine a gentleman as any of us ever saw; and though he spoke with a slightly foreign accent, no one could doubt that he was English. We girls came running into the breakfast-room a little late."

"Mind that, Nelly—that's the point." Nelly shook her curls, but did not deign to reply to the interruption. "Go on, mother."

"And no sooner had he cast eyes on Kit, who had grown a great girl as I told you, than he said as if to himself, but so that we all could hear, 'Why, that's our little Kit.' And who do you think the fine gentleman was?"

"Kit's own uncle, of course," Nell replied, as if such a meeting were to be looked for any day.

"It was indeed her own uncle; though we all thought it more wonderful than you do, Nell, that they should have been brought together after so many years in this strange fashion. His sister,

he told us, and her only child, had left Madras on her husband's death in the summer of the year that the Indiaman went down at the Tor, and they had never been heard of since. They never thought of coming to us to inquire: the vessel was bound for London, and it had been driven five hundred miles out of its course. Kit, though she came in time to love her uncle right well, had of course quite forgotten him, and could not bear to part from us. So we promised—Joanna and I—to go with them to Gottenburg, where he had settled after his brother's

death, and was now one of the leading merchants. And when we got to Gottenburg, Nell, whom should we meet but two young Scotch lads, who were either already partners or about to be partners in the business. Tom was the elder brother, Methuen the younger. They were saucy boys, and at last they teased us so that—would you believe it, Nell?—I married the one and Joanna the other."

Nell gave a great sigh of satisfaction. "And that was the end," she said, as the nurse entered to take her to bed.

II.

Penelope Erskine had married our "Shirra"—Mr Holdfast of Ballallan—long before her niece Nell was born; and their eldest son—Ralph—had gone away to India when the child was yet in the cradle. India was then on the other side of the world; unwieldy Indiamen, commanded by the cadets of great Scotch houses, came and went by the Cape: if the winds were unfavourable the voyage might last for a year; when they came back they brought with them gems of unknown value, strings of pearls, priceless shawls, blue bowls of Nankin china, and much else that was rare and wonderful to fathers and mothers and sisters who had never crossed the Tweed. India was still a land of romance; still governed by its native princes, except where the merchant-princes of England had begun to build up an empire greater than the Mogul's; a land through which men made their way at peril of their lives, and from whose obscure and malign enchantments they rarely escaped quite unharmed in body or soul.

Within that enchanted mist—

the veil that Central India drew around her—Ralph Holdfast had disappeared as utterly as if he had been swallowed up by the sea. Not a scrap came from him for years. To the peaceful household at Ballallan he was as one long dead. Even the rumours that he held high office at a native court, where he had discarded the creed of Christ for the creed of Islam, and where, in his crowded seraglio, he held worse than heathen carnival, had died out too.

But one spring morning a letter bearing the Calcutta stamp was delivered at Ballallan. It was read aloud by the Sheriff, who was now a widower, before he went to court. It came from the head of a well-known East India house which traded among the sacred towns on the Upper Ganges,—towns at that time as remote and unsubstantial as those in ancient fable. Their agent had been met at Agra, or Benares, or Delhi, or Oudh by an envoy from a State that preserved a jealous isolation, and which for many years no foreigner had been permitted to enter, who had delivered to him

an ebony chest or cabinet securely corded and sealed, and scrawled all over with hieroglyphics in an unknown tongue, and a dark-eyed tawny girl-child (with her native nurse), who wore round her neck a filigree chain of gold, delicate and fragile seemingly (but a strong man could not break it), to which was attached the seal which had been used to secure the cabinet, and a scrap of parchment on which was written, "I bequeath all to my daughter Lala.—Ralph Holdfast, the younger of Ballallan."

The letter went on to say that the little girl had been brought down to Calcutta, where the chest had been opened, and its contents lodged in the firm's secret safe; for there could be no doubt that their value was immense—£50,000 at the least, according to the rough estimate of the expert they had employed. The child and the chest itself would be sent on to Scotland by the next ship that sailed for Leith. The child, though very dark, seemed strong and healthy; but the writer regretted to add that the native nurse had died on the voyage from Benares. They had consequently been unable to obtain any information as to Ralph Holdfast or his surroundings: the fact, however, that he had sent his daughter and the treasure he had amassed out of the State, appeared to indicate that he considered his position, and possibly his life, insecure.

I may say here that what became of Ralph in that outer (or inner) darkness was never known: the scrap of writing attached to Lala's chain was the last that was received from him. He may have been strangled by the Rajah or poisoned by one of his many wives, or he may have died in the odour of sanctity as a dancing dervish or priest of Brahma at a good old

age. When the State was annexed by the English fifty years afterwards inquiries were made; but no one, it appeared, had ever heard of Ralph Holdfast. He had probably been known to the natives by another name.

So out of that Cimmerian darkness Lala arrived at Balmawhapple one summer morning when the "Shirra" and his daughter Mailie were still at breakfast—a small, scraggy, olive-skinned, black-eyed girl (her round black eyes turning slowly from one to the other, like a doll's, shall I say? or a heathen idol's?), with a mysterious ebony chest as big as a herring-barrel, filled to the brim with gold pieces which had been coined in the mints of the East any time during the last thousand years. They took her in; they tried to make her one of themselves; the chest was deposited in the strong-room of the National Bank; but it cannot be said that the suspicions these worthy, if somewhat primitive, people entertained when she first came among them were ever entirely allayed. Was she indeed what she pretended to be? or was she not rather an imp, a goblin, the offspring of some horrid Indian jugglery or devilry, who had assumed a human shape, but in whose wake evil would surely follow? And the gold pieces which had served so many masters, which had passed through so many dusky hands, which had been used, doubtless, in so many infamous bargains, and which had been the curse of numberless generations—would they remain solid in the bank's safe, or would they not rather turn into worthless rags, and waste away like withered leaves?

"It's a bad business altogether," the old laird muttered many times when he was left alone with this

inscrutable heathen baby, and the great round doll's eyes would slowly revolve until with sinister deliberation they settled upon his own.

These fancies, as the baby grew up to girlhood, as the girl grew up to womanhood, gradually lost their force. The people round about, who had rather avoided the child whose fierce temper was, as it seemed, ungovernable, and who was yet so imperturbably mischievous and malicious, forgot their first impressions. The gaunt little Indian baby was developing into a really splendid woman, and the chest of gold pieces was still intact. The chest itself, that is; for its contents had been gradually disposed of to the great traders in

London, where the coins of immemorial dynasties fetched fancy prices; and more than the estimated £50,000 had been safely invested in Lala Holdfast's name. The cabinet itself had been removed to her bedroom, and in it she kept, besides her chain and her seal (on which an Arabic charm was engraved), a string of precious stones which had been found underneath the gold, hidden away in a drawer of which she only had divined the secret. Lala thus became a personage of vast importance as she approached a marriageable age. A match like this was not to be met with every day within a hundred miles of Balmawhapple.

III.

Ralph Holdfast's younger brother Jim (for there was one other son, and a daughter "Mailie," who, by-and-by, married another Holdfast—one of the south country Holdfasts of whom we have heard elsewhere) had, after he left the University of Edinburgh, lived mainly with his uncle, the Earl, at Cardono. Although an ardent sportsman, a dashing rider, a keen golfer, a dead shot, an angler who could wile the trout from pool or shallow when no one else could, he was an excellent man of business, and had the almost exclusive management of the Earl's extensive estates in three counties. He and Nell Erskine had been thrown constantly together, and in the close association of cousinship and mutual tastes, love had been born. Both in mind and body the resemblance between them was close. Blue-eyed and fair-haired, their souls were as candid and limpid as their eyes. The healthy outdoor life suited them both; for both,

the simple songs of their own people, as well as the more intricate melodies of the old English poets, had a perennial fascination. Nell had a pure voice, dulcet as a flute,—everything about her, indeed, was pure; *that* was the first and last impression. She was simple as a lark, fresh as a new-blown daisy. One had to seek in woodland and meadow-land for appropriate similes,—in woodland and meadow-land while the dew was yet on the grass.

It was not surprising, perhaps, that between Nell and Lala a tacit antipathy should have grown up. This pale flower of the North might to some eyes have seemed insipid beside the tropical splendour of the other. But there must have been something more than rivalry—something impish and uncanny in Lala herself—to account for the mortal aversion with which Nell regarded her. When her dusky, dark-eyed, black-haired cousin came into the room, it made her actually shiver, as we

shiver in the Pontine marshes before an attack of malaria. "That woman blights me," she had said once, half in jest, to her lover.

The mischief of it was that, when Lala was present, a mist of misunderstanding seemed unaccountably to rise up between her and Jim. How it happened no one could exactly tell. Jim did not like Lala any more than Nell did; but Lala had a curious faculty of making people see as she liked. The mesmeric force had not then been fairly recognised by science: had it been, Lala's influence might possibly have been attributed to the baneful attraction of a purely physical agency. It was impossible to idealise any one when this merciless realist was present: somehow she made the finer virtues look mean, as the east wind takes the colour out of the landscape. This oriental enigma was to Nell as bitter and biting as the east wind itself—and not to Nell only. It seemed as if, born without conscience herself, Lala had resolved to reduce every one with whom she was brought into contact to her own level.

Nell as she grew up had parted with not a few of her childish attractions. Her cheeks had ceased to be as rosy as golden pippins; the plump little maiden, as round and solid as a dumpling, had shot up into a tall and graceful, but rather spare and statuesque, girl. There was an exquisite but perilous fragility about her figure which might have excited alarm had it not been for her ready laugh, her constant activity, her unwearied interest in high and low, in story and song, in beast and bird. It was hard to believe that in one so full of buoyant life the seeds of death had been sown. Her daughter, indeed, was close upon twenty before the Countess began to get

seriously alarmed. The girl was feverish, could not sleep at nights, was apt to take cold on the slightest provocation; her cheeks, except when painfully flushed, were perfectly colourless; her hands had grown delicate and transparent as alabaster. Jim—her mainstay in the old time—was often away now; when they met he was silent and embarrassed—and so was she. He had no idea, indeed, how ill she was; the hectic flush which his coming provoked blinded him to the truth.

But one day—one of the softest days of the dying summer—his eyes were opened. They were paddling about the bay below the castle. It was a windless calm; not a ripple broke upon the rock. The towers of the castle were half hidden in the warm mist that rose from the water; the flag on the old keep, that was as old as the Comyns, did not stir. All at once, as if by magic, the wall of separation which had risen up between the lovers was broken down. I do not profess to explain how this came about: no word was spoken, but both were simultaneously aware that any estrangement there had been was over and done with. He was lying on his oars; Nell came close up and nestled beside him where he sat,—the action was wistful and pathetic. He put his arm about her; she had grown painfully thin and emaciated, and tears were slowly trickling down her cheeks; a great wave of pity and tenderness and remorse and hopelessness passed over him.

"Jim, dear Jim, I am dying! Neither mother nor the doctor will listen to what I say; but I know better."

"Dying? O Nell!" he said, drawing her closer to his side. She lay in his arm like a tired but contented child.

"It is good, very good, Jim, to know that you love me dearly,—that even the evil eye cannot hurt our love. For, Jim, that woman has the evil eye: I am wasting away because she has poisoned my life."

He tried to disabuse her mind of the delusion, as he deemed it; but his reassuring words were of no avail. "No, Jim, she is one of those deadly blights that God sends to punish us for our sins. But so long as I have you with me, the pain does not hurt much."

What could he say? "The sense of tears in mortal things" is poignant when the young die. But when it is the girl on whom we have lavished all the love in our hearts who is summoned away, what can we do but, with bowed head, pray God to be pitiful?

Meanwhile the black-eyed Lala had other fish to fry. Many fresh-run salmon were in her net. You do not like the metaphor? let me vary it, then, and say that her web was full of flies, who were first sucked dry and then hoisted overboard. But the biggest and noisiest blue-bottle, the finest gallant of them all, was the young laird of Ardlaw. He was by nature lavish and ostentatious, but he was one of the wealthiest commoners in the county; and people said that he could afford to pay for his follies. He was mad about Lala. She dazed and dazzled him, and for her part she found the young fellow an eligible wooer. His reckless audacity suited her mood; his fresh laugh, his comely person, his animal courage and powerful physique, appealed for the moment with an irresistible attraction to the sensuous instincts of this oriental sultana. So, in an evil day for the vain and foolish but honest lad, she consented to become his wife.

It was the most splendid wedding that had ever been seen in Balmawhapple. The bride blazed with jewels; her necklace of precious stones alone was worth a king's ransom. The "Shirra" gave her away; the Catholic and Apostolic Church consecrated the union; the ships in harbour, back from Greenland seas, hoisted their colours; the post-boys, in pink jackets and top-boots, cracked their whips; amid the cheers of the populace they took the high-road to the south.

But there are certain unions that even the prayers of an ordained priest cannot purify; and some of those present had an uneasy consciousness that they had been assisting at such a witch's carnival as Faust attended.

While Balmawhapple rejoiced, gloom settled upon St Abbs. Poor Nell's prevision had been too true. The doctor, indeed, would not listen to any suggestion of evil eye or occult oriental jugglery; the girl's lungs had been always more or less affected, he declared; the hectic fever of disease had manifested itself to his professional experience from her childhood in sparkling eye and chubby cheek. But that somehow she had been blighted in the bloom of her youth was all that those who loved her cared to know; nor did they inquire too curiously, then or afterwards, from whence the blight had come. For my own part, in these obscure affections of the brain, I sometimes fancy that credulity is true wisdom; and that the evil eye, inherited from ancestors who had tried every form of devilry, is often more deadly than henbane.

A pure bride lying on her maiden bed with eyes closed and hands folded; a father and mother sorely stricken, but still humbly

hoping that Death has been good to her; the lover with tearless eyes taking a last farewell,—it is a picture from which we do not shrink, because, though beyond measure pitiful, there is in it nothing mean or vile or wicked. They will lay her gently in kindred dust; the sea will make its moan as of old; one by one they will come to her where she lies—father, mother, lover. For this lover was one of the constant sort who keep steadily at work till they are old men, but—do not forget.

There was a scared look in young Ardlaw's eyes when he came back from his triumphal honeymoon which his friends did not like. He was not one of the cowards who try to drive a spectre away by drink, and so end in delirium tremens. But he became still more recklessly lavish; his extravagance knew no bounds; he drove his four-in-hand about the county with his splendid sultana at his side; he spurned all restraint; the broad acres of Ardlaw, and Lala's gold pieces and precious stones, melted rapidly away,—the latter so rapidly, indeed, that the original conviction that they were mere elusive counterfeits seemed to have come true.

They lived on till they were old and penniless, maintained on a pittance that Lord St Abbs had left them, and the meagre profits of a squalid lodging-house in Balmawhapple. The husband died before I was born; but I still remember her vaguely—a skinny and peevish old woman, in whom all that remained of her once splendid beauty were the doll's eyes and the black blood. Outsiders declared that her temper was simply fiendish; but the grey, stern, and emaciated woman who nursed her—the one daughter who had survived—maintained a

dogged and absolute silence. Explain it how we may, however, this malign incarnation of an evil past had in point of fact infected everything she touched, and even her own children could not escape the blight.

At the same time, it must be frankly admitted that the most industrious gossip in Balmawhapple never ventured to allege that this woman had broken any express commandment of God or man. She had scrupulously observed the decencies of society; had listened to scores of sermons; had subscribed to hosts of charities; and her "good works" was a theme of which, had any local newspaper existed, much would have been made by the judicious penny-a-liner. Yet her track had been marked, like Attila's, by devastation. Lovers estranged; household peace destroyed; a duel fought for an idle word; a soldier false to his colours; a moon-struck boy with an ugly gash in his throat,—of her as of another sorceress it might have been written—

"The children born of thee are sword and fire,
Red ruin and the breaking up of laws."

Since she lost the Earl, St Abbs has gone down in the world, and even her own people confess that any allusion to the historic rivalry with Balmawhapple is now ill-timed. Where the carcass is, there the carrion-crows gather together; and the growing prosperity of Balmawhapple is attested by the pervading odour of herrings in every stage of nastiness, and the intolerable stench of boiling blubber. Whereas the air of St Abbs, since its harbour has silted up, and its one whaler was lost in the ice-pack, is not a whiff better than mere country air.

ST VINCENT.

LET us set our faces to the south-west, towards the islands which link together the two Americas. It is the course, roughly speaking, on which Columbus went; some flash of his heroic temper seems still to illuminate these ocean paths. We leave behind us the Azores, great pillars of rock, once deemed earth's farthest bound; and now the sea-birds, which have followed us from Europe, fly backwards: they dare not face the two thousand miles of landless waters over which we are speeding. The track on which we are set is one not much frequented by ships, even to-day; sky and sea spread for the most part solitary around, beneath, and above us. How wonderful, how various, in spite of the unchangeableness of their substantial character, is either!

Mighty is the ocean; but mightier are the heavenly orbs above us, and it is these which will convey most sense of novelty to the inhabitant of the northern temperate zone, when he voyages southward. Day by day the Pole-star sinks; the Great Bear, dipping his tail beneath the waves, belies old Homer's verse, when he sings how "this alone of the constellations is without share in the baths of ocean"; Orion and Sirius mount to an unwonted height in the zenith. Meanwhile strangers soar into view: Canopus, only less brilliant than Sirius; the Southern Cross follows, and the bright Centaur, whose chief star is nearest of all the remoter heavenly bodies to our solar system. Or perhaps the full moon stands in the top of the sky; you never saw her there in England, and it does not at first occur to

you to crane your neck upwards and look for her there: the mysterious mellow light, which floods the air and sparkles on the waves, suits well with the warmer breezes, and you accept it without inquiring whence it comes.

But more than either moon or stars does the sunrise blend the inmost being of heaven and earth. You have left your berth at five o'clock, while it is yet night, and are pacing the deck. The stars are burning still,—quite different from the stars of the evening before, for the heavens have revolved through one-third of their circuit; a faint glow glimmers on the eastern verge. Above that glow shines the planet Mercury, whom the fogs and smoke of England generally hide from our view: we can understand now why the Greeks named him the herald of the gods. But presently pink and green streamers shoot up from some point below the horizon; the clouds are edged with gold and crimson; then suddenly a great yellow ball thrusts its rim up. Perhaps a wave, even now, will dash upwards, and hide it again; but it ascends,—and now, is this a yellow ball, or not rather a marvellous supernatural being, standing tiptoe on the waves? But in a minute he becomes too bright for the eye to rest on him.

Such a spectacle is no unworthy prelude to those islands of the sun, those flashing jewels which lie like a necklace round the Caribbean Sea; wherein the rainfall indeed is many times the rainfall of England (saving at our dear Cumberland and Westmoreland lakes), but somehow or other the rainfall does not mean absence of sunlight: for

lo! the floodgates of heaven are opened, torrents descend out of the sky, and yet a gleam of light is over it all, and in an hour all is clear again, and even the roads and by-paths have no pools of water or quagmires of mud, for all the moisture has been absorbed into the porous soil and into the thirsting and all-pervading vegetation.

It is of one only of these islands that I write now—St Vincent. Where all are beautiful, to what purpose would it be to attempt a comparison between this and others? Let it be described for itself alone.

You may reach it, generally, on the thirteenth morning after leaving Southampton, having touched at Barbados on the way, and changed vessels there. If you wish to see the island properly, you must have obtained introductions; for hotels are certainly rare in it (though I am told that some are to be built). It was my good fortune to have had an introduction to Captain Irwin Maling, the Administrator, whose guest I was, and to whose kindness I owe nearly all my personal knowledge of the island.

The view from Government House is one of those which, when you see, you wish for a painter to delineate and make perpetual. Immediately in front is the sloping garden, filled with bright tropical flowers and floweringshrubs—white stephanotis, and red coryleta, and purple bougainvillea, and, not less welcome to an English eye, a bed of roses, and honeysuckle climbing up the house-wall; a charming disorder, with nothing glaring or formal about it. Then, as the ground sinks seawards, great forests and fruit-trees rise on the declivity, thick-foliaged mango and durable teak, and almond, whose fresh green leaves contrast with

the sere red, and silk-cotton with vast wedgelike roots: but all this does not interfere with the view of the little town on the beach below, nor of the blue bay enclosed by a horn-like promontory on the left, and a steeper fort-surmounted cliff on the right; while beyond the bay lies the open sea, backed by the picturesque outline of numerous islands,—Bequia, and Canouan, and Mayrean, and others fading into the dim distance. All this is the southern view; on the other side of the house begins the vast forest, which clambers over lofty peak and deep-hewn glen right away to the northern verge, where, twenty miles off, the island dips under the blue waves in view of the Pitons of St Lucia.

To the passing tourist St Vincent brings to view only images of loveliness: in its western portion, the loveliness of untamed nature; while eastward, between mountains and sea, the sloping plain is emerald green with sugar-cane, or more soberly tinted, here and there, with patches of arrowroot and cassava. But besides the mere loveliness of it, other and deeper thoughts must intermingle. Here, on the smallest scale, it is true, but not less really than in the great continent of Africa, the most difficult race problem of the world is encountered,—the relation between the white man and the negro. It is encountered, too, under some special advantages. The British empire secures peace to those who live under its sway; the very smallness of the island is a guarantee that the phenomena will be easily observable, and not transitory; there is none of that bitter feeling, on the side of either white or black, which besets the negro question in the United States. If any one desires to know what the negro really is,

when deprived alike of the temptations to war and to sedition, where is there a better field than here? unless, indeed, in the neighbouring islands of Grenada to the south, or Barbados to the east. Grenada is distinguished by having a considerable number of negro peasant proprietors, quiet and prosperous: this is due to the prevalence of cocoa cultivation. Where sugar is the main crop, peasant proprietorship is impossible: there are none either in Barbados or in St Vincent. But the Barbadian negro has always been specially attached to his own island, and even if he emigrates, will (it is said) frequently return to it; and the presence of a comparatively large body of whites, of English descent, ensures a knowledge of facts, which in the wilder and more thinly inhabited islands is harder to obtain. In St Vincent there are but a few hundreds of the governing race; of other Europeans there are two or three thousand Portuguese, imported as labourers, but who, having raised themselves above that condition, are in general small shopkeepers, and live quietly, keeping themselves to themselves. Then there are the forty-five thousand or more negroes; a sprinkling of coolies; and, lastly, a few hundreds of that unfortunate people, the Caribs.

Is it possible to repress a feeling of regret, however impractical in regard of the world's visible courses, for the extirpation of a warlike and spirited race that once roamed over these fair islands in undisputed mastery? Skilled in sea matters, too, they were, as the scanty remnant of their descendants prove to us even to-day; for none so readily as the Caribs will plunge into the raging surf for the landing of boats and

cargoes: some say that they too, like their forefathers, will meet the shark in single combat, and, diving beneath him, slay him by a stroke from below. St Vincent was one of the islands where they remained the longest. Near Calliaqua (how musical are these names!), in the south-east corner of the island, is an islet close adjoining the coast; and thereby hangs a tale. In the days of Carib supremacy, Governor Young, holding his little corner of the island at Kingstown, entertained the Carib chief and his nobles in solemn assembly. The Governor was splendidly attired in his robe of office; the Carib — well, he despised clothes *per se*, but for bright colours he had an insatiable longing, and this garment surpassed all that his imagination had ever pictured to him of brilliancy. On the second day he could no longer contain himself; and besides, had he not had an intimation from the supernatural world, portending success? "Brother," he said to the Governor, with that courtesy which distinguished these children of nature, "I had a dream last night." "What was it, brother?" replied the Governor. "I dreamed that you took that garment off your shoulders and presented it to me." The Governor was well aware of the religious impressiveness of dreams to the Carib mind; and when the chief departed, he carried away the coveted robe with him. A few months afterwards, Governor Young returned the visit: the Carib appeared in his acquired splendours, proud and happy; but the Governor, before he departed, intimated that he too had a communication to make of the supernatural order. "Brother," he said,

"I too have had a dream." "What is it?" was the apprehensive reply. "I dreamed that you gave me that rocky islet off the coast hard by." The Carib could but say that he would comply with an intimation so authorised. The islet was of no apparent importance, but when a few guns had been mounted on it, it commanded a long range of coast, hitherto undisputedly Carib. "Ah, brother, brother," said the chief, when he and the Governor next met, "I pray, dream no more dreams!"

Two hundred years ago the Caribs were, to all intents and purposes, the lords of St Vincent: a hundred and fifty years ago they still constituted the large majority of the population. Even a hundred years ago, thousands of them were counted among the inhabitants of the island. Then, in an unlucky moment, they were caught (like the Haytians) by the revolutionary fever, and joined the French in their war with us. Terrible, for the space of some twenty months, was the fighting, and still there are traces of it: cannon-balls are dug up from the peaceful fields, or a cannon-mouth will project, ominously but harmlessly, out of mother earth, and walls have the imprint of rude assault still upon them. Abercromby brought that contest to a close. The cliff is still shown on the leeward coast from which, after their last defeat, numbers of the Caribs flung themselves into the sea. The rest surrendered; and, to the number of more than 5000, were transported to the island of Ruan, 1500 miles to the west, near Honduras. There seems no reason why a race which could flourish in one tropical island should not flourish in another, however

remote in longitude. But local knowledge is clearly a point of much importance, both to man and beast. The harmless black snake of St Vincent, which on its own ground destroys the poisonous *fer de lance*, cannot maintain itself in St Lucia, the enemy's quarters. The Caribs, it is believed, have all died away in Ruan. Only two or three hundred, who after the war had hidden themselves in inaccessible glens, emerged after eight years' retirement, were pardoned, and received a small grant of land, which they still retain, near the northern extremity of St Vincent. And now, in all the West Indies, this handful in St Vincent, and a like number or a little more in Dominica, are all that remain of that widespread tribe, who, when Columbus first sailed past these shores, were the sole owners of the Lesser Antilles.

But, after all, it is the outward look of St Vincent of which I would endeavour to convey an impression to my readers. If I describe my ascent of the most southern, and also of the most northern, mountain in the island—Mount St Andrew and the Soufrière—and what was to be seen in the ascent and descent of either, this will give a very fair idea of the whole. The Soufrière holds the place of honour, being over 4000 feet high: Mount St Andrew is called 2500 feet, but my impression is that it may be a little more.

As Fairfield extends its branching arms over Rydal, so does Mount St Andrew over Kingstown—but with a difference. This difference does not lie chiefly in the fact that the ridges of the tropical mountain are narrower and more knobby than those of

its rival, though in fact they are so; but in this, that whereas Fairfield is bare for the whole upper half of its stature, every slope, every spur, every rocky pinnacle and precipice of Mount St Andrew is covered with dense tropical forest. At least this was the look of things; but being credibly told that there was a little bare piece at the top, I conceived that a view over the whole range might be attained therefrom, and resolved to explore. Accordingly, on April 5, 1890, having made some preliminary investigation before breakfast, I set out for the climb at twenty minutes to eleven, an hour at which the very idea of walking will make every true West Indian shudder. Every *white* West Indian, be it well understood; for lo! as I surmount the first spur of the hills, here come the negro population streaming in, bound for the market at Kingstown,—the women carrying huge baskets on their heads, filled to the brim with plantains and bananas, yams and bread-fruit, and I know not what else; the men carrying nothing, or at most a cutlass and some small article. An unequal division of labour between the sexes, you will say? It is so. But meanwhile, regard the picturesqueness of the scene. The road winds in and out, following the curves of the hillside; the cottages are planted along the wayside, each under the shadow of its banana or its cocoanut-palm; here and there comes a denser piece of shade, caused by mango-tree or tamarind. Five hundred feet below me is the blue sea; overhead is the blazing sun, against which with more or less success I have raised the protection of an umbrella. The first thought that occurs to me is, "How

African!" for all whom I meet are of the negro race pure and simple; there are no mulattos. But the next thought is, "How civilised!" The negro may have the wild man hidden in his breast,—we all have a little of it, and it even has some kinship with that spark of native fire which we name originality: but clearly he fits here into the economical structure of society, and is an adherent of the great school which bids us buy and sell. If we ask too closely after his spiritual part, he might ask some of us awkward questions of the same kind. Let it be enough that his cutlass, though it looks formidable, is meant for peaceful and not for warlike purposes.

"But this overburdening of the weaker sex, is not this a token of savagery?" It must be admitted that it is so; but are such tokens unknown in Europe? I have seen women in Switzerland bent double by the long carrying of burdens on their backs. A negro woman, on the contrary, is actually improved in deportment by her method of carrying her burden. Whatever it be that she places on the top of her head—whether it be a hundred-weight of sugar-canes, or a tray full of crockery and glass, or a plain bottle stuck on end—it is very seldom that she will need to steady it with her hand: long practice, perhaps also an innate dexterity, enables her to march away upright as one of the statues of the Caryatides. Hence it is that a negress, when engaged in her ordinary occupations, is rarely an unpleasant sight, whatever her plainness of feature. Whether the external pressure on the head is favourable to the intellectual development within is a different question; but a certain openness and friendliness

of manner is naturally associated with the stately mode of carriage, as I experienced more than once on the day of which I am speaking. Taking my stroll in the early morning, I had passed three women talking with a vehemence which seemed to indicate a quarrel. Beyond doubt something was being discussed which gave occasion for the grandiloquence characteristic of the race. "There's a God in heaven," one of them said solemnly, and raised her hand. However, I could not make out the subject. Returning in about twenty minutes, I found them still in dispute, and stopped to listen; but they also stopped, and grinned, not ill-naturedly. "We're not *quarlling*, sar, we're only *tarking*," the most majestic of the sibyls remarked, and I passed on.

To return. At mid-day, after a four-mile walk, having followed a glen of tree-fern and wild eddoe, along which a pretty stream ran, I met an old negress, the last of those going to market. "Is this the way to Mount St Andrew?" I said. "No; you're a mile out of the way: come back and I'll show you." She certainly was loquacious. "Very cold climate this; coldest climate in all the island." The thermometer must have been at least 80° in the shade, and I was perspiring at every pore. "There, do you see this tree? that is aloes' bark: pound the bark up in water and drink it, and it will cure any pain you have. I have pains; it is labour going to market six miles and back." On her putting me in the right way, I gave her sixpence, whereupon her gratitude was great. "You have come to see the island: there is a watchman here who will show you the way up Mount St Andrew; I will bring him to you." She led me up to a hut on the

mountain-side, screaming "Watchman!" at the top of her voice all the way as she went. I was, on the whole, rather glad when he did not appear, for though the mountain-side beyond the hut was tremendously tangled, and like a wall for steepness, it is much pleasanter to find one's own way, if one can manage to do so. She pointed out other fruit-trees, which were very abundant hereabouts—nutmeg and clove and lemon and cinnamon—picked two lemons for me (and very refreshing their juice was, when mixed with some bananas and sapodillas that I was carrying for my lunch), gathered some castor-oil seeds, as she told me, and put them into a bag; showed me my way up to the point where the denser wood began, and then turned down the hillside again.

Very hot was the climb up that final cliff, the best part of a thousand feet, I should say; tree-fern gave little protection against the vertical sun, and very dubious, sometimes, was the path (if path it might be called) through the thick jungle. Presently, however, the slope became gentler, trees took the place of tree-fern; and as I lay on the ground, the most brilliant humming-bird I ever saw (outside of a stuffed collection) hovered about two yards from me, with gleaming blue breast, and that extraordinarily rapid vibration of the wings whence the bird gets its name. Not more than a few minutes later sweet sound took the place of lovely sight. Out of the depth of the wooded ravine some unseen bird sent out its note—a cadence of seven notes rather—repeated over and over again, never varying, but most penetrating, powerful, and melodious. If I write down what I imagine the cadence to have been,

I shall most certainly be wrong ; perhaps I may be very far astray, but this is how I imagine it :—



In whatever degree this may represent the fact, the song, breaking the stillness of the summer noon, was one of the most peculiarly romantic effects I ever experienced, and seemed to belong to a more poetical earth than that which we know in daily life. I have heard it conjectured that the bird was the mountain oriole ; but on the island itself it is known simply as the Souffrière bird, from its frequency on that mountain, where indeed I heard it again afterwards.

And I may say here that the birds of St Vincent, though I believe the species are not numerous, are of singular grace of movement and picturesque character, always excepting the ugly but useful tickbirds, which free the sheep from their insect plagues. The large strong-winged hawks seen so often hovering over the woodlands ; the mocking-birds, whose cheerful notes sound in the early morning ; the wood-doves, with their familiar coo ; the rare bluebirds, with their glowing plumage ; swallows of a different species from our English ones, but not wholly dissimilar ; and a curious kind of seagull, with a single long white feather projecting out of its tail, so thin that at first one mistakes it for a wisp of straw caught up accidentally,—these are among the most noticeable. But I am digressing.

I reached the summit of Mount St Andrew ; two paces took me across its culminating ridge, and to the brink of its northern preci-

pice. Above my head the forest boughs waved ; at my feet the rock fell sheer ; but from every fissure of it some tree started, whose boughs veiled the giddy depth below. Moving along the crest (the total length of which was perhaps 100 yards), I came upon the barer plot of ground that formed the actual highest point. It was a few yards square, and covered with long grass. Wild, indeed, was the northward view, as seen from hence—mountain and forest and houseless valley made up the whole. I was told afterwards that a village and a good road lay somewhere in the depths beneath ; but nothing of this was discernible. As far as the eye could tell, there was absolutely no trace of man. And everything, far or near, was green, except one single rock that started up, bare and uncovered, from the side of the opposite hill. Why this alone should have no greenery was hard to say. Looking back southward, the cultivated valleys about Kingstown appeared. The outline of the northern mountains was hidden by clouds ; everything else was clear. I looked at the view for more than a quarter of an hour, and then descended by the way by which I had come up.

Beautiful as Mount St Andrew is, the Souffrière excels it ; indeed its culminating scene, as one stands on the narrow *arête* between its twin craters, is of a rare majesty. But I must not anticipate. My friends had driven me along the rough road which skirts the east coast of the island (the windward coast, as it is generally called) ; the view of the mountains, a few miles distant on the left, had accompanied us all the way. Towards evening we crossed "the dry river." This is a channel, perhaps a quarter

of a mile wide, like the bed of a vast mountain-torrent descending seawards; but there is no water in it. Whence came it? were these banks on either side scooped out by some mighty flood that came rushing down from the peaks behind? Yes, it was so; but the flood was not of water, but of fire: this is the work of the volcano that we are to ascend to-morrow, the Sulphur Mountain (to translate its name into English). These great brown cinderous blocks that strew the channel, and between which the way is intricate and narrow, are lava, and are part of the very same torrent that rushed, nearly eighty years ago, molten, glowing, and hissing, into the sea. Before that time an ordinary stream filled a comparatively narrow channel, and this of course continues to flow; but it flows underground. Only after great rainfall does it exceed the limits of its cavernous course, and appear visibly among the lava-blocks that seem to accompany it so naturally.

But here we are at Tourama, our resting-place for the night. The beautiful sister isle of St Lucia has long beckoned to us over the northern waves: one of its two conical mountains, the Pitons, rises out of the sea on its left; the other Piton is concealed in the rear of the first; but a jagged mountain to the right overtops either. Tourama is on a spur of the hills,—a solitary house surrounded by tamarind and nutmeg trees, and wreathed in flowery creepers: the sloping plain, covered with sugar-cane fields, lies peacefully below it, and the sea is beyond. A negro steward, eighty years old, who had known and remembered the days of slavery, put us up for the night.

Early next morning we mounted

ponies, and, after winding up and down through cultivated fields, began to ascend. The bread-fruit-tree, with its sculpturesque leaves, was abundant on either side of the way. This tree, as well as the mango, nutmeg, and cinnamon, was brought to the island in 1793 from the South Seas by Captain Bligh, then commanding the *Providence*: the famous mutiny had prevented the *Bounty* from accomplishing the same beneficent task three years earlier. The fruit-trees, as would be expected, cluster round the lower parts of the mountains; and now we are leaving these, and winding among nature's inmost secret shrines. What a stupendous tangle! I do not now refer to the vegetation, but to the ravines. Where do they begin? where do they end? how deep do they go? how far do they spread? We are riding (or, presently, walking) on a ridge narrow as Striding Edge, and with sides as precipitous; but whereas on Striding Edge it is perfectly obvious (supposing the mists to be off the mountain) where the valleys on either side begin and whither they tend, here you cannot even guess. They wind, they twist about, and the ridge and path wind and twist about, till you have lost all idea of direction; and the puzzle is increased by the fact that all which you see, ridge and ravine, height and depth (all, save the pathway alone), are one impermeable forest. Yet that forest only partly hides things from you; the great trees cluster up the *arête*, and sometimes stand astride on the top, but with numerous intervals, through which you look freely over the broader space, limited only by the higher mountain-walls on either hand. Everything is seen up to a certain point, nothing is seen in its entirety,

which is the very idea of a mystery. And how artistic every combination of leaf, flower, and branch is! See those palms, not lofty but close-serried, which spring upwards from yonder declivity, and at their side the down-streaming smooth leaves of the wild plantain! A little farther on a fig-tree of the banyan kind stands at the cliff's edge, and sends its living cords a sheer hundred feet down through the air; beneath it the rock overhangs, but even this is green with moss and fern. Hardly a single tree is exactly like its neighbour, though a general similarity will often be seen; but the trees are so involved with creepers and parasites that the true leaf which belongs to the veritable trunk is hard to distinguish. A rich green is the prevailing hue. Whether the bright flowering-trees so common in Barbados—the flamboyant, the frangipanni, the cordia, and others—exist in the virgin forest, I know not: I saw none of them; possibly they are too delicate, and require special cultivation. But here, at our feet, is colour: begonias, with scarlet stalks, white flowers, and unsymmetrical leaves, crowd on either side the pathway. Pluck one of the stalks and suck the juice: it has a pleasant acid flavour; where water is lacking, it may be invaluable. "Many a man's life," said one of my companions, "has been saved by this." Hereabouts it was that we heard the bird of which I have before made mention on Mount St Andrew: a trill at the end of the cadence made a slight variation from the other note.

Two managers of estates, who had accompanied us up to this point, left us at the end of this romantic part of our way; but before leaving, they told us some anec-

dotes which would seem to show that the West Indian air does not always exhaust the vigour of the British-born colonist. One, respecting a Scotch family of the name of R——, I particularly remember. The patriarch of the family could break a horse-shoe with the fingers of one hand; and being pursued on one occasion by a mob, suffered them to pull him off his pony, but then knocked a dozen of them down offhand, and, while they lay sprawling, the rest standing panic-stricken, he mounted his pony and rode away. This formidable person was a member of the Assembly of St Vincent; and, being a private friend of the Speaker, sometimes forgot the august office of that person, when addressing him in debate. A recalcitrant member, about the validity of whose election there had been a question, not decided in his favour, gave trouble on one occasion, "George," said Mr R——, rising up suddenly, "shall I turn him out!" The *dénouement* may be surmised. Mr R——'s son would, for amusement, allow the police to handcuff him, and then invariably break the handcuffs by a slight movement of the hands. Not quite as a parallel to such feats, but still by way of counter-balance to what I have said respecting the unwillingness of the ordinary West Indian to walk, I may mention what I heard afterwards on trustworthy authority; that a certain colonel living at Georgetown was wont to walk round the whole island (fifty miles) in a day,—from Georgetown to Chateaubelair, from Chateaubelair to Kingstown, and then in the evening from Kingstown home again.

A steep and long pull up the mountain-side brought us to the

edge of the old crater of the Soufrière. A circular pit, two or three miles in circumference, sinks beneath our feet; at the bottom, below all warring of the winds, reposes a lake of clouded blue: sulphur, they say, mingles with the waters. The sides of the abyss are a bright green: it is as if a tapestry had been hung round the walls of a room—for it is no gentle acclivity that we are looking down, but a wall, which in our temperate clime would be bare crag from top to bottom. And sometimes it is bare crag even here—when the volcano sends out its fumes, and withers up the greenery, as was the case in 1882 or 1883. Yet vegetation, under the tropical sun, quickly revives. Only, great trees have not time to grow; brushwood alone is to be seen round the lip of the crater.

Curving round the edge, we stand at its highest point; and now, on the other side, the new crater yawns at our feet! We are on a knife-edge of rock between the two: a thousand feet below us is the lake of the old crater; and rather more, the tree-shadowed pool in the depth of the new. But why the “new” crater? Up to the end of April 1812, it had no existence. Then, in three days, the mass of rock which filled what now is aery void was blown by one tremendous eruption out of the earth’s bowels: part, as molten lava, flowed down to the sea; part, shivered into thin dust, was carried above the clouds. The winds of the upper atmosphere bore this dust away towards the Azores; but as it fell, it entered the contrary current of the trade-winds, and, borne westward again, it fell at last on the islands of Barbados and St Lucia, causing for two days a darkness that might be felt, and

prostrating men’s minds with the fear that the world’s end had come. Yet after all the volcanic dust was fertilising and of good effect, especially to the somewhat thin soil of Barbados. This eruption was the closing scene of a period of earthquakes which had lasted for two years, which had agitated both North and South America, and had slain 10,000 souls in Caraccas, and many more beneath the peaks of the Andes.

Look at the mighty hollow of the new crater, and wonder how many millions of tons of rock were swept out of it by one earth-spasm. But now, is not our seat rather precarious on this knife-edge? It would be, if it were not for the invaluable brushwood that clings like a mat to the slope which descends towards the old crater. We may fall into the new crater if we like, but into the old we cannot fall, for we shall be caught up at once by this velvet garment of the hills. So, at our ease, we can see what is to be seen. The summit of the Soufrière is still some 600 feet above us, to the north; and it hides Martinique and St Lucia, which is a pity. But eastward, southward, westward, the view is superb. Eastward, over the new crater, we can see the Atlantic between the hill-ranges; westward is the Caribbean Sea, lit now by the glories of the afternoon sun, and looking so close that one could almost fancy throwing a stone into it; and there on its margin is the little bay and town of Chateaubelair, where I am to spend the night (my friends returning to the eastern coast). Southward is the forest-clad mountain backbone of the island, the great dome of Morne y Garou standing prominently in front. Morne y Garou is a mountain

as high as Snowdon, with a northward-looking front that is one precipice from summit almost to sea-level; and that precipice is one waving forest. It is unimaginable how the great trees manage to cling to a cliff so perpendicular as this; but they do cling nevertheless. All through the western descent of the Soufrière, Morne y Garou is a noble spectacle; and it is separated from one by a tangle of glens similar to those in the midst of which the eastern ascent lay.

My host at Chateaubelair was an accomplished American naturalist to whom Captain Maling had given me an introduction, Professor Herbert Smith. Perhaps my reader may like to know something of the manner of the employment of a naturalist in the tropics. When I arrived at his house, Professor Smith had just returned from a ten hours' expedition into the forest: the insects had been the object of his search. Now the insects of St Vincent are very minute, and they have not only to be caught, but also manipulated and preserved, in the open: were they brought home with no previous curative process, they would become a formless pulp by the way. Hence the naturalist has to perform a number of most delicate operations, demanding a firm hand bare of any glove, out in the open air, and by consequence with a crowd of other and very vivacious insects about; and while he is opening out the little wings, and straightening the little feet, and displaying the little weapons of offence which his prize when living possessed, these other insects are quite cheerfully and with impunity exercising their little poisonous weapons at his expense. He

cannot stir, for that would be to spoil his work. "I have had a dozen mosquitoes on each hand for an hour at a time," said Professor Smith to me. But no doubt, as became a veteran who had spent fourteen years in the Brazilian forests and three on the uplands of Mexico, he was inured to worse things than even four-and-twenty mosquitoes. He spoke much more highly of both Brazilians and Mexicans than travellers usually do. "Few people in Europe," he said, "know that 200,000 slaves in Brazil, or a quarter of the whole number, were freed by private subscription before the emancipating edict was passed. The Brazilians were most keen about emancipation." Every admirer of the West Indies must hope that the result of Professor Smith's exhaustive researches may be communicated to the world by more than a collection of specimens, valuable as that is. He had bestowed special attention on the ferns of St Vincent, and had discovered 218 species,—a remarkable number for so small an island, if it be considered that New Zealand, the richest country in the world, has not more than 300 species. He was to have shown me a notable valley which he had discovered in the heart of St Vincent, unmarked in any map, and so surrounded by precipitous mountains that he believed himself to have been the first human being who had trodden its recesses: unfortunately, circumstances would not allow this expedition, which would have been of such interest to me, to come off. I left his house after the second night, with the sense that I had seldom met a person who, to so much knowledge in his own special line, combined so much general enthusiasm. From

Chateaubelair I took passage in a market-boat for Kingstown. Issuing from the harbour, I had the pleasure of seeing both Pitons of St Lucia, clear and lofty, over the waves; and the coast along the whole route was lovely as a dream. Very notable was the almost exclusively volcanic character of the rocks: only in one place did I see anything like stratification.

My friends, from whom I had parted on the Soufrière two days before, had meanwhile had their experiences on the eastern coast. The sight that perhaps I most envied them was a conflict, at which they had been spectators, between a thresher and a whale. The thresher is a shark of no large dimensions, but very active, and with a tail as long as the whole of the rest of its body; and its delight is to do as it did on this occasion—namely, to give the whale's huge body a series of tre-

mendous thwacks with this tail. Of course, if the whale can bring *his* tail into play, the blow is annihilating to the thresher; but the smaller antagonist generally escapes through superior speed, after insulting its enemy sufficiently.

And now what more have I to add? Many a lovely scene do I remember that I have not had space to describe,—the glowing sunsets over the sea; the waterfalls in deep glens, cool amid the noonday heat; the late evenings, when the fireflies twinkled in the woods, and the brightest of them, named *La Belle*, glowed amid the rest like *Venus* when compared with *Cassiopeia* or with the *Pleiads*;—but beyond even all these things is the sense of abundant kindness received, and of fair humanities suited to the fair nature which surrounded them in this little visited island.

J. R. MOZLEY.

A DREAM OF OUR BIRTH.

EACH man, before he takes his mortal birth—

Ere yet upon him rises life's sad sun—

Dwells in the Eden of a perfect earth,

Where living unpolluted waters run:

Thoughtless of sin, and ignorant of sorrow,

He passes peacefully from morn to morrow.

There, as on earth, the measured seasons roll,

With days of innocence and nights of rest.

Haply such labours as delight the soul,

With fruit that neither moth nor worm molest,

Are there the sinless spirits' recreation,

Blest with contentment in a lowly station.

Sealed to their vision is the Book where lie

The countless mysteries of good and ill:

They live for ever in the Father's eye,

And love unquestioning His ways and will.

No problem agitates their reason's powers,

As that of life and death perplexes ours.

We cannot say their knowledge is so high:

They are contented with the light of heaven,

Nor seek to know the infinitudes that lie

Beyond the sphere which to their sight is given,—

Better and wiser in this pure condition

Than we with all our restless mad ambition.

There are the fairest of this earth's delights—

Its pride of forests and its wealth of sea—

Spread out before their eager happy sights,

Without the sully of mortality.

No sign of death is there for ever telling

That they have fallen from a loftier dwelling.

Ah, with how sudden and how deep a woe

There comes that death to them which we call birth!—

That leaving of their paradise to go

From tearless Eden to distressful earth;

How loth they leave, with glances backward turning

To where the angel stands with symbol burning.

Poor exiles from a dear delightful home,

The stainless fields of innocence and bliss,

Whose light must vanish from them as they roam

Through tangled paths of such a world as this!—

As from the visions of a quiet sleeping

That ends in nightmare, they awaken weeping.

Weeping—and yet they know not why they weep,
For earth is very fair, and God is kind :
And as we oft, on rising from our sleep,
Lose memory of the dreams we leave behind,
So do these sons of God and heirs of glory
Lose all remembrance of their earlier story.

And yet the dreams have not deserted quite ;
Some gleams of mystic memory linger still,
That make us vaguely struggle for a light
To clear the vapours that elude our will.
Sometimes a sudden flash, as quickly fleeing,
Points through the shadows to a former being.

Sometimes a visitant with pinions bright
Pierces the cloud of misery and sin ;
Sometimes in solitude of silent night
The doors are opened, and we enter in ;—
Sometimes we hear a sound of distant singing,
Like bells of buried cities strangely ringing.

Do there not come strange voices from the sea,
Callings and whispers from the winter wind,
That strike upon the ear familiarly,
And waken ghostly echoes through the mind ?
Do not the forests from their green depths call us,
And in their sylvan solitudes enthrall us ?

Like cuckoo-calls across a land of flowers,
That grow the fainter as the year grows late,
So through our life, but most in earlier hours,
We bear some instincts of a former state ;
But when the Present's battle-cries awake us,
These softer whispers of the Past forsake us.

Born to a land of sin and strife and woe,
Where good and evil blindly embrace—
We win the passports that shall let us go
From stress of travail to a nobler place ;
Knowing the certain goal of our endeavour
Must be to rise and live with God for ever.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

WITH THE WOODLANDERS.

WOODLAND folk-lore is fast dying out: very little will be left to us after another quarter of a century has elapsed. The older folks now rarely speak openly about those matters which formed common topics of conversation forty years ago in our woodland districts. Indeed their sons and daughters profess to laugh at the superstitions (*sic*) in which their parents still firmly believe. But their ridicule is really affected: their actions constantly prove them to be firm believers in spite of themselves in what they gathered as little children from their elders. Only those who lived among the woodlanders forty years ago know what their daily lives were like. There are still some lonely enough homesteads scattered here and there through the forest; but roads intersect it now in all directions, whereas at the time I allude to no roads existed—only a network of tracks, amongst which I frequently went astray until I learned to know the country well.

Neighbours, so-called, lived far apart. "I'll jest step over an' fetch Will's missis to ye, dame—you bein' so uncommon poorly like," was the sort of thing often heard amongst them, "Will's missis" living probably a couple of miles away. Six and even eight miles away from a doctor many of them were; so no wonder the women-folks were well skilled in simple remedies, productions of their own garden-plots, for "mother" always had a bit of ground for her herb-garden. It was not very often that a doctor was required, but chiefly when those accidents occurred that

household medicines cannot alleviate.

Of the town's people or their ways they knew nothing: in fact, all town-dwellers were looked on with suspicion, when through changes they were obliged to deal with them—as, for instance, when some of the woodlanders' horses and carts were required when that first big house was being built, where house had never been before. When that great event took place, one said "he waunt able not jest then to do it," alluding to some offered job; another remarked that he'd "'siddon on it"; at last one bolder than the rest said he'd "chance it." Now this really meant that he had his doubts about getting paid for the carting; but when he found himself promptly paid on the Saturday for his week's work, and paid well, with the further guarantee that this would be the rule if he continued on with the work, his ideas about "chance" or chances changed completely. Much the same state of affairs existed when some of the young fellows were required for ground-men labourers. "Not if they knowed it; they waunt a-goin' to; they never had. They reckined they wouldn't do so; what was the use on it?"

Here again, at last, one or two ventured, as pioneers for the others; and not only did these give satisfaction—for it was work they had been accustomed to daily, and what they were required to do was to them a comparatively easy task—but the first week's pay was to them a complete revelation. They had heard about such money being earned by those who, at intervals few

and far between, visited the outside world; but they never had believed it to be truly stated. Civil, hard-working fellows they all were, full of manly independence. In my own daily work I came in constant contact with them, but they kept aloof from the other workmen as a rule. In the morning they were on the works to a minute; in the evening, when the day's work was done, they were lost sight of in the woods.

Years passed before I could say that I knew much about these woodland dwellers, but I got to understand them at last. Personally I have found them fiercely conservative, and I never found fault with them on that score. Their knowledge, though not gained through books, made them keen observers of human nature. In their own peculiar way they would patiently thresh matters out. It might be months before any signs would be given for or against a new movement; but given, either way, it was final.

One strangely reserved character, a master of all woodcraft in the opinion of his comrades, whose goodwill I had tried to gain in order that we might have a sociable chat together—but, as I thought, to no purpose—said one day as I was leaving the works, "You strolls about middlin' o' nights like, don't ye? If you likes to come along o' me some night to my shanty, 'tis a tidy distance off like, you're welcome." I found him to be a keen intelligent man, and from him I learned much of the woodlanders and their ways of thinking, of woodcraft, and of all things living under green leaves. It could only be expected that those who from one generation to another have lived in the very centre of natural life

should be as observant of all Nature's various aspects as the wild creatures around them; and they have also their own theories about natural phenomena—theories which very frequently proved to be important facts. Their lives being spent in the open air, summer and winter, they have to observe all weather-signs. The old people used to be so proficient in this that many of the farmers, such as they were at the time I allude to, would take their opinions unhesitatingly when the crops were about.

In all the years I have known them—many now—I never knew one who did not, the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night, give his opinion about the weather. Being so much alone—for their employment, as a rule, was, from the very nature of it, to a certain extent solitary—they pondered over matters, and worked them out in their own way. In calm or in storm, in sunshine or darkness, they found matters to ponder over deeply. No matter how hard their work was, they were always in close touch with the object under consideration. Their religious feelings were naturally strong ones; for they believed literally in all they read in their Bibles, and acted on that belief, each one according to his or her light. Theirs was—and it is now in some parts that I still visit—a stern puritanical faith, one that was upheld against all new-comers unflinchingly. Obedience to parents, one of the chief features in it, was carried to such a pitch as to become almost tyranny.

I was able to associate closely with these people, for my work lay in their midst, and I belonged to them by force of sympathy. It was a pleasure to me to be able to

tell them where many of their beautiful woodland legends originated: some of them had, indeed, direct bearing on the book they read and studied so deeply—the Bible, in fact. And with the aid of my pencil I could make matters clearer at times than they would otherwise have been. As I supplemented any little information I gave by reading to them from works treating on the subjects under discussion, and offered them the books to read for themselves, I was eased of too great responsibility in the matter; and if there is one thing the wood-dwellers prize more than another it is “book larnin’,” as they call it. “To git hold on a book, an’ read away at it, hard words an’ all, an’ no spellin’, an’ to be able to write like print,” was at that time something to be talked about in their isolated dwellings.

One poor old soul observed: “I was afeard as he’d never git at what father an’ me wanted to tell Tom in furrin parts; but, bless ye, he was that patient-like, never sayin’ a word afore we’d done; an’ then he writ it and read it to us. He’d said in it all as we wanted to say, an’ more as we could ‘a said like. An’ then he ‘rected it to Tom so plain—why, bless ye, I culd see where ‘twas goin’ myself, an’ I’m but a poor schollard.”

Trifles are very large factors in making people happy. No matter what they might tell me, I never smiled at them; indeed it is not in my nature to smile much, I fear. And they, like myself, were terribly in earnest about the matters of daily life. For do not fresh problems present themselves almost hourly—the why and the wherefore of those things that are continually taking place around us? When the mists covered the hills and formed themselves into

strange masses, as the currents of air played on them, it was small wonder if they likened one of the weird shapes to some figure vividly described in a passage they had recently pondered over. So closely were some of them in touch with nature, that they might have been called spiritualists of the woodlands. The wild creatures to them were all definite powers for good or evil in their direct relationship to man; and in nearly all cases that I was brought into contact with, they were in my opinion correct in their theories. They did not try to convince one; they simply said they “knewed it, an’ that was enuf fur them.”

Men, women, and children could give the calls of any creature, furred or feathered, which they were in the habit of seeing daily, no matter what the cry might be,—rage, or fear, or that of gentle warning, or the soft calls of mating-time. “Mother”—this was the universal title for all married women who had children—very rarely exercised the gift of woodland tongues. They would tell you they had “done it often enough when they was gals, but sich foolishness was done with now.” I have heard young women whistle beautifully, mimicking the songs of the birds, the blackbird and thrush particularly. They fashioned simple instruments by the fireside, which were easily carried in the pocket, the whole lot of them, with which they mimicked the calls of the various species. If they wished to see whether a stoat, weasel, crow, or jay was about, they would place their lips on the back of one hand and squeal horribly, the cries becoming weaker each time, exactly like those of a rabbit caught in a trap, or fixed by a stoat or weasel. Crows, magpies, and jays

know very well what that cry means: it is as a dinner-bell to them, for after the stoat or weasel leaves a rabbit a feathered company come to eat him. As the evening got more dusky, the boys would come out in their gardens, which were surrounded by the fir-woods, to call the owls to them. They would hiss and snore like the white owl—the barn-owl; hoot, click, and bark like the wood-owl—the brown or tawny owl; and squeak like mice, for the pleasure of seeing the owl swoop towards the place where the sound or sounds proceeded from.

"You bide still, an' see ef I don't fetch him in this 'ere fir close to our gate," said one to me. I did "bide still," being very much interested in the whole performance. First he locked his hands together with the thumbs upright, and into the hollow of the hands he blew between the thumbs. This was the hooting-machine; and it was simply perfect. Hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo'e hoo! rang out—the fourth note being longer than the others. Then followed the click of the bill, as the fine bird snaps it in pleasant anticipation of mouse, finishing up with the bark when the bird springs from his resting-place. All this was done to perfection by the boy; but the master-touches were yet to come. With a small piece of twig he rattled tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, like the short patter of a mouse on dry leaves; for all mice travel intermittingly,—there is a short rush, and then a halt for a few seconds. No owl was visible yet, but the bird had got close to, when he heard the rustle. As the lad squeaked as a mouse will when he runs at night, he looked up and pointed: there was the owl ready for his mouse. When the bird caught sight of us, he

departed in the same noiseless fashion in which he had arrived.

I have not heard white owls hoot,—they do hoot at times, or bark; but the eagle-owl, wood-owl, long-eared owl, and the short-eared owl, together with the little owl, also the coquimbo or prairie-owl, all bark and mew at times. The little owl as a good barker surpasses all the others; he has barked at me many a time. When the long-eared owls have young ones, you can hear these mewling in the woods at dusk, just like a lot of kittens.

The beautiful white owl will, at times, come and perch on a bough right over some path in the woods, and will sit there quite regardless—to all appearance—of those who may pass beneath him. The satin-like white of the bird's breast fixes the eye at once, and this, with the full dark eyes set in his heart-shaped face, gives him a most weird look in the gloaming. No one attacks him then: they look on him with fear, for he is no longer a bird but a feathered form of evil, come to warn them of coming misfortune; whilst a white mouse caught or seen in a dwelling-house always denotes death.

Simple facts of everyday life only do I treat of here. I do not profess to give a sketch of any imaginary woodland Arcadia. No such poetical place has ever existed, nor ever will, whilst common humanity with all its hopes and fears, and its tumultuous passions, has play. But one thing I am sure of: all the fads brought out by a certain class for the so-called improvement of woodland people have miserably failed, and ever will fail. "'Tis our wotes, not us, as they wants," they say, and this sums up the whole matter. I have nothing to do with politics, being only a roadside naturalist.

I simply look on at the working of the very complicated political machinery. Loyal people the woodlanders have always been, and they are that now; but they have been, as they call it, "soaped over a bit, and they ain't a-goin' tu hev no more on it." Folks are very conservative, indeed, at heart in the woodland districts.

It is the same with the people we are describing as it is with townfolk, in that some families have lived honest hard-working lives from generation to generation, their sons and daughters turning out well, a pleasure and a comfort to the old folks; others have gone a different way. There is a distinct line drawn under green leaves for those who do not act exactly as they ought to; but there are nature's ladies and gentlemen there, and nothing is said or done to wound the feelings of the erring ones—although they are very quietly forced to see that some of their doings are not liked.

Black doings—consulting the Wise Woman, for instance—are detested by the puritanical dwellers of the wilds. "Bad comes on it: never a soul yet tampered with evil without sufferin' for't. There's the word o' Scripture agin it—dead agin it. The devil will have his own soon enough, without folks helpin' him to git 'em. He don't want no helpin', Old Cocky Hoop don't."

I have seen scores of faces of both men and women that would have served as perfect models for paintings of historical subjects depicting the times of Covenanters and Puritans. Hard-headed, earnest people these, who spoke about the ways of the Lord and the thundering of His chariots often in their daily course of life. That earnest way of living, that kept them pure both in body and soul,

I have heard called "being under the iron sway of superstitious fanaticism." If those who speak thus had only a portion of their childlike faith in the hereafter, it would, I think, be better for them. Even heedless boys are cynics now, their parents being only old-fashioned blocks to stumble over. If this is the effect of the New Light that has been so freely flashed upon us lately, God help the forthcoming generation! From childhood I have only known one rallying-cry, "Fear God; honour the Queen!" If those who are so extremely anxious for the benefit of their fellow-creatures did benefit them, there might be something to be said in their favour; but their only object seems to be that of benefiting themselves. New-comers and their fads, many of them mischievous and very inconvenient ones, are not in touch with the people, and they never will be.

Some of the folk-lore and the innocent devices employed by the lasses at certain times are harmless enough in all ways. Not one of the girls would plead guilty to the slightest suspicion of romance in their composition—indeed the word is only used by them to denote all that is wild and extravagant; and yet unconsciously to themselves they are full of it. Their surroundings foster it. Some of the songs we have listened to—for the lasses can sing, or could—all told of love and happy marriage, or of disappointed affections and early graves. Very often, still, I find myself breaking out into a stave of a good honest greenwood song.

But there is a darker side to what I am writing about, for forest blood runs hotly, as it has ever done. One spot that I know well—a deep sullen mill-pool surround-

ed by trees, with a foot-bridge over it—has a very evil reputation: they say it is haunted.

Two men once wanted to marry the same woman—a difficult matter, looked at properly—and being rivals, they were, as is usually the case, bitter foes. On a disastrous night they met on the bridge over the mill-pool, and one of them was never seen again. Months afterwards the remains of a body were found entangled in the submerged tree-roots. In out-of-the-way places such things were not looked into so sharply as they are now. The man that was left alone on that foot-bridge was ever afterwards a miserable coward in the dark. I knew that from personal observation. So well indeed was this known, that the little school-children used to mock at him. He had a miserable end. As in all other places on the face of the earth, good and evil can be found side by side in the woodlands.

I have observed that all, townsfolk as well as rustics, hold up their hands for Sunday-schools. No matter whether they belong to the Ohurch of England or to the Nonconformists, all working folks are agreed there. There is a spontaneous acknowledgment on the people's part that these work for good. One father of a young family observed to me quite recently, "It ain't what I believes—I knows best about that—but I don't want my young ones to think as I do about things, leastways not yet a while. Them'ere Sunday-schools is good things; they don't larn nothin' but what's good there."

One worthy old soul, a mother in Israel, was wont to expound to me, as we sat in the chimney-corner, about visions and the Witch of Endor. These had been; "there was nothin' on the

face o' the airth to perwent sich things agin happenin'." I never said a word, only nodded to her from time to time. After a fresh pinch of snuff she would break out again about the elect coming in a whirlwind with their chariots of fire. Presently she would put on her spectacles, and then we had it, chapter and verse.

Every now and again I nodded to her, just to let her see I was following her very closely. She must have been a shining light in the little Bethel she attended, for I never heard so much in so short a space of time in my life before, as she gave me one night. As the husband and son had gone out, she might have thought it a proper time to improve the state of one whom she evidently considered to be a lost sheep. I had more than enough of whirlwinds and chariots, as well as of visions, whilst I lived with them.

The robin, the woodman's companion, naturally comes in for his full share of folk-lore: he cries when things look "peaked,"—when, for instance, in certain changes of the atmosphere before hard weather sets in, the buds on the leafless trees stand out like sharp points—the beech-tree tips particularly. Directly the leaves are off the trees, you see preparations making for the coming spring-time.

"You can't hide from a robin; they're bound to find ye out," they say. This is very true: the bird will surely come to you in the most out-of-the-way places. "Don't ye see they got to do it; they comes to see if any little children wants happin' up with leaves again. No matter who 'tis, they feeds a robin when he comes; an' he knows what's comin' when he cries to ye." All birds being sure indicators by their cries and movements as to what the weather

is likely to be, they are more noticed than other creatures; and the robin particularly, from his peculiarity of coming direct to man. Sheep tell the shepherd by their movements all he requires to know, and he prepares accordingly. "The hills are drawing nigh," they say; "we shall have wet before long:" and the rain does come, more or less of it.

The wryneck, or cuckoo's mate, or the rinding bird, as he is called by the bark-strippers or "bark flayers," makes his pee-pee-peat heard in spring when the oak sap rises, and the rind, or bark, is taken off after felling. The golden-crested wren is called the bee-bird, because it is the smallest bird they are acquainted with. This is a very good country name for the little creature.

If a bird pecks at a window, or takes shelter in any house, dire will be the consternation of the inmates: words of comfort are useless; if you are wise, hold your tongue, and wait for daylight, or you will have it proved to you conclusively that you are no better than "a misbelieving heathen."

There are two kinds of the so-called "witch knots": one of these consists of only a bunch of leaves matted together, because the little twigs have got interlaced somehow; but the genuine and much prized witch-knot is a woody wart-like protuberance, of the shape of a small puff-ball. It is found at times on other trees; but the beech produces these circular nobs more, I think, than other trees. These are knocked off, and, as treasures, pocketed and religiously kept as a cure, and also a preventive, of rheumatism. I have seen some of the old ladies turn their very large pockets out when they could not feel just what they wanted, and one or two witch-

knots would be sure to come out, beautifully polished by constant friction against the "jumbles" those bag-like pockets contained. A knuckle-bone, white and glistening, would also be sure to turn up, or rather out. This article was considered to keep cramps away from the one who carried it.

But dearly prized above all was some article kept for *luck*. Any prized article might be mourned over if they lost it, but the idea of losing the "luck" was too much even to dream about.

A good old creature gave me as a parting gift a luck-stone. It was one of the quaintest, most elfish-looking, grinning heads I have ever seen; and it had been carved by some rustic genius, or rather fashioned from a large peach-stone, having two small white beads inserted for eyes. The holes in the beads served as eye-pupils. The thing's head was fixed to a wooden button, a little dog's-toothed patterned collar of red and black was fixed round it, and the name of the whole was "Jobber." I carried "Jobber" long about with me to laugh at, and make others laugh, when I was far away from the giver; but at last I gave the fetiah away to a woodland friend who had often looked at it with longing eyes: he told me over and over again that there "was summut in it." There was certainly enough quaint mischievous ugliness in that little figure-head to frighten some. Luck or no luck, I parted with "Jobber," and the only things I missed were his own impish features.

It is considered a sad misfortune to let the old-fashioned eight-day clocks run down, or to let the wood embers die out in the hearths, either in summer or in

winter. I have seen the master of the house draw the clock up before going to bed, and tap the face of it, as if he were bidding good night to one of his own children.

That cruel piece of folk-lore which leads to boring a hole in an ash-tree, and placing a poor little shrew-mouse in it alive, and then plugging the hole up, so as to convert the tree into what they call a shrew-ash, supposed to be useful for curing certain diseases in cattle, is no longer practised in the southern woodlands, although until very recently the custom obtained in the New Forest. Cast horse-shoes and sprigs of the mountain-ash can still be seen fixed to stable-doors almost everywhere.

The carters, the older men, on some of the old manor farms, have told me strange tales of spells being thrown over their horses. Fortunately, I can keep my features at times fairly under control, and I have never offended, so far as I know, one single member of this class of people. I do not wish to do so if I can help it, for I respect them. Some have, however, paid dearly for their ridicule, which is bad coin to try to pass in the woodlands. "Up-end yer-self!" (Stand up!) the insulted one will cry, and the thing is done; and, as a rule, a good job is made of it. Men and women who have left the country when they were in their teens, hold firmly to these folk-lore traditions in spite of some would-be scientists, who say there is a cause for everything, if we could but find it. We do not find the causes for certain things—we never shall; and so humanity will hope and doubt and fear to the last.

Some of the traditions that have been handed down to us are so pure and good, that they must have

originated at some time or other from a good source alone. Yet a certain class are most earnestly trying to sweep away with a moneyed broom the folk-lore and traditions of ages, and to remodel a class of people that have been, and are now, of very rugged but kindly natures.

As in the Obi's practices in the West Indies, personal malice is brought to bear on victims by those who work on the credulity of their dupes.

"I say, mister, do ye believe in witchcraft? I bin goin' to ask ye lots o' times, fust chance I had; now I got it," said a rustic to me one day.

"No, I do not; and I hope you have not got that nonsense in your head."

"Ah, well, you don't know about everything."

This I at once acknowledged, at the same time telling him I did not feel particularly anxious to know much about the matter in question.

"I don't want to 'fend [offend] ye," he persisted; "I want to tell ye 'bout them 'ere pigs o' mine what was witched. Now, look here,—I killed my pig and bought another; but, ye see, that 'ere fresh pig died the week arter I bought un. I goes an' gits another pig, puts un in the werry same sty, and he dies too."

"Did you lime-white your sty out after you had lost your first pig?"

"No; what for? what's lime-white tu do with pigs? never did lime-white 'em,—don't mean to; them 'ere two pigs was witched. I went to the wise woman—you dunno who she is, an' I ain't a-goin' tu tell ye; but she pinted out a hook-nosed old varmint o' a woman as lived in a shanty all by herself up in the moor. Her

place was close to a spring, where she culd come an' dip her pitcher. If she'd bin 'bliged tu cross runnin' water, she couldn't ha' lived there: runnin' water takes all the powers o' mischief out o' them sort o' cattle. Well, the wise woman told me that if I culd draw a drap o' blood from that old varmint, all the witchcraft would leave that 'ere pig-sty. I got on to that 'ere job quick; but waunt she desprit artful? Two marnin's she didn't cum out. You knows them 'ere big shawl-pins, with black tops to 'em, don't ye? well, I nips one o' they from my missus, unbeknown to her like, and carts it about with me, all ready fur the job. The third marnin' I laid up fur her in the fuzzes, an' arter a bit I sees her cum hobblin' out fur tu git water; then I slips up behind her an' jobs that ere shawl-pin in to her three or four times, fur witchin' my pigs. Massey oh! didn't she squawkul an' squall, like some old hen. She dropped her pitcher, an' got back indoors quicker 'an she cum out; an' I kicked her pitcher tu bits, I did."

This was too much for me: I told him in rough and unmeasured words what I thought of him, winding up by saying that if I had been about when the atrocious deed was done, I should have done my best to get him three months' hard labour. The truth of the matter I found out was this: the poor old creature who had been so brutally treated had warned some woodland lass against going to the wise woman. Love-charms and philtres were in request centuries ago, but so they are now in some places I could mention. I knew the ways of that wise woman, and also knew her personally, and I could have placed hands on her at any time. Those love-potions are not harmless ones if fairly

administered in a man's drink. There are those who know the real nature of one very beautiful but horribly dangerous vegetable production that in its season is so very common in forest districts—the scarlet fungus that grows at the foot of some trees. One of the properties—only one out of many—is this: it will make a chattering, silly fool of a wise man. This is a very unpleasant subject, and one about which I do not care to say too much. Those who have written about the innocent unsophisticated dwellers of the woodlands have written utter nonsense. I have known some of these so-called innocent dwellers of the woods go just as far as they possibly could with safety, in order to gain their own ends. One of the companions of my younger days, a fine good-looking fellow, only escaped by the skin of his teeth from having a potion of this kind given him by a lass who did not attempt to conceal her open admiration. The girl's own sister, however, prevented its being administered to him. But from the first I have held those who live under green leaves in high esteem: their sterling honesty, their handiness in all they set their hands to, their determination not to be beaten over difficult jobs—these qualities, added to their stubborn independence, make them prime favourites of mine, and to this class I owe the greater part of my knowledge of the southern counties.

You are not able to go just where you like in the woodlands, even if it is wild land. Those who come into the country for a few weeks or months, as the case may be, to write on rural matters, go away little wiser than they came. If there is one thing these people dislike more than another,

it is being questioned; and if the course is persisted in, strangers get told a good deal, but little that is useful. To one rash individual who tried to interview me I gave valuable information, which if published would outdo Baron Munchausen. Brain-suckers are in force just now, and our villages and rural population get too much written about.

Owlets, as the large moths are called, find scant favour with the woodlanders: they rob the beehives, they say. I have known some of the sphinxes enter the old-fashioned skeps. The death's-head moth is a real terror to any household that it may visit; so are bats. Things of darkness they call these. One touching ceremony is still observed by the old people who keep bees—that of going to the hives and telling the inmates when a death takes place in the family. One of my rustic friends once told me he would get me some moon-seed. The wonderful properties of this small moon-wort fern, which are still firmly believed in, would cause my readers to smile if I related them. Some curious old copies of works on herbs are still to be found in the homes of the woodland families, in which all the planetary influences are minutely given. These are most precious property, jealously guarded from profane eyes. The best and most costly work on botany of the present day would be regarded as dirt compared with their old musty treasures, for they deal with some of those mysteries of Nature, those problems they have been trying to work out in their own fashion all their lives.

The black art, the fancied possession of forbidden knowledge, although repudiated by the greater portion, has some strange fascination for them. I was the invol-

untary listener to a conversation that ran as follows:—

"What's that ye say? Old Bitters dyin'?"

"Ah, he is dyin' hard: he can't go his journey yet; an', mark my words, he wunt be 'lowed to start on it afore he gives up them 'ere black books o' his. I knows who they wus reckined tu pass tu, when old Bitters passed away. But if he can't go afore them 'ere desprit wicked things is burnt, t'other wunt hev 'em." Then lowering his voice, he added, "I've heerd that queer figgers in red and black are in them 'ere books, an' signs o' planets. If you 'members, he warn't never sociable like; an' he muttered tu himself at times. But it ain't fur me to judge him nohow. If he goes afore mornin', we shall know them 'ere things is burnt. I wouldn't handle one on 'em myself for a fortin."

The poor fellow did pass away in the night, and the next morning it was whispered all over the hamlet that "Old Bitters' black books was burnt to tinder."

All this may read strangely in this nineteenth century of ours, but it is the plain truth, and very much more of the sort could be told. Wise women, so-called, did not rely on country people for their ill gains. From towns where the church-bells were ringing continually for service, men and women still leave the sound of their calling to glean information from a foul old hag, and this within an hour of London town. Infinite mischief beyond all repair has she caused her dupes to pay for, and they have to hold their tongues over it.

When I first settled among the woodland folk, I fancied they must get up to go to work in the middle of the night, so very early did they rise; but they went

to bed early too. Until I got used to it, I was very often startled out of my sleep by the cries of wild creatures. Who could suppose that the hooting and barking of an owl was the signal to let others know some were passing by, in the darkness, to their work? But so it was. One of the youngsters where I lived for a time used to respond to this with the scream of the vixen when she answers reynard's bark. From the hill-tops could be heard the blowing of cow-horns—some of them were masters in the art of horn-blowing: between three and four in the morning in summer, and five o'clock in the morning in winter, these people were about, and none went out without having had some hot tea and something to eat. Timber-felling in the spring, and copse-cutting; hoop-shaving in winter, and charcoal-burning. Just for a change some would do a bit of harvesting, but nearly all their time was spent in and about the woods and the moors: they always had some job in hand there, or one to look forward to. Eight

miles a-day, each way, was not considered too much to walk, out and home. I have done eighteen myself very comfortably; but when the distance was over this, they camped out, in forest style, and very comfortable camping-quarters they made for themselves. Firs were felled, and a hut built and thatched, with a wattle door, packed with heather, very quickly.

By their camp-fires I have often listened as they related circumstances that had occurred in the past; but the greatest treat to me was to hear them talk in their quiet unassuming fashion of all the mysteries of southern woodcraft. At that time I had just returned from a visit to my native marshes and the bleak foreshores, so I was able to tell them about the wild creatures, and other matters, that dwellers inland rarely see. I have been hunting about in these districts for years, and yet have not seen one quarter of what I still hope to see. Some fresh thing comes to the front, in one way or another, almost daily.

A SON OF THE MARSHES.

EARLSCOURT: A NOVEL OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

CHAPTER XIV.—A MATTER OF BUSINESS.

THE most acute interest in gossip begins to pall in time. Stephen Brancepeth's return had ceased to be more than one of the common-places of Earlsport small-talk; and though nobody pretended to deny that there was a mystery connected with him, or could assert that he had fathomed it when subjected to cross-examination, the fact remained that Brancepeth was possessed of money, a good house, and his old position in society, if he cared to take it up. Here were positive facts, and Earlsport liked to have positive facts when any one's status was in question.

At the Earlsport bank, whither business not unfrequently took him, the clerks had become habituated to his visits, and no longer received him as if he carried explosive elements about his person, but recognised his preferential claim to courtesy and prompt attention. His old friend Mr Jellicoe would venture to engage him in little conversations, would mention small items connected with the business of the bank which he was not in the habit of discussing with lay customers, and would show his interest in all Stephen's doings in many little ways. He kept the young man's account carefully under his own eye, and often in his leisure moments looked at the details, as if some light might be thrown by them upon the source from which they were derived. The worthy old man had more than once endeavoured to interest his principal by mentioning, among other news of the counting-room, Mr Stephen's calls; but the banker had shown no curiosity or

disposition to inquire about his son's movements.

When Stephen Brancepeth strolled into the Earlsport Bank a day or two after he had received his father's note, he found that he was evidently expected. Mr Jellicoe, leaving Mr Hurst, Lord Elsedale's coal-agent, although he was one of the best customers of the bank, fluttered up to him with a "Mr Brancepeth will be glad to see you, sir," and himself ushered Stephen along the dark passage which he knew so well, and with the announcement, "Mr Stephen, sir," roused the banker from his labours. Mr Brancepeth looked up with rather a severe expression at his son and the old cashier standing in his door. "Mr who?" he inquired rather sharply; and then in more courteous tones, "Ah yes, I am obliged by this attention. Will you be seated, and excuse me for one moment? We shall not need to detain you, Mr Jellicoe," and he once more resumed his addition of a long column of figures.

When Jellicoe had retired with an appealing look to Stephen, the latter, having seated himself in as nonchalant a manner as he could assume, was able to note the changes that had passed over his father's face since he last saw it. Yes, Mr Brancepeth had decidedly aged. His cheeks were more sunken, there were more furrows in his brow than Stephen was familiar with, and his white hair was retreating still farther and farther from the bald spot on his crown. His eyes, too, had retreated, but their keen fire was yet undimmed when he glanced from under his grey eyelashes, and

the lines of the mouth were hard and firm as of yore. It was not a face that suggested yielding or compromise, and Stephen rapidly recalled many unpleasant recollections; and with the memory of the last and most stormy encounter crowding back into his thoughts, all the native obstinacy of the Brancepeth blood took possession of him. He shifted in his chair, took out his watch, and then looked towards his father as an intimation that he was waiting upon him for his pleasure.

Mr Brancepeth wrote down a total, made a note on his blotting-pad, and looked up at his son. "You have come back, Stephen, I understand," he said, in his usual deliberate matter-of-fact tones. "Will you not shake hands?"

"Certainly, sir," said the son, who was quite taken aback by this request. He had rehearsed the interview with his father over and over again, and had perfected himself in the parts which he might have to play; but here he was at the outset cast for a rôle which he had not studied.

He went up to the table and took the hand which the old man extended to him. Their eyes met, but there was no gleam of feeling, no light of affection, interchanged between them. Stephen felt the sense of past wrongs burning more and more within, and with difficulty restrained the bitterness he felt. His father was cold and collected, and carefully feeling his way. "Sit down," said the banker, motioning Stephen with a wave of his hand to a chair nearer his own desk. He himself sat down again in his usual seat and mechanically took a pencil in his hand.

"So you are living at the Dunes House?" said Mr Brancepeth at last.

"Yes; I have bought it, as perhaps you are aware. The purchase was made through your bank."

"Your fortunes seem to have prospered since the date of your last letter to me."

"If they have, you must be well aware that they owed nothing to your assistance," said Stephen, unable to suppress the bitter retort.

"Quite correct," replied his father calmly; "I have no wish to claim any credit for your success. But I do not suppose that you have made yourself independent by your own exertions?"

"You are quite right. With my previous training I found myself quite unqualified to do anything by my own exertions, and had therefore to accept the starvation to which you abandoned me."

"Exactly as I thought," commented Mr Brancepeth, quite unmoved. "You will do me the justice to recollect that I warned you whither the course you chose to embark upon would lead you;" and the banker mechanically made a mark on his blotting-pad, as if he were scoring to himself in the controversy.

"I only remember that when I was sick and reduced to my last shilling, my distress compelled me to ask your help; and I have never since ceased to reproach myself for this weakness."

"Naturally, for I took no notice of your letter: it was no part of my plan to do so," observed Mr Brancepeth, in his most measured and matter-of-fact way.

"Fortunately for myself," said Stephen, in high indignation, "I was able to make my way outside the sphere of your plans. And now, if you will be good enough to let me know why you have sent for me, I shall be obliged. You broke all the natural ties that were between us; and now, thank God! I am independent of you, and I do not choose to have my mind em-

bittered by having all these painful memories revived."

"Nor did I send for you with any such object," said the banker. "I simply desired this interview upon a mere matter of business,—to suit my own views, and perhaps to serve your interests, should my proposals recommend themselves to you. If you will permit me to put a few inquiries to you, I can assure you that they are prompted by no feelings of curiosity or enmity, or even of—of natural affection, as the expression goes, but are made on purely business grounds."

Stephen bit his lip, and reflected for a little. "Well, sir, your questions," he at length said; "but I must warn you that I shall exercise my discretion in answering them or not, as may seem good to me."

"You will be guided by your own judgment," said the banker, with a formal inclination of the head; "and now, will you tell me whether or not you are possessed of independent means?"

"I am in command of means which are sufficient to justify any gentleman in regarding himself as independent."

"Will you tell me how you became possessed of this money?"

"I shall certainly decline to do so."

"Quite so," returned the banker meditatively. "And now I must apologise for my next query. May I venture to inquire if you still entertain an intention of marrying Miss—Miss Spafshott, I think, was her name?"

Stephen flushed angrily, and half rose from his seat. "I think, sir, you might have spared me the necessity of paying this tribute to the success of your harshness. But, for the young lady's sake only, I feel bound to declare that I can never marry Miss Sparshott."

"I merely asked as a matter of business," said Mr Brancepeth, simply. "I assure you I am as desirous to avoid any subject likely to raise further bad feelings between us as you can be. And now to my next question. Are you married already?" and the old man bent his keen eyes full upon his son's face.

Stephen involuntarily started, but controlled himself, and met his father's intent gaze with a look equally penetrating.

"That question, too, I must decline to answer," he said.

"Just so," responded the old man, as his eyes fell upon the table, and he abstractedly made another mark upon his blotting-pad. Again he looked up. "One question more, and I have done. Is there any circumstance connected with your present position, with regard to the money you are possessed of, which, if the world, if society, were acquainted with it, would prejudice your credit as a man of honour and honesty?"

"I might rightly resent such a question," replied Stephen; "but as the name of Brancepeth is common to us both, it may reassure you to know that nothing which I have done will in any way lessen its respect."

"I believe you," said his father, with more feeling than he had hitherto shown; and he sat for some time apparently immersed in thought.

At last he looked up, and, turning to his son, said, "You have answered me so far, but I cannot say that I am much wiser. I shall now tell you why I have sent for you, and the proposals I have to make to you. It will take some time, and I beg you will hear me to the end without interrupting me. When you have heard me out, you can state your own views, and decide for

yourself. Since the breach occurred between us, I have naturally had to think a good deal as to how my wealth and business were to be disposed of after my death. With regard to my wealth there would have been little difficulty, and I have thought of several schemes which might be promoted by it, though none of them is much to my satisfaction, for I am no believer in founding charities. I have, however, a scheme here," and he tapped his drawer, "for endowing a chair in Cambridge for teaching the principles of banking and practical finance, which may serve my purpose as well as any other, should I be obliged to have recourse to it. So much for my money. But with regard to my banking business the matter is widely different. I suppose a man of taste," and the banker could not repress a bitter sneer towards his son, "will ridicule the idea that a petty provincial banker should feel any sort of sentiment about the business of his father and grandfather, and his great-grandfather, coming to an end in his own person, as if he were the last descendant of an old baronial house dating from the Conquest, on the verge of extinction. Well, I feel it is a weakness, but I cannot divest myself of it. This house was built by Brancepeth brains, and by hard work and honourable ambition, and now the work that has been carried on so long and so successfully seems likely to come to an end when I lay down my pen.

"I could easily bring fresh blood into the firm," he continued, after a short pause. "There are many excellent and able men of business who would only be too eager to obtain a partnership in Brancepeth Brothers. They might even improve the business, for I daresay I am getting rather behind the times. But though the old name might be

kept, the old directing Brancepeth spirit would be gone. New men might even drag the old name through the dirt. Or I might still keep the bank 'Brancepeth Brothers' if I chose to allow the little word 'Limited' to be put after it. The shares would fetch a fine premium, and reach a quotation which would make the Metropolitan and Rural open its eyes. But no; I have thought of all this over and over again. The bank came into existence with the Brancepeths, and when there is no longer a Brancepeth to carry it on the shutters will be put up."

Mr Brancepeth had fallen into half-musing tones, talking as much to himself as to Stephen, who, in spite of his resentment, could not help being touched by the idea of lonely and driftless old age that was thus brought home to him. And he too, after all, was a Brancepeth, one of those men who made this business; and he looked back upon his early youth when the bank was to his boy's mind an institution not less splendid than the Bank of England, and Brancepeth Brothers an ancestry scarcely less exalted than those of the peers of the realm. It was with more subdued feelings, and with a rising wave of sympathy, that he heard his father resume.

"As you know, I had once intended that you should succeed me in the business. Then when you chose to thwart my wishes and to openly disobey me, I dropped the idea. Now that you have returned to Earlsport without any profession, and are evidently living a life of idleness, it has occurred to me to make you another proposal. If you enter the bank as my partner, with such a share of the profits as will prove a handsome addition to your present means, if you do your best to master the business, and give me satisfaction—I mean purely in our

business relations," he added, as he perceived some signs of irritated impatience on Stephen's part—"and an assurance that the bank will be carried on in the old ways after I am gone, I shall leave you the business and the whole of my money. Do not misunderstand me," he went on, as he noticed on Stephen's part signs of interruption. "I make you this proposal on no grounds of natural relationship, nor from any affection that might be supposed to exist between us. You bear the name of the firm: I have a confidence, well or ill founded, that the old established credit of the house would be safe in your hands; and therefore it is more to my taste to leave the business to you than to throw away my money on charity. Now you have my proposals, and I have frankly told you my motives: it is for you to say how far they meet your views. I may be pardoned, however, for saying, as an old man speaking to a young man, that a life of idleness is not the best career for one in the full vigour of bodily and mental activity."

Stephen sat silently, while his father turned away and played with his pencil and tapped the red-taped and docketed files that were lying before him on the desk. Affairs had taken so unexpected a turn that he felt his head whirling round—could not think, far less speak. Here was all that he had so bitterly regretted the loss of once—the Brancepeth wealth—now offered for his acceptance, and he might spurn it if he chose. He had once looked forward to that partnership now offered him as a happy and natural future, but mixed up with it had been visions of a pretty house on the banks of the Else, and Cloete Sparshott a sweet wife among the roses to welcome him when he escaped from the ledgers and bill-books of Brancepeth Brothers.

Then came the memory of his losses, his bitter struggle with penury when an offer such as was now made to him would have been his salvation, and he felt inclined to cry out, "To the workhouse or the hospital with your money! What have I to do with it now?" But as he looked again at his father and thought of the struggle the hard old man must have gone through to go thus far, of his reverence for the family name—which was Stephen's own too—and for the family work, he could not help feeling touched. After all, the victory was with him, Stephen, however his father might seek to minimise it by the footing on which it was placed, and he felt he might be generous under the circumstances. So he resolved hastily to meet his father in his own mood.

"Well, sir," he said at length, "I confess your proposal has taken me a good deal by surprise. Your confidence of course flatters me, and the greatest respect I can show both to you and to it is to think carefully over the matter. I suppose you do not wish me to give you an immediate answer?"

"Certainly not," promptly returned the banker; "a partnership in Brancepeth Brothers is not a responsibility to be undertaken without reflection. You are at perfect liberty to satisfy yourself as to the position of the house and as to my private affairs, since these enter into the proposed arrangement." He rang one of several bell-knobs close to his chair. "Mr Jellicoe," he said, when the cashier quickly made his appearance, "you will give Mr Stephen Brancepeth any information about the business of the bank that he may require, and show him any of the books, my private accounts and all, that he may wish to see. You will find Mr Jellicoe a most trustworthy

guide in all matters relating to the firm. And I believe," he added, when the cashier had again quitted the room, "that a little trouble will convince you that your future position will be a good one—that your influence will be very considerable here and in the counties round about, and that you might marry into the peerage without any charge of presumption."

Stephen started and cast a searching look at his father, but the old man's face was impassive. "I need detain you no longer," he said. "Take your own time to think over the matter, and when you have made up your mind, come and dine with me and let me know the result. You can dress and sleep in your old room, which you will find as you left it;" and father and son formally shook hands, and each thought that he detected a warmer pressure in the other's grasp than on their first meeting.

In the dark passage Stephen ran against Mr Jellicoe, whose face was contorted into an idiotic expression of delight.

"I knew it would all come right, Mr Stephen—I knew it from the first," whispered the old man. "Providence would never allow an old house like Brancepeth Brothers to come to an end. It could not do without it, sir, no more than it could do without the Bank of England—which it would be rank atheism to suppose such a thing. You are a lucky man, Mr Stephen."

"Luck sometimes comes too late, Jellicoe," returned Stephen, gloomily. "If it had come to me two

years ago, things might be very different."

"Money is always in time whenever it comes," said Mr Jellicoe. "And if you have been kept tight a bit, it will be all the better for you now. Want of money makes you know the worth of it, and if you have got hardened and soured a bit you will make all the better man of business. There's no bowels in banking. Look at your father: he is hard as flint, and what a success he has been? Now as for me," added Mr Jellicoe with a sigh, "my good-nature would run any business into the 'Gazette' in a fortnight. Thank God! I have no means of exercising it."

"You never failed to employ it on my account, Jellicoe," said Stephen, pressing the old man's hand, "and believe me, I am not ungrateful."

"Mr Stephen Brancepeth does not look as if he relished fat veal, if that was the lunch the old man has been serving up to him in his room," said Mr Pemberton, a tall clerk, as he watched the banker's son pass out into the street.

"I don't know what his lunch was," said Mr Jellicoe, sententiously, "but Mr Stephen Brancepeth is a chip of the old block, and I wouldn't advise you, for your own good, Pemberton, to be over-free with any remarks upon him when he comes here as a partner in Brancepeth Brothers." Whereupon Mr Pemberton gave a whistle of surprise and applied himself to his ledger, and a look of intelligence ran round all the desks.

CHAPTER XV.—UNDER THE DEVIL'S NOSE.

Dr Sparshott was hurrying homewards to the Museum through the streets of Earlsport in a guise which, in the case of any other person,

would have attracted general attention. His arms were encumbered by two or three goodly-sized volumes, which he had carried with him for

reference on his ramble; a huge chunk of limestone rock, in which his keen eye had detected the presence of a fossil; and a large bunch of freshly gathered sea-weed, the oozy moisture from which was finding its way all down his garments. He had a small tin case strapped to his shoulder, and to this he had hung his stout walking-stick, as he had no hands free to carry it, and the stick, as he walked, rattled behind him with a clatter much like that which sounds so musical in the ear of a young officer when he first puts on a sword. But Dr Sparshott had no hat, and though there was a fresh cool breeze blowing in from the sea and up from the harbour, he did not appear to be at all conscious of the deficiency.

As he passed up a narrow lane, inhabited chiefly by working people, the women looked after him out of their doors, and the children perhaps paused in their play in the gutter to stare for a minute; but they were used to the doctor's oddities, and scarcely thought his singular appearance worth a passing remark.

"The doctor's maizelt agen," said one to another; "he's clean lost hissel amo' his stanes. But he's a cliver man the doctor for nothing, besides paying five shillings to Dr Springfield." This was an allusion to the gratuitous medical services which the doctor was sometimes dragged into rendering to the poorer classes in the neighbourhood of the Museum, and which he always accompanied by an emphatic protest against preserving the lives of possible paupers, and a denunciation of the empiricism of medical practice.

The doctor hurried up the lane and turned into Earlsfield Square, quite unconscious that there was anything wrong in his outward man. Only as Mr Alderman Hanmer's

carriage drove slowly past, and the alderman's lady looked out from the window, was he recalled for an instant to the propriety of raising his hat in answer to her amazed salutation; but his arms were full of the books and the fossil, and, with an impatient shrug of the shoulders, he abandoned the effort. As he turned into the Town Hall the policeman in the vestibule looked askance, but saluted him, and smiled as he disappeared up-stairs. The doctor's eccentricities were well known in Earlsport, and helped not a little to sustain his character as a man of genius, as eccentricities very frequently do, whether they come naturally or are judiciously put on.

"How late you are, father!" said Cloete, meeting him at the door. "Your dinner has been kept warming for you for the last two hours. I am afraid it will not be nice. And, oh! father, where is your hat?"

"My hat? Why, on my head of course. Eh? Isn't it? Bless my soul, I must have left it at the Cliffs! Very stupid of me, to be sure. Just take that fossil into my study. From the teeth I should say it belonged to the *Rhizopodus*, but that they seem to want cutting edges. I would rather have expected to meet with it in coal shale, too. And I have got such a curious *Loligo*; you should have seen how the colour-specks came and went at the will of the cephalopod. The *Loligo* is the calamary, Cloete, although I don't suppose you know it even by that name. But where the deuce is the *Loligo*?"

While speaking, the doctor had disencumbered himself of the tin box, into which he vainly looked for the specimen while he described it; plunging his hands into the capacious pockets of his coat, and turning out an unwholesome-looking *débris* of pebbles, shells, sand,

and sea-weed; and again turning over the contents of his collecting-case, this time emptying them on to the table.

"Confound it! I must have left it behind. Let me see—I had it last at the Devil's Nose. Yes; it must be there. I rolled it up in a piece of newspaper, and put it down on a flat slab of rock while I was looking at the *Rhizopodus*—if it is a *Rhizopodus*, about which the teeth make me have my doubts. I would not lose that *Loligo* for money, for it is considerably differentiated from the kind usual here. I'll go back at once before the tide comes in."

"No, no," cried Cloete; "you are tired, and you want your dinner. Besides, your feet are wet, I can see; and oh! I do wish you would not walk home without your hat. What will the people in the streets think?"

"Pshaw!" returned the doctor, testily; "the wind isn't cold, and I am none the worse. But I am not going to lose that *Loligo*; so get me another hat, Cloete, and I'll set off. I'll have all the better appetite by the time I come back."

"No, no," interposed Cloete; "I shall go myself. I shall easily find it, and the hat too, I daresay. The walk will do me good; and Mary shall get you dry stockings, and give you your dinner."

"Well," said the doctor, reflecting that an immediate prospect of dinner was not without its allurements to an appetite sharpened by the sea-air, "if you do want a walk, I don't mind. And I would like to go into the *Rhizopodus* this afternoon. But if you go, you had better make haste before the tide comes in. You will easily find the *Loligo*, right under the Devil's Nose, on a slab of rock, wrapped up in a piece of newspaper. And I shouldn't wonder if my hat were

by it. You will easily know the *Loligo*; it is the ordinary calamary."

How far this last exposition was calculated to aid Cloete in the identification of the missing specimen need not be conjectured, but she was not unused to such quests. The doctor's abstraction and confused habits of thought were manifested in daily acts of forgetfulness; and a rival might have set himself up with a very fair collection by gleaning on the doctor's track in his outdoor excursions. Cloete hurriedly made her simple out-of-door toilet, and having given instructions to the maid-servant to look after the doctor's comfort, she went out, and walked quickly through the streets towards the sea-shore.

A breeze, half of spring, half of summer, was blowing in from the German Ocean; and the sands were flecked with white foam - flakes blown off the crests of the surge as they broke up in a last effort to reach the shore. Before her lay a narrow marge of grey sands, stretching in a curve round the bay until it was lost in green undulating slopes, from underneath which rugged beetling cliffs stood forth to face the sea. On her left the Dunes, a succession of low sand-hills, covered with hoary weather-beaten grass and bent, and here and there a bush of ling, rose and fell, and fell and rose again, until they were stopped by the high walls and thick dark woods of Earls court Park. Out at sea the water was dappled with foam-patches little bigger than curlews; and a little fleet of Earlsport fishing-boats with tall reddish-brown sails were busily employed hauling their lines. A brig or two were scudding along with full topsails to the north-eastward, and the black smoke of a distant steamer rose up on the horizon.

The salt breeze blew keenly

against Cloete's face, and brightened her eye and heightened her colour. She had felt lonely and inclined to mope all day; but her spirits rose in the fresh sea-air, and as she gathered her blue cloak tightly about her, she felt music within her responding to the murmur of the waves and the swell of the wind.

As she walked along, through a break in the sandhills she saw the woody shrubbery of the Dunes House, and caught a glimpse of a white gable, from which projected an oriel window looking seaward. Did *he* ever sit at that window? He had always been fond of the sea, and Cloete could recollect the time when he had seemed to haunt the beach night and day. Perhaps he was sitting there looking from that window now, and might recognise her. Not so very long ago he would have known her a mile away, and would have hastened to her side. But now he did not care to waylay her in her walks as in the old days, and Cloete vainly endeavoured to persuade herself that she was glad of it. She had seen nothing of Stephen Brancepeth since they had met at Mrs Fossebraye's dinner-party, when he had too evidently shown his intention to avoid her. Now she did not want to see him. Of that she was determined to assure herself. She had loved him then, as he had sworn that he loved her, and would love her always. She loved him yet, but that must be her own secret, locked up in her own heart; and Cloete was so confident in her own strength of mind that she was sure she might cherish her feelings without any risk of betraying them. It was only natural that he should forget her as soon as he went out into the world and met with fairer and more fascinating girls. He was rich, too, and might make a great match;

while what was she, to aspire to marrying him?—the daughter of a poor naturalist, whose oddities were the amusement of all Earlsport, a salaried servant of the mayor and corporation, who stood only a grade higher than Mr Wynes, his assistant, who had been a bird-stuffer, or taxidermist, as that gentleman was pleased to denominate it. Cloete had her own pride, and, when occasion required, she could stand up for her father's calling, and draw a distinction between the position of a man of science, however poor, and the pursuits of the rich traders of Earlsport, considerably to the social disadvantage of the latter. But to herself she could not help telling over all the drawbacks of her own condition. She had had her dream of love, and had awoke from it to find herself surrounded by the hard realities of life; but the world should never know anything more than it already knew, and, above all, Stephen Brancepeth should never discover how closely the old love still clung to her. She would never marry—all thought of that was over; and she could love Brancepeth, so long as she kept her love shut up in her own bosom, until he married. And when he did marry—ah! when he did, what then? She was twenty-one, and already her life lay behind her.

The place was full of memories. Here was the grassy knoll on which they had sat the night when they had last parted, when Stephen had told her of his quarrel with his father, and how, rather than give her up, he was prepared to face poverty, and strive to earn a living for them both by painting. She had pleaded with him then to do nothing rash; she had begged him with tears to give her up, to forget her; she had thrown herself on her knees beside him, and implored him to think no longer of her,—not to

break with his father for her sake, whatever became of her; and now a feeling of irony mixed with the remembrance of that scene. How passionately had he sworn that he would give her up for no earthly consideration! He would dare disinheritance, and face poverty; toil for her, slave for her, but relinquish her—never! How proud she had been then of her lover, all sorrowful as she was at his evil fortune, so gallant, so devoted, and so self-sacrificing! How she had sorrowed at the desponding vein which she soon detected under the assumed cheerfulness of his earlier letters! Then came tidings of disappointment, failure, and privations. At last had come that dreadful letter telling her that he saw no prospect of keeping soul and body together in Europe,—that it would be unmanly in him to tie her any longer to a helpless pauper, who would speedily have to seek in Australia or America for some means of earning his bread. Cloete had sent an impassioned answer, saying she would go with him to the end of the world, and live on the scraps which he left, but no answer had been returned; and now Stephen Brancepeth was living in affluence at the Dunes House over there, while Cloete was hurrying along the beach to look for her father's hat, and that tiresome *Loligo* which is popularly called the calamary.

Retrospections like these have a morbid tendency, but the fresh sea-breeze is an excellent tonic. Cloete Sparshott is a young, spirited, healthy woman. She gathers her cloak still more tightly about her, pushes back the hat from her brow, and comes back to the object of her quest. She has reached the end of the sands, and she stoops to gather a freshly-blown sea-pink as she ascends the grassy slope which leads to the top of the cliffs. The view

stretches out now, for she can see along the rock-bound coast for nearly half-a-dozen miles, as far as the tall white lighthouse which marks the dangerous reefs of Breakerness. But she has to descend again, for the sea comes in here into a little cove, lapping over a bed of white pebbles strewn over with dark-green sea-weed; and at the other side of the tiny bay stands up a huge black cliff, throwing out an overhanging protuberance, in the sharpened outlines of which sailors and fishermen had for ages seen a resemblance to a nose, which they naturally called after the Devil's; and sharp enough the infernal feature was found to be by such luckless mariners as were driven upon it in the hurricanes of winter. All round the margin of the grassy summit of the cliff were deep ruts, showing where ropes had been thrown and hauled to the crew of some unfortunate vessel perishing in the boiling whirlpools below, or clinging vainly to the sharp jagged rocks as a protection against the devouring waves.

The Devil's Nose itself was a huge spar of black rock, projecting out beyond the line of the other cliffs, and resting on a base of deep-red granite which pleased the popular fancy for a nostril, and of which the colour might have been taken to indicate convivial tendencies on the part of the arch-enemy. Between the Nose and the sea lay a square mass of rock known as the Devil's Snuff-box, leaving a narrow path between it and the Nose, by which one person could easily pass when the tide was out. Beyond this Cloete expected that she would light upon the *Loligo*, and perhaps the hat. She descended again to the water's edge, giving a glance towards the advancing tide, which was now creeping up the cove and beginning to curl itself in boiling

foam about the rocks. But Cloete knew the cliffs well, and was experienced in the rise of the tides, and she saw that she had more than ten minutes to pass the Devil's Nose and get back dry-shod before the waters came up. She hurried through the narrow passage between the Nose and the Snuff-box, and just in the spot where she had expected to find the doctor's hat and the Loligo she saw Stephen Brancepeth standing, with his hands behind his back, looking out to sea. She started back and thought of flight, but quick as the idea of flight had come into her head, Brancepeth had turned round and faced her. Flight, Cloete felt, was now impossible. She was by no means a nervous girl, and possessed more self-control than probably nine out of ten women with greater experience of the world could boast of. The force of the old memories, upon which she had just been dwelling, had, however, for the present, disarmed her to some extent. But it was only an instant before she could make the effort necessary to recover command of herself, and she had taken a step forward before Brancepeth could advance to meet her. He raised his hat and held out his hand.

"How strange that we should meet here!" he said, with a hurried and rather faltering utterance. "I had just been thinking of you."

"My father forgot a specimen when he was here in the afternoon," returned Cloete, calmly; "and as he was tired, I came to fetch it. I think I see it yonder, and his hat too," she added, with a little laugh. "Good-bye, Mr Brancepeth. Please don't let me detain you."

With a stiff little courtesy and without offering her hand, Cloete stepped across the sands, amid which the waters were now beginning to creep in to a broad flat slab

of rock on which she saw the doctor's hat lying, with the Loligo beside it. She opened up the newspaper and looked attentively at the specimen—not from scientific interest, but that she might get leisure to gather her composure; and, as she told herself, she hoped—but did she so hope?—to allow Brancepeth time to get out of her way. But there he still stood, planted right in the centre of the narrow way between the Devil's Nose and the Snuff-box. The tide was now creeping up to the foot of the cliff, and there was no other way of retreat open, so she walked back, with a heightened colour but with a firm step, and carrying her head perhaps a little higher than she was wont.

But Brancepeth showed no disposition to move out of her path.

"Cloete," he said, holding out his hands, "this is not the way in which we expected to meet again when we last parted."

The girl said nothing, but did not take his hand. There was a tone of tender regret in his voice that threatened to shake her resolution to be firm. She would make no response to his advances, but she might at least hear what he had to say.

"We were both young then, Cloete, and people thought we were foolish," he went on, sadly. "I did not think so; I do not think so now. My love for you was a passion that can only be felt once and for all. I have never ceased to love you. There has never been a day, never an hour, since we parted, that my heart has not been full of thoughts of you. I love you now, as you stand before me, more passionately than ever. I do—God help me!"

There was a pathos in his tones that made Cloete tremble, though there was also something in his

manner that she did not understand and that filled her with dread. She leaned against a mass of rock and allowed him to take her hand.

"It was your own wish," she faltered; "you wrote giving me up. You know what answer I sent you. Why should we speak of these things now?"

"Because," said Brancepeth, gloomily, "we cannot live, we cannot meet, without some understanding of what we are henceforth to be to each other. I got your letter, but it was months after it had been written. Had I got it sooner our lot might have been different. It reached me when I had just recovered from a dangerous illness, and after matters had occurred to me which made it too late to be of use to us. Cloete, dearest, your letter was the only thing wanting to complete my misery."

"In that case," replied Cloete, withdrawing her hand, "I am extremely sorry it was sent. I know now that it was foolish—it was wrong of me to have written as I did. I should have accepted the release in the same spirit in which you offered it to me. But I was only a simple girl, Mr Brancepeth, who knew nothing of the world," she added, flashing a look of indignant scorn in his face. "I apologise to you for answering your letter, and that is all I can do. You will permit me to pass now, if you please."

Cloete was now mistress of the situation. Her high maidenly spirit had come to her assistance. She could not conceive what Brancepeth's meaning was, but she felt that the time had come when she must decide for one course or another. Her firmness rose, her head grew clear, and she was determined that no outward sign of weakness should betray the conflict of mixed feelings that was going on within her.

"You misunderstand me, Cloete," said Brancepeth, still interposing himself before her. "I deserve your pity—perhaps your scorn. But still, for the sake of old days, for the sake of our old love, hear me speak. A barrier has come between us—one that can never be removed. I love you, Cloete, madly—better than my life—better than my soul; but, Cloete, dearest Cloete, I can never again ask you to be my wife."

"Your explanation is quite sufficient, sir," said Cloete, haughtily; "I wish to know nothing more. Perhaps you will show me the respect due to a lady by not again alluding to the matter. And now allow me to go."

But Brancepeth was not yet deep enough in the mire. He must flounder still farther in, as is the way with men who feel their footing going from under them.

"Let me at least hear you say that you believe in my love. I ask nothing from you in return. Night and day, until the hour of my death, you must continue to be the first thought in my mind. Let us at least be friends—friends now and when we meet again. It is hard to think that, after having loved as we have, we should part with coldness in our hearts. Oh! Cloete, would that you would let me be a friend to you, since I may not stand in a dearer relationship."

"It is impossible," said she. "I will hear no more of this talk. You have no right to take advantage of meeting me here to revive the subject;" and she forced her way past him, and ran swiftly through the narrow gallery between the Devil's Nose and the Snuff-box.

"Oh, the sea!" she exclaimed in despair as she reached the other end.

The tide was by this time in, and

the pebbly strand which she had lately crossed was now a foot and a half under water, while the waves were washing up against the wall of rocks. The white stones glimmered dimly under the green water; and the sea-weeds, which had been lying so prone and limp as she passed over them, were now all alive, and swaying their tendrils backwards and forwards on the ebb and flow of the tide. Cloete paused and looked before her. She would have to wade some thirty yards through the water before she could get to dry land on the other side of the cove: but better that than be imprisoned for hours under the Devil's Nose with Stephen Brancepeth; to have to listen to love without confidence; to have to hear him pleading for her whole heart, while he was only offering her half a one in return; to have smouldering ashes raked up into a blaze, only that the flame might be put out for ever. To Cloete's practical mind, wet feet was a minor inconvenience compared with imprisonment under the Devil's Nose with Stephen Brancepeth. There was no danger. There was perhaps a dash of malicious gratification in the act, and she was just about to step in when Brancepeth caught hold of her arm.

"Stay, Cloete! You cannot cross. You may slip on the pebbles. Am I, then, so hateful to you that you cannot trust yourself with me until the tide falls?"

"I must go," said Cloete positively. "My father is waiting for me at home. It is your fault, Mr Brancepeth. Had you allowed me to pass, I should have got over before the tide came in."

"Forgive me, Cloete. I could not let go the opportunity of speaking to you once again. I had much to tell you—much that you have refused to listen to. I will not say

that you were wrong; but if you knew all—if you knew all that is in my heart—you would pity me. But you must allow me to carry you across."

"Certainly not," said Cloete firmly; "I ought not to have allowed you to detain me under any circumstances. You will please let me go alone, Mr Brancepeth; I must not let you accompany me farther. I wish you good night again."

She had stepped down, and in another minute would have been in the water, but she felt herself seized and borne aloft through the tide. Oh! the grasp of those strong arms. As they encircled her, they seemed to imprison and subdue her mind as well as her body. She had felt a woman before; now she was as a child in his hands—as a captive slave that has no will but her master's. It was vain to seek to summon resolution to her assistance; she had none. Once before he had laughingly carried her through a pool that they had lighted upon in their rambles; and she felt as she had felt then. Time and change and the crosses in their love had all vanished from her recollection. As they neared the other side, he bent and kissed her lips as her head lay passively against his shoulder, and she had only power to turn away her face and sob.

As they reached dry land on the other side, Brancepeth set her down and stood irresolutely before her, looking into her face. Cloete's tears were falling fast, and she with difficulty restrained her sobs. All her former spirit had deserted her; she felt now so thoroughly humiliated, that she did not care to recover her self-possession.

How long they stood thus she could scarcely tell. At length Brancepeth took her hands and said, "You cannot understand all

this, Cloete, nor can I explain it to you now. When you know all, you will not think so hardly of me — perhaps you will pardon me. We must learn to face our separate lots, but it will be hard. If I have wronged you, I suffer a heavy penance. God bless you !”

He raised her hand to his lips, lifted his hat, and set off with hurried strides, half running, across the sandhills, leaving Cloete standing by the shore. How the girl got home she could scarcely tell. The evening was falling, and a cold damp wind now blew in from the sea. The sullen roar of the waves seemed to menace her as if she had done some wrong. Sea-gulls wheeled

overhead, shrieking stridently, as if they also had singled her out as the object of their indignation. The harbour light was throwing a fiery red gleam across the sands before she reached Earlsport, and she felt glad that the streets were so deserted. When she reached the Museum, she found her father fretting and fidgeting over her long absence.

“You are very late, Cloete,” he said pettishly; “you must surely have had a long walk.”

“Yes, I had,” was the reply, “and I feel very tired. But I have brought you the *Loligo*; and your hat too,” she added, with a hysterical attempt at a laugh.

CHAPTER XVI.—A NIGHT-WALK.

On the evening when Brancepeth and Cloete Sparshott had met under the Devil's Nose, Dorothy Colpoys retired early to her room at Earls court. She had made neuralgia an excuse for going up-stairs, but that did not deter her from opening a window and looking out anxiously into the night. It was intensely dark,—so dark that the white foam on the breakers seen over the tree-tops seemed by contrast to light up the gloom; but the moaning waste of ocean beyond was unenlivened by the lights of any passing vessel, or even by the lantern at the mast-head of any belated fishing-boat wishing to signal to friends on shore that it was running over the bar. An uninviting night to look out upon, and still more to adventure into.

So Dorothy Colpoys might have thought as she turned round, after she had carefully closed the shutters, to the bright fire that was blazing in the room. But there was a look of excitement on her face and a bright sparkle in her eye that did

not suggest a disposition to sit down and make herself comfortable. In general there was not much animation in Dorothy Colpoys's expression. She had regular features; a fair red-and-white colour; soft brown eyes, well shaded by rather heavy lashes; and, grievous to say, at the upper corners of her ripe mouth traces of silky down, which, however coveted by aspirants to the honours of manhood, are generally a heartsore to the other sex. Poor Dorothy had often had to bear the cruel witticisms of her brothers George and the Colonel—in the days before she got Lady Pye's money—on these obtrusive pillules, and had fretted herself over the depilatories and hair destroyers which they delighted to bring under her notice.

Sir Bernard Burke and his brother genealogists were mercifully silent about the ages of the ladies of the Earlsfield family, and only those who were old enough to remember Dorothy's birth could have told to a year or two how old she was. It

was generally known, however, that she came next to George, the member for Earlsport; and unless an abnormally long period had elapsed between the two births, Dorothy Colpoys must now be steadily working her way through the thirties. She did not look her age certainly, and with her fresh bright colour, luxuriant hair, and well set-up figure, might have pretended to five-and-twenty with much more plausibility than many of the damsels who linger so long and so lovingly over that period of life.

The Colpoys face was divided into two types, the sternly grim and the good-humouredly inane, examples of each of which might be found in Lord Earlsfield and the member respectively; but Dorothy's countenance was flexible, and easily responsive to her immediate feelings. To-night her looks were lit up by an animation that made her eyes sparkle, and sent a colour to her cheeks which a blushing bride in her teens might have been proud of.

"Get me a thick serge dress and a hood and walking-boots, Minton," she said to her maid, a hard-faced middle-aged woman, who came in answer to her bell; "and get ready yourself. You are going to walk with me."

"It looks like rain, madam, and it is dark as pitch," replied Minton doubtfully, but without betraying any surprise at the untimely season which her mistress had chosen for out-door exercise.

"So much the better—we are less likely to be seen," rejoined Miss Colpoys. "Go and get ready as quick as you can. I shall dress myself."

"I hope, madam, you do not mind what I said when I was dressing you for dinner," said Minton, turning round at the door. "Barnes, the gamekeeper, is a great tattle,

and though he did say that he saw Mr Brancepeth of the Dunes House and Miss Sparshott, the Museum man's daughter, under the Devil's Nose before dusk, it mayn't have been either of them. Barnes do tattle."

"I never trouble myself about servants' gossip," said her mistress; "but be quick and make yourself ready." Hastily equipping herself in a thick dress, and throwing over it a cloak with a hood, which completely concealed her face, Dorothy paused for a moment in front of a looking-glass, and examined herself critically. "Heaven be thanked, I am looking well to-night—and young too! Yes, I do look young," she said to herself. "I suppose it is the thought of meeting him again. He was madly in love with that girl, I have heard. Has he forgotten her quite, I wonder? And how do they come to have meetings among the Cliffs? I shall tax him with it. It was unwise, after all, of me to insist upon him coming here against his own wish. He said, too, that he did not desire to come back to Earlsport to revive painful impressions; but I thought he meant his quarrel with his father. I shall see this girl for myself, and judge whether she is likely to be dangerous. But were she twenty times as beautiful as she can be, she shall not come between me and mine;" and as Dorothy stamped her foot in her vehemence, the wicked look which the Earlsfields could at times put on contorted her face for a minute, but quickly passed off.

"I can trust him," she murmured; "at the worst, I can make him own me as his wife, and then this Miss Sparshott will not trouble us. But there is my money. Ah, me! that dreary, dreary money; why did Aunt Pye leave it to me? Or why did she not let me

do with it as I pleased? I wonder what keeps that tedious Minton?"

"I don't like this journey, madam," said Minton, entering. "The night is dreadfully dark; and listen!—how the wind is howling!"

"I don't like the night myself; but we are going to make the journey," returned her mistress.

"We may be discovered," urged the maid.

"The whole risk is mine," said Miss Colpoys. "Now, lock the room door on the outside, and follow me."

They stole noiselessly along the corridor and through the picture-gallery, where many Colpoyses and Swaynes hung upon the walls, dimly seen by the light of the taper which Minton carried. The Colpoyses, it may be assumed, were genuine portraits; but the presentments of most of the Swaynes had no better authenticity than the word of Horace Walpole, who discovered a complete collection of them in the course of his artistic researches, and put them at the disposal of his father's friend, Sir John—making him pay, it is to be presumed, more than the originals, when in the flesh, had ever been worth. Sir John was then scheming for a peerage, and ready to welcome any evidences of ancestry; nor did he ever lend an ear to Lord Chesterfield's malicious insinuations that they were the family portraits of one Stephen Swayne—a west-country squire, who had been executed in King William's time for complicity in Sir John Fenwick's plot, and who had never claimed any connection with the descendants of the Earlsfield Jarl. But there the pictures are; and the 'Guide to Earlsport and its Environs' tells the name and history of each individual Swayne among them, and Lord Earlsfield would

have cheerfully pledged his credit to their authenticity.

From the end of the picture-gallery a narrow stair led down to an outer door, which stood in an angle formed by a wing of the house, and gave admittance to the flower-garden. Carefully feeling their way, Miss Colpoys and Minton noiselessly gained the open air, and stood for a minute in the darkness. The cold night-wind was blustering about them, the grass was soaking wet, and the black shapes of the trees stood vaguely out, like giants stationed to bar their way.

"Miss Colpoys!" whispered Minton, as she clutched her mistress's arm—"Miss Colpoys! I'm frightened to death. I can't go a step farther, and I won't. There!"

"Nonsense, woman!" said Dorothy, taking firm hold of her. "You *shall* go. There, take my hand; I know the road quite well. We shall see much more clearly after our eyes have been used to the darkness a little. Not another word, but come along."

Half dragging the reluctant and terrified Minton after her, Dorothy walked quickly along a narrow foot-path which lay close to the park wall, the dark shadow of which served them as a guide. The gravel was wet and claggy, and every now and then Minton, as her impatient mistress pulled her along, would stumble, and with difficulty resist an inclination to shriek. The owls had come out, and were answering each other in mournful hoots which grated on Dorothy's high-strung nerves; and a bat which made a reconnoitring swoop hard by their heads, caused both of them to start and cling more closely to each other. At last the door which stood in the corner of the park most remote from Earlsport was reached, and opened by a key

which Dorothy produced. Before them lay the wide expanse of the Dunes, and beyond these a broad line of roaring white breakers. It was useless now to seek for a path, and Dorothy struck boldly across the Dunes in a direction where the darkness seemed blackest of all, and where she conjectured were the trees around Stephen Brancepeth's dwelling. The rough surface of the Dunes, with its slopes of slippery bent grass and its bottoms of wet sand and gravel, drew many a groan from Minton, as her relentless mistress hurried her on. Their dresses and feet were soaked, for every blade of grass dripped with water; but Dorothy seemed quite unconscious of any inconvenience. Not so the unfortunate Minton, in whose mind no stimulant was working to make her insensible to the unwonted miseries she was undergoing. That sleek domestic would not have exposed herself to a passing shower by daylight for any consideration; and here she was, compelled much against her will to walk more than a mile—it seemed to her ten—in pitchy darkness, “as it might have been through a mill-pond,” groaned the aggrieved waiting-woman.

Wading through the tall grass, stumbling now over heaps of shingle, at times barely escaping a fall into the shallow sand-holes—“bunkers” is the Earlsport expression for them—the pair reached the low ridge which encircles the Dunes House, and almost cuts it

off from the rest of the world. The dark pine-trees that grew closely round it, and covered the slopes of the hollows on all sides, made the place seem filled with a cavern-like gloom. But there were lighted windows, unobscured by blinds or shutters, which threw a bright broad gleam on the gravel path leading to the door. Inside they could see some one pacing up and down a room, and pausing now and then to look forth into the darkness.

“Thank heaven!” said Dorothy, fetching a deep breath, and putting her hand to her heart, “we are expected. Go down, Minton, and tap at the window, and tell Mr Brancepeth I am here.”

“Not for the world, ma’am,” cried Minton, taking a closer hold of her mistress. “I shall faint as it is. There may be dogs. I should be shot for a burglar. I wouldn’t quit you for a hundred pound!”

“You’re a fool!” said Dorothy, contemptuously. “Don’t you ever marry a husband until you have got a heart that can risk something for him;” and drawing a small dog’s-whistle from the bosom of her cloak, she sounded a clear soft note, three times repeated, and fixed her eyes intently on the dark figure walking up and down the lighted room. It paused, came to the window, looked out, and then disappeared, and in a minute more the door opened, and Stephen Brancepeth came out to meet them.

SPORT IN NORWAY AT THE PRESENT DAY.

UP to a comparatively recent date an expedition for sporting purposes to Norway was looked upon as a somewhat serious undertaking. Under the impression that he was going to a country where he could get nothing fit to eat, the explorer, in addition to vast quantities of fishing and shooting gear, almost invariably laid in a stock of preserved meats and such-like, sufficient not only to keep the wolf from his door during a Northern summer, but also through an Arctic winter. We have often been greatly edified when, as an annual passenger by one of the then infrequent steamers from Hull to Trondhjem, we have been favoured with the confidences of some of our fellow-travellers as to the provision against starvation they had been careful to make. Had they been going on a voyage to Mars—say to fish some of the canals in that much-gazed-at sphere—they could not have adopted greater precautions or gone more minutely into detail. Some of these good gentlemen, too, used to be by no means satisfied with ordinary matters in the shape of food during their brief stay in old Norway, and we have seen them accompanied not only by such quantities of champagne, port, and claret as made us stare in undisguised wonder, but also by oceans of soda-water and bottled beer, both of which latter fluids could be obtained almost anywhere in Scandinavia at a price considerably below their cost in this country.

But all this is completely changed. In addition to huge ocean-liners that take hundreds of people each voyage to visit the fjords of the west coast, regular

steamers innumerable run throughout the spring, summer, and autumn months from different ports in England, and a trip to Norway nowadays is looked upon with no greater consideration than one to the Land o' Cakes. Indeed in a sporting sense Norway runs a very good second to Scotland; and as it is very much more extensive, it bids fair to out-rival the latter in the number of British sportsmen whom its mountains and streams attract to its shores. In another sense, too, I regret to say, it is fast overhauling the country north of Tweed, for the rents of shootings and fishings—the latter more especially—are very much on the ascending scale, and in a great many cases without a corresponding equivalent in the matter of resulting sport. No one goes to Norway before May at the very soonest—except, indeed, on some early rivers in the extreme south, that is far too early—and by the end of September the bird-shooting is practically over. We are now, therefore, so far as Norwegian sport as indulged in by the great majority of our countrymen is concerned, within measurable distance of the commencement of a fresh season, and we venture to think the present a convenient time to make a few remarks on the subject.

Although to the number of works written about Norway there is no end, there yet would seem to be a good deal of misapprehension in regard to some of the various forms of sport which may be enjoyed in that country, if we may judge from the number of somewhat naïve queries with reference to such matters that reach us from

time to time, and it will be our endeavour in this paper to remove these misconceptions as far as lies in our power.

First of all, then, in regard to the salmon-rivers, for which Norway has been so long and so justly celebrated, and for the possessing of which it originally acquired its repute as a field for sport. These may for convenience sake be divided into two classes—(a) Rivers whose volume and local surroundings will admit of their being fished from the bank; and (b) those whose size is such as to necessitate the use of a boat, or in other words, harling. Of the former type there are, we are sorry to say, far too few, and these necessarily command the very highest prices. We would be sorry to have to pay the rent either of the Leirdal in the Sogne Fjord, or of the little river Lyngdal near Christiansand. It would be well, therefore, for the would-be lessee or tenant of a stream of this class to know that he will have to pay very stiffly indeed for the luxury. We have, in fact, come across a good many cases of late where a very much better equivalent for the money paid would have been got in Scotland. The greater number of *salmon-rivers* whose dimensions admit of their being commanded with the rod by casting from the shore, enter the sea on the south-eastern or on the more southerly and the central fjords of the west coast. We emphasise the expression "*salmon-rivers*," in order to distinguish from the numerous streams, such as the Aurland in the Sogne Fjord, whose migratory inhabitants consist almost entirely of bull-trout, and where a true *Salmo salar* is always more or less of a rarity, and in some cases hardly ever captured. The most northerly of these that

occur to us at the moment are the principal streams in the Nord Fjord, and two or three others on the coast contiguous to that magnificent arm of the sea. Some of the casts on the fine river which flows down the celebrated Romsdal may be fished from the shore, but a lot of boat work is necessary, especially when there is plenty of water. And so on the upper reaches of some of the streams in the neighbourhood of Christiansand, and in the Trondhjem Fjord, the Sundal, Surendal, Gula, Orkla, &c. From this part of the coast northwards, the other—and to the sportsman much less attractive—type of river greatly predominates. On the Namsen there is not a single shore-cast; and to such a high degree of education have the fish attained, that nineteen out of every twenty captured are taken with the spoon or minnow, unless perhaps in very low water: all is harling, and a great deal of it to our mind extremely uninteresting harling, in spite of the magnificent scenery of the valley.

The fishing on the Vefsen, where annually a considerable number of fish are taken with the rod, is practically on one huge pool at the first fall, and is conducted on much the same principle as that of the Namsen; and so with regard to the Salten—a fine-looking but eminently unsatisfactory stream near Bodö—and the Maalselv in the Tromsø neighbourhood. Perhaps the finest salmon-river flowing entirely through Norwegian territory is the Alten, but its volume is such as to preclude the possibility of fishing it without boats. We do not know the methods adopted by the present popular lessee, but the late Duke of Roxburgh, who rented and fished the river for so many years,

was too good a sportsman to use anything but the fly, and, where necessary, casting from a boat. On the desolate shores of Norsak Finmarken there are a number of small streams which are ascended by few migratory fish except Arctic char; and the great Tana river, on which there is more angling water than on half-a-dozen of the largest streams in Norway, is all harling throughout. It, however, is not a purely Norwegian stream, forming as it does for an immense distance the frontier with Russia. As might be expected on such an extensive coast, the rivers differ much in character and in the length of time their seasons last. Some there are in the south that fish as early as the month of May, and should the water-supply prove sufficient, the angler may keep at them throughout the summer; but on the rivers, say, north of the Romsdal, two months is the utmost extent of the fishing season.

In this respect some of the streams to the south of the line indicated are especially favoured. They derive their principal supply of water from lofty mountains situated near the coast. Like other streams, they dwindle in size as soon as the superficial snows which have fallen during the preceding winter have melted and run off; and the salmon then refuse to rise to the fly, and fresh fish do not run up. But the hot sun of the long Northern summer's day soon begins to tell upon the now exposed surface of the glaciers, with the result that the rivers again come down in flood. The fish that entered them in spring are stirred up by the access of the fresh water, and take; others run up from the sea; and there is, in fact, a second season, which lasts until the commencement of the close-time.

For long it has been a fact that every bit of salmon-water in Norway worth putting a fly over has been taken up; but this, unfortunately, has not been sufficiently recognised by anglers without personal experience of the country. The result in too many cases has been that these would-be lessees of rivers have been satisfied with the accounts given them by Norwegian middlemen—those more especially with headquarters at Bergen—of reaches of so-called salmon-water, and have been grievously "had." The victim on his return flies, of course, to air his grievances in the papers, that inevitable safety-valve of the injured Briton; but even that universal panacea will not bring back the pounds with which he has parted in exchange for mythical salmon,—these have been converted long since into dollars by the wily Norseman; nor, apparently, to judge from the outcries which annually appear, has the recital of his woes the smallest effect in deterring others from going and doing exactly likewise.

Like those of the now historical Heathen Chinees, the ways of these Bergen agents are childlike and bland. The piece of water in question is part of the celebrated river So-and-so, which, as of course every man knows, has been held on lease for many years by Englishmen, and where great sport has been had. If Herr Smith does not care to pay the price, Herr Jones has telegraphed his advent by the next steamer from Hull, and will most certainly do so. This outrageous action on the part of Jones is not to be thought of, must not be permitted, and poor Smith closes the bargain without making inquiries about his salmon-water other than of the agent. Full of energy

and enthusiasm, he departs for the "happy stream," accompanied probably by one or two friends, all armed to the teeth with the most recent angling implements for the destruction of *Salmo salar*, to find, probably, that the statements of the plausible agent were literally true in regard to the individuality of the river in question, but that the portion foisted upon him is a piece of water quite close to the sea—possibly tidal—utterly unfit for rod-fishing, and on which he may, if his patience have not ere then been exhausted, pick up a few sea-trout later on in the season. Such is one of the "methods" of the Bergen salmon-river agent.

Tracts of country in Scandinavia for killing elk, reindeer, and the different species of game-birds, are generally to be had on reasonably fair terms by application to a Norwegian merchant of repute in any of the coast towns. These gentlemen will invariably do what they can for an Englishman who applies to them, and will treat him fairly; but we venture to think that England, not Norway, London, not Bergen, are the places to look for a good Norwegian salmon-river, the letting of one of these being rarely put into native hands. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that Norwegian sporting estate agents are all of the type of which so many complaints have been made of late years. On the contrary, these, we are happy to say, are rare, and confined, as far as our knowledge goes, to Bergen, while no one dislikes their reprehensible methods more than do the Norwegians themselves. The advance in the rents of shootings has not been at all commensurate with that of the salmon-fishings, owing in a great measure to the law made a few

years ago with reference to foreign dogs, which practically prohibited the importation of these necessary companions of the chase. The prevention of hydrophobia was the nominal reason for this law in the first instance, but even among Norwegians themselves this was recognised as a mere excuse. The real reason was the jealousy of the native sportsmen hailing from Christiania, Bergen, and other towns, of Englishmen. The former found themselves brought year by year more in contact with the latter, who, armed with better weapons and accompanied by better dogs, invaded the fjelds in all directions, and the result was they got the dog law passed. How many thousands of English pounds this law has kept away from Norway, in the way of depreciated shooting-rents alone, it would be hard to say. One day, no doubt, it will be repealed. Hydrophobia will suddenly be discovered to be extinct in the British Isles; then up will go the rents of shootings, and the wily Norwegians who have been in the "know," and discounted the rise, will pocket large numbers of kroners.

The process of searching for a needle in a hay-stack would be hopeful compared to looking for ryper on a Norwegian fjeld, during the first fortnight of the season at any rate. As compared with the acreage, or rather mileage, the birds are very few. They are very hard to see on the ground, and in an ordinary year will sit like stones until the end of August. During the currency of this piece of protectionist legislation, therefore, a few of our countrymen owning the leases of some especially good shootings have found it worth while to breed their own dogs in the country itself. This is all very well.

Others, again, desirous of having some sport at a moderate rent, trust to picking up a dog or two at their point of debarkation; but this is rarely a satisfactory business, and we confess to a strong predilection for shooting over our own setters. It is pain and agony to see an obstinate brute, who does not understand a word of English, howling about the country regardless of his temporary master's frantic cries, and putting up every bird in the parish well out of range.

The ryper is, of course, the most important game-bird of Norway, and, with but few exceptions, it is distributed all over the country. On the mainland there are many and extensive tracts of fjeld, where capital shooting can be had, but nowhere are these birds so numerous as on the Lofodens and the numerous islands which stud the coasts of Nordland and Finnmarken. On some of these we have seen the ryper so numerous that we had quite enough to do firing at the birds we walked up, dogs, except for retrieving purposes, being quite unnecessary. In spring the birch thickets, with which some of these islands are more or less clad, are often found, when the snow is cleared away, to be full of the white feathers of the birds which have fallen victims during the winter to the eagles, snowy owls, falcons, and other birds of prey that are so numerous in these regions. But to our mind ryper-shooting pure and simple, however good, is monotonous; and on these islands, with the exception it may be of a few snipe and an odd duck or two, there is no other game.

The most enjoyable bird-shooting we have ever had in Norway has been at the heads of large water-systems, where the level of the back-lying moors was not more

than 600 or 800 feet above that of the stream below, and where the intervening sides of the valley were clothed with forest. On the way to and from the open moors the woodlands contributed black-game, capercailzie, hjerpe, and an occasional hare to the bag; the main feature of which, however, consisted of ryper shot on the fjelds that lay above the tree-line. A mixed day of this kind, even if the total at the end thereof be only twelve or fifteen brace, is superior in our estimation to a sixty or eighty brace bag on the best island in Lofoden or Vesterdaalen. As a rule, the lower ends of the large valleys are to be avoided for shooting purposes: the sides are generally too precipitous to afford good covert for wood game, and it is a tremendous scramble to get to the open fjeld above. We have enjoyed some very good black-game shooting in districts where there was plenty of juniper scattered about, and especially where there were also small lakes and streams. A retriever or a retrieving-setter we found to be a necessity, however, in such a country, the thickness of the covert losing us so many wounded birds.

Our Scottish grouse-moors are subject to having their stock of birds sadly diminished by various causes—disease, wet, cold, &c.; but we are inclined to think that a ryper-fjeld is a still more uncertain quantity, and subject to fluctuations even more numerous and difficult to account for. We have often been surprised at the discrepancy from year to year in the number of birds on certain tracts of country which we and our friends knew intimately, and we are inclined to think that this is a not infrequent cause of difference between Norwegian agents

and novices at sport in that country. The youthful shooter secures a tract of country for which he covenants to pay perhaps £30 or £40—a sum in exchange for which he might in Scotland acquire the right to shoot, say, five brace of birds. Because, however, he has to go a little farther than across the Tweed, and there is not a comfortable shooting-lodge in the centre of the ground, he considers himself entitled to expect to kill at least 300 or 400 brace. If, as is not unlikely, the bag falls somewhat short of these expectations, he considers himself deeply aggrieved, and without inquiring as to whether there were any special and unavoidable circumstances attaching to the season or weather which affected his particular case materially, he immediately despatches a claim to the Norwegian agent for a reduction of rent. There are, of course, instances where such a claim is perfectly legitimate. As we write, indeed, a case is pending before the Norwegian Courts, in which an English lessee refuses on the ground of misrepresentations to pay in full the rent of some salmon-water let to him by an agent.

But before concluding our remarks upon this portion of our subject, we would venture to suggest one or two pieces of advice to intending tenants of Norwegian shootings or fishings. Do not be satisfied merely with the descriptions given by the agent to whom you apply, unless they are backed up by information derived from the experiences of a previous English lessee. There are plenty of sources of information, in case a private channel be unavailable. It is unreasonable to expect the same accuracy of information from a Norwegian as from a Scotch agent; and with the

best intention in the world, it is rarely that the former—especially in the matter of water adapted for the requirements of the salmon angler—knows all the first essentials of the properties he has to offer, as does the latter. After satisfying yourself as far as may be about the property you are looking after, make the best bargain you can, stick to it, and do not rush into print for sympathy and make claims for reduction of rent, simply because, from some natural reason quite out of human power to avert or foresee, the season has turned out a bad one. Neither course is very dignified, and both are likely to induce less sympathy than amusement.

The finest game-bird in Norway is undoubtedly the capercailzie. Comparatively few, however, of these are shot by English sportsmen, owing principally to their habits and the character of their favourite haunts. Although for some weeks after the beginning of the shooting season the young broods spend much of their time on the ground in search of the mountain-berries which form so large a part of the undergrowth of the Northern forests, and when so occupied are therefore easily found by a good setter, still their numbers are so comparatively few that it is rarely worth while to spend much time in attempting to shoot them in this manner. Such indeed is the thickness of the woodlands which they inhabit, that in order to do any good at all it is necessary to have a dog trained, not only to range wide and carefully, but, after having found birds, to return and lead his master to the spot. With such an animal we have sometimes made fair bags of 'cailzie and black-game in undisturbed forest tracts, and the sport is very interesting. A large extent of good capercailzie-

ground is, moreover, rarely shot over except in winter, as it is the haunt of the elk and—in a minor degree—of the red-deer, and sportsmen engaged in the pursuit of these animals do not, of course, disturb it with shot-guns. When, however, expiring autumn has given way to winter, and the woods are full of snow, the big birds form packs, and are to be found sitting among the upper branches of the pine-trees. In order to approach within rifle-range, great caution is necessary on the part of the sportsman, and the larger the pack the greater the difficulty. The state of the snow is all-important for this mode of shooting, which can be most successfully adopted when the weather is rather thick, not very cold, and when the vision of the birds is further interfered with by large masses of snow in the trees. Under these circumstances, if fired at from a considerable distance the capercailzie are not so easily alarmed, and will not take flight until several shots have been discharged.

In the month of March the cocks repair to certain recognised spots in the forest, where they begin to utter their love-song or call, and thereby attract the hens. During the continuance of this period the birds are less difficult to approach, and fair numbers are shot by the natives.

As with the capercailzie, so with the ptarmigan or fjeld rype, its favourite *locale*, though very different in character from that of the larger bird, is its chief protection from human enemies. Except in the breeding-season, or during the prevalence of very stormy and severe weather, it remains on the highest and most exposed mountain-tops, where no other game exists, and where, therefore, but few sportsmen care to follow it.

Ptarmigan, moreover, are unsatisfactory birds to shoot, frequently running for considerable distances over the bare rocks a few yards in front of the dogs and refusing to rise, and then putting some deep gorge or glen between them and their pursuers, thereby entailing, it may be, an hour's hard scramble on the part of the latter to come up with the pack again. When stalking reindeer on the high fjelds we have sometimes found them an unmitigated nuisance, their sudden flight having an effect upon the deer as alarming as the tremendous fuss made by an old blackcock or capercailzie when we have been trying to get up to a bull elk or a red stag. In a sense, too, the law protects the ptarmigan from the sportsman's gun more than it does the rype, or, indeed, any other Norwegian game-bird. With few exceptions, the ground frequented by the ptarmigan is Government property, to shoot on which entails the purchase of a licence costing 200 kroners. On the other hand, some, if not most, of the best rype-ground in the country is private property where no such licence is required. As a protection against the attacks of its many enemies,—the eagles and other birds of prey,—nature has provided the ptarmigan with plumage which varies with the changing seasons, and is assimilated with the general character of the desolate and exposed tracts to which they so faithfully adhere. In winter the feathers are perfectly white; during the summer months, when the snow has gone, they are of a dark hue; and when in autumn the mosses and lichens communicate a prevailing grey to the rocks, a corresponding change takes place in the birds.

In addition to the capercailzie, the blackcock, the rype, and

the ptarmigan, woodcock, snipe, hjerpe or tree-grouse, and hares are found in various districts of Norway; but their importance to the English sportsman is not such as to necessitate a special reference to each. We would now, therefore, say a few words in regard to the larger animals which frequent the forest and the fjeld, and whose pursuit forms three separate and recognised branches of sport.

The noblest of these is undoubtedly the elk, which is distributed more or less throughout the densely wooded portions of the country, and whose mighty bulk renders it an object of ambition to every sportsman, native or foreign. In the districts frequented by these animals, the right to kill one or more of them belongs to the farmers in accordance with the extent of their property, and these rights may generally be purchased at a moderate price. Even in first-rate elk country, however, the purchase of the right to kill is the easiest part of the business, and to accomplish the death of a big bull is no mean feat, entailing a very considerable amount of endurance, patience, and knowledge of the habits of the animals, as well as hardship and fatigue; and we would advise no one, unless in perfect health and condition, to attempt it. The first essential is a well-trained dog, the services of which and those of his owner can generally be procured on certain terms; and it is important for the tenant of a tract of elk forest to have as clear an idea as possible of the limits of the different shooting rights included therein, otherwise he may unwittingly find himself in a difficulty. Such a tenant may, for instance, have the rights of ten different farms, each entitling him to kill one elk; but however com-

pact the tract of country thus rented may be as a whole, he is not entitled to kill the ten animals wherever within its limits he may find them. When he has killed an elk upon one of these farms, he has practically shot his "limit" thereupon, and must do the rest of his hunting in like manner on the other subdivisions of his ground, however inferior these may be to the portion where he has been successful.

The method most commonly adopted in Norway for hunting the elk is with the dog in leash. The hunter makes his way through the forest as quietly as may be, taking note of any "sign" that may appear on the ground or on the bark or branches of the trees. A good dog will wind an elk at a great distance, and by his demeanour will tell when he has done so. The elk's senses of smell and hearing being very acute, additional care must be taken in tracking or following the animal. When from the dog's manner the hunter has reason to think that his quarry is at no great distance, the dog is either tied to a tree or left in charge of his attendant, should he have one. Creeping cautiously forward, he then proceeds to investigate the most likely spots, and, if fortunate, will get his opportunity when the elk is either feeding or resting, and before it has taken the alarm. A strong wind is especially favourable for this kind of sport, conveying as it does the scent of the elk to the dog for a long distance, and at the same time neutralising to a certain extent the former's acute sense of hearing.

But there is another, and to our mind a more sporting, manner of hunting these fine animals, in the conduct of which we have had some success in both Sweden and

Norway. The dog is allowed to work the forest at will—just as a setter does a grouse-moor or turnip-field, in fact, although on a much larger scale—and is trained not to give tongue until he has found elk. As soon, therefore, as his master hears his call, he knows that game is afoot, and his endeavour then is to intercept the animal, the direction of whose flight is shown by the continued barking of the dog. A run at best speed, of greater or less duration—generally over very bad ground—then follows, and unless the elk gets right away, or the hunter's staying powers fail him, the latter obtains his shot. The strain is, however, somewhat trying to both wind and limb, and we confess on more than one occasion, after a severe and prolonged run, to having missed our elk—an object certainly as big as many a *Norwegian* haystack—within fifty yards in most disgraceful fashion, purely from want of breath. There is a certain drawback to this method of hunting, in that so much ground is disturbed, and it should not be adopted where the field of operations is at all limited.

Bear are occasionally fallen in with by the elk-hunter in autumn, the haunts of the two animals at that time of the year being somewhat similar; but to our thinking, unless there are clear signs of his being in the immediate neighbourhood, it is better to leave Master Bruin alone, as, once alarmed, he goes off at a tremendous pace, and does not stop until he has covered many miles of country, generally the roughest he can find: for this we can vouch from painful experience. Although red-deer are found on several other islands, and occasionally on the mainland, Hitteren, at the entrance to the Trondhjem Fjord, is practically

the only piece of country in Norway where they exist in numbers sufficiently large to constitute a separate branch of sport. The expression "stalking," as applied to most of the Hitteren shooting, is a misnomer, the best beats on the island being much under wood. A "stalk," therefore, as understood in a Scottish forest, is not often obtained, the deer exhibiting a strong partiality for the woods.

In the 'Field' of the 8th of October last there is a record of sport obtained during three weeks this season on a tract of about 60,000 acres, containing "most of the best deer-ground on the island," from which it would appear that the party, consisting of "three rifles for half the time and four rifles for the rest," killed, by stalking and driving, twenty stags. The heaviest animal weighed 21 stones 6 lb. clean, and the best head was a ten-pointer. Some parts of the island are of but little use, owing to the absence of covert, and on others stags are hardly ever seen, except when in winter, and pressed by hunger, they break into the patches of cultivated land at night and eat the corn. The owners of these patches, however, do not at all object to such visits, and many a stag falls a victim to his predilection for a good meal and to the rifle of the farmer.

In every way superior to the pursuit of the Hitteren red-deer is the chase of the wild reindeer on the high fjelds. No pottering about among wooded ridges with the rifle on full-cock, and the possibility of a deer jumping up within fifty yards on these vast, bare, and trackless solitudes. There the sportsman has with the minimum of adventitious aid to circumvent a shy and very wide-awake animal, under conditions the most favourable possible to

the latter, and to the exercise of its keen instinct of self-preservation. To have for a shelter from the storms of these upper regions a wretched hut, or to tramp the mountains for days together without catching a glimpse of the desired animals; to lie on a bleak hillside for hours watching a herd reclining on some distant snow-field,—these are a few of the *agréments* incidental to stalking the reindeer; and we venture to think that, alone and unassisted, to compass the death of a full-grown *renoxe* in his native wilds is a piece of more real sport and a greater triumph than the successful pursuit of a Hitteren stag, or even of the mighty elk.

The wild reindeer of Norway are practically confined to the great mountain-ranges to the south of the head-waters of the Glommen and of the Surendal; farther north, on the mainland, occasional specimens may be met with; while now and again we have been told of the existence of a herd on some rocky island on the Finmarken coast. But the Lapps with their tame deer are too numerous, and have driven away the wild ones, such herds as the sportsman hears of generally turning out to be escaped members of the former.

The greater part of the country frequented by the wild deer is Government property, on which

the 200-kroner licence gives permission to shoot. Local knowledge is therefore of the first importance—sportsmen, both native and foreign, being nowadays much too numerous on the fjelds. The sporting rights, however, over some wild tracts in the Hardanger and elsewhere, are occasionally to be leased. The tenant is thus enabled to secure his ground from the intrusion of others, to which, of course, every one is liable on open fjeld. Good trout-fishing on the mountain lakes and streams, and ryper-shooting, may very often be combined with reindeer-stalking,—a sport which, though most fascinating in itself, requires occasional relaxation. In such a country we have found three to be the best number for a party, each man being told off in the morning for a different kind of sport, and to provide either fish, flesh, or fowl for the common larder.

In this paper we have endeavoured to convey a true idea of the different kinds of sport to be obtained in Norway at the present day, and the conditions that surround them. To the “old hand” we do not presume to address ourselves, but we trust that our experiences may prove of some use to the younger generation, and help to remove some of the misconceptions which still obtain with regard to old Norway.

NEW BOOKS.

IN her 'Recollections of an Egyptian Princess,'¹ Miss Chennells has struck into a bypath where very few ladies have gone before, and where no man can follow her. She has raised the veil of inner life in the harem, and her revelations are extremely curious and interesting. None the less so that they carry us back to the closing years of the reign of Ismael Pasha, when the immemorial Moslem traditions were arbitrary as ever, though modern innovations were being introduced. We may remark that Miss Chennells was well advised in delaying the publication of her lively memoirs. The lapse of years has made it easy to write more frankly than she could otherwise have done. There is now no need for reservations as to personages who have passed away, or who have been relegated to political obscurity. She has nothing but praise for her pupil, the Princess, whom she remembers with affectionate gratitude. For the book, which is enlivened by the comedy of humorous descriptions, has a sensationally pathetic *dénouement* in the premature death of the bright young oriental beauty, whose influence was always exercised for good. Princess Zeyneb seems to have had rare powers of attraction, and her European training, though inevitably imperfect and desultory, had done much to develop her natural talents. Her conversation had a piquancy which contrasted pleasantly with the insipidity of the ordinary harem chatter: her society was

sought by her travelled brothers and half-brothers, including the late Khédive; and she was the special favourite of her clever father, who was then practically despotic. Miss Chennells speaks of the death of the Princess as the first and most fatal of the misfortunes which preceded Ismael's fall. Of himself we hear much, and the book throws considerable light on his character. To Miss Chennells he was always unaffectedly condescending, and something more than courteous. In fact, it was his misfortune that he was at once too much and too little of the oriental, and he came to grief between the two stools. He was thoroughly oriental in his prodigal ways and his arbitrary fashions of government, and he is said—it is not Miss Chennells who says so—to have made short work of Ministers who crossed his designs, even although their families had been honoured by intermarrying with his own. On the other hand, he was absolutely emancipated from prejudices, as from the austere laws laid down by the Prophet, and held binding by all true believers. We fear that Ismael had no religion. He had certainly no leaning to Christianity. Yet he would not be fretted by Mohammedan bonds. Miss Chennells lauds his shrewd common-sense in refusing to submit to the exhausting fasts of Ramadan. "He knows that work cannot go on well without food or sleep, so he does not fast himself or allow his family to do so." In that, no doubt, he showed sound

¹ Recollections of an Egyptian Princess. By her English Governess. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1893.

sense; but it did not tend to make him popular with a populace who fall on their faces simultaneously at the call of the muezzin, and reverence the dancing and howling dervishes. But what finally wrecked Ismael was reckless expenditure and the loans he raised through European usurers. We know how much money was more or less intelligently squandered on model farms and engineering works, or steam-ploughs and patent machinery for the sugar-mills. We know how much was lavished on the palace building, which is the passion of all these potentates of the East. Forced labour was noxious to the agriculture he sought to foster. And Miss Chennells reminds us of the enormous daily domestic expenses, which were a standing drain in the annual budgets. The moral is, that it is an unspeakable blessing for the Egyptians that they have fallen under English administration. For no reforming Mohammedan Khédive could have either the fixed resolution or the prestige to break boldly with the abuses of the past, while reorganising the State after Western models.

Ismael was an enlightened man, but he held to certain pleasant tenets of the Mohammedan creed, and when Miss Chennells became the governess of Princess Zeyneb she found the patriarchal institutions flourishing. Ismael had his four wives, the full number permitted by the Koran, and they lived in tolerable harmony under the same roofs of the vast rambling palaces at Cairo or Alexandria. But besides these he had a number of favourites—the number was but known to himself—and each of these ladies had her separate residence. Moreover, when any prince of the blood was mar-

ried, he was emancipated, and set up establishments of his own. The cost of that harem system is incalculable. There is practically no check on expenditure, which is only to be measured by feminine extravagance and caprice. There are troops of eunuchs in charge of trains of slaves. The prices of the slaves vary greatly, though prime cost is a secondary consideration. Ebony housemaids may be picked up for a comparative trifle, but a fair Circassian beauty or a trained musician may fetch several thousands. Pretty children are sold for fancy prices to childless princesses,—and that reminds us of the relations of Jacob's wives to their handmaids. That slave-child will be reared in the state of a princess. But when once a slave of any kind was bought, she became a permanent burden on the Civil List. It was contrary to rule and etiquette to send her back into the market. When the female head of an establishment died, all her servants became a dead drag on the Exchequer. It was deemed unlucky to transfer them to any one else, and thenceforth they were doomed to sad seclusion, eating the dismal bread of idleness, and drawing wages in the form of pensions. These involuntary virgins had always led wearisome lives, yet not a few of them must have looked back regretfully on former scenes of splendour. Miss Chennells tells how, at State carnivals or grand receptions, she had asked the names of magnificently attired ladies, who stood in close attendance on the princesses. The answer almost invariably was that they were slaves; as for patronymics, they may be said to have been nameless. Yet the shimmer of their purple and the glitter of their jewels must have been em-

bittered to them by the knowledge that there were no men to admire ; or when there were males in presence, faces were hidden by the *yashmak*—though even then, when the heads of the harems took their drives abroad, the Court milliners had made the *yashmaks* ludicrously transparent.

Anything more comfortless than the palaces it would be difficult to conceive. The stuccoed exteriors were superb, and the surrounding wastes were changed into Edens as by enchantment when shrubs were planted and water was laid on. But within there were strange contrasts of splendour and squalor. The State apartments were magnificently furnished with gilded upholstery and a luxury of French looking-glasses. The inferior rooms had no furniture at all, and the occupants rolled themselves at night in their rugs on which they squatted in the day-time. The locks were never in order, and nothing but barricading the doors with heavy boxes could secure privacy. Going into the ill-designed building without a guide, you were lost in the labyrinth of gloomy passages. The Englishwoman was absolutely *depaysée*, for no one about her, except perhaps the kindly princess who was the mother of her pupil, had a notion of what we consider the decencies of life. The chief eunuch and his staff superintended everything, and the eunuchs revenged themselves on humanity for the wrongs humanity had inflicted. Malignant guardians of the prison gates, they delighted in snubbing any male who brought a message to the English inmate. They patrolled the gardens before the barred windows of the room where the governess and her pupils were at work ; if any fellah chanced to be employed in the flower-beds,

unless in unusually genial moods they insisted on closed shutters or drawn curtains. In short, they delighted in making themselves as disagreeable as possible ; and like the watch that will run down if not regularly wound up, they only obeyed even the personal orders of the Khédive till they fancied the matter had passed from his memory.

Chronic unpunctuality and miserable want of method were the daily curses of Miss Chennells' existence. Very often, for various reasons, she was quartered outside the palaces, either in a private house or a hotel. A carriage was supposed to fetch her at a certain hour. It was satisfactory although extravagant when it was ordered from a livery stable, seeing that there were a dozen vehicles or more standing idle in the palace coach-houses. *Cosas d'Egypte !* More usually the eunuchs had orders to send one from the harem, and they transmitted the commands to the coachman. If he came at all, he came when it suited him,—often several hours too early, sometimes an hour or two late. Come when he might, he always expected the lady to be at his beck and call : he would hammer at the chamber-door if he found it fastened ; and then, when punctuality and civility had thoroughly commended him to her gratitude, he would bend down from his seat on the box and bellow through the window for *backsheesh*. It was little use to complain, for even if he were bastinadoed he would only revert to his ingrained habits in a day or two. As for the perpetual flittings from one palace to another, with the winter expedition up the Nile or the spring trips to the Bosphorus, they were sources of endless anxiety as well

as pleasure. The day of the start was uncertain as death; orders were quickly followed by counter-orders; and for days, it may be said, the governess had to sit on her personal property, with her loins girded and her sunshade in her hand. As for her belongings, beyond a hand-bag, she bade a despondent farewell to them when they once got mixed in the vast bulk of the harem luggage. So that, latterly, learning wisdom by experience, she preferred to renounce the advantages of special trains and travel by "parliamentary" on her own account.

Yet those excursions to the Bosphorus were a great relief from the heat and discomfort of an African summer. Ismael Pasha, as we know, has gone thither once too often; but in those days he was in high favour with the suzerain, and free to go or come. He really seems to have been, from the Mohammedan point of view, an excellent family man, a devoted husband to his favourite wives, and a most indulgent father. When the hot winds from the desert began to make Cairo dangerous, and even Ramleh disagreeable, the luxurious khedival yachts were put in commission. Yet as there were the sailors and the stokers, even in the solitude of the seas, the harem inmates had only changed their prison. They remained in close seclusion below decks in the darkened saloons of the stern, while the eunuchs were smoking or dozing in the gangways. Miss Chennells, on her first visit to the Bosphorus, was naturally excited over its beauties. She congratulated herself on gaining a great deal when she was suffered to remain in a deck-cabin. But no sooner had the yacht passed into the narrows than all

the blinds were drawn down. The etiquette and the orders were peremptory; though if the shore batteries had been mounted with monster telescopes, the privacy of the ladies could not possibly have been outraged. But once established in the Khédive's marine palace, Miss Chennells found herself free. The princesses and their attendants might well envy her wanderings from the bazaars of Stamboul to the heights of Pera, her Christian liberty in picturesque *caïques*, and her trips in the tramways and the Bosphorus steamers. What would have delighted them would have been the gaiety and bustle in the crowded streets—for they had never been trained to appreciate the beauties of nature. As to these, even little Zeyneb with her bright intelligence seems to have been absolutely unsympathetic. On the other hand, she had the oriental passion for stories. "Like all orientals, she was insatiable in this respect; and no sooner was one story ended than another was demanded." Which shows that a Scheherezade might still play the part which laid a perfectly natural and probable foundation for the fantastic marvels of the 'Arabian Nights.' So when Miss Chennells' imagination or memory began to fail, it was easy to induce her pupil to turn to books. The Frankish booksellers in Cairo were perpetually sending boxes to the palace for inspection. Naturally the Princess had decided tastes of her own; she eagerly devoured what chanced to entertain her, but was inclined to set her face against study for study's sake. In fact—and there we heartily sympathise with her—she was so loath to part with a book she liked that her governess always found great difficulty in persuad-

ing her that there were quite as good fish in the sea as she had netted hitherto.

We find illustrations in every chapter of the antagonism of Western and Eastern life. Climate, religion, and customs make the harem a most uncomfortable home for Europeans and servants, however well they may be paid. Ismael introduced Frenchwomen to dress the ladies and their hair, and Englishwomen or Italians to get up their profusion of fine linen. An Eastern princess's bills would be something portentous if the washing were sent out. One ironer complained to Miss Chennells that her sufferings between the fire and the flat-iron were terrible. Sometimes she would spend a long day at work with the thermometer at 116°; and during Ramadan, when the household are sulky or asleep, and all the filters locked up, she had to go out to buy the water for drinking. Nor were the posts of the wardrobe-keepers more of sinecures. One woman had five hundred dresses in her charge, and she was expected to produce any of them at a moment's notice to a princess with a marvellous memory for toilets. But as for the word "wardrobe"—that is a misnomer. The dresses are all stowed away in boxes, and were they not taken out for frequent airings the moths of the Scripture would make wild work with them. As for Miss Chennells, we do not hear what her salary was; but she came in for some grand marriage ceremonies, and occasionally for very pretty pickings. To refuse would of course have been equally foolish and discourteous. More than once she stood literally under a shower of gold. "My near sight was always a subject of amusement; and on this occasion the Princess,

who had often thrown a handful of gold towards me which quicker-sighted people had picked up, stretched out her hand and poured such a quantity of coins into mine that I came away richer than any." Fancy the feelings of one of our frugal Chancellors of the Exchequer if he had to find money *à indiscretion* for such free-handed *douceurs*! So rich Persian shawls were scattered broadcast; but as these gifts passed through the officials of the palace, Paisley would often cut out the looms of Ispahan before the shawl reached its destination. Miss Chennells stood too near the person of royalty to be treated in that fashion, but less fortunate victims were robbed with their eyes open. Indeed the book abounds in humorous instances of the trials and the troubles of the European employees. As, for example, when a gentleman received his salary, with arrears, in silver dollars eked out with copper change, and was sorely puzzled how to dispose of his sackfuls of coins, which were cumbersome to carry, and tempted cupidity.

The ending of the governess's engagement, as we have said, was sadly pathetic. The Princess was seized with something like diphtheria, which rapidly developed dangerous symptoms. Oriental customs aggravated the illness. Instead of being propped upon pillows, the fever was increased by crouching attendants taking turns to support her. It was the etiquette in the circumstances, but nothing could have been worse for the patient. If attachment and self-interest could have saved her, she would certainly have been saved. For the unlooked-for calamity blighted the lives of all the indulged members of the household. To show the capricious

changes of fortune in the East, we can hardly do better than quote the closing scene, when Miss Chennells, who had been seriously ill herself, came hurrying back to the house of mourning :—

"Half-a-dozen eunuchs sat by the gates, but not one stirred to help me. Perhaps they were as much stunned by the shock as I was. The loss was a heavy one to them also. As I passed through the double gates, such sounds from within struck my ears as harrowed me to the soul, as did also the sight which met my eyes. The Princess's slaves were all sitting or lying about, in the unrestrained grief always indulged in by untutored natures. There were no hired mourners. Their demonstrations were frantic, but genuine. . . . They knew the fate that awaited them; they knew that it was considered *unlucky* in other households to have slaves who had lost their mistress through death! All prospect of future advancement was gone; the rest of their lives would be passed in strict seclusion, without hope of change! Some tore their hair and shrieked; others sat on the floor sobbing; others, again, rolled about in agony. I spoke to one or two, but they did not answer me; their faces were swollen and distorted with grief."

And so there was a great and general mourning among the Egyptians when the Princess was borne to the tomb. The report of her amiable qualities must have spread far beyond the harem, for 200,000 persons are said to have fallen into the procession, though that may have been partly in flattery to the Khédive, who was known to be deeply affected by the death. To borrow his own touching and prophetic language: "She was the light of my eyes; she had a better influence over me than any one else."

As it happens, another lady has lately given a vivid description of a more famous oriental capital than Cairo, and although our notice may be slightly belated, we must advert to the clever 'Diary of an Idle Woman in Constantinople.'¹ We can warmly recommend it to intelligent tourists who desire to be informed as to the scenes they visit, but dislike the drudgery of preliminary study. No doubt Mrs Elliot throws the reins to a lively imagination in the dramatic details of historical interviews, at which assuredly no press reporters assisted. They are none the less entertaining on that account, and at least they are based on strong historical presumptions. Mrs Elliot reminds us of the glories of Constantinople in those golden days when the great Emperors of the East were worshipped as divinities. In spite of failing powers and fading genius, Scott in 'Count Robert of Paris' still presents inimitable pictures of what the Byzantine Court remained in its decadence, though but feebly buttressed by the traditions of its formidable past. The contact of the Emperor in the shadowy dignity of fallen state, surrounded by conspirators and guarded by the loyalty of barbarian mercenaries, with the fierce crusading adventurers from the West who spared his pride no sort of humiliation, is but one among the memorable episodes which Mrs Elliot describes. The history of Constantinople, from the day when it was created by irresponsible power and unlimited resources, is one long story of conspiracy, intrigues, proscriptions and murders, and of fierce

¹ Diary of an Idle Woman in Constantinople. By Frances Elliot. John Murray.

intestine disturbances in the interludes of sieges and foreign war. It must indeed have been an agreeable place of residence for the luxurious who were in love with a quiet life, when the basilicas were the chosen places of battle and religion encouraged ruthless vendettas. Mrs Elliot conjures up the scenes in St Sophia on saints' days and holy days, when there was free fighting between the conflicting sides. The Emperor and his Court looked on from their seats of state, preserving imperturbable serenity; and although the church was strewn with the dead and dying, it was unconstitutional for the imperial guards to interfere. So we are carried forwards through a succession of stirring events, till we come to that memorable massacre of the janizaries which suggested Mehemet Ali's strong measures with the Mamelukes. The Hippodrome, which had been associated with innumerable insurrections and *émeutes*, was the scene of the last stand of the famous corps which had often turned the tide of battle against their Christian kinsfolk. It was there that for the last time they sounded revolt on their camp-kettles. That Hippodrome as we see it now is the type of modern Constantinople with its striking contrasts. Once it was enclosed by a circle of stately colonnades, sheltering the masterpieces of the immortal sculptors of Greece. Now it is given over to beggars and dogs, who sun themselves in the dust on the heaps of refuse. Yet in the midst is still to be seen the sunken pillar of the triple serpents which is said to have supported the tripod of the priestess of Delphi, and which is inscribed with the names of the fallen at Platea. The fanaticism

and utilitarianism of the warlike Turks have been obliterating the monuments of classic culture and Christian civilisation, and the massive edifices of magnificent Byzantium have been quarried for castles and seraglios or converted to baser uses. The evidences of destruction and desecration are melancholy enough, and Mrs Elliot appears to have been somewhat painfully disenchanted. She is always independently inspired, and she speaks her mind very frankly. But we think that disillusioning has induced her to view even the rare natural charms of the city's surroundings through smoke-clouded spectacles. For ourselves, we know no more enchanting prospect in Europe than that from the Jews' lonely burial-place on the commanding plateau between the heights of Pera and the Sweet Waters of Europe.

Her narrative of the recent political changes and conditions is full of interest; and having been an honoured guest at the Embassy, and the near connection of a former ambassador, she probably had access to exceptional sources of information. The perilous dignity of the sultanate was never an enviable one, but the lot of the reigning Sultan would seem exceptionally pitiable. The sketch of Abdul Hamid is pathetically graphic. Patriotic and sincerely pious according to his lights, his tastes are simple, his habits unostentatious, and he labours in the interests of his empire far harder than the meanest of his subjects. Yet even the mendicants and *hamils* can hardly envy the viceroy of their Prophet and the representative of the Caliphs. He seems to be always haunted by the spectres of dethroned or murdered predecessors,—and indeed it is doubtful now whether his kins-

man Murad, whom he supplanted, is not still dragging out a wretched existence in some unknown prison. Mrs Elliot saw him trust himself, on some special occasion, beyond these guarded palace-walls, where he takes every precaution against poison. "A most unhappy-looking man, with a look of absolute tremor in his large Eastern eyes." "These eyes haunted me for days, as of one gazing at some unknown horror." It is certain that, at all events in the conditions of the East, wealth can do little for human felicity. Perhaps there are no more unhappy men in the Turkish empire than its Sultan and the ex-Khédivé who is his captive.

In all the multiplication of memoirs, autobiographies, and personal reminiscences, the 'Life of T. W. Robertson,'¹ nevertheless, deserves a notice. Had Mr Pemberton possessed some of the dramatic genius of his subject, he might have made a very remarkable book. As it is, it is sufficiently impressive and suggestive to those who read between the lines and pause to reflect. It is true that in some respects we prefer the brief memorial sketch prefixed to the collected edition of the dramatic works which appeared a few years ago; but that, besides being superficial, was drawn up by Robertson's son, who not unnaturally may have been biassed by filial piety. Mr Pemberton's admiration for Robertson has neither blinded nor biassed him; and with no misplaced consideration for false susceptibilities, he has made free use of the materials within his reach. By which we only mean to say that he has not thrown a

veil over pecuniary struggles or worrying mental anxieties—for, with scarcely one exception, everything he has to tell is greatly to Robertson's credit. The very shortcomings of his book, from a critical point of view, add to its attractions as a thrilling psychological study. The preliminary diffuseness embraces the fortunes of successive generations of the roving family of Bohemians, and there are disproportionate quotations from Robertson's contributions to forgotten periodicals. But all conspire to picturesque illustration of the lights and shadows of theatrical life. We see the professions of the player and dramatic writer, as they are, as they have been, and as they always will be. The tone may have been elevated, the rewards are increased, the most gifted or popular find a footing in society, but the essential conditions are unchanged and unchangeable. The career from its hazardous beginnings must always be eminently speculative. The genuine stage temperament is fatal to placidity. The most brilliant triumphs are followed by the inevitable mental reaction, and each victory is but an encouraging incident in the interminable and checkered campaign. The incessant strain, the perpetual metempsychosis, must inevitably tell on the delicate susceptibilities on which the artist depends for fame and fortune. Those who live by the breath of popular applause, whether actors or dramatic writers, stake daily comfort and peace of mind on the shiftings of a weathercock. Assuredly, in the endeavour to trim their sails they are exposed to exceptional trials and temptations.

¹ Life and Writings of T. W. Robertson. By T. Edgar Pemberton. Bentley & Son.

We fear that the most fortunate are seldom to be envied ; and as for the rank and file, who have blundered into their vocation, their lot is as pitiable as can well be conceived.

For more than a century the Robertsons had taken instinctively to the stage as ducks to the water. They ran toddling on to the boards in costume before they had well chipped the shell. Master T. W. figured at the age of five, a couple of years before his parents thought of sending him to school. Necessity knows no law in a scratch company, and the child took the part of Hamish in "Rob Roy"; although, in the novel, the outlaw's elder son has wellnigh attained manhood. That is an example of the licence taken by the provincial adapters, who arranged the parts to suit the players; as Mr Crumles would have had a drama specially written up to his purchase of a pump and tubs. But our present point is the inevitable disadvantages of Bohemian training. The boy who was sent to school at the age of seven—and much to his parents' credit, for probably they could ill spare him—had already drawn plaudits from the gallery, and hung tremulously on the accents of the pit. It is pitiful to think of the man in miniature going in for cricket and trap-ball with his unsophisticated school-fellows, when he had already tasted of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and had had his premature experience of blighted ambition. Almost more pathetic is a pretty story told of his elder sister Madge, better known as Mrs Kendal. *She* was cast for a part in "The Stranger" at the great age of four; and she "drew" the audience very unexpectedly, by what Mr Pemberton calls "an irresistible touch of

Nature." The infant was not struck by stage-fright, but she saw her nurse in the front row of the stalls, and rushed forward, with the innocent bit of "gag," "Oh, Nursey, look at my new shoes!"

Robertson received some education, *tant bien que mal*, but he soon reverted to the scenes of his childish triumphs and failures. By hereditary instincts, as well as by predilection, he was bound to the theatre. His lot was cast in the flats of the Lincoln Circuit, which had fallen on an age of dramatic depression. Each enterprise with which the aspirant was associated was a pecuniary failure. He went in for all manner of parts as a general-utility lad; he tried his hand as an author at innumerable adaptations. When his father succumbed to chronic difficulties, the ties were severed which had kept him in the country, and he came to town to try his luck there at the age of twenty. Thrown back upon himself, his struggles began in earnest. In the consciousness of his own veritable powers he had determined to make his mark as a dramatic writer. He had written pieces for the nursery almost before he had ceased to lisp. In the meantime it was needful to keep body and soul together. So we see young Robertson hanging about the London theatre doors, like Shakespeare, waiting on the chance of work like a dock-labourer; taking small engagements in the country if they turned up, but always gravitating back to the metropolis. Imagine the strain upon the mind and ill-nourished body during that period of soul-sickening disappointment and suspense! But his energies are unabated: in the evenings his pen is seldom idle; and the transports of

the young adventurer may be conceived when a comic drama is actually accepted at the Olympic. The golden doors seemed to be opening, yet they were slammed in his face again, for the "Night Adventure" was virtually damned. It was but natural that he did not accept the disappointment with equanimity. The manager declined it as "a d——d bad play." Robertson viciously retorted that the play was better than the acting. A hasty retort, which, no doubt, he repented, on remembering that henceforth his best string was broken. Yet he was not without his turns of luck. Not long afterwards he actually sold a three-act play to a flourishing theatre for a pound per act. We leave it to statisticians to speculate on the value put upon his time. That scale of remuneration for original work is the best apology for the ruthless business he went in for in the way of adapting. He reminds us of a raw sculptor's apprentice turned down in the Vatican Galleries, with *carte blanche* to knock the statues about. He lays his sacrilegious hands upon everything—from "Faust" to "Ruy Blas" or the "Bossu"; and besides that, is always ready at twenty-four hours' notice to travesty farces and burlesque burlesques. Yet the versatile manipulator was in a fair way of starving, when a happy revolution of Fortune's wheel offered a more humble but more lucrative occupation. He was engaged as prompter at a salary of £3 per week, and in that capacity, no doubt, improved his knowledge of stage business. But seated in the prompter's chair, he must have been suffering the torments of Tantalus, for he saw the success of other plays on the very stage where his own had proved a failure. In any case, the

engagement was but a short one, and again he was reduced to starving by his pen. In despair he handed himself over to a recruiting sergeant, but only to be rejected by the medical inspector. So he was driven back upon the old difficulties with the conviction that his delicate constitution needed extreme care, the comforts or luxuries which only affluence can command.

When a penniless and hopeless actor feels lonely and depressed, his obvious course is to marry. So Robertson wedded a young beauty in the profession, with a dowry equal to the settlements he could make on her. It would have been a happy love-match in happier circumstances; as it was, they paid the inevitable penalty. If the husband had been imprudent, he struggled manfully, and succeeded in placing many clever contributions with second-class periodicals and cheap journals. He did all that sort of thing as a *pis aller*, for managers in the meantime would have nothing to say to his original productions, and his young wife helped the household indefatigably, continuing to play melodrama in the minor theatres. The *dénouement* of that love-match was strangely melancholy. The sanguine husband, though still in penury, saw the fruition of his wildest ambitions within his reach. Nor was he over-sanguine; but yet in the meantime it was a race running a dead-heat against time and disease. His faithful and dying wife would insist on fulfilling an engagement at Astley's—of all places. He said half-laughingly that he would send his friends to hiss her: they actually went, but came back to say she looked so sweet and played so well, that in spite of themselves they could only applaud. She died, and three

months afterwards the startling success of "Society" had lifted Robertson beyond the reach of anxiety. It is said that the anguish of his belated triumph was terrible to witness. He cursed the good fortune that had come too late. "It is thought that he was never in health from that grim hour; and it was surely with the great trouble in his mind that he was wont in later days to say, with the bitter satire of which he was a master, that he would like to have the world as a ball at his feet that he might kick it."

Like the broken-hearted jester in "Rigoletto," it was in that frame of mind, though doubtless time assuaged its bitterness, that he wrote the best of the sparkling comedies which took fashionable London by storm. Nor did anything go smoothly from the first to last; at each step in advance he set down his feet in slippery places, and only too soon he had reached the summit of the ridge whence was the *facilis descensus Averni*. "David Garrick" would never have been launched under Sothorn's friendly auspices had not Sothorn redeemed the manuscript. Robertson had pledged it for a ten-pound note, as an artisan pawns the tools by which he lives. But Sothorn, though a staunch friend, was a shaky ally. Involuntarily he aggravated the anxieties of his eager and zealous *protégé*. He was beset by fears as to his capacity for the parts he was to play, and so the arrangements for the production of "David Garrick" nearly fell through. Ultimately it was tried successfully in the provinces, and Robertson, for the first time in his life, with a cheque for £50, had fairly easy prospects. So he promptly embarked in another venture. To Sothorn he was indebted for his start, and to

Sothorn he felt inclined to cling. It was with a view to Sothorn's powerful support that he wrote "Society." Yet he well knew that the play might probably come to shipwreck, in the morbid apprehensions of the public favourite. The difficulties he had foreseen were faced and overcome, and it proved fortunate that the piece had been refused at the Haymarket. Brought out at the little Prince of Wales's Theatre, under the sympathetic management of Mr Bancroft, it made Robertson famous. Yet it seemed that nothing would give firm assurance to the susceptible nature which was the complement of a keen and dramatic imagination. With critics and a public disposed to be pleased, he might surely have brought out "Ours" with confidence. Never, in his darkest days was he more unhappy. On the day of the "first" night his agitation was pitiable. Each place in the house had been taken in advance, but he refused to occupy the box reserved for him. He was pacing the streets like a restless spirit, in a state of feverish excitement. Ultimately he was found, "walking at a furious pace, mopping the perspiration from his brow, in evening dress and bareheaded." When the curtain came down amid shouts of applause, "Marie Wilton dragged him across the stage, pale as a ghost, as limp and flabby a specimen of a successful dramatist as one could wish to see."

We know something of the extreme sensibility of men of imaginative genius. We know that Dickens used to take flight to some country inn when the first number of a new serial was to appear. But the bright censor of social manners carried susceptibility to excess, and we can only believe that the protracted struggle

which had killed his wife had strained his nerves beyond endurance. We may cut short the painful story of his closing days. Thenceforth, and with everything apparently to encourage him, his failing strength would ebb and flow with the triumphs, the comparative failures, and the doubtful results. Nothing can be more pitiful, more suggestive, or more touching, than the account of the reception of "M.P." He was confined to his bedroom, when a friend came to cheer him by reading the critiques. All the important organs of opinion had joined in a chorus of praise, and the poor invalid was marvellously exhilarated. Unfortunately he asked what so-and-so—a very second-rate journal—had to say. That journal contained a malicious attack, and it "wiped away all the pleasure he had derived from the encomiums of those who were qualified to judge and impartially review his work." Nor can anything be more significant of the morbid dramatic temperament, or more explanatory of the fact that Robertson was worn out in the prime of his manhood, having learned in his last six years of fitful success and precarious luxury the old lesson of the Preacher, that all is vanity.

'The Partition of Africa'¹ merits far more elaborate attention than we can bestow. Mr Scott Keltie strikes an effective keynote in the opening sentences. "We have been witnesses of one of the most remarkable episodes in the history of the world. During the past eight years we have seen the bulk of the one barbarous continent parcelled out among the most civilised Powers of Europe."

No man is better fitted to deal with the subject than the assistant secretary of the Royal Geographical Society. Nor does he confine himself to the story of the recent partition. His work is statistical, serial, and political; but though there is stiff and rather dry reading in it, it has all the attractions of a sensational romance. Some of the figures he gives when drawing incidental comparisons are in themselves sufficiently striking. Thus, Africa, with its teeming population, was universally believed to be an arid waste, begirt by narrow strips of fertile seaboard, when Columbus gave a new world to the Castiles. "It is doubtful," says Mr Keltie, "if the total population of the Americas exceeded 4,000,000: the population of North America was probably not more than half-a-million." Again, Africa is three times the size of Europe, nor has it a land frontier of any length. Yet the measure of the coast-line is but 15,000 miles, while that of Europe is 19,000. Facts like these are startling and impressive, and they would only occur to a professional statistician and geographer. But Mr Keltie further suggests sundry preliminary problems, which are curious matters for speculation. Were King Solomon's mines a mere dream of Mr Rider Haggard, and was the Ophir whence the great king drew his gold for the temple in the Mashonaland ceded to Messrs Rhodes and Rudd by Lobengula? How did Ptolemy get even his vague notions of a vast lake-system in the interior, forming the sources of the inexhaustible Nile? Was the report carried down the course of the mysterious river, or had the Arab traders even then

¹ 'The Partition of Africa.' By J. Scott Keltie. Edward Stanford.

penetrated from Zanzibar to the Nyanza? If so, how was it that for long centuries afterwards impenetrable clouds settled down on the interior of the continent?

Passing from these vain though interesting speculations, Mr Keltie traces the course of early colonisation, and there assuredly the interest is no less. We learn, so far as it is possible to surmise, the limits to which the Tyrian adventurers had pushed their settlements beyond the Pillars of Hercules. It is impossible not to admire the sublime self-confidence of those fighting Phœnician traders, whose strength was in their ships, and who were amphibious as the alligators of the Nile and its tributaries. The Phœnician merchants fortified their warehouses and ports, never dreaming of extending their influence over a Hinterland; and to the last, by the way, the Carthaginians paid ground-rent for their metropolis to the barbarians they recruited for their irregular levies. So it was that when their fleets were sunk and their cities destroyed, the ephemeral civilisation of those Syrians disappeared, and the survivors were submerged among the native races. For long Africa was left to itself, till the golden age of medieval exploration, when it was rediscovered by the navigators of the West. We are told that the Dieppe mariners were the first to establish commercial relations with the Gold and Ivory coasts. Can that be the reason why carved articles in ivory have always been a *spécialité* of the Dieppe shopkeepers? Be that as it may, it was the Portuguese who first steered to the southward over unknown seas, trusting themselves to the treacherous currents which threw their caravels among the strange and disquieting phenomena of the trade-winds. There is little

more remarkable in cosmopolitan history than that sudden spasm of audacious energy in a somewhat indolent people; nor although Henry the Navigator was a remarkable man, can his spirit of enterprise altogether explain it. It is difficult to exaggerate the unfamiliar dangers and absolutely incalculable chances which might well have shaken the firmest nerves. The currents and the winds seemed to oppose themselves maliciously to a safe and sure return: on one side was the harbourless coast-line guarded by the eternal *chevaux de frise* of the Atlantic rollers; on the other, a boundless expanse of ocean. Yet the Portuguese made the Cape of Storms their stepping-stone to the lucrative markets of India and Cathay, which their rivals of Genoa and Venice had reached by the overland route. They established themselves securely on the west coast of Africa, but they also established themselves on the east; and for a time, in an access of almost superhuman effort and enterprise, it seemed as if they would have vainly overcome the irresistible forces of nature. They built palatial mansions in the hotbeds of fever, founded convents in an atmosphere of sanctity and malaria, and consecrated cathedrals as well as cemeteries. All has long since been falling into ruin: St Paul de Loanda is scarcely less plague-stricken and out-at-elbows than deserted old Goa; and ever since, the Portuguese have been only active in conserving abuses, and only persistent in defence of the inhumanities of the slave-trade. Yet, in virtue of their priority of discovery and occupation, they have advanced legal pretensions to the modest territory reaching across the continent from Angola to the channel of Mozambique. Perhaps an In-

ternational Court of Equity might have decided that, as the heirs of Henry the Navigator and De Gama, they had at least as good a right as any other Europeans to the heritage of the children of Ham. But they were ruled out by the utilitarian and practical arguments that they were not only weak but wicked. They had few emigrants to send, they had no capital to spare, and they had not only tyrannised over the natives but encouraged them in all manner of immorality by the worst possible example.

The struggle for partition might have been advanced by a few centuries had not Cabot and Columbus discovered America. The fisheries of Newfoundland, the swamps of Carolina, the savannahs of Florida, and the mines of Mexico and Peru, drew most of the adventurers across the Atlantic. Even West Africa might have been abandoned to indefinite stagnation, had it not been for the atrocities of the Spanish *conquistadores*. Having exterminated the mild and indolent aborigines, they had to import labourers to work their mines and till the soil. Nor were our own countrymen, who were running the North American plantations, backward to follow the evil example. In fact, when settled to the south of the Potomac, they could hardly help themselves. Europeans could not work in semi-tropical temperature, and the Red Indian could no more be broken to labour than the buffalo of the fertile prairies. In the first half of the eighteenth century the Guinea trade for negroes was in full swing. That the exports went on increasing in arithmetical progression shows how rapidly the raw material was used up. It is calculated that in 1748 nearly 100,000 Africans were

shipped from the west coast. The numbers exported during the century are said to have been something like six millions. That does not mean, of course, that all were safely delivered. Many of the goods were damaged before they were shipped; for each of the innumerable petty trading-ports along the coast had its bonded and stockaded warehouse, which was a fetid and deadly prison. There the ill-fated captives waited the arrival of a ship. The overcrowding, the short commons, the epidemics, and the lingering deaths, might be regarded perhaps as a providential training for the unspeakable horrors of the middle passage, when the becalmed slaver was a floating hell which tainted the atmosphere for leagues to windward. The Christian conscience was moved towards the end of last century, and wealthy church-goers in Bristol and Liverpool, in Boston and Amsterdam, had to abandon the lucrative traffic in black ivory. Yet even now, as Mr Keltie reminds us, the slave-trade has only been shifted to the opposite shores of Africa. Nor need we dwell on the horrors of the Arab raids, which are still devastating vast districts from the eastern and central Soudan to the Upper Congo.

Then came sixty years of adventurous exploration with no thought of occupation. England took the lead, though she was afterwards to be successfully rivalled by the Germans. Denham and Clapperton, Bruce, Park, and Lander, pushed their researches at the peril and sacrifice of their lives. But it was Livingstone who was the unconscious pioneer to the impending struggle for territorial acquisition. It is strange enough when we remember that he of all travellers went about with no better weapon than a shot-gun,

and made his way among barbarous and distrustful savages by bringing them messages of peace and goodwill. Stanley, who is a man of very different mould, by no means squeamish and eminently practical, set the match to the mines of ambition and acquisition. Had Leopold of Belgium not backed him up, the *dénouement* might have been long delayed. We cannot go into the history of the founding of the Congo State, or of the proceedings of those international congresses which stimulated the jealousies of the great European Powers. We see the results in the map at page 400, displaying existing political divisions. For good or for evil, Africa is no longer to the Africans. The natives are become hewers of wood and drawers of water; in the most favourable circumstances their chiefs are pensioned or protected. It would be curious to have a narrative by some contemporary cynic like Voltaire, of the methods by which sultans and headmen are "persuaded" into renouncing their heritages and alienating their dominions. No doubt there is much to be said on both sides; nevertheless the romance of an African *Candide* would be delightfully amusing. Finally, Mr Keltie discusses what is to come of the scramble, and how far these indeterminate annexations are likely to prove remunerative. Africa

has no harbours; the rivers, which are obstructed by dangerous bars, are seldom navigable to any distance from the sea. The climate is for the most part either mortal to Europeans or fatal to the multiplication of the species; for even on the most salubrious of the lofty table-lands, the sharp daily transitions of the temperature are dangerous. The distances for the transport of merchandise are great, and the natural products of the country are either being exhausted or the demand for them is restricted. We were assured the other day, in a conversation with one of the best known explorers in the Central Lake region, that there is little to be done there save in black and white ivory; that the elephants are already almost on the point of extinction, and a railway would be fatal to traffic in the former. We almost come to the *reductio ad absurdum* when we see impecunious Italy lavishing large sums on the barren protectorate over waterless Somaliland. England, as Mr Keltie clearly shows, might have grasped much more had she grabbed in time. Clearly she has more than enough to occupy all her enterprise and her spare capital. But it is equally clear, and we are glad to know it, that she has proved herself again to be the only Power with a veritable genius for beneficent colonisation.

M. TAINE.

A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE.

COMING down from Grasse to Antibes the other evening, at Cannes railway station I bought for the first time a copy of the new "Édition rose" of the 'Débats,' and the unfamiliar tinge of the paper will for ever be associated in my mind with the brief announcement that first met my glance in its columns. The sun setting behind the Esterels left just enough light reflected on the surface of Golfe Juan for me to read as I was carried along by the shore these words of startling sadness: "Nous apprenons avec une profonde douleur la mort de notre illustre collaborateur M. H. Taine. Il s'est éteint à 2 h^{res} sans agonie." The work of the great philosopher has been already appreciated by pens more capable than mine; but as I am possibly the Englishman who was the last to see the illustrious Academician, one or two notes of personal reminiscence may be of interest.

In the summer of 1890, when I was commencing in Paris the work which still occupies me, the post brought me one morning a letter addressed in a handwriting the sight of which always suggests to me all that generous hospitality and sympathy which the French accord to strangers who love their nation. It was from the Comte Albert de Mun, who wrote that, as the days were at hand when Parisians quit the capital, he had sent some letters introducing me to certain friends of his whom he thought it would be useful for me to know. One was addressed to Monseigneur Freppel, the bellicose deputy of Finistère, since gone to

his rest with more than one other remarkable Frenchman with whom I associate that day. No greater contrast to the militant Bishop of Angers can be imagined than the pacific philosopher Hippolyte Taine, to whom another of these introductions was addressed. That afternoon I paid a visit to the Collège de France, which alone would have made the day memorable, for I had seen one of the two great writers then living who had chiefly influenced thought in modern France; and on coming home from M. Renan's, a telegram awaited me from the other, asking me if I could come at once to his house in the Rue Cassette, a street in the tranquil quarter of St Sulpice and the Luxembourg.

Habited in a travelling suit, which explained the hurried message, M. Taine looked so much younger than Bonnat's picture on the wall, that it was hard to believe in the sixty-two years even then attributed to him. His almost youthful buoyancy, probably increased by the prospect of his retreat to the country, contrasted strangely with the impression given me by his friend and colleague an hour before. M. Renan I had found suffering and reading a Hebrew page; and though his conversation, in that marvellous French which has charmed nearly two generations of Europe, was on modern topics, it seemed to me that intimate intercourse with the venerable figures of the dim prophetic age had invested him with the hoary attributes of a seer. He was five years older than M. Taine, who on that summer's day

looked twenty years his junior, as though the analysis of the perpetual youth of France were a more rejuvenating process than the destruction of the idols of Semitic antiquity.

M. Renan talked with calm though somewhat wearied content of his coming departure for his native Brittany. M. Taine was starting in an hour for the Haute Savoie; and though his birthplace in the Ardennes was far from that region, he spoke with such heartfelt joy of his return to the Lake of Annecy that I determined one day to explore the shores from which a few weeks later he was to date the preface to his 'Napoléon Bonaparte.' The first sentence of that preface contained a promise never, alas! to be fulfilled—"Cette troisième et dernière partie des Origines de la France Contemporaine aura deux volumes." The loss to the world of that concluding volume of his greatest work is inestimable. Portions of it are fortunately completed. The chapters on the Church have already appeared in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' and will doubtless be published with those relating to education. But in the preface written at Menthon he announced that there was still "à considérer l'église, l'école, la famille: à décrire le milieu moderne, à noter les facilités et les difficultés qu'une société constituée comme la nôtre trouve à vivre dans ce nouveau milieu;" and whatever parts of this programme have been finished, it is to be feared that lost for ever is the final summing up by the master's hand of the results of a hundred years of revolution, together with his promised forecast for the new century on whose brink he has left us.

It was precisely upon the best methods of studying the political

and social phenomena in France that our conversation turned, and M. Taine proceeded to write out a list of books with which he counselled me to supplement my own observations of French contemporary life. I have the list lying before me. It does not profess to be an exhaustive bibliography, and it may seem to some students reactionary in tendency, but it is interesting as being from the pen of a great writer, who is conspicuous for his acknowledgment of indebtedness to texts and documents, his last volume being dedicated in gratitude to the librarians of the Bibliothèque Nationale. The list is as follows: "La France économique, par de Foville; La Réforme Sociale en France, par Leplay (et tous les travaux, monographies, etc., publiés depuis 20 ans par la société qu'il a fondée, et qui publie une Revue spéciale); L'état moderne et ses fonctions, par Paul Leroy Beaulieu; Histoire de la Monarchie de Juillet, par Thureau Dangin; Enquête parlementaire sur l'insurrection de 1871." The last of these entries is the most characteristic. Attaching a supreme importance to the study of "documents," M. Taine considered of special value the revelations made before the Commission of Inquiry as to the causes of the Commune rising when the Prussians were investing Paris. He added to the list "9 articles de H. Taine, dans la 'Revue des Deux Mondes' de 1887 à 1890 (indiquant en bas du texte les sources et les ouvrages les plus instructifs)." These articles were two months later to be republished as the first volume of 'Le Régime Moderne,' and he emphasised the utility of the elaborate references in the footnotes, wherein consists the great value of his later work.

If his conclusions are open to criticism, he has given to his critics the amplest means of investigating the sources of his information. The value of his authorities are undoubtedly unequal, but the student can appraise them for himself, and occupy his whole lifetime in tracing the references which crowd the pages.

When M. Taine had finished writing the list, he added the names of certain provincial cities which he counselled me to visit, and said: "Arthur Young traversed our country on horseback: you should improve on his method and explore it on foot, though I warn you that France has over 36,000 communes; so supposing you rush through them at the rate of three a-day, your work will occupy you for more than thirty years if you are to do it thoroughly, in which period the wars, revolutions, and changes of dynasty which might occur would affect the *actualité* of your earlier impressions." His advice to examine contemporary France *à pied* is characteristic of his own minute method of investigating the past. When Prince Napoleon, wounded in his family pride at M. Taine's treatment of his uncle, described him in his famous pamphlet as an entomologist who examined fragments of anatomy under a magnifying-glass, without regarding outside the narrow lens, he was referring to the microscopic process latterly adopted by M. Taine. But in this age of handbooks when slovenly teachers take indolent disciples at railroad speed over superficial tracks of culture, all honest students should be grateful to the patient philosopher who exhausted the ripeness of his life in laboriously leading them on foot over the rugged paths which alone lead to know-

ledge. Now that both those great intellects are for ever silent—two of the brightest that France has produced this century—it is not fitting to revive the controversy which divided them. It is sufficient to say that in one particular in which he provoked Prince Jerome's wrath, M. Taine did a striking service to the Emperor's memory; for while he ignored the military genius of Napoleon, which all the world remembers, he brought into prominence the usually forgotten magnitude of his power as an administrator. The one worthy heritor of the name of Bonaparte should have known that the founder of his family has in the imagination of men passed into the ranks of the immortals; and though ninety-five years had not elapsed since his career began, it seemed as incongruous the other day for a pious nephew to be defending the memory of Napoleon in his quality of kinsman of living persons, as it would have been for one of the House of France, which descended from the Roman emperors, to have taken personal umbrage at Voltaire's appreciation of Julius Cæsar. The results of the French Revolution and of Napoleon's reintegration are still developing; but the great epoch of change and of reconstruction ought to be studied with that objectivity of which M. Taine boasted when he said, "*J'ai écrit comme si j'avais eu pour sujet les révolutions de Florence ou d'Athènes.*"

It was two years later that I carried out my plan of visiting the Lake of Annecy. One afternoon last June, under the trees of an embassy garden, M. Taine told us that once more he was on the eve of departure from Paris; and a few days later, by his recommendation, we found ourselves at Annecy, with his notary in an *étude* so ancient

that Madame de Warens may well have taken advice there in the early days of her embarrassments. Thus we obtained one of the rare houses that are let to strangers on the banks of the lake, whose sapphire waters, set amid the emerald of the vines and the gold of the corn on alpine slopes, once formed the brightest jewel of the Couronne de Savoie. Two kilomètres from our village of Veyrier, whither Jean - Jacques used to wander, stands also on the water-side the more important Menthon-St-Bernard. It lies between the lake and the superb heights of Les Dents de Lanfon and La Tournette, beneath the morning shadow of the venerable chateau of the Comtes de Menthon, who were already its owners when the birth of St Bernard made the family illustrious.

Near the entrance to the village stands a time-mellowed garden-wall, pierced by a gateway which leads through a wilderness of old-fashioned flowers to a picturesque porch. This is the entrance to Boringe, a rambling, comfortable house of great antiquity, built low beneath a lofty Savoyard roof. The evident monastic origin of portions of the home of M. Taine is in keeping with the peacefulness of the retreat; and it was here, surrounded by ten thousand books, that he lived from June to December every year, achieving his best work in the companionship of his little family circle, which was from time to time extended by the visit of a colleague of the Institute. This retiring philosopher, who was devoted to those who were near to him, and of a charming courtesy in his rare social relations, had a superlative horror of two classes which have come into existence during the last half of the century —namely, tourists and reporters. Last summer a well-known sporting

correspondent of 'Figaro' took up his quarters at Doussard, at the *bout du lac*, writing to Paris attractive descriptions of the legendary bears which are said to haunt the mountains above Faverges, and of the joys of fishing the *lotte*. M. Taine's indignation at the presence of a journalist on his lake, and of one who invited idlers to come and infest its still waters, was coupled with fear; for Annecy lies between, and in perilous proximity to, two populous haunts of tourists, though hitherto few echoes of the cosmopolitan vulgarity of Aix-les-Bains, or of the less strident turmoil of Geneva, has disturbed the tranquil shores.

The gates of Boringe were always hospitably open during the happy months we spent at Veyrier: we often passed up the flower-bordered path, and from the lawn watched the sun declining behind the Semnoz, but rarely was the master of the house present. The disorder which has now completed its fatal course had already in its grip the delicate frame exhausted with years of incessant labour. Soon after our arrival M. Taine went to take the waters at a source in Switzerland, and for a brief period after his return he seemed to have recovered his forces. My opportunities of conversation with him were therefore not many, and for a characteristic reason it required a familiar degree of intimacy with him to arrive at his boundless stores of knowledge, only a portion of which he has bequeathed to the world in his books. The reason was, that his thirst for information was as remarkable as his modesty; and instead of discoursing on the subjects of which he was the first living authority, when he encountered a new acquaintance

he catechised him on the topics with which he supposed him conversant. An Englishman naturally was interrogated by the great critic of English literature upon matters relating to his country; but M. Taine's questions were so pregnant in suggestion, that to be cross-examined by him was more instructive than to be lectured by most professors. One day he was asking me about the decadence of the Evangelical party in the Anglican Church, and this led him to the position of Roman Catholicism in England. He spoke of the singular situation that Cardinal Manning had held in the nation, and of the seeming paradox that the Catholic Church made no recruits among the English populace, of which the Cardinal was a venerated leader, while it made them among the middle class, which is generally opposed to his social views. He also demanded an explanation of the solitariness of the Cardinal's position among the English Catholic clergy, and how it was with his commanding influence he had trained no school and left no manifest successors in the priesthood. Considering how engrossing his work must have been on his unfinished volume on France, it was amazing how accurately he appreciated these points of alien interest; and I was the more impressed, because a few weeks before the same ideas on the same subject had been expressed to me by Archbishop Ireland, the distinguished American prelate who has devoted his life to the study of the relations of the Church and the Democracy.

M. Taine's dispassionate attitude on ecclesiastical matters, as well as his painstaking method, is illustrated by the story which is told of him, to the effect that, in order to

ascertain the increase or decrease of communicating Catholics in France, he obtained from the manufacturers of the wafers used in the Mass the statistics of the numbers sold during a given number of years. Of his personal attitude to the Church, he spoke to me with complete openness, though the '*Temps*' found it necessary to publish a note in reply to the surprise expressed that "*les obsèques de M. Taine eussent un caractère religieux d'abord, et Protestant ensuite.*" He told me with great simplicity how that he and Madame Taine, both being Catholics by birth, attached themselves to the French Protestant Church for the sake of the education of their daughter and son. Philosopher as he was, he felt the necessity of giving his children a religious training; but after examining the educational manuals in use in the diocese of Paris with the same passionless study with which he perused, for the purpose of his work, the documents relating to the Concordat, he judged it impossible to submit their minds to such a discipline. His objections remained unchanged to a secular education, and he took the decided step of becoming a Protestant to the extent of confiding his children to the instruction of a pastor of the Reformed Church.

The last time I had a prolonged conversation with him, he was with the intimate Protestant friend who aided him to carry out this scheme—M. Boutmy of the Institute, the son-in-law of the eloquent Pasteur Bersier. One sunny afternoon in September they walked over from Menthon to see us at Veyrier; and although the particularly sweet countenance of M. Taine bore traces of fatigue, he seemed to be thoroughly re-established in health, and with infinite charm talked on

the lightest of subjects. The 'Goncourt Memoirs' on a bookshelf revived a reminiscence of the "dîners Magny," and called forth a good-natured protest against the indiscretions of those audacious reporters. On seeing the 'Trois Mousquetaires' on a table, M. Taine remarked that he was under a deep debt of gratitude to Dumas Père for having written history in a form so much more attractive than his own, that his son had acquired a knowledge of the *ancien régime* which his father's works on that epoch had never induced. He took the greatest pleasure in talking of his children. They had lent us a boat on whose green bows were painted, in memory of some English association, "Morning Star"; and M. Taine told us with delight that the villagers and fishermen imagined its name to be "*La morne histoire*," though the more cultured of the Savoyard peasants realised that there was something wrong with the orthography.

The author of the '*Histoire de la littérature Anglaise*' always maintained his interest in the land and language he had profoundly studied; but there was one of our national mysteries which he could never fathom—that of our nobiliary titles. "Can you explain to me something very curious?" he asked. "I suppose it is still considered an honour to sit in your House of Peers; but why, as a penalty for doing so, should my friend Sir William Thomson, whose reputation belongs to Europe, and not to England alone, bury (*ensevelir*) his illustrious identity in an unknown title? Even if he had followed the example of Tennyson and Macaulay," he went on, "and called himself Lord Thom-

son, that would not have been distinctive enough; he was celebrated as William Thomson, and he ought to have called himself Lord William Thomson." I explained that that style could not be applied to a peer, as it indeed indicated that the person so addressed belonged to a certain small section of commoners. "Well," he said, "it is another peculiarity of the British constitution: at the Académie we talk about Duc Victor de Broglie when we want to distinguish the old duke from our living colleague."

There was one sad note in his conversation that afternoon. He brought us the news that a son of the Comte de Menthon had died during the night under pathetic circumstances. He was a young priest who, zealous to revive the tradition of St Bernard in his family, had taken orders, and had so enfeebled his forces with abstinence that, when a malarial fever seized him at Rome, he had only strength to come home to die in the castle of his ancestors. The premature ending of this promising young life was all the more lamentable because it is very rare in France that the son of a noble or wealthy family has a vocation for the priesthood. Throughout France the opulent classes are loud in their Catholic protestations, but their devotion to the Church does not extend to their training their children to enter its ministry. A few men of good birth enter the religious orders, but the rough burden of parochial work is less romantic than the life of contemplation at the Grande Chartreuse; and one may travel through a hundred parishes without meeting with a single priest who comes from a class more elevated than that of the petty farmer. In Savoy, the priesthood, which before the Revolution and the

first annexation was almost entirely noble, is now exclusively peasant. Our own good *curé* of Veyrier, who used to exhort in his sermons the toiling villagers not to devote their leisure to the study of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, was the son of a lake-side blacksmith. I was struck with the isolation in this respect of the Bishop of Annecy. Monseigneur Isoard is a learned prelate who, from the *quasi*-diplomatic position of *auditeur de rote* at the Vatican, was relegated to this Savoyard diocese, where he resides in a vast palace, once a royal residence, keeping up what dignity he can on his stipend of £400 sterling a-year. The position would be more tolerable if he were surrounded by a cultivated clergy, recruited from the educated classes; but the priests of the Haute Savoie, though blameless and single-minded, are peasants in their way of thought as well as in their way of life.

The death of the young Abbé de Menthon was therefore an event of peculiarly sad importance, and two days later the whole country-side assembled in the village church to pay a farewell tribute of respect. The office prescribed by the Church of Rome for the burial of her ministers is long. I know not if M. Taine sat through any part of the service, but at its conclusion we found him waiting in the churchyard, and on hearing that we had been present during the whole Requiem Mass he murmured rather wearily, "Vous avez du courage." Then the mourners and the clergy came forth from the ancient building into the sunlight, which paled the flame of the funeral torches, and, following the mitred bishop and the sandalled monks, and the priests chanting the *De Profundis*,

he passed out of my sight in the mournful procession that moved up the hillside to the burying-place of the Menthons.

I never saw him again. The next time we went to Boringe his health had broken down once more; and a few days later, a telegram brought to him as he sat at breakfast gave him a cruel shock as he opened it heedlessly, for it was from M. Ary Renan to announce the death of his father. Their close friendship had been knitted more closely by their election the same year to the Académie Française; and when the elder of the two vacated his coveted chair in the Palais Mazarin, the other felt that before his old friend's seat was filled his too, perhaps, would be waiting for a crowd of candidates ambitious to pronounce his eulogy. The genial autumn of Savoy was not nearly ended when, attended by his devoted family, the great philosopher was hastened back to Paris, to be within reach of the skill his case demanded. At the New Year there were cheering announcements in the journals that the worst was past; but those who had the privilege of visiting at the Rue Cassette felt that such expressions of hope were sadly optimistic, and at a moment when the need of France is very sore she has lost one of her chief glories.

In the political chaos of the Centenary of the Terror, amid the recriminating strife of bitter scandal, the only neutral meeting-place in France is by the graveside of those who have held aloof from political contention; but the great historian had ordained that his resting-place should be on the shore of his peaceful lake, facing the Semnoz, whose Greek-sounding name he loved. So it was around his pall in the Oratory Chapel that the representatives of all that

is best in the nation assembled to bid him farewell before his last journey into Savoy. At any time a distinguished multitude would have attended the obsequies of a writer as eminent as M. Taine; but at the present lamentable juncture of affairs in France, the gathering in the Protestant Church which Coligny's monument adorns, of brilliant men of every shade of thought, was a peaceful demonstration that the honour of the nation is not bound up in the transactions of politicians at the moment when the generation which has seen Thiers and Gambetta has had to confess that politics has become "un sale métier" in the land of those illustrious statesmen. In other countries, no doubt, mediocrity is accepted as the mark of the average Minister, but in France ministerial mediocrity is unaccompanied by its sole justification—respectability; and while the chosen rulers of France are without the genius which palliates lack of integrity, they are confronted only by an opposition contemptible in its hopeless ineptitude. But the case of France is not hopeless, for the politicians are but a fragment of the nation, which contains two factors to counterbalance their evil-doings, literary genius and patriotic instinct. The militarism which is the outcome of the latter may in time prejudice the pursuit of letters, but at the present moment the moral salvation of France lies in her army and in her literature. The life of nations, as of individuals, is full of compensations; so while opinion is unani-

mous that in England our statesmen of all parties are incorruptible, I observe that our own critics declare that we possess neither a literature nor an army.

General de Gallifet standing by the bier of the peaceful contemner of Napoleon's glories is the symbol of the true strength of France. But the inexpressive philosopher who disdained the arts of popularity, inspired the regard of men who differed from him in character as widely as they differed from one another. Of the two pallbearers who represented at the funeral the Académie Française while paying their own tribute of personal devotion, one was M. de Vogüé, a Russian doctrinaire in sentiment clothed in the temperament of a Scottish metaphysician; while the other, M. Ludovic Halévy, could have been produced in no other land but France, in no other city but Paris, out of whose frivolity he has fashioned classic masterpieces. Of those who have written in his praise it is difficult to conceive two French men of letters more dissimilar than M. Jules Simon, the genial apostle of decency, and M. Francesque Sarcey, the defender of the Rabelaisian spirit of the Gaul. Of those who enjoyed his friendship, and who gave him their affection, were two who presented the most imposing contrast of all,—Renan, who in his writings invested disbelief with a surpassing charm, and Albert de Mun, who in his life and person has added a new fascination to the ardent profession of faith.

J. E. C. BODLEY.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE COUNTRY.

THOSE who have carefully followed the proceedings in Parliament during the last two months will have no difficulty in admitting that for once in his life Mr Gladstone is pursuing a consistent policy. For seven years he showed his distrust of the country by steadily refusing to give it any information regarding his plan of Home Rule, in spite of urgent representations, and murmurs even among his own most devoted followers. Now that he has divulged his Home Rule measure, he is not less determined that the country shall be denied the time and the opportunity necessary for considering its provisions. His interpretation of his position is that the electors gave him plenary powers to do as he pleased with the Irish question, and also an autocratic authority to force his ideas into law. It is only upon such a supposition that the Premier's conduct during the present session can bear any intelligible explanation.

Mr Gladstone's besetting failing of egotism has once more got the mastery of his clearer judgment. Even to the most enthusiastic of his Radical adherents the position which he has now taken up is odious and irritating. Assuming that Mr Gladstone possesses the utmost confidence of his supporters, we can hardly believe that they intended him to be more than their representative. They certainly never designed to set him up as a dictator. Yet this is the position which the Premier, in virtue of an Irish majority, has practically assumed, without regard to the sentiments of his own adherents in the United Kingdom. The British Radical, not

less than the British Tory, is aggrieved by the abuse that the Premier is seeking to make of his power,—the only difference being that the latter never trusted Mr Gladstone, while the confidence of the other has been clearly betrayed. The part which the democracy claims to take in public affairs in the present day can hardly be reconciled with the attitude which Mr Gladstone seeks to assume. The only commission which it could have given him was to produce a scheme of Home Rule which would be consistent with public interests and agreeable to public sentiment. He does produce his scheme, and is now straining every nerve to force it into law without any reference to the feelings of those who supported him, and without even the pretence of allowing the country time to consider its possible consequences.

The present parliamentary situation is pregnant with issues even more grave to the Liberal-Radical party than to the Unionists. It has always been a cardinal dogma with the former that public measures should be discussed outside rather than inside of Parliament. The Radical ideal of a member of Parliament is that of a delegate who shall take the whole of his policy cut and dried from the mouths of his constituents, and who shall account to them for the least divergence from the prescribed line of action. How has Mr Gladstone answered to this requirement? He declined to give the electors the least information about his plans when he was seeking office, and now that he has got into power he as resolutely refuses

to give them leisure to consider how they are affected by the measure he wishes to force into law. The Radicals are permitting a bad precedent in Mr Gladstone's case. However much they might be disposed to concede to him personally, the arbitrary example he is at present setting is too tempting a one for his successors not to seek to follow it, whether they be Morleys, Harcourts, or Laboucheres.

Immediately after the close of the debate on the first reading of the Home Rule Bill, Mr Gladstone commenced to impose claims upon the business of the House and the rights of private members that were altogether unprecedented, except during times of grave national crises. On February 27, Mr Gladstone began his exigent demands upon the members by asking for morning sittings on Tuesdays and Fridays for Government business; and by using every means to engross the time of the House, and override the rights of private members. Protests from his own followers went for nothing; and though he was frankly told by the Opposition that his object was simply to keep himself in office by forcing through the second reading of the Home Rule Bill before Easter, his mechanical majority carried his point for him. This was followed by notice for suspending the operation of the twelve o'clock rule, given at so late an hour on the night of Friday, March 3, and under such circumstances, that Mr Chamberlain, in a letter to the press, denounced the move as "a dirty trick," and an attempt to "ride rough-shod over a minority of more than 300, and to carry on the business of the House of Commons entirely according to their own sweet will and pleasure."

When the motion came before the House, the Chancellor of the

Exchequer was both apologetic and explanatory, and abandoned the idea which the Government had originally insisted upon of pressing through the Navy estimates, chief and supplementary, by setting aside the twelve o'clock rule. The Government was checked in its masterful tactics for the moment, but the Premier was not to be turned away from his purpose. On Thursday, March 9, Mr Gladstone came down to the House and made a statement about "Government business," announcing his intention to push through the Home Rule Bill by claiming the whole time of members, and adding the threat that "it might be necessary to make appeals to the patriotism of the House to accede to arrangements entailing some sacrifice of its convenience—whether it be by Saturday sittings or by abridging the period usually appropriated to the Easter recess." It was only by a reduced majority of 21 and the waste of a morning's sitting that the Premier was able to impose his Saturday meeting upon the House; and the debate on the subject placed the Government in a very invidious light before both its own followers and the outside public. It is important to note that all Mr Gladstone's attempts to drive the House did not in any way accelerate the despatch of business. On the contrary, they led to much waste of time in unnecessary debate, irritated private members who consider their own business not less urgent than the Home Rule Bill, and created friction between the Government and the whole body of the House, which cannot fail, sooner or later, to seriously impede the progress which the Premier is trying so frantically to achieve.

But the state of feeling engen-

dered in the House by the Premier's action soon compelled him to recognise that there are limits beyond which his followers will not be urged. Even Gladstonians will occasionally rebel against being treated like "dumb driven cattle," and it was from his own party that the protest came which made Mr Gladstone forego his intention of compelling a second reading of the Home Rule Bill before the Easter recess. With how bad a grace the point was conceded may be inferred from the fashion in which Mr Gladstone's surrender was communicated to the House. The Chancellor of the Exchequer took the unusual course of making the announcement in a message from the Prime Minister that the second reading of the Home Rule Bill would not be moved before Easter, and would be taken the first thing after the vacation. So far, then, Mr Gladstone's driving policy has for the present broken down, not without some shock to the credit and authority of the Ministry, which the incident reveals as not wholly of one mind as to the relative importance of the business before the House. There is, however, every reason to apprehend that when the second reading of the Home Rule Bill is moved, an attempt will be made to abridge the debate without allowing a full discussion of its momentous principles. Mr Labouchere, indeed, has made the suggestion that the Ministerial side should leave the Opposition to talk themselves out upon the bill. We can imagine that such a course would be very agreeable to the Gladstonians. Very few of them have as yet raised their voice in defence of the bill, and those few have simply re-echoed Ministerial platitudes. But no attempt to burk disclosure of the

evils and dangers with which the obnoxious measure is beset will serve the Ministry on this occasion; and should the Premier seek to force the bill through the second reading, he will simply expose himself to the risk of a more humiliating and ignominious surrender than the one he has recently had to make.

Mr Gladstone certainly cannot complain of any undue exercise of its power on the part of the Opposition. Three Bills introduced by his Government—the Registration Bill, the Welsh Church Suspensory Bill, and the Local Veto on Liquor Bill—passed the first reading each in one night and with merely formal criticism, although the principle involved in each is in the highest sense controversial, and such as any Government might well be turned out of office upon. We may assume that had there been the slightest prospect of any of these three bills becoming law during the present session, the Opposition would have fully debated them; but their fate is inextricably bound up in that of the Home Rule Bill, which will compel Mr Gladstone to again seek the suffrages of the country before he seriously essays any other piece of party legislation. For the same reason we shall not enter into detailed criticism of any of these measures at present, beyond pointing out how far they illustrate the spirit in which Mr Gladstone's Government is going to work.

The Registration Bill, as has been pointed out, is nothing more or less than a new Reform Bill in disguise. It is a prime characteristic of Gladstonian legislation to present the most revolutionary measures under the most innocent designations and aspects, of which the Welsh Suspensory Bill affords another excellent example. Ex-

perience has shown that there is room for a reform of our present imperfect and unsatisfactory system of registration; that householders removing from one locality to another have been justly aggrieved by the length of time their vote has been kept in abeyance; and that some relief should be given to lodgers from the disqualifications under which they at present exercise the franchise. These are points upon which both sides of the House would desire to legislate in a generous spirit; and had Mr Fowler's bill contented itself with remedying the confessed faults of the present registration system, it would have received the cordial support of the Opposition, who have suffered even more than their rivals at the polls from defective registers and the principles upon which these are at present made up. But a change that substitutes mere residence for payment of rates as the qualification for the franchise strikes at the roots of the British electoral system, and removes all stability from the parliamentary constituencies; while the reduction of the qualifying period of residence from twelve to three months will appear to most people to be too great a descent to be immediately tried until the registration machinery has been got into full working order, and has mastered the rolls. In large cities with a vagrant and migratory element in the population, the party agents will find the manufacture of votes a cheap and easy matter under such a bill as that of Mr Fowler. But the provision of the bill which is most likely to excite general dissatisfaction is that which proposes to impose upon the already overburdened local rates the whole cost of what must necessarily be a large and expensive registration establishment, while by a fine irony

defaulting ratepayers will not be precluded as at present from having their names put upon the roll. It is much to be regretted that a question which does not belong to party should have been put forward in such a controversial form and that the Opposition should thus be prevented from aiding the Government in dealing with a reform which is certainly not uncalled for by the country.

The Welsh Suspensory Bill is a fine sample of the way in which Mr Gladstone redeems his electoral pledges. He has purchased the support of the Welsh Radical members at the price of disestablishment, and he pays them back by a bill for the interim suspension of new interests in the Church in Wales. The Welsh members have with difficulty been persuaded to accept this instalment as a retainer, and scarcely conceal their resentment at the illusory return made for their support. The Premier proposes to repay the assistance which he received from the Scottish Radical dissenters by a similar measure directed against the Presbyterian Establishment. Unlike the Welshmen, the Scottish Disestablishment party are content with the prospect of a Suspensory Bill. Probably it is more than they really expected; they know that they are not likely to get more in a hurry: but they have succeeded in having a slight passed upon the Established Church, and that to petty minds is much. Mr Gladstone has shrunk from bringing the question of Disestablishment directly before the House; but to conciliate support and make a show of redeeming his pledges, he will do his best to cripple the Churches in a covert fashion. Such policy resembles that of the Clare or Kerry moonlighter, who, when

he dare not shoot the landlord, puts out his spite in houghing the cattle.

But it is vain for Mr Gladstone to seek to evade the great question of the maintenance of Church Establishments by such insidious measures as those which he has directed against Scotland and Wales. There is no chance of either of these bills becoming law during the present session; and when Parliament comes to deal seriously with the question of Church Establishments, it can only be after the subject has been referred to the country on its own merits, and disentangled from all the other party considerations with which it has hitherto been mixed up when mooted before the constituencies. In the meanwhile, all that the Government has accomplished is to array against it the whole strength of the Churches both in England and Scotland—a strength that will count for something when the existence of Mr Gladstone's ministry comes to be determined by the country at no distant date. In Scotland especially, the movement for Church defence—which is not confined to members of the Establishment, but is largely aided by members of all other denominations in the country—is being pushed on with such vigour, and has assumed such dimensions, as will make it a most formidable factor when the question of Disestablishment is presented in a practical form.

The subject of a local veto on the liquor traffic is one that both sides of the House might be well contented to discuss in an amicable spirit, if it were put forward in fair and reasonable form. The promotion of temperance is not a party question, and neither the Radical nor the teetotaler has a monopoly of the desire to lessen

the national evils arising from drink. But Sir William Harcourt's bill has been so framed as to destroy the possibility of the Opposition doing anything to assist him in passing it,—so framed, indeed, as to suggest doubts whether its authors are sincerely anxious that it should pass. It is not a bill to promote temperance; it is a measure of vengeance directed against the unoffending publican. It is a bill the effect of which will be to ruin one class of liquor-sellers for the temporary enrichment of another; and so far will it be from dealing in a final form with the drink question, that as soon as the publican has been put down the agitation will be directed against the other classes in the trade—the licensed grocer, the restaurant-keeper, and the hotel-keeper. The country would welcome any honest attempt on the part of Government to further the cause of temperance; but Sir William Harcourt's bill is merely a dishonest endeavour to reward political support by the spoliation of a class. Meanwhile the outside agitation that is being directed against the bill, as well as the number of members inside the House who have pledged themselves to oppose it, even among the Gladstonian ranks, have already sealed the fate of the measure, if the Government were seriously disposed and able to persevere with it. The attitude of the Government with regard to the Welsh Local Veto, however, is only explicable on the supposition that it has no serious intentions of proceeding with its own measure. The Welsh bill is in many respects a more stringent enactment than the Government's bill, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer's support of the former can only mean that he does not hope, or does not

intend, to press his own one into law. The question of compensation, or no compensation, for the suppressed liquor-sellers, is one upon which the public cannot be said to have finally made up its mind; and the important principle of suppressing any branch of legitimate trading without due regard to the interests of the class affected lies too much at the root of the welfare of an industrial community like our own, for the country to allow a precedent to be created without a careful examination of the expediency and justice involved. It must at all events be conceded that, in the present circumstances of the Government, its Veto Bill is a rash and precipitate measure.

At the present crisis the real centre of political interest is to be found not inside the House but in the country. Mr Gladstone may push the Home Rule Bill as far as his majority in the Commons will carry it, but the electorate is the tribunal before which it must be ultimately tried, and our chief concern is with their opinion of the measure. The last few weeks have seen a remarkable arousing of feeling on the question of Home Rule,—a feeling that would have been even more intense and widespread but for the fact that the masses who have been befooled by Mr Gladstone are still diffident in owning their disappointment. But the opposition to which the great meeting of the Conservative party on March 8 first gave the keynote has now found a voice that is rousing an echo in every part of Great Britain and Ireland. The decision at which the Conservatives arrived to hold no truce with Home Rule, to palter with no amendments, to meet the bill with a direct negative, is one that commends itself to the sense and spirit

of the nation. It is time that we disabused ourselves of the idea that Ireland ever can or ever shall have Home Rule, and that the public mind should be directed towards some more reasonable method of composing Irish grievances. It is only the bait of Home Rule, which Mr Gladstone for party purposes has kept dangling before the eyes of Irish agitators, that has prevented Ireland from quietly settling down to enjoy the benefits of the remedial legislation of late years. The direct negative which the Unionist party has determined to return to Mr Gladstone's measure is the best answer that the country as a whole can give to Irish agitation, and the one that is likely to have most influence in finally settling the question.

The principles of the Opposition have been very clearly set forth in the speeches of Mr Balfour at Ealing and the Duke of Devonshire at Bradford. Both speakers were at one as to the disastrous consequences of the Home Rule Bill both to Ireland and to Great Britain, the impossibility of an effective scheme of Irish government being erected under its provisions, the immediate financial injustice and future financial danger to which this country would be exposed, the wrong proposed to the Irish minority, and the threatened ruin of Irish property and industry. With regard to the fiction of the preservation of parliamentary supremacy and to the inadequacy of the so-called safeguards offered by the bill, both the Duke and Mr Balfour speak in the most emphatic language. Mr Gladstone's exposition presented the ideal picture of an Irish Government working under and in close harmony with the Imperial Legislature, which had only to gently pull the leading-strings when the infant Parlia-

ment was in danger of stumbling. But, as the Duke of Devonshire pointed out, if the Irish Legislature is placed under restrictions, whatever be their value, the Irish Executive suffers from no such limitations of its power.

"We must get distinctly into our minds that after this bill passes, the Imperial Government will not have a single Minister, executive officer, or official in Ireland who will be responsible to it or to our Parliament, but every man of them, from the Chief Secretary and from the members of the Lord-Lieutenant's cabinet to the humblest civil servant, to the humblest tax-gatherer, to the humblest bailiff or process-server,—every person of official rank in Ireland, every official, will in future be under the orders, and under the sole orders, of their Cabinet, and will own no responsibility to the British Government or the British Parliament."

With the powers which must necessarily appertain to the Irish Executive, the restrictions upon the Legislature are of but little consequence; and it will be found impossible to insist upon their being observed when the Executive and a majority in Dublin think fit to override them. We reserve, indeed, the power to declare a law that has been passed by the Irish Legislature on the motion of the Irish Executive to be illegal by a decision of the Privy Council, but the Irish Executive is by no means bound to observe or enforce the Privy Council's decree, and may, as it most probably will, treat the decree as a dead letter, while its contempt is backed up by judges of its own creation and officials who are entirely its own dependents. Under such circumstances, Parliament practically surrenders all control over Irish administration, for it could not, consistent with its authority and dignity, enter into a fruitless con-

flict with the Government in Dublin, and issue orders which it had no power to enforce except at the risk of overthrowing the constitution it had itself set up.

A closer examination of the bill has revealed the fact that though the Irish Government is debarred from raising a military force, it may be able to organise volunteers, and certainly can levy an army which, drilled and armed according to its taste, will be a legal institution when labelled a police force. Even if the Irish Government were to do no more than to replace the Royal Irish Constabulary, man for man, by a force of drilled and armed men, such a body would prevent us from drawing on our garrison in Ireland in case of an emergency abroad; and it has been always a chief maxim of the agitators that England's danger is Ireland's opportunity. The presence of our own troops in Ireland will present a serious constitutional anomaly. The Irish Government will for the most part maintain order and enforce its authority without having recourse to the assistance of the hated Saxon garrison. But when the authority of the Supreme Government has to be enforced, our troops would necessarily have to be called out—that is to say, be placed in the field against the Irish Government. Again, in the case of Ulster and the Irish Protestants declining to recognise a Nationalist Government in Dublin, and standing on their defence, are the British troops to be employed in coercing them into submission? We can hardly suppose that Great Britain will coolly acquiesce in her soldiers being employed in dragnnades against the Irish Protestants, and yet without their assistance a Nationalist Government will be powerless to impose

its authority on Ulster. The odious position in which it is sought to place our garrison in Ireland under the Home Rule Bill ought to be carefully studied by the constituencies, and an effectual protest made against the possibility of our soldiers becoming the involuntary tools of such an administration as the Home Rule Bill aims at calling into existence.

The effect which the Bill will have upon the constitution of the House of Commons is a point which both the Duke of Devonshire and Mr Balfour press with great force and urgency, and it is a point in which every elector in Great Britain is immediately interested. "No human being," says Mr Balfour, "in all the experiments in constitutions which the world has seen, has ever yet thought of contriving a constitution in which the popular assembly shall have within it two kinds of majorities." Yet this is precisely the position in which Mr Gladstone's Home Rule Bill will leave the House, to the utter confusion of business, the instability of any Government, and the destruction of all certainty and confidence in its deliberations and authority. The Duke of Devonshire has very promptly repudiated the Government allegation that the retention of the Irish members at Westminster is a concession made to conciliate the Liberal Unionists. The Duke says—

"It is quite true that we have pointed out, what we still hold, that the exclusion of the Irish members from Parliament means Separation. But Separation will not be avoided if we make Ireland practically independent and separately governed by the absurd expedient of bringing over a certain number of Irishmen here to intermeddle in our affairs and to manipulate our system of parliamentary government. We say—we have said,

and we say still—that the Irish members ought to continue in the Imperial Parliament, but we say, Then in that case it is impossible to give to Ireland that system of parliamentary government which you propose to give her. If the Irish members remain here, Ireland must be contented, as England and Scotland are contented, with a system of complete and effective local government. You may make that local government wider if you like, or less wide than that enjoyed by England, but local government it must remain, and you must abandon the idea of erecting a second parliamentary Government within these isles. The Irish members under this plan will come here, not for the purpose of taking part in Imperial affairs from the point of view of Imperial interests: they will come here to put a screw upon English parties and on English parliamentary government, in Irish interests or what they suppose to be Irish interests."

Here, then, is the dilemma on the horns of which Mr Gladstone has impaled himself. If he excludes the Irish members, he abandons the last claim to sovereignty which Parliament can assert over Ireland. If he retains them, he destroys the constitution of the House of Commons by introducing a new class of members with imperfect powers and an unequal status; he paralyses the position of the House and the action of both Ministry and Opposition by giving play to the working of a double majority; and he deprives the electors of Great Britain of any authority which they might legitimately claim to exercise in the Commons in virtue of their own majority. Mr Balfour has foreshadowed some of the confusing elements which the bill would involve, such as two Budgets, two Committees of Ways and Means, two Appropriation Bills; but it is impossible to predict the extent of the demoralisation and anarchy

which this measure would introduce into the House of Commons. One thing only is certain, that while depriving the British electors of any voice in the government of Ireland, it will place them tenfold more at the mercy of the Irish majority than they have been heretofore. Upon this clause, if upon no other, the Home Rule Bill must go to pieces. Mr Gladstone affects indifference as to the retention and exclusion of the Irish members, but the whole measure has been framed to hinge upon their presence at Westminster. The Irish members are quite content to be either "in" or "out," as indeed they may, for to them it is "heads I win, tails you lose," in either case. But when the consequences to the constitution of Parliament come to be examined by the people of Great Britain, they will readily apprehend the dangers which menace their political rights. The question for each elector to ask himself is, "Is it worth ruining Parliament for the sake of accommodating Nationalist agitation?"

The financial clauses of the Home Rule Bill are its only other feature that we can notice at present, and these deserve the utmost attention on the side of the British ratepayer. The bill takes the Irish customs as Ireland's contribution to the Imperial Exchequer, leaving the excise of Ireland to the proposed Government at Dublin. Now, as Mr Balfour has shrewdly pointed out, such an arrangement will prove very embarrassing both to the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the people of this country. If the Budget proposes to lower the customs duties, it reduces in proportion Ireland's contribution to the Imperial service. If trade in Ireland decline, as it is certain to do, the Irish quota will decline

pari passu. We have ourselves no effective power to make Ireland bear her fair share of the expenses of a war into which the majority supplied by the Irish contingent at Westminster might very likely have been the means of plunging the country. Moreover, what confidence can we have that the customs will be levied with that efficiency of service upon which their collection so much depends? Will the Irish Government afford the necessary assistance and support to the Customs officials acting for the benefit of another Government? It is far from improbable that under a Home Rule administration Ireland might become as great an *entrepôt* for smuggling as the Isle of Man once was. When relations become strained between the two countries, "cripple the customs" would prove as popular a watchword as "hold the land." The fiction under the bill that the Lord Lieutenant, with the assistance of the Court of Exchequer, will be a sufficient protection to the financial interests of Britain, is too flimsy to need refutation; and Mr Balfour is quite within the mark when he "ventures to prophesy that the debts of the Irish Government to the Imperial Government are as little likely to be paid as the debts of the Irish tenants to the Irish landlords under the new system."

But even assuming the willingness of the Irish Government to meet its liability to the Imperial Exchequer and its ability to remain solvent, the present bill places the British ratepayer at a worse disadvantage than did the previous one, which laid down Ireland's contribution in fixed figures. Let us hear what Mr Balfour has to say upon the subject:—

"Under the plan of relative wealth Ireland would be paying, in round figures, something more than £1,000,000 less than she ought to be paying; and if you capitalise that sum, it comes to about £50,000,000 at 3 per cent, the rate always taken in Government transactions. If, on the other hand, you take population, Ireland, being somewhere about one-seventh of the population of the United Kingdom, ought to pay about one-seventh of the Imperial burdens; and in that case, under the bill, Ireland is paying over £6,000,000 less than she ought to be paying. If you capitalise that sum, it comes to over £200,000,000."

Let the British ratepayer thus realise what the establishment of Home Rule is to cost him. Nor is this the worst. The Nationalist members grumble at the financial provisions of the bill, and will endeavour to obtain better terms. According to prominent Home Rulers, unless Ireland is more liberally treated bankruptcy will speedily be the result. In that case Great Britain will lose not only its interest, but its capital as well, in this unpromising investment. And in addition we shall have to contend with constant demands from the Irish Government for extraordinary assistance in its difficulties—demands which no Imperial Ministry in need of support will lightly refuse to listen to. With the passing of the Home Rule Bill, the value of Irish members will rise in the Westminster market, and they will become the active and efficient agents of the spoliation of Great Britain for the benefit of their own Government. The country must be made to clearly understand this bargain with Ireland in all its bearings, both present and prospective, and to realise that the concession of Home Rule is not merely a re-

arrangement of power at a nominal cost, but a wholesale robbery with both hands of the British ratepayer.

If the voice of all that is honourable and reputable in the Irish nation is to count for anything, Home Rule is doomed not merely now but for the future. There never was a minority which appealed more feelingly for a hearing, or was treated with greater contempt by the Government in office. While Mr Gladstone is willing to give a ready audience to any deputation, however insignificant, that sympathises with his aims, yet when a thoroughly representative body of gentlemen proposed to wait upon him to explain the apprehensions of Ulster, they found the door closed in their face. In the Premier's present autocratic frame of mind he will tolerate no criticism, even from his own following, that does not simply re-echo his own views. Very different was the treatment which the representatives of the Irish minority met with at the hands of the Unionist leaders. The great deputation, representing every interest, moral and material, in the Irish nation, and comprising members of both parties in politics and men of every shade of religious belief, who came forward to claim their right to the maintenance of their freedom and their British citizenship; to the preservation of the industry and commerce of their country from extinction under an inequitable enactment; and to the securing of the civil and religious liberty that they now enjoy,—was a unique spectacle on which only the most fatuous and arbitrary Government could look with indifference. The unanimous testimony which all sections of the deputation bore to the fact

that Home Rule would drive capital out of the country and strangle the commercial prosperity of Ireland, was, even while they spoke, finding corroboration in the money-market. The chairman of the Great Northern Railway of Ireland was able to point out that since the Home Rule Bill had been divulged his stock had suffered half-a-million depreciation on a capital of $7\frac{1}{2}$ millions; and Mr Holmes, a governor of the Bank of Ireland, the stock of which has fallen so heavily, "expressed the unanimous voice of his colleagues on the board of the bank that, if the proposed measure should be passed into law, the result would be most disastrous to the commercial interests of Ireland." Even the masses, who have their savings deposited in the Post Office Savings Banks, are withdrawing them in trepidation, or writing to the authorities to inquire what security they will have for their money under a Home Rule Government. If any evidence were needed of the certain ruin to the trade and commerce of Ireland from the establishment of a Home Rule Government, it is supplied by the report of the Belfast Chamber of Commerce. This remarkable document proves as clearly as figures can that "the resources of Ireland are unequal to supporting a National Government;" that the trade and commerce of the country outside Ulster cannot be maintained without the support of Imperial credit; and that, should the bill become law, "the result would be as deadly a blow to Irish commercial interests as were the measures framed centuries ago intentionally to ruin Irish trade." And it is impossible that Irish trade can be ruined without detriment to the commercial interests of Great Britain, and without certain loss to the

British Treasury. If the retention of the customs in the hands of the Imperial Government suffices to preclude Ministers in Dublin from resorting to a protective policy, they are still left free to have recourse to a system of bounties, the prejudicial effects of which would very speedily be felt by manufacturers on our own side of the Channel.

Yet though the members of the deputation that waited on the Unionist leaders represented the capital and prosperity of Ireland, the Premier deems their opinion of no value in comparison with the views of men who have no stake in their own country,—who, as one of the speakers said, "would be able to enclose their goods and chattels within the limited space of an ordinary portmanteau," but who nevertheless possess the sole merit of being able to maintain himself in office. Such an attitude constitutes a scandal of the gravest character. Even among sections of the Irish community which might have been expected to acquiesce in, if not to sympathise with, the Home Rule Bill, the measure has met with the most decided condemnation. A monster petition against the bill is now in course of signature by both sexes of Roman Catholics in Ireland, among the foremost of the names appended to it being a son of Daniel O'Connell. The promoters of the petition express themselves as heartily in accord with their fellow-Unionists in opposition to the Bill, and believe "that Home Rule, if imposed upon Ireland, would, under the peculiar conditions of the country, foster a revolutionary spirit disastrous to the true interests of our religion." There is no doubt the petitioners are right. In a Home Rule Parliament the clerical party

and the revolutionary elements fostered from America must speedily come into bitter and hostile collision, and whatever the Roman Catholic hierarchy may gain in influence at the outset, it will lose in credit and dignity in the long-run.

While the anti-Parnellite agitators are endeavouring to persuade themselves and their country that in the Home Rule Bill they have got all they ask for, and that it represents the triumph of the struggle in which they have been so long engaged, it is interesting to learn what their paymasters in America think of the measure. Having invested their money in Home Rule, these gentlemen may with perfect justice assert their claim to "boss" Irish administration whenever it is set up. On the appearance of the bill the Irish National League of America issued a manifesto "deeply regretting that some Irishmen, claiming to represent the Irish people, cried 'Hallelujah,' and announced to the world that the present measure was a full and complete settlement of the claims of our people." The American League does not indorse this view: on the contrary, it holds that the Home Rule Bill will prove "ruinous to the country." We need not go over the League's condemnation of the Bill, which characterises the Assembly as "little better than a mockery," the Assembly men as England's "jackals," the Viceroy's privy council as "puppets," and "the whole performance" as a "wonderfully clever piece of financial juggling." Though we look at the bill from a very different standpoint, we must own that there is both force and truth in many of the American League's criticisms,—as, for instance, when it predicts that "in a little time British bayonets alone would save the

Legislature of Dublin from the vengeance of an impoverished and degraded country." This being the view of the American National League, with whose money and under whose auspices the Home Rule movement has mainly been carried on, is it worth while to proceed with a bill that produces so little satisfaction and promises so little settlement? So long as the American Irish are not satisfied, there will be agitation in Ireland and outrages as well. Though every one of the leaders of the Home Rule movement were provided with place or office in the new Administration, there will not be wanting successors to them in the trade of agitation as long as America is willing to find the funds; and the Irish Cabinet will probably have to change their views about "coercion" when they are obliged to have recourse to it in the interests of their own safety. Until Mr Gladstone can produce a measure that will satisfy the Irish "kin beyond sea," it is quite a superfluous task to attempt to legislate upon Home Rule.

No responsible Minister, however wedded to his own ideas, can overlook the indignation which, in every corner of Ireland, and from every class of the community except those immediately under the influence of the agitators, is being expressed against the abandonment of Ireland to the government of a faction. A more thoroughly representative meeting was probably never convened in Dublin than that which met on March 15 in the Leinster Hall, and protested against handing over Ireland "to the control of a party which has repeatedly given evidence of its disregard of the elementary principles of honesty, liberty, and justice," and against "any changes that will deprive us of our present

position of absolute equality with Englishmen and Scotsmen in the glorious heritage of the British empire." The perils to which Ireland will be exposed were never more clearly and succinctly pointed out than in the speeches on that occasion by speakers who thoroughly knew both the country and the men into whose hands it is proposed to commit its government. The Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches of Ireland have both made a powerful appeal against being abandoned to the mercy of a Nationalist Government, the Bishop of Derry justly describing the bill as a measure that "staggered under whisky,"—"a bill in which the snake-bite of bankruptcy was to be cured by the antidote of drunkenness." But the scandal attaching to the Prime Minister's position is that he will receive no deputations, he will listen to no remonstrances, he will acknowledge no criticism that is not backed by a vote in the House of Commons. We have said Mr Gladstone's attitude is a scandal to representative government, and it is one for which, sooner or later, he will have to reckon with the country. It is to the electors of Great Britain that the loyal Irish will have to appeal if they are to be saved from the doom with which the Home Rule Bill menaces them, and it is towards the constituencies of Great Britain that their best efforts should be directed. Let the British people once thoroughly grasp the nature of Home Rule, and the condition to which it will reduce the people and prosperity of Ireland, as well as the difficulties and the claims which it will impose upon themselves, and the case of the Irish minorities will receive sympathetic and generous consideration. Meanwhile the spectacle presented by the situ-

ation is unpleasantly glaring. We see the Prime Minister surrounded by Irishmen whom he himself has characterised in the most damnable terms when they crossed his policy,—men who have earned the odium and contempt of Great Britain, and whose exclusion from the House of Commons is the sole bribe that would reconcile the country to Home Rule—men no less distrusted in their own country than in this: we see, we say, the Premier straining every nerve to legislate for the ambitions of these men, while he refuses a hearing to the representatives of whatever is honourable and worthy in the Irish nation. It is painful to contemplate such a picture, and no statesman less besotted with the love of power than is the Prime Minister would dare to brazen it out.

From the time that he committed himself to a Home Rule policy, the Premier has been kicking against the pricks. He would not lay his measure before the country; and he will not, now that it has been published, give the country an opportunity of considering it if he can avoid doing so. He has treated the constituencies with a contempt and a distrust such as no responsible British Minister before him has ever dared to exhibit. Surrounded by a prætorian guard of Irishmen, office-holders and expectants, he turns a deaf ear to public opinion, even if it be allowed to reach him. But the fool's paradise in which he fancies himself an autocrat will be rudely broken up. The Home Rule Bill must go before the constituencies from whom the Premier has done his best to withhold it, whose opinion upon the subject he has all along flouted. We shall then see whether the patriotism, the common-sense, the political prudence of the British

people will tolerate such a scheme as has been put before the House of Commons. We shall see whether the bitter cry of the loyal Irish minority over the prospect of its imperilled freedom and ruined prosperity will not obtain a more sympathetic hearing from the electors than was accorded to it by the Premier.

There never was a more critical juncture in our age than that which has been brought about by this unscrupulous and inequitable measure. Mr Gladstone may shut his eyes to the condition of Ulster, but it will be impossible that the country at large should be able to do so. The state of feeling in that province has reached a dangerous degree of bitterness—all the more dangerous that it does not find expression in such hysterical vapouring as characterises the course of Home Rule agitation. But there is a steady settled resolution among the natives of Ulster not to accept the rule of a Nationalist

Government, which forbids the supposition that Home Rule can be introduced into Ireland without an imminent risk of serious bloodshed. We are far from wishing to take alarmist views of the situation, but the intelligence which comes from Ulster day by day warrants the gravest apprehensions. Upon the constituencies of this country will rest the responsibility of averting, it may be, a civil war of the most painful character,—a war in which men justly fighting for their rights and liberties, of which they have been deprived for purposes of party and faction, would have of necessity to be put under by the bayonets of British troops. It will be for the constituencies of Great Britain to save the country from such a calamity by making the cause of the loyal Irish their own, and timeously arresting the Government in the insane course to which Mr Gladstone has committed it.

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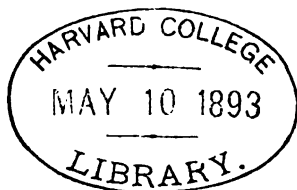
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VOL. CLIII.

THE RUSSIAN ACQUISITION OF MANCHURIA.

WHETHER "Eastern dominion," or "the Dominion of the East," be the exhaustive rendering of the word, no place on the earth's surface has been named with fuller significance than the Russian war-port, now become a fortress, of Vladivostock. It would appear that the poetry—and may we not add, the philosophy?—of topographical nomenclature, verging towards bankruptcy among the modern Anglo-Saxons, survives in full vigour among the northern Slavs. To them, as to primitive peoples, names are no mere arbitrary labels for purposes of tabulation, but are instinct with meaning, forming the prologues and epilogues of successive chapters of history, the summing up of events past or the forecasting of what is to come. If we except the humours of mining camps, the pathos of the wandering Boers, and a few similar instances, the naming of new

territory by Russians is to the corresponding process among prosaic Westerns as an illuminated missal to an auctioneer's catalogue. Nor even when they borrow bodily from ancient geography are they reduced to such beggary of invention as to dub their new stations "Troy" or "Memphis"; but with perfect feeling for the fitness of things, they locate the "Eastern Bosphorus" and the "Golden Horn" among the approaches to the new Sebastopol.

He would be a cold-blooded Russian who could repress feelings of exultation on looking round on this fair dominion of the East. Such a trophy of the genius of empire as the acquisition of any country as large as France, with a coast-line of 600 miles, would, at its lowest expression, move the dullest people on earth. But this was no gaunt desert in the wilds of Africa, no cannibal-haunted

swamp at the uttermost verge of the ocean, but an integral extension of their own domain, needing only existing roads to be continued into the new territory to weld it solidly into the empire. And the happy combination of imperial glory with the opening up of boundless prospects of material wealth to the toiling masses which is provided by the new possession, unites all classes, from the Tsar on his throne to the meanest field-labourer, in the national chorus of jubilation over this the grandest of all Russian annexations.

How this and other similar feats have been achieved may only perhaps be fully realised by the world at large when the Russian Virgil indites the epic of his race; but it may be safely said now, that when the *Siberiad* comes to be written no single act in the long drama will shine with a brighter lustre than the daring appropriation of this Far Eastern world. For though the scheme of it fitted perfectly into its place in the natural sequence of Russian adventure which is maintained in full activity all round the confines of the empire, yet it stands out as the most pregnant as well as the most dramatic of all the episodes of the growth of Russian domination. By this and other like achievements the pioneers of Russian expansion seem to proclaim themselves endowed with rare qualities, such as might not unreasonably be looked for in a select few, but which it is surprising to find so constant and so widely diffused. Not courage only, but a kind of preternatural vigour, deep devotion to a purpose, unrelenting perseverance, and endless fertility of resource, seem to be the ordinary outfit of their frontier officers. To bring the

surface of the earth under subjection to the Tsar has with them the force of a religious passion, in pursuit of which they are ready, like Crusaders, to brave all dangers.

Have, then, the Russians any special constitutional gifts which place them apart from the other Western races, or is their aggressive genius the mere product of their national circumstances? No doubt a great nation, though it may not by inherent necessity make great men in the more modern and refined sense of the word, does by the simple fact of its grandeur furnish in abundance at once the motive and the arena for illustrious deeds, while in proportion to the numbers of the population is the wealth of selection of its choice spirits. Add to this quality of simple magnitude the *solidarité* of purpose in all ranks of the nation that we see in actual operation throughout Russia, and we may begin to understand the secret of the energy of their intrepid frontier men. Other nations advance in this or that direction through the force of certain principles in their nature reacting on their external circumstances, often without the direct consciousness of their men of action, and not seldom even in opposition to their intentions. But in Russia the energy of development, being as yet unhampered by the complexity of interests which hedge about the progress of more matured countries, the living principle of growth derives intensity from this simplicity; and what is of the highest significance, the conscious aims of her statesmen, publicists, officials, and people are not only in agreement together, but they are in harmony, or rather in perfect unison, with the root principle of national development.

The social forces of Russia, instead of neutralising each other as is the case in many highly civilised countries, are, in relation to the outer world, all directed to a common objective, with the necessary result of multiplying the effective aggressive power of the nation indefinitely beyond that of all other states.

How all this reacts on the prowess of individuals may be easily imagined. The consciousness of having the whole momentum of a united people and Government always behind him, a force on the uniformity of whose action he can calculate as confidently as on the mechanical laws of the universe, a force which is itself but the outward expression of a fundamental law of human progress, a force which is not reserved or passive, waiting to pass judicial verdicts on the acts of individuals, but which is clamorously inciting them to action—such a faith in such a force may well raise all personal endeavour to the *n*th power, lift men above themselves, and inspire them to superhuman exertions. No misgivings as to "what they will say at home," which has so often reduced to sterility the bold designs of the servants of other states, need ever unnerve a Russian agent in a dangerous predicament. No shade of a Dupleix, or a Raleigh, or a Warren Hastings, or a Governor Eyre, or a Bartle Frere, or even a Jules Ferry, need ever send a deathly chill through his frame at the moment when he is in the act to strike a blow for the glory of his country. No visions of Exeter Hall, or Aborigines Protection Society, or Peace Society, or Anti-This and Anti-That Society, divert him from the straight course, and make him do what he knows to be wrong, merely to placate the self-

elected but imperfectly instructed censors of a free country. Nothing of all that. The Russian officer at the frontier is bold and free, living every moment of his life in full confidence of the applause of a hundred millions of people who forgive everything to audacity. And if we but reflect on the manner in which the British empire has been built up by the heroism of adventurers who conquered the world often with a halter round their neck, we may the more readily conceive the accumulated energy of men no less heroic who have always their sovereign and countrymen to cheer them on, instead of checking, entrapping, reproving, or even, in extreme cases, betraying them.

It is a by no means uninteresting fact that educated Russians consider themselves as a young nation, a nation in the pioneering or formative stages. This idea betrays itself in many different ways. For instance, they find Western literature dry and insipid compared with their own. Our magazine articles they regard as a mumbling over dead issues, or mere verbal refinements, an eternal threshing of empty straw; while the Russian periodical press is fresh from the very workshop of living history, where all is intensely practical and new, and where the types and origins of things are rough-hewn from the virgin rock. It is itself a new thing for a nation to be in this primitive aggressive stage, and at the same time to know it; to be filled with the hot spirit of adventure appropriate to a half-known world, and yet to be able to make the self-diagnosis from the point of view of the cosmopolitan observer. But this also, if it be duly considered, is an element of great strength to

Russia. Imagine the simple ethical code of the buccaneering age in combination with the universal outlook which modern knowledge imparts to modern adventurers, and with the terrible weapons which science puts into the hands of the most light-hearted, added to the forward pressure of a great national mass, and we may well be prepared for deeds of daring as the product.

To the same consciousness or affectation of adolescence may be due the tolerance of criticism which is so common among Russians. There is nothing that can be said in disparagement of their social or administrative or commercial systems that the Russians will not frankly admit, nay, generally "go one better." Indeed in conversation with Russians it is usually the stranger who has to deprecate censure, to palliate defects; while the native, with lavish candour descants freely on the foibles of national youth, much as a pious father may conventionally deplore the "sowing of wild oats" by his son, believing all the while in his heart that the prelude is by no means fatal to a noble career.

Besides all these ingredients of support, the Russian advance in Asia derives high and holy sanction from its being an emanation of the spirit of Christendom. Operating against pagans, infidels, barbarians, every Russian colonel regards himself as carrying the banner of civilisation into the dark places of the earth which are the habitations of cruelty. Partly themselves influenced by, and partly consciously playing upon, the facile sentimental Christianity of Western Europe, which refuses to see evil under its own banner or good under any other, the Russian pioneers assume

themselves to be mandatories of the whole Christian world, commissioned to subdue the Crescent to the Cross, and for the idols of the heathen to substitute the icons and holy water of the Orthodox Church, and priests with flowing locks for monks with shaven scalps.

Taking into account, therefore, these various streams of inspiration, and the convergence of so many separate impulses on the definite aim of the visible and material advancement of Russia, we ought perhaps to cease to wonder at the prodigies of enterprise her representatives seem always ready to achieve.

So much seemed needful by way of preface, in order to bring the deeds now to be reviewed out of the region of the fabulous, and within the field of credibility, for men and women of prosaic mental habits. For only among men of genius, nourished in the stimulating atmosphere attempted to be described above, would such a prodigious stroke of business as the seizure of the two great provinces north and south of the Amur have been dreamed of. The marvel of this feat does not diminish with the lapse of time; it seems rather indeed to increase the more the intrinsic worth of the acquisition comes to be realised, and the longer any adequate explanation of the event is hidden from the world. Take it all round, is it not entitled to rank with the great dispensations which have deflected the current of human history? Continents have been parcelled out by the fiat of a Pope, or by the imperial prerogative of Great Powers; great things have been attained by the judicious distribution of beads and little flags; military conquests are familiar enough; and partitioning

and dismemberment are no new things. But surely all feats of that kind recorded in history pale before that of Mouravieff-Amurski, who contrived that a magnificent country should be given up by one civilised state to another without a drop of blood spilt, without troops or appliances of any kind, or even the consideration of glass beads and printed kerchiefs, for which savages have been wont to alienate their patrimony. Whether even the real merit of the deed belongs wholly to the high functionary in whose name it was concluded, or whether some obscure person be not entitled to a large share in the honour, is not fully known, so completely has the machinery by which the end was attained been kept out of the public view. All that openly appears is that certain Manchu officials of the Chinese Government, responsible for the conservation of the frontiers, were induced by Russian agents to sanction the transfer to the empire of the Tsar of a joint-ownership of Northern and Eastern Manchuria, and that they signed the Treaty of Aigun in May 1858, embodying the virtual surrender of that territory. But what species of animal magnetism was employed on the occasion remains largely a matter of conjecture.

The value of the Manchurian territory to the Russian empire would have justified all risks and sacrifices that might have been necessary for its acquisition. What the nation had long sought for, and sought in vain, in its western territory; what it chose to consider, and not perhaps wrongly, as vital to its material prosperity as well as essential to the prestige of Russia as a Great Power—free access to the sea—was suddenly opened out to her in the Far East.

Considering how the Russian empire has been hemmed in on all sides—cribbed, cabined, confined by mountain-walls, hostile peoples, and barriers of perpetual ice—and how the freedom of her own harbours in the Baltic and Black Sea is enjoyed only on the sufferance of friends or rivals, it is easy to conceive how the gift of 600 miles of sea-coast, with the freedom of the Pacific Ocean and an open highway round the world, would infuse new life into the Russian Government and people. The boon, it is true, came somewhat suddenly and in advance of the preparations for its full utilisation; so unexpected, indeed, was this great prize, that the Russians themselves required some time to fully comprehend the new relation in which it placed them among the nations of the earth. For the addition of the Manchurian seaboard to its eastern extremity shifted the centre of gravity in the Russian empire, and, as a consequence, the general centre of gravity of the whole political world. And it made Russia, what she can scarcely be said to have been before, a naval Power, and committed her to a new naval policy which has already borne substantial fruit. An efficient navy was required to protect the new maritime dominion, which on its side offered all the accommodation necessary for the maintenance of a war fleet—from which two factors has been evolved the modern naval development of Russia. The influence which this naval development with its effective base in the new territory will exercise on the position of Russia cannot yet be exactly estimated. The rising fortress of Vladivostock, with a fertile country behind gradually being peopled, having free communication by rail with

Western Russia, with commerce and agriculture increasing with rapid strides, may almost aim at self-support in the dim, but by no means distant, future. When that time arrives, as it is evidently approaching, the Amur provinces with their defences will cease to be a burden on the finances of the empire, and become an independent base for offensive warfare.

Of all the circumstances, however, connected with the miraculous rise of this new maritime power in Asia, the most instructive is that it is a direct consequence of the Crimean war—surely the very last result contemplated by the “lusty man” who is credited with the principal share in the promotion of that enterprise. It is, moreover, the sequel not of any advantageous position previously gained by Russia and skilfully built upon; rather it was the outcome of distress and despair. The dead low water of Russia’s fortunes in the Pacific, by a natural reaction such as is frequently observed in human affairs, was succeeded by the flowing tide of prosperity on which the empire now rides in triumph. The blindness of political projects, the futility of the most promising combinations, the shallowness of man’s profoundest wisdom when applied to concrete problems, thus receive, for the thousandth time, a full historical demonstration.

On the outbreak of the war in 1854, Russia was responsible for a number of unimportant ice-bound settlements in the North Pacific whose external needs were served by a small naval squadron, commanded by men, however, who knew how to do great things with inadequate means nearly as well as some of our old English Vikings themselves. Neither the war-

ships nor the stations in the Okhotsk and Behring Seas were capable of inflicting injury on the Allies, or of contributing a feather’s weight to the Russian scale in the prosecution of the war. The ships were only too happy to elude the enemy by sailing under false colours, running in fogs, or any other of the familiar *ruses* of the weak. Nevertheless *en guerre comme à la guerre*. The honour of the flag was concerned in following the true maxims of war, and seeking out the enemy wherever he could be got at, and doing him all the damage possible. With which laudable purpose some of the idle ships on the China station were detached during the summer of 1854 for a reconnaissance of the Russian settlements in Northern Asia. At the same time the French and English admirals on the Pacific station concerted an attack on the principal post, the fortified harbour of Petropauloski on the eastern coast of the peninsula of Kamschatka, which they delivered at the end of August. It is not a passage of history which either of the then allies have reason to dwell upon with satisfaction, nor has the story perhaps been fully written; but in order to understand the position, and the strategy of the Russians at that epoch-making time, a passing reference to the circumstances must be made.

The settlement at Petropauloski was insignificant: it was crowned by a fort containing a small garrison, and in the harbour were several vessels of war, besides store-ships, &c. To have gone in and captured the whole, might well have seemed but an appetiser for the blue-jackets’ dinner, according to the best traditions of

the British navy. But, for reasons never clearly explained, this was not done. The fort indeed was bombarded and silenced — mere child's-play. Then a landing-party was believed to have fallen into an ambushade, and some casualties occurred. But the town and the war-ships in harbour were left intact, and the Allied fleets retired to winter quarters. Whether divided responsibility, excessive discretion, or a combination of these and other causes, determined the course of events, it does not come within the scope of the present paper to inquire. Certain it is, however, that the officers and crews of the English ships were mortified to the verge of mutiny; and as the English admiral had the misfortune to (accidentally) shoot himself, the British tar, out of his limited but idiomatic vocabulary, summed up the whole business in an epigram better suited to the age of Smollett than to the modern printed page.

While these things were going on in the North, the English admiral commanding the China station was amusing himself among the islands of Japan, negotiating a treaty which even at the time was looked upon with little enthusiasm, and on which impartial history has kindly set the seal of oblivion.

The masterly retreat from Petropauloski was perhaps the greatest service the Allies could have rendered to Russia, for it is scarcely too much to say that the decision thus taken turned the tide of Asiatic history — possibly for all time. The Russian governor devoutly thanked God for the reprieve, for he well knew that the Anglo-French repulse was not final, and he at once set about taking measures to anticipate a

visit from the enemy, perhaps in greater force, the following year.

A glance at a map will show how completely Petropauloski was cut off from all succour. The settlements on the north-western coast of the Sea of Okhotsk could not provide a pinnacle; besides, they were 700 miles away across a stormy sea, with winter coming on. No help could be got from the desert inhospitable *hinterland*, the stations being all dependent on sea-borne supplies. And as for the settlement at the mouth of the Amur which had been established three years before on Chinese territory, it was held as yet by so precarious a tenure by the small force of Russians which had landed from the sea, that they were more in need of support than able to afford it.

On the outbreak of the war the Russian Government had taken all possible precautions for the victualling of these Pacific stations, including Nikolaefsk and the other places on the Amur, and had chartered American merchant-vessels to bring cargoes of provisions from the United States. These craft were commanded by ready-witted men who were able to render their employers many useful services with much profit to their owners. One of these vessels, a small brig, being available in Petropauloski after the withdrawal of the Allied squadrons, the governor promptly chartered her to convey a military captain to the small fishing-station of Aian on the west coast of the Sea of Okhotsk, from which point he had to make his way to St Petersburg, bearing the governor's report on the condition of Petropauloski, and asking for instructions. The fate of the settlement depended on the success of a jour-

ney which, at that time and so late in the season, was an arduous and even dangerous undertaking, speed being of the utmost importance. It was but a summer holiday, however, compared to the return journey of Colonel Martinoff, who was despatched from St Petersburg during the winter 1854-55, and had to make the whole journey to Petropauloski by land, skirting the Okhotsk Sea to the north, not far from the Arctic Circle, and traversing mountainous regions without roads or inhabitants, and in ultra-Arctic cold. In spite of all obstacles, Colonel Martinoff reached his destination before the break-up of the ice on the coast, and the instruction he brought to the commandant was to evacuate the place. Preparations for the exodus were vigorously set on foot; and as soon as open water admitted of it in the month of April 1855, the whole community, men, women, and children, with their goods and chattels, Government stores, and all things movable, the garrison, with its arms and munitions, sailed away in peace, but every face clouded with anxiety lest the whole convoy should be captured at sea.

Here, then, was another interesting juncture on which great issues depended, and where hours were of supreme importance. Where was the enemy? That was the question. Not very far off, indeed; but "a miss was as good as a mile," and if by the kindly aid of fogs and good piloting the fugitive fleet could but clear the coast of Kamschatka unobserved, all might yet be well. An Anglo-French squadron of thirteen sail was slowly assembling during the month of April at the rendezvous off Cape Lo-

patka, the most southerly point of Kamschatka, and by a comparison of dates it appeared the first of the hostile ships had arrived at the rendezvous before the last of the Russian ships had cleared the harbour of Petropauloski. Though the latter must have passed close to the enemy, and through the Kurile Strait, only seven miles wide, yet they escaped apparently unobserved. This was evidently the very last contingency for which the attacking commanders were prepared, for they did not muster off Petropauloski till a month later, on 30th May, when to their discomfiture they found the place deserted. Nor had they apparently any clue to the probable destination of the fugitives. The Russians would hardly have, at such great risk, left the comparatively protected port for any of the more exposed places on the Okhotsk Sea, and of the mouth of the Amur it is not likely that anything trustworthy was known to the Allies. Indeed, had they known the date of the evacuation, the possibility of escape northwards would be excluded by the fact of all these ports and places being then still ice-bound. Having no idea, apparently, of the direction in which an effective pursuit might have been attempted, the Allied ships seem to have dispersed over the Pacific in search of the "flying" squadron of Russians.

Two English ships, however, belonging to the China station, whether by happy intuition or "from information received," made their way to the Gulf of Tartary, where they had to buffet with the fogs which hang like a pall over those coasts until the full summer heats disperse them. Eventually

in the month of June, near the head of the said Gulf of Tartary—in Castries Bay, to wit—they had the good fortune to come up with the Russian convoy. Once again one of those critical moments had arrived which are the making or marring of men; and once again, impartial history is forced to record, the hour had come but not the man. After exchanging shots the British ships retired, and instead of fighting, established a kind of patrol to the southward, waiting on events. Their object was to prevent, if possible, the escape of the Russian vessels by the way they had come. This cautious decision on the part of the English senior officers was not, on the data then known, so ridiculous as it may now seem in the light of later knowledge. But to understand the situation clearly, it is necessary to go back a few years, and introduce to the reader another most important actor in the drama, and one whose personal achievement is considered by the Russians the true pivot on which the whole operation of the abandonment of Petropauloski turned.

The geography of the Manchurian coast was so imperfectly known to the world at large in 1854 that Sakhalin was for all practical purposes treated, on the authority of the early navigators, as a peninsula. It is true that a strait dividing it from the mainland had been known to the Japanese; but in those days that was not much more than to say it was known to the Fishskin Tartars themselves, so little intercourse was there then between Japan

and the rest of the world. On the existing data, therefore, it followed that the only sea-approach to the Amur river was round the northern end of Sakhalin, and the English officers were not so very far out in their calculation that they had the Russians in a trap so long as they could prevent them from sailing southwards out of the Gulf of Tartary. But a Russian naval officer, Gennady Nevelskoi, had a few years before (in 1849) not only verified the existence, but proved the navigability of the channel, now called Nevelskoi Strait, which makes of Sakhalin an island.¹ Probably no geographical discovery was ever turned to so immediate, practical, and important account. It was on the faith of that discovery that the Russian vessels with their precious freight were ordered to commit their fortunes to the Gulf of Tartary, instead of tempting the opener and more northerly route of the Okhotsk Sea. But the Strait of Nevelskoi, though discovered, had as yet been only partially surveyed, and the navigation was still hazardous and slow against a strong current to the south. After the visit and providential retirement of the English ships, the Russian commander landed all the women, children, and non-combatants at Castries Bay, and then proceeded with the ships to feel his way northwards. A whole month seems to have been consumed in effecting the passage of the Nevelskoi Strait. The navigation of the Amur delta was also little known; but once inside the *embouchure*, the ships would be at least safe from molestation from the sea, for such

¹ Among the celebrations of the visit of the Tsarewitch to Vladivostock in 1891, none was more popular than the subscription that was raised to erect a statue there to Nevelskoi.

knowledge as then existed was a monopoly of the Russians themselves, and of those smart Boston skippers before mentioned, whom both interest and loyalty attached to the side of their liberal paymasters. Strenuous efforts were therefore made to get the Russian ships safe behind the banks and shallows of the river-mouth, but it was not till September that all the vessels were moored at Nikolaefsk.

The nascent settlement on the Amur in the autumn of 1855 was a scene of intense activity. The governor, Count Mouravieff, was there in person superintending the erection of fortifications, and mounting the guns brought from Petropauloski. All sorts of stores and munitions had been brought by the American traders, who soon found inducement to engage in ventures on their own account, and before the end of the season the governor had succeeded in placing his young colony in a fairly defensible position. He at least allowed himself the pleasure of sending, by the American skippers, bantering invitations to the English ships to come and visit him at Nikolaefsk. Whether in answer to one of these playful challenges or not, one commander of a sloop or corvette of the period, a man whose fibre was that of the typical British officer, did, late in the season, make the attempt to reconnoitre the entrance to the Amur in *H.M.S. Hornet*, a vessel with auxiliary steam-power. The insect would undoubtedly have stung could it have got within striking distance; but all attempts to approach the river-mouth without chart or pilot proved fruitless, and Commander Bythessa had to withdraw from the attack. No doubt, had the chance of a third

season been given them, the English would eventually have got at the throat of the Russians in the Pacific, and they would have made their way into the harbour of Nikolaefsk, and accomplished at great cost what, under happier auspices, might have been done almost without effort. But the spring of 1856 brought peace in Europe, and the Russians were allowed to rest on their well-won laurels.

Nor had the Russians any cause for resentment against the Anglo-French navy, but rather for thankfulness for the invaluable education in "the sweet uses of adversity" which they obtained at the hands of their enemies. Might they not say with the banished Duke—

"This is no flattery; these are counsellors

That feelingly persuade me what I am"?

The enemy had, in short, shown the Russians their weak places, and it was the very extremities to which they were driven that forced them to the discovery of perhaps unsuspected sources of strength.

In this discovery no doubt the Russians were wonderfully helped by a succession of favouring circumstances; and chiefly this, that the only Power with which, after the peace, they had to reckon for their safety in Eastern Asia had become apathetic as regards its frontiers, and besides, had its attention too seriously occupied elsewhere to trouble itself much about what was going on in the Far North. The new settlement of Nikolaefsk, clearly marked out by events as the chief Russian station in the Pacific, laboured nevertheless under several disadvantages. It was vulnerable from the sea,

and could only be communicated with by the long sea-route round the Cape of Good Hope; and it stood on Chinese soil. For it must be remembered that at that time the whole valley of the Amur, on both banks, was Chinese not merely by the prescriptive title of immemorial possession, but by the clear definitions of a treaty with Russia, concluded after war between the countries, in 1689 at Nerchinsk. Russian encroachments on Chinese territory had been at that early period repressed by the strong hand without the least hesitation or ambiguity, nor had anything taken place subsequently to affect in any degree the validity of that treaty or the legal relations of the parties. Neither, so far as we are aware, had any overt action been taken in violation of the treaty until 1847, when Count Mouravieff became Governor-General of Eastern Siberia. Scarcely, however, had that energetic proconsul taken office than a new era of eastward progress was inaugurated. Between 1850 and 1854 several expeditions had invaded the Amur from the sea, and trading stations for the fur companies were established near its mouth, on ground from which Russia was expressly excluded by the Treaty of Nerchinsk. But as in our own day, and in all ages, the restless and vigilant Power had an immeasurable advantage over the somnolent and quiescent Power; and that seems the only key which will unlock the mysteries of that eventful epoch.

The Russian settlements during the war, and even on the conclusion of peace in 1856, were in that forlorn condition which might well have suggested as at least debatable the alternative policies of defence or abandonment. The

settlements in themselves were indeed of so little tangible value, that in a country "governed by discussion" arguments for their surrender might easily have gained a hearing. Not so in Russia, where the immediate or intrinsic value of a possession never comes into question. The stormy fortunes of these remote settlements, moreover, had appealed to the national patriotism, and a sentimental halo had been thrown over them which would in any case have excluded all considerations of mere economy in determining their fate. Whatever subsidies, therefore, might be necessary to support these distant stations, to give them up would never have entered the mind of any Russian. And given a sound principle of action to start with, time may generally be trusted to reveal the material advantages of a resolute adhesion to it.

Two things were essential to the security of the Russian position on the Amur: the possession of the territory over which they had hoisted their flag; and the free navigation of the river, so as to establish communication between the coast port and the Russian province of Trans-Baikal. Each of these desiderata involved the other, and to get one was practically to gain both. The possibility of their attainment depended on the efficiency of the Chinese outpost guards, to test which was well worth a considerable risk. Mouravieff, realising the desperate plight of the new settlements at the mouth of the river on the outbreak of the war of 1854, with their supplies by sea cut off, applied to the local Chinese authorities for permission to convey stores down the river, which was refused. (Just thirty years

after it was the Chinese Government which sued humbly to St Petersburg for permission to transport some machinery by that same river!) Mouravieff took the law into his own hands, fitted out, armed, and loaded a flotilla, which sailed from Ust Strelkoi to Nikolaefsk. Whatever the wardens of the marches may have done in the way of verbal protest, it is certain they ventured no material opposition, and the interesting voyage was accomplished in peace.

The Russian officers were not slow to follow up this successful experiment, and the Amur was soon put to regular use as if it had been the Volga. Thus the first step was gained, and the second needed no effort, for the Russians simply appropriated and ruled over as much of the area of the Amur basin as was necessary for their purposes; and so the "Russians on the Amur" became one of the accomplished facts of history.

It still remained, however, to cover the nakedness of such *de facto* occupation with the decent veil of formal legitimation. The order of procedure so far had been in full accordance with the traditions of all colonising nations, appropriation having ever been the parent of title. Yet there was a difference; for though the region was desolate and the inhabitants few and savage, the simple act of stepping on shore and hoisting a flag did not in this, as in other cases, exhaust the problem of ownership. The territory seized being an integral part of an organised empire, its Government had to be reckoned with. The Russians were thus somewhat in the position of a man who had abducted a bride and then sought the healing formalities

of a marriage-contract, with such contingent advantages in the way of dower as fortune might throw in a brave man's way. And here, again, the evolution of events marvellously favoured the bold pioneers; for the Government of China was distracted by commotion within and menaces without. As if the Taeping insurrection were not enough to tax the resources of the State, a quarrel had been provoked towards the end of 1856 with the English by the Governor-General of Canton. Hostilities had actually begun, but were held in suspense during 1857 because Great Britain was engaged in a more serious affair in India, and were only resumed in an active form in 1858. Could any combination of circumstances be imagined that would have been more favourable to the precarious lodgment effected by Russia on Manchurian soil? The stars in their courses seemed to be fighting for the infant settlements. The only two Powers which were interested—one directly, the other very indirectly—in the operations of the Russians, were not only both seriously engaged elsewhere, but were actually at war with each other! Such ideal opportunities for pushing their fortunes the Russians, to do them justice, never fail to make the most of. But, having neither force to back him, nor anything in hand wherewith to negotiate, Mouravieff's success in extracting from the Manchu frontier officials the pregnant treaty of Aigun, May 1858, must still be held one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of diplomacy. That treaty conceded to Russia the privilege of navigating the Amur, and ceded to her the territory now called Amur province, between the Yablonnoi mountains on the north

and the left bank of the river. It further professed to deal with the region between the Usuri river and the sea on the right bank of the Amur, as if the territory had been since the dawn of history in the joint occupation of Russia and China, and only required some little adjustment of the respective frontiers!—a matter, however, which was indefinitely postponed by the treaty.

One of the arts in which the Russians are well known to excel is topography: their industry in the compilation of maps of their own and neighbouring territories is incessant and almost phenomenal. As an instrument for causing territory to gravitate to the general mass of the Tsar's dominions, it may be doubted whether the Cossack himself has been more successful than the cartographer. Let them once get their opponents seated at a green table, and ten to one but the Russians feel the game to be already theirs, as they hold the winning card in the form of maps, which the other parties are seldom in a position to dispute. Thus it was in the Lessar incident in 1885, thus it is now in the dispute with China about the Pamirs, and so it was at the time of the cession of Manchuria. There was on the one side knowledge, eked out, no doubt, by unbounded assurance; on the other, ignorance diluted by indifference: and, as it ever was and ever will be, clear definition and fixed resolution won the day against vacillation and nebulosity.

Doubts have indeed been suggested as to whether the alleged Treaty of Aigun, signed by ignorant and unauthorised officials who knew not the purport of what they were signing, was legally a treaty at all. Whether or not, it is cer-

tain the Peking Government would have refused to give effect to it but for a still more extraordinary dispensation of events in favour of Russia. China having been humbled by the treaties she was forced to make with the French and English in 1858, hoped to nullify them by the primitive device of barring the way of the representatives of those countries when they were proceeding to Peking in 1859 to exchange ratifications. This temporary success brought upon the country in the following year a military expedition, under stress of which the Emperor fled from his capital. Here, then, was the crowning opportunity for Russian diplomacy, which grew bolder as China became more embarrassed. It was now the famous Ignatieff's turn to win his spurs, and, making his way to Peking at the moment when the Government there was in abject depression, unable to strike or speak in its own defence, he so managed the affair as to induce the Imperial Government itself not only to confirm the Treaty of Aigun, but to cede absolutely to Russia the whole territory east of the Usuri, which had been represented in 1858, though with little regard to facts, as a common possession of the two empires. And so, by a stroke of the pen, without a shot fired, or *quid pro quo* in any form, the magnificent province of Primorsk, with its 600 miles of coast, was made over to Russia, and China with her own hand shut herself out for ever from all access to the Japan Sea.

Sombre acquiescence would perhaps best describe the attitude of the Chinese Government when its eyes became fairly opened to the folly of giving away its territory

wholesale and for nothing. When peace within and without had allowed the Government and people leisure for reflection, many rumblings of discontent were heard throughout the country. No serious thought of an attempt to recover the lost provinces has probably ever entered the mind of any practical man in China; but for all that, the lesson of the Amur has not been wholly thrown away.

The successful rebellion of Yakob Beg in Kashgar (1866-77) afforded Russia a most inviting opportunity for again occupying Chinese territory, and the episode has an interesting connection with the subject of the present paper. Russia took temporary possession of Kuldja for the purpose of keeping order there, and declared she would hold it only until China had suppressed the Mohammedan usurpation, and was in a position once more to resume her normal administration. A fresh surrender to Russia, somewhat after the Manchurian pattern, had been made by a Chinese Minister in the Treaty of Livadia, which, however, the Imperial Government refused to ratify, and, moreover, recalled and degraded the negotiator. These acts of vigour were followed up by another Chinese Minister, the late Marquis Tseng, who called upon Russia to withdraw from Kuldja, the pretext for her occupation having ceased. Russia naturally demurred to be thus taken at her word, and by a moribund Power too. China ought, no doubt, to have "gone on with her dying," as the old country-woman counselled her troublesome husband; but China gave unexpected signs of galvanic life, which were most disconcerting to a

Power which was working on an opposite hypothesis, and whose motto is "*Nulla vestigia retrorsum.*" An angry correspondence followed, with a highly dramatic climax.

The Russian Minister in Peking in 1880 was bellicose, stirred thereto by some of his colleagues in the Chinese capital who fanned the flames between the two Powers. No threats were used by China, unless it might be considered one that General Gordon was sent for to come at once to Peking. That distinguished soldier had recently been nominated to a most incongruous post, that of Private Secretary to the Viceroy of India, which no sooner had he accepted than, ashamed of the absurdity, he resigned. He was thus free to take other service, subject always to the articles of war; and when the invitation to Peking reached him, he accepted it unconditionally by telegraph. So little, however, did he know of the service he was going upon, that he was unable to give his military chief an intelligible reason for his application for leave. Nevertheless the self-denying, but also self-governing, man of genius took the Press into his confidence, and announced before leaving India that he was going to China on a mission of peace. After that, of course, Gordon could be of no use to the Chinese Government, either as a fighting man or a bogie, and they were well pleased to get him out of the country again as expeditiously as possible. Before leaving, however, he advised the Chinese that they were absolutely at the mercy of Russia, and had nothing to do but accept whatever terms they could get from that Power.¹

¹ Events in the Life of Charles George Gordon. By H. W. Gordon. 1886. Pp. 143-154.

But in this instance it appeared that Gordon was imperfectly acquainted with the real state of affairs; for, paradoxical as it may appear, just at that moment it was Russia which was at the mercy of China, or at least so considered herself. While negotiations in St Petersburg were being hopelessly protracted, the Chinese Government ordered a considerable movement of troops from the province of Chihli towards the valley of the Sungari, apparently threatening the weakest point of the long line of Russian communication with the Amur provinces. The Russian position was virtually undefended, and instead of threatening with her navy the sea-front of Peking, her ships were all too few to cover Vladivostock. The Russian authorities in Eastern Siberia were panic-stricken, and the Governor-General despatched a report on the situation to St Petersburg, urging the Imperial Government to patch up a temporary peace with China on any terms. Then the Marquis Tséng found his way suddenly made easy, and he concluded his treaty for the evacuation of Kuldja. Even in her surrender, however, Russia managed to snatch a victory by means of her "maps" and what is connoted by that term. That is to say, the topographical knowledge of the Russian military experts pitted against the ignorance of the Chinese, enabled Russia to retain the strategic positions. Among other things it was by means of that very treaty that Russia succeeded in establishing claims to the Pamirs, which China was quite unconscious of, and would now like to dispute. It does not belong strictly to our present subject, though, as it is not without a certain bearing on it, it may be permissible to state

in a few words how this result was brought about. The Tséng treaty, like all the rest, contained the usual frontier delimitation clause, which is always so much in favour of the intelligent as against the unintelligent negotiator. Officers were to be delegated by the respective Governments to mark out the frontiers. In the Chinese Foreign Office, however, there is no record of anything of the kind having ever taken place: if there was any demarcation at all, it was probably effected while the Chinese delegates were playing draughts in some neighbouring town. When, however, Tséng's successor, Hung-Kün, was in St Petersburg some years later, he was shown a map elaborately drawn and coloured, purporting to represent the frontier region, and he was asked if it was correct. Most certain it is that his Excellency Hung knew nothing of what the map indicated; but report says he was so fascinated by its beautiful colouring, and captivated by its immense size, that he swallowed the bait with the ferocity of a salmon going for a gorgeous fly. So pleased indeed was Hung with the Russian map, that, conceiving it would be no unworthy memorial of his mission to Europe, he had it carefully translated into Chinese, and had copies made for his Government and himself. On his return to China, Hung-Kün was appointed one of the Ministers of the Tsungli Yamén or Foreign Board of Peking, no better recommendation for that honour being *en évidence* than just the great frontier map. It was not long, however, before the Russian Minister drew attention to the fact that the Pamirs were still occupied by Chinese military posts. Hung thereupon wrote privately to the Governor of Kashgar to withdraw

them, which he did in some instances, but not apparently to the full extent of Russian requirements, or not promptly enough to prevent some collisions. The Chinese Government, ignorant and indifferent, would have taken no action; but those representatives of public opinion, the Censors, took hold of the question and urged a firm attitude. But the Foreign Board, as a body, knew less about the matter than even Hung himself; and so once again the map will conquer.

It is not uncommon to hear the Chinese lauded as "astute diplomatists," but it evidently depends much on whom they have to diplomatised with. In the hands of a Mouravieff or an Ignatieff, or any other "eff" or "off," the astute Chinese always prove themselves as helpless as sucking infants. The gracious presentation of the splen-

did map by the Russians is much of a piece with the exquisite courtesy of the Russian commandant, Colonel Skopolofsky, at the Manchurian frontier station of Hun-chun, in teaching the Chinese commander how to build his forts and place and work his Krupp guns.

The "Russian" scare of 1880 gave an immense impetus to the development of the new dominion; it crystallised the resolution to create an impregnable position on the Asiatic coast; and from that date the supremacy of Vladivostock and its rapid growth into a great war-port was assured.

But Russia will never forgive China for that rebuff, any more than she forgave her for the severe check of 1689, or than she forgave the Tatar domination itself, the real provocative of Russian conquests in Asia.

ADDISCOMBE:

THE EAST INDIA COMPANY'S MILITARY COLLEGE.

IN these days, when companies for the development of vast tracts of Africa are being established, both interest and advantage may result from an investigation of the methods followed by their great predecessor, the Honourable East India Company. If much may be found that is now out of date, still more is to be learnt of unquestionable value from the extended experience and wise blending of liberality with economy which characterised the management of the great Company. In its general aspect the subject is manifestly too extensive for more than mere mention here; but a short consideration of one branch of it—the supply of officers for the Company's military service—may prove useful, and is certainly interesting, as it involves a description of the military school in which many officers were trained whose services were of the highest order, and of whom some have acquired enduring renown.

In the early days of the Company the territory under their sway was comparatively limited, and consequently their army was small. Its officers were irregularly supplied; some from local sources were appointed to the infantry, whilst others from Woolwich or Marlow filled the few vacancies in the Artillery and Engineers. But as these corps had to be augmented to keep pace with the increase of territory, the Court of Directors decided to establish a seminary, as they delighted to call it, for the education of cadets destined for their service in India. In accord-

ance with the traditions of the Company, economy was kept prominently in view, whilst efficiency was not neglected. So there was much searching for suitable quarters and much negotiation before the acquisition in 1809 of Addiscombe Place, near Croydon, formerly the residence of the first Earl of Liverpool, which comprised a mansion and about fifty-seven acres of land.

Its late owner, Charles Jenkinson, was the chief political adviser of George III., and enjoyed that monarch's complete confidence. He commenced parliamentary life in 1761 under Lord Bute, had rapid promotion, was created Lord Liverpool in 1796, and died in 1808. The house was a fine old red-brick mansion, and the grounds were well timbered and very beautiful. It was no doubt unavoidable that most of the trees should be cut down to make room for the hideous barracks and class-rooms, for whose design we believe the Company's architect and a senior officer of Royal Engineers were responsible; but who would credit that the mansion itself was white-washed! Possibly on the authority of the "Rolliad," purification after the departure of its late owner and his friends Pitt and Dundas was considered necessary before the house was fit for the reception of the seminary staff; but if so, the efforts might have been confined to the interior, and the gratuitous advertisement of the vandalism of the new proprietors might have been spared. Suitable quarters having thus been secured, the Directors appointed Dr James

Andrew head-master, and intrusted him with the selection of professors and with the management of the institution. In 1809 there were sixty cadets, for whose board and education Dr Andrew received an allowance of £80 each per annum, and there is evidence that the arrangement was to his entire satisfaction. Whether it pleased the cadets equally is another story, concerning which official reports are silent.

Dr Andrew was professor of mathematics and head classical master, the other professors being Mr Glennie for fortification, with Mr Bordwine as assistant; Mr Shakespear for Hindustani, with Hasan Ali as assistant; a military-plan drawing-master; and Colonel Mudge was public examiner. Each cadet paid £30 half-yearly to cover the cost of books, mathematical instruments, stationery, pocket-money, washing, &c., "cloaths and medical attendance";¹ the further cost of education was paid by the Company to secure useful and efficient men for their work in India. The age for admission was from thirteen and a half to sixteen years, a bad arrangement which led to mischief, for mere boys require a discipline totally different from that suitable for young men. In time this error was so far amended that the minimum age was raised to fifteen and the maximum to eighteen years, but still the considerable difference in the ages of cadets thus possible was an element of needless danger to the management. Nevertheless, at first the students seem to have given little trouble; there is nothing recorded against them save inattention to the study of Hindustani. The first public examination was held in October 1810,

when, in order to give the occasion "a proper degree of solemnity and consequence,"¹ the Directors were asked to attend in full strength. Besides them the only other guests seem to have been Dr Hutton, the late professor of mathematics at Woolwich, and Mr Leyburn, who held a similar position at Marlow, both of whom certified that the cadets passed a very strict and scientific examination in mathematics, and that great merit was due to both preceptors and pupils. On this occasion eight were selected for Engineers and twenty-one for Artillery.

It is curious and instructive to note the gradual development of the institution from this humble beginning. At first no prizes were given save the appointments to India; but soon we find the seminary committee recommending "that a box of colours and other drawing materials, with a suitable superscription,"¹ should be given to the best military draftsman. Other prizes followed, in order to promote emulation and diligence; and it was arranged that Engineers were to be detained in England without prejudice to their rank, in order that they might be attached to the Ordnance Survey then in progress, and learn the elements of surveying. Another regulation is curious as a sign of the times. Cadets whose parents resided in Scotland or Ireland had the privilege of remaining at the seminary during the vacation, travelling being then so slow and expensive. But this indulgence, if it may be termed one, was not an unqualified success, for we find two young men thus situated had first boarded with Hasan Ali the assistant Hindustani master, and afterwards lived in private lodgings in Croydon, where

¹ MS. records.

they "conducted themselves in a very exceptionable manner,"¹ and contracted during the holidays "opinions and habits of independence which indisposed them on resuming their studies to submit to the necessary discipline of the seminary."¹ This was provided for by a code of regulations. Cadets were not allowed to go into Croydon or beyond the grounds without the permission of the head-master; they had always to wear uniform even when on short leave; they were not liable to what the official records term "corporeal punishment," but could be fined, get extra drill, or be put "in the Black Hole, there to be fed on bread and water, provided that such confinement shall not extend beyond nine o'clock at night, but it may be resum'd the following morning."¹ The fines formed a fund whence prizes were given to the deserving.

The respectable monotony of order seems to have been broken in 1815 under the following circumstances. On a Sunday afternoon some of the young men applied for leave to go beyond the grounds; and Dr Andrew (to quote his version of the affair), thinking that to give no leave would be ungracious and to give unlimited leave dangerous, told the students to muster at five o'clock and he would walk with them! But the worthy gentleman's company was not desired, and he suspected that several had gone without leave. So he ordered a parade, which was reluctantly attended, and at which one cadet publicly remonstrated with him, whilst another refused to appear properly dressed. These two were punished, and the parade was dismissed with an intimation from

the Doctor that he did not wish to force a favour on them which they were unwilling to receive. He was hissed as he left the ground.

In 1816, Angelo, the well-known fencing-master, was engaged to teach the new broadsword exercise; and the year after, additions were made to the barracks and class-rooms. Three years later the first mention of distinguished strangers being present at the public examination is found. Besides the Directors, the staff, and some Royal Engineer officers, the Right Hon. George Canning, Lord Binning, the Right Hon. W. S. Browne, and Mr T. P. Courtenay were present. On this occasion several cadets who afterwards became distinguished officers received appointments. Edward Sanders, the first engineer, during the first Afghan war visited Herat and reported on its fortifications; his cool reconnaissance at Istalif attracted attention at the time, and the information he acquired materially contributed to the successful assault next day. He became Deputy-Secretary to the Government of India in the Military Department, and was killed at the battle of Maharajpur. The name of the fifth engineer, Arthur Cotton, is illustrious in the annals of Madras irrigation; and he is now probably the sole survivor of his term. Of those appointed to the Artillery, the names of Archdale Wilson, Augustus Abbott, and Proby Cautley, connected as they are respectively with Delhi, Jala-labad, and the Ganges Canal, are honourably known and remembered.

Soon after this time certain questions of home-rule arose. The standing orders of the seminary were voted by the cadets to be un-

¹ MS. records.

workable, and modifications were proposed and discussed. One of them, called M'Gillivray, wished to introduce fagging, but was opposed, and failed. The question was openly discussed. General James Abbott, of Khiva renown, writes thus: "I well remember their speeches on the subject. M'Gillivray . . . endeavoured to introduce duelling with pistols, and was actually engaged with Ritherdon in such a duel. But the seconds turned it into a farce by loading the pistols with blank charges and smearing Ritherdon's breast with red-currant jelly: when poor M'Gillivray fancied he had killed his man. This took place just before I joined." Though no more was heard of duelling, yet the seminary rules were by mutual consent modified so as to make life better worth living, and particularly to admit of indulgence in what the authorities styled the filthy and pernicious habit of smoking. As with all legislation, the laws were framed in a spirit favourable to the party in power. Thus the older cadets had privileges, whilst the last-joined term, originally called "probos," a contraction from probationers, and afterwards "greens," were placed under certain restrictions. With occasional interruptions, this double system of rules prevailed as long as the institution lasted.

The next change was a reform for which the Directors deserve credit. The contract for boarding cadets was, at his own request, taken from Dr Andrew, because he found it had given rise to many invidious observations which had been secretly circulated to his prejudice, although he felt that in doing so he was sacrificing many advantages of income that he had enjoyed since the return of peace and consequent reduction

in the price of provisions. He alleged that during the war he made scarcely anything beyond his salary, and trusted that the Court would not let him lose much by the change of system. This is a tolerably unblushing admission that he was making money out of his contract for feeding the cadets; and such was no doubt the case, for the system was vicious, and men were human. The Court treated him with the greatest liberality, raised his pay by £200 a-year, paid him £600 down, and took over his kitchen furniture apparently at his own valuation.

Nevertheless the Doctor retired within a year, and the Directors wisely decided that his successor should be a military man. In his capacity of head mathematical master he was succeeded by Jonathan Cape, then first assistant at the Naval College, who remained senior professor at Addiscombe till that establishment was closed. When Dr Andrew was relieved of the contract for boarding cadets, Mr Leeds was appointed purveyor and steward, and had to provide meals for masters and pupils. They were not pampered, for here is the detail:—

Breakfast.—Tea and bread and butter, or bread and milk if preferred.

Luncheon.—Bread and cheese with good table-beer.

Dinner.—Beef, mutton, and veal alternately, of the best kind, with an occasional change of pork when in season.

Tea—with bread and butter, or bread and cheese with beer if preferred.

In connection with Addiscombe a good deal of money was made out of the Company. Year by year professors petitioned for and often got more pay; whilst most of them wrote text-books of the subject they taught, and by selling

them to their classes commanded that steady demand which is so gratifying to an author. At Chatham, too, where the Engineer cadets completed their training, the chief officer of the Royal Engineer establishment was periodically complimented, as it was pleasantly termed, with very handsome sums of money; other officers under him got smaller sums.

Towards the end of 1822, or early in 1823, Major H. Carmichael Smyth was appointed "Resident Superintendent" in succession to Dr Andrew, and provision was made for improving the discipline of the seminary by the appointment of an officer as captain and adjutant. Soon afterwards a junior officer, whose duties were to prevent students from straying into Croydon or beyond the premises without leave, was added in the person of Lieutenant Talbot Ritherdon. In 1824 Major Carmichael Smyth resigned, and was succeeded by Lieut.-Colonel Houstoun, C.B., whose title of office was altered to Lieut.-Governor, but whose powers remained unchanged. Various educational improvements and inducements to work were introduced in 1825. Thus guns and mortars were provided in order that cadets might learn gun-drill; and so great was the demand in India for Artillery and Engineer officers, that £50 was offered to those who qualified for the former within a year, and for the latter within eighteen months. Captain Hector Straith of the 61st Regiment was appointed assistant to Mr Bordwine, the professor of fortification; Mr T. H. Fielding, brother of the celebrated Copley Fielding, was made additional drawing-master: and altogether the period was one of activity. It is interesting to note that in December 1826 Robert Napier

was one of the Engineer cadets; that Robert Montgomery, who in after-days was the distinguished successor of Sir John Lawrence in the Punjab, left Addiscombe for a direct appointment to the Civil Service; and that within two years Eldred Pottinger, the hero of Herat, Henry Marion Durand, and Richmond Shakespeare received appointments from Addiscombe. In 1829 Mr Charles Bowles was made assistant-professor of Hindustani, in the study of which language, called in cadet slang "Chaw," perhaps after the master, he afforded instruction and amusement to more than one generation of students. He was a shy, old-fashioned man, who nevertheless could keep his class in order; and there was an old story about him illustrative of his simplicity, to the effect that when dining out on one occasion his host having asked him, "The pleasure of a glass of wine with you, Mr Bowles?" the reply was, "No, I thank you, I am not thirsty; but I will take a potato."

Up to 1831 there seems to have been little insubordination or misconduct on the part of cadets. During that year, however, the seminary committee reported to the Court that a growing disposition to intemperance had manifested itself, and that they were fully convinced that this evil had been occasioned in a great measure by the pernicious habit of smoking cigars, as well as by a too liberal supply of pocket-money from indulgent friends. The Lieut.-Governor was therefore assured of the hearty support of the India House to any steps he might take to suppress smoking. But, before long, he resigned, and in 1834 Colonel Ephraim G. Stannus, O.B., was appointed in his stead. On Colonel Houstoun's retirement the seminary committee expressed their

sincere regret at losing so estimable an officer, and one who had done so much to raise the character of their establishment at Addiscombe. They recorded the fact that he had exercised a peculiar talent for keeping the cadets in order by persuasion and kindness rather than by coercion. There are but few alive who can testify to the truth of this description ; if true, it is high praise. Colonel Stannus had served with much distinction in India in the time of the Marquis of Hastings, and was afterwards private secretary to Mountstuart Elphinstone, Governor of Bombay, whose warm approbation he secured. He was knighted in 1837.

During the greater part of Sir Ephraim's rule, which lasted till his death in 1850, the cadets seem to have been quiet, well behaved, and busy : many men, since highly distinguished, were then connected with the institution. Among the orderly officers was George Broadfoot of Jalalabad ; and of the cadets, Richard Strachey, Baird Smith, Henry Yule, Alexander Taylor, and, less known but not less able, Joseph Dyas, may be named as men of special mark, without offence to the reputation of others scarcely less eminent.

Cadet-life of that time has been humorously described in a story called '*Peregrine Pultuney*,'¹ written, we believe, by Sir John Kaye, by whom, at any rate, it was criticised with much solemnity in the '*Calcutta Review*.'² From it we learn that the objectionable rules whereby boys of fourteen or fifteen were subject to the same discipline as young men of eighteen or nineteen still prevailed. The entrance examina-

tion, attended by a crowd of nervous youngsters, in many instances escorted by anxious parents or guardians, is well described, as are the other preliminary arrangements. Amongst these was the provision of uniform. It will scarcely be credited in these days that the junior cadets were supplied with the cast-off suits of the term which had just passed out of the seminary. The scene is thus described in '*Peregrine*,' when he was desired by one of the sergeants to go and try on some clothes :—

"'Where — what clothes ?' cried Peregrine, with astonishment depicted on his features.

"'In the next room—I will show you—your military uniform, to be sure.'

"Peregrine did not much like the idea of wearing ready-made clothes ; but he followed the sergeant into the adjoining room, where a number of boys of all sizes, some in their shirt-sleeves, and some in their shirt-tails, were trying on coats and trousers with every symptom of gratification. The sergeant pointed to some pigeon-hole places, where Peregrine saw divers suits of blue uniform turned up with red ; and without partaking at all of the general satisfaction that animated his associates, he extracted one of the suits from its lurking-place, and instantly let it fall to the ground, as though a scorpion had stung him.

"'Why, these are old clothes,' exclaimed Peregrine, turning round to the grim sergeant with an aspect of horror as he spoke ; 'I could swear they've been worn before.'

"'No occasion for that, young gentleman ; . . . we never suspected them of being new, sir ; you'll get a new suit for Sundays.'

"'You don't mean,' cried Peregrine, boiling over with indignation, 'that I am to wear second-hand clothes !' . . .

"'I've got nothing to do with it : . . . it's the rule of the institution, Mr Pultuney.'

¹ Published by John Mortimer, 1844.

² *Calcutta Review*, vol. ii., No. iii., Art. iv.

"D—n the institution!" cried Peregrine Pultuney.

"I wonder what Colonel Houseintoun would say if he heard you talk so of the institution;" and the grim sergeant walked off, leaving Peregrine to his own meditations and the choice of the cast-off clothes."¹

This repulsive practice was not discontinued till 1852.

The arrangements for study and messing were of the simplest and roughest description. There was too little leisure for healthy exercise during the day; and the two hours, from five to seven o'clock in the evening, which were at the cadets' disposal, were more likely to be spent in a comfortable public-house where a pipe and glass of beer could be enjoyed, than in the seminary library or in quarters—kennels as they were appropriately called—"in reading the 'Whole Duty of Man,' . . . or in making pin-cushions to take home to their sisters."² An institution, the origin of which we have not been able to trace, was the Sunday morning breakfast in the private room of the corporals. In later days it was known as the "Swab's breakfast," swab being the epaulette which corporals or sub-officers wore as a sign of their rank. The table was covered with delicacies, and corporals could invite a guest and enjoy the intellectual treat of making him eat to excess. At first the room was very bare and uninviting, its only attraction being the dignity conferred by the right of *entrée*. In 1846 it was furnished at the cost of the Company with a carpet and a few other conveniences, but not until it had been found, in the language of the report, "productive of the best effects, as furnishing an innocent gratification to the subordinate

officers at the seminary, tending to render their position more desirable, and its attainment consequently an object of higher ambition."³

During the latter years of Sir Ephraim Stannus's rule insubordination increased. Perhaps declining health interfered with supervision, or possibly disorder resulted from the vicious system whereby mere boys and young men were under rules which suited neither; but as a fact, the tone of the establishment was lowered. Cadets thought it excusable to forge letters of invitation in order to get leave of absence from Saturday afternoon to Sunday night or Monday morning; and the system of espionage by sergeants led to deplorable results. One was, that the sergeants were bribed; another and worse result was, that the authorities began to doubt the word of a cadet, and to accept in preference the testimony of a non-commissioned officer, or of any other person who chose to prefer a charge. Dishonourable suspicion on the part of the rulers led to depreciated morality amongst the ruled. The falseness of the position was shown when a cadet wrote to the papers complaining of the system and of the venality of the sergeants. The writer was identified, and was given the option of substantiating the charge or of rustication. He chose the former, and having in one instance proved his case, the sergeant was dismissed; but the young man was made sensible of the strong disapprobation with which his reprehensible conduct in writing to the newspaper was viewed.

It may be here recorded that in 1848 the Pollock medal was prepared by Mr Benjamin Wyon.

¹ Peregrine Pultuney, pp. 71, 72.

² Ibid., p. 96.

³ MS. records.

Eleven thousand rupees had been subscribed in Calcutta for the purpose of giving this medal to the most distinguished student of his term, in honour and recognition of the services in Afghanistan of Sir George Pollock, himself an old Addiscombe cadet. The medal is a handsome one worth sixteen guineas. Its first recipient was Engineer-cadet E. C. S. Williams, now Lieutenant-General, holding a high position in the India Office.

Six months later another Engineer-cadet, George Chesney, who has since held many important situations, passed out of Addiscombe. Having been Accountant-General in the Public Works Department, Principal of the Cooper's Hill Engineering College, Military Secretary to the Government of India, and Military Member of the Governor-General's Council, he yet found time to cultivate letters, as indeed "The Battle of Dorking," which first appeared in this Magazine, may testify. He is now in Parliament, where we hope his career may be continued to his own greater honour and to the advantage of the country.

In succession to Sir Ephraim Stannus, and therefore the inheritor of a disturbed establishment, Colonel Abbott was appointed Lieut. - Governor, and held that post till the College was closed on the amalgamation of the Queen's and Company's services. Sir Frederick, for he was knighted in 1854, was an Engineer officer who had been educated at Addiscombe in the early days, had seen much service in India, Burmah, and Afghanistan, and had retired at an early age with a good reputation. He was in many respects a contrast to his predecessor, and was at first, we are bound to say,

decidedly unpopular. With bland courteous manners, and with the laudable wish to enlist the sympathies and sense of honour of the cadets on the side of discipline, and to abolish espionage, he at first failed in conciliating his subjects to an extent which it is difficult to comprehend; indeed in instances he accentuated the failure by inflicting punishment where it might perhaps have been judiciously spared. The cadets mistrusted his courtesy absolutely, and took no pains to disguise their regret for the change of governors. There were, no doubt, faults on both sides; but with his subjects irreconcilable, sympathising with crime, and determined to withhold from their governor all information which might have helped him to judge aright, some failure of justice was inevitable, and the position was full of difficulty. In time matters improved, and a better mutual feeling prevailed. In spite, however, of all these drawbacks, good men were twice a-year sent to India, or, if Engineers, to Oatham. At the end of 1851 Frederick Sleigh Roberts passed for Artillery; he is now, after perhaps the most brilliant military career of his time in our service, home again with us as Lord Roberts. Another distinguished Artillery officer, Sir James Hills-Johnes, left Addiscombe eighteen months after Roberts.

The manners and customs of these days are well recorded in the first four chapters of a book called 'In the Company's Service.'¹ Mother Rose's, the cottage at the north-east corner of the grounds proscribed by College rules, is described as it used to be, full of cadets and tobacco-smoke.

¹ A Reminiscence. Published by W. H. Allen & Co., 1883.

The course of education, consisting of Cape's Mathematics, tempered with obsolete fortification, with Hindustani taught by a person who had never heard it spoken, and with such trifles as drawing, French, and Latin, is fairly termed a race decided by mathematics. Then come descriptions of crime and its punishment, followed by attempted reconciliation in the shape of an invitation to the mansion, where the tact of the hostess was skilfully employed to second the Lieut.-Governor's endeavour to gain the confidence of the cadets. Last of all, we have a truthful picture of the great occasion—the half-yearly public examination—whose humble origin in 1810 and progress in 1817 we have already mentioned, and which was now fully developed. As usual, the chairman and Court of Directors, the public examiner, and other Chatham and Woolwich officers, were present; but besides them the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Commander-in-Chief, and a number of distinguished persons, attended as guests of the Lieut.-Governor. The performance having been thoroughly rehearsed, went off without a hitch, and then the Lieut.-Governor's report was read, "to which that officer, sitting on the right of the chairman, next to the Archbishop, listens with an expression of countenance peculiar to those who are hearing their own composition read in the face of a multitude. The report is on the whole favourable. . . . It winds up with an invocation so similar in style to a sermon, that it wakes up the Archbishop with a start, under the momentary belief that he is at a confirmation."¹ Then followed the prize-giving, at which, as there had been no re-

hearsal, the performance was more genuine but less smooth. Giving the Pollock medal is thus described:—

"'Gentleman-cadet Lane,' said the chairman, holding out the case containing the medal, and addressing the head cadet, who stood blushing before him, 'the inhabitants of Calcutta, in remembrance of the noble——' But no sooner did Gentleman-cadet Lane get his hold upon the prize than he gave evidence, by a violent tugging, that his desire to retire with his reward was in no way affected by any curiosity to learn the motives of the inhabitants of Calcutta in bestowing it. Had not the chairman, forewarned by past experience, kept a tight grip on the medal-case, it would have slipped from his grasp, and the customary address would have lost its point. As it was, the contention was so sharp between them as to stop the current of the chairman's words, and he had to get a new 'purchase' before he was able to proceed with the descriptions of the heroism and success of General Pollock."²

After the prizes had been given the chairman made his speech, and one such oration was very much like another. He usually expressed a hope that the cadets on arrival in India would maintain the character they had acquired at the institution, for by so doing they would reflect the highest honour upon the establishment and the Company amongst their brother officers in India. He desired his young friends to pursue the course in which they had embarked with undeviating rectitude, and invited them to cultivate a fine faith of reward in the justice of their superiors, in the honourable and high character which they would acquire, but above all in their own approving and grateful minds. Then he complimented the Lieut.-

¹ In the Company's Service, p. 51.

² Ibid., 52.

Governor, the staff, and the professors ; and finally, with well-assumed modesty, he addressed the public examiner, usually a senior officer of the Royal Engineers, praised his well-known character and professional reputation, and assured him that his conduct was marked by the cordial and unanimous approbation of the Court at large, and that they relied with perfect confidence on the justice and ability of his judgment in respect to the qualifications of the young men. Then followed the Archbishop, the Commander-in-Chief, and any other person of distinction who was disposed to make a speech. After which came dinner for the cadets and lunch for the guests, then drill, a march past, and dismissal of the parade, when all went home.

Such was Addiscombe early in the fifties, and it remained much the same to the end. There were the usual escapades, none very serious ; and occasionally the hares and rabbits at Addington, the Archbishop's seat, were snared or otherwise caught. The occasion offered itself once a-week, when there was an afternoon service, which some of the excellent among the cadets used to attend. Those whose sporting instincts prevailed, availed themselves of the opportunity, and it sometimes happened that their evil efforts were crowned with success. The last raid on the archiepiscopal rabbits happened thus : Two sporting cadets had been so far favoured by fortune that each had caught a rabbit, with which they were anxious to escape. But how to conceal the spoil was a difficult problem, for uniform was tight and the swallow-tail pocket scanty. However, after much squeezing, each pocketed a rabbit, and they set out for home tired and dirty. When rounding

a corner they suddenly found themselves face to face with the highest dignitary of the Church, and as was right and proper, they saluted him respectfully. The Archbishop, pleased with their politeness, kindly insisted that they should have tea with him, an invitation which, by reason of the insufficiency of their improvised game-bags, they accepted with fear and trembling. The crucial test was sitting down, a performance which the tightness of their garments rendered perilous ; and even when seated, the greatest repose was necessary to prevent disclosures which would show the hospitality of the Church to have been misplaced. The culprits suffered much ; but their host, possibly attributing their constraint to the awe inspired by his presence, did his best to set them at ease. At last, however, the tea-party ended, and the culprits hastened to Addiscombe, but arrived just late for parade. Being known to the orderly officer as having a natural aptitude for crime, he asked them roughly before the assembled cadets where they had been and why they were late. The audacity and improbability of the reply that they had been to tea with the Archbishop of Canterbury electrified the parade and nearly suffocated the irate officer, who, appreciating the delicacy of the situation, and seeing that laughter could no longer be suppressed, quickly ordered the delinquents to appear next morning at orderly-room, and dismissed the parade. Meantime he sent to the Archbishop to ascertain the truth of the excuse tendered, and as the reply confirmed the cadets' story, next morning they were pardoned for being late and let off with the growling remark, "I did not know

you kept such respectable company."

Another story of that time evinced the high qualities of presence of mind, fertility of resource, and absence of fear of responsibility on the part of an unknown cadet. Some of our readers can recollect that when the Emperor and the Empress of the French were staying with our Queen the Crystal Palace was visited in state. The occasion was naturally a great attraction to the young men who wished to see the show; but admission to the grounds was restricted to the holders of season-tickets, which cost a guinea each, and no money was forthcoming for such expenditure. So a number of them walked over, and mingling with the outside crowd, enjoyed themselves as well as they could. Soon, however, a movement and gathering together of the cadets became apparent, and the order to "fall in" was given. They "fell in" promptly under the command of a corporal, who "formed fours" and marched boldly in at the principal entrance, pausing for an instant to inquire from the policeman in charge if he could direct them to the position assigned to the cadet guard of honour. The policeman went to inquire, and no sooner was his back turned than they were halted and dismissed inside the grounds, and when he returned the guard of honour had vanished. The young men enjoyed themselves amazingly; but the secret of their admission greatly puzzled the Lieut.-Governor and his staff, who were present. The only explanation ever given—that they were marched in by some corporal

—was, in default of anything more precise, admitted to be sufficient.

Early in 1855 corporals of divisions were allowed to wear swords at parades and on other public occasions, and soon after the title of the institution was changed from "Military Seminary," which cadets disliked exceedingly, to "Military College," which they preferred, and gentlemen-corporals were hereafter known as sub-officers. These changes were moves in the right direction, tending towards the treatment of cadets as young men rather than schoolboys.

And now the existence of the Company was drawing to a close, and the Mutiny in India sounded its death-knell. With it Addiscombe ceased to exist, the last batch of officers from it receiving their commissions in 1860 or 1861.

The quaint and curious ways of the old place must seem strange to the present generation of young people at our military colleges, where they are fed with comparative luxury, have smoking-rooms provided, and are under reasonable rules. The course of education, too, may provoke a smile. Nevertheless Addiscombe, as is well said in one of the books already quoted, "with all its shortcomings and with some obvious faults, was yet an unrivalled nursery of military captains—the school of Eldred Pottinger and Henry Lawrence, of Nicholson,¹ Outram, and Durand."² And to these we will add the names of the late Field-Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala, of the Engineers, and General Lord Roberts, late Commander-in-Chief in India, of the Artillery.

W. BROADFOOT.

¹ John Nicholson, the "the tower of strength," does not appear to have been at Addiscombe.

² In the *Company's Service*, p. 62.

THE LAST DAYS OF AN EMPIRE.

I.

I MADE her acquaintance one afternoon on my return from court. She was sitting in my verandah with her sister, an old friend of mine, the wife of a Burman magistrate, and we had tea together. She was very pretty, with round fair cheeks and brown eyes, with flowers in her hair and gold bangles on her wrists, and her face softened as her sister told me she had been maid of honour to the queen during those last days when the empire fell into dust.

I had often wished to hear more of that tragedy. Of the declaration of war in November 1885, of the advance of the river column under Sir Harry Prendergast, of the fighting at Minhla and the subsequent collapse of all resistance, and of the surrender at Mandalay by the king when he could have retreated further north and prolonged the war almost indefinitely, I had of course heard a great deal. The papers had been full of letters from special correspondents, official reports had been printed and books published, till of the acts of our officers and of the reasons for their acts nearly everything was known. But of the acts of Burmese Government we knew little, and of the reasons for those acts almost nothing. It crumbled into dust beneath a stronger Power, and of the causes of its

fall we heard scarcely anything. The Burmese empire had no special correspondents, no newspapers, no makers of books. No one has stood forth to tell the world the other half of that tragedy, the losers' half; so it is only known partially, and therefore incorrectly, as told from one standpoint, that of the victors. Yet of all but bare facts an enemy can hear but little. As an enemy he is expected to desire naught but evil news of his foes, and that is all he hears. Those who could tell him the truth think he would not care to hear it. Let him wish to be impartial as the sea, he cannot, while the struggle lasts, have the grounds for a sound judgment. Yet however grotesque the error, however cruel the ignorant statement, however mistaken the conclusion that might be published, it must remain uncorrected, and go down to the world as history. The king might be called a drunken ruffian, the queen a bloodthirsty virago, and there was no answer, no defence. To the bitterness of defeat was added this bitterness of misunderstanding, for the truth is hard to come at. Perhaps, I thought, I may hear from this girl something of those days in November 1885. She was in the palace, if not an actor, yet with the actors, and she must have seen it all. I will ask her to tell me.

II.

"You wish to know, Thakin,¹ about the palace? I was in the palace four years till the king

and queen were taken away by the English. That was in our era 1247, or, as you count it,

¹ A Burmese title of respect like "sahib."

1885. I will tell you if you like."

I did like, and I heard many stories from the little ex-maid of honour to the queen, told sometimes at the well as we sat on the steps while the maidens passed for water in the golden evening; sometimes at my house, when the ladies honoured me by coming to afternoon tea, or at a *pué*¹ when we were bored with the actors, and the summer night was too hot for sleep. Of what she told me, so much as relates to those last eventful days, I will try and give you as much as possible in her own words, though in the translation many of the pretty turns of expression must be lost, and all the sometimes coquettish, sometimes earnest, but always charming manners of the speaker; the deep woe in her eyes as she spoke of the calamities that had overtaken the queen, and the smile on her red lips as she told of some childish escapade.

My father [she began] was a Chinese contractor, as you know, Thakin, and he built the great round tower with the winding stair at the south-east of the palace. He has never yet been paid for it, but that cannot be helped now. I entered the palace when I was eleven years old, four years before the war, and was one of the queen's maids of honour. You know, Thakin, the king had maids of honour too, but I was one of Mebya's² maids, and after a year or two I was made to carry her gold box of tobacco and cigarette-papers and roll them for her; for you know the queen did not smoke our great Burmese cheroots, but cigarettes such as you smoke. There were many maids of honour. Some were the daughters

and sisters of Shan chiefs, and some were relations of ministers and governors. They were kept in the palace, I think, so that the princes and governors should not rebel. Yes! It was pleasant in the palace then. I had a room with another maid of honour. At first it was Ma E Mya who was with me, but she got into trouble. She took a lover and was punished. Perhaps some time I may tell you about her. Afterwards it was Ma Shwe Tha.

It was pleasant in the palace. There was not much to do attending on the queen, and she gave us dresses often—beautiful dresses with gold and silver embroidery—and we had the gardens to play in, and there were many dances and performances. No! we were not allowed to speak to young men; but I was very young then, and I did not care. The Thakin laughs and says it is not so now! Why should he laugh? Is there any harm in loving one's own sweetheart? Has the Thakin no sweetheart in his own country who loves him? He shakes his head; but perhaps some time there will be such a one, and then the Thakin will not laugh.

It is true that in the palace many people were killed, but are not many people killed in other countries? When plots are made against your king are not the plotters killed? And they were always plotting in the palace. The queen was very kind to me. When she liked any one she was very kind to her; but she was very proud, and wished to rule the kingdom through the king, and she hated any one who tried to come between her and the king. The Thakin has seen her photograph, but he cannot tell how like a queen she was, and how beauti-

¹ A performance of a play or a dance.

² The queen's.

ful she looked, and how she did everything for the safety of the king her husband and the glory of the kingdom.

She was not cruel, Thakin, because she liked to be cruel, but because she could not help it. When all the king's brothers were killed after the king came to the throne, was it not necessary? If they had not been killed would there not have been rebellions and wars, and the whole country destroyed? I have heard Mebya say so many a time. The Thakin remembers the Mingoön rebellions against the old king? If the Mingoön Mintha¹ had been killed, how many hundreds of lives would there not have been saved!

The queen would not allow the king to take any other wives. It is true there was the lesser queen, but Mebya did not mind her, for she was of no account; but the queen was afraid of any one coming between her and the king. If the king loved one of the queen's maidens, the queen was obliged to give her to the king, but after six months or a year the girl would disappear. Yes! I suppose she was killed. The queen was afraid of any rival between herself and the throne she had given her husband. The Thakin looks upon it with different eyes from ours. He is shocked; but would it be better that the king should have seventy children, as Mindon his father had, to raise up trouble in future? Have English queens never killed their rivals, or English kings allowed their wives to be executed? No, Thakin, I do not think these things right—they are very terrible; but does the Thakin ever consider the reasons? There was no punishment the queen could give save death. Imprisonment was only death made a little longer and a

great deal harder. There were no jails with high brick walls, such as the English Government have raised all over the land. The jail was but a wooden hut, and the prisoners were kept in wooden stocks, and the heat was deadly in the low hut crowded with prisoners. Death were much preferable, Thakin, to such imprisonment, especially for a woman.

We did not go out of the palace much. Sometimes I went and stayed a week or a month with my mother, but the queen did not leave the palace.

The Thakin wants to hear what I know about how the war began! I will tell him what I know. There was a great talk of course, long before the war began, about the timber company, and about the French; but I did not understand it, and I do not remember it. Then a letter came up from the English Government saying that if the king did not do certain things the English would attack him. I was at the Council that was held upon what the answer should be. I was attending on the queen, and she sat beside the king, and there were present the Kinwun and Taingda ministers and others. You know the chamber in the palace, Thakin, with the pillars all gilded to the top and golden bosses on the red ceiling. It looks out on the white courtyard where the water-tassel leaps in a basin, and all about the floor of the chamber were rugs and mats of many colours from France, and on the walls were great mirrors in which you see reflected half the room itself, and the ministers in their state robes, and the king. The king and queen sat on the dais at one end, and the ministers shekoed before them, hiding their feet in their silks, as is the Court custom.

¹ Mintha = Prince.

The queen was very angry when she read the letter, and she wanted the king to decide at once to make war; but the king said he must have a Council, and consider of the matter in due form. So the letter was read aloud to the Council by one of the clerks, and the king asked the Council what the answer should be. The Taingda Mingyi,¹ who was a fierce old man—he is now a prisoner in India, Thakin—said it was necessary to make war upon the foreign devils, and drive them into the sea. "Has not the king," he said, "many thousands of brave soldiers who can defeat these heretics and destroy them? Have not these English taken from the king the kingdoms of Arracan and Pegu, and shall not our mighty lord, the ruler of all elephants, the king of kings, reconquer those countries which the great Alompra added to the kingdom of Ava? Has not the king's army been trained by foreigners, and is not the king's palace full of guns and ammunition? Let not the great king allow these animals to impose conditions upon his power. Let the king issue his orders, and the English devils shall be utterly destroyed!"

He said a great deal more than this, Thakin, but this is the meaning of it all.

The queen was glad when the Taingda spoke, for her mind and his mind were one, and she smiled at the king. Then the king said to the Kinwun Mingyi, "What does the Kinwun Mingyi advise in this matter?" and the minister bent forward on his knees and spoke—

"The king my lord knows that I, his slave, have travelled to far lands, and have seen India and France and the country of the

English. I, his slave, have seen the armies of the English and of India, and my lord's army cannot fight them. Let my lord, therefore, keep peace for yet a few years till his army is better trained and there are more cannon, and till my lord has allies among the nations of the West. If my king would send an answer to these English that their requests shall be fulfilled, then, if it be necessary to fulfil them, it can be done slowly, and meanwhile preparations can be made, and in a few years there may be war and success, but not now."

The queen was very angry with the Kinwun Mingyi for his advice. She always hated the Kinwun, and if he had not received an order from the old king giving him exemption from the ninety-nine forms of death, the queen would have tried to kill him long ago. She was very angry, and as I sat behind her I could see her shiver all over, and her cigarette went out because she breathed so fast she could not smoke it, and she reached back to me for another. The king did not say anything; he only listened to what the ministers said.

Then the Hlethin-atwinwun and other ministers spake and urged the king to make war. They spoke of the Immortals of the King's Guard, who were tattooed with charms and made proof against bullets and sword-cuts, and that they could withstand the English troops with ease and destroy them. They told the king how a Chinaman had invented a mirror with which the sun's rays could be reflected on the enemy and their army utterly burnt up. So they all pressed the king to make war, but the king only listened, and the talk went on for the time it would take the sun to sink from

¹ Mingyi = Minister.

the zenith to that roof. Each minister as he spake raised his head and looked up, and as he finished dropped it on his hands. Then at the end the Kinwun Mingyi spoke again, and advised the king to keep peace.

"Did not one of my lord's ancestors who has now returned to heaven make war upon the English, and he lost Arracan? And another of my lord's ancestors made war and lost the kingdom of Pegu. Let my lord hearken to his servant, and not make war lest he lose Ava."

The king's mind was bent towards the Kinwun Mingyi, for he was a very clever old man, and the king knew that his advice was good. But when the queen looked in the king's face and saw he was inclined to listen to the Kinwun Mingyi, she was very wroth, and she bent forward and put her hand on the king's sleeve and spoke, and her voice was clear like a silver gong in the great chamber. "I, too, the king's wife, have something to say to the king my lord on this matter. Is my king a servant of these foreigners, that he should suffer this thing?"

She stopped a moment, and when she went on the words came slowly from her lips as drops that fall from a tree after rain. "Better it were to lose the Golden Kingdom than to listen to orders like a slave. Is my lord in his palace to be but as the governor of a province who does this and that at the command of a greater than he? My lord is a great king, and his sword is sharp. He shall reply with its edge to those who condemn him. Sooner shall we die with our soldiers than live with chains of words about our necks. But there is nothing to fear. The brave soldiers, the Immortals, shall soon conquer the enemy, and drive him into that black sea

whence he came. Let the Taingda Mingyi command and he shall prevail."

Then she turned from the king and looked at the Kinwun Mingyi, and her voice grew full of scorn and hate. "As to the Kinwun Mingyi, he is old and afraid. He is not a man, a minister, but a woman—an old, old woman. Look! my maidens shall bring even now a petticoat, that he may dress as becomes his words, and when he goeth forth from the king's presence the world shall know him for what he is."

The queen stopped speaking, and she was silent for a moment, and then she bent her head on her hands and she cried, and the tears ran down through her fingers and dropped off her rings, and I could hear her sobs low down in her throat. We were all very much afraid, for we had never seen her cry before, and it was very terrible to see a queen weep in a Council. The ministers were all bowed forward with their clasped hands before them on the mat and their faces to the ground. There was no sound in the great chamber save the splash of the water in the basin without and the low sob of the queen. The king sat quite still thinking, and he looked at the queen and then over the ministers in their bright silk dresses and white fillets till his eye fell on the Kinwun Mingyi, the wise old minister whom his father had honoured. Then he looked away through the great golden columns to the white courtyard where the sun was shining and to the green trees in the gardens. The queen stopped crying, and looked up at the king and said, "By my lord's leave I will leave the Council." But the king put his hand on her shoulder, for he loved her much, and said, "Stay yet for a moment." Then he turned to the

ministers and said, "The order has fallen. It shall be war. Let the proclamation be made out now, without delay, in the Council, and an answer be written to these English to say that the King of Ava, the lord of lords, and of the white elephants, does not receive orders from foreign heretics, and their demands are refused."

Then the king rose from the dais and turned towards his own apartments, and the queen followed, and we followed the queen. I saw her face as she went, and it was quite white; but her eyes were red, and there were blots of tears on her scarlet dress. She looked glad and yet sorry. I looked back as we went out and saw the Kinwun Mingyi going away. His face was very sad, and he was ashamed; but the other ministers were merry, and laughed at him as he went.

Ah, Thakin! I shall always remember that Council, but I cannot tell it you all word for word. How can a child remember everything? All I have told you is true, but I fear I tell it badly.

Very soon after that the war began, and the queen went often to Councils with the king, and troops were sent from Mandalay down to the frontier; but of this the Thakin knows much more than I do, for I only know what I heard in the palace, and a great deal of this I forget, and a great deal was not true. There was a great stir in the palace in those days, and many ministers and others went away, but the Taingda Mingyi did not go.

Then came news of the fighting, and one evening a messenger came to the palace from Minhla with a letter for the Council, and I heard that there had been a great fight between steamers below Minhla, and that the English

steamers were defeated and two of them taken. The Thakin knows this was not true; but every one in the palace believed it, and the queen told us of it herself and said it was true.

A great *puè* was ordered in the palace on account of this victory. It was held in the porch before the southern face. The king and queen and princes and ministers sat up on the space before the large room whose walls are of glass panels enclosing flowers. The Thakin knows the room, for it was afterwards the mess-room where the generals messed, and the Thakin has played whist where we sat. It was a great *puè*, and the actors in the play made speeches on the greatness of the king and queen and the army, and that the English would soon be driven away. It was very beautiful to see the dancers dancing dressed in wonderful clothes of silver and gold that the queen had given them, and to see the crowds of the soldiers and other lower people of the palace sitting below round the actors listening to the songs. Down below it was very bright, with all the torches and other lights; but where the king and queen sat there were not many lights, only you could see the diamonds glitter round the queen's neck, and the golden bangles shine as she moved.

When the best actress had danced, and had sung a beautiful song to the queen of how great and gracious she was, like the full moon beside the king, her sun, and how the people loved and feared her, and of how the foreigners were like the night that wished to darken the kingdom, the actress was called to the front of the steps where the queen sat, and the queen sent her by me a golden bangle and a message to

say that the actress had sung well, but that soon there would be more to sing about than the capture of two ships. I went down and gave her the bracelet, and repeated the queen's message aloud, so that all might hear it. When all the people round saw the bangle and heard the message a murmur ran through them as when the wind blows in the trees. The king too gave a present to the chief actor, and money to be divided among the other actors; and all night long the music sounded in the palace, and the light of torches was so bright outside that you could see almost to the top of the great golden spire with its seven roofs, the centre of the universe.

After that for two or three days came more messengers. Sometimes they spoke of victory, and sometimes they said that the foreigners were being allowed to ascend the river some way, so that the river might be blocked behind them, and thus they might be caught in a trap and utterly destroyed. There were all sorts of rumours in the palace, Thakin—rumours of defeat and loss, and that our forts had been taken and many men killed; but no one dare tell the queen of these rumours, and always she spoke of victory, and declared that the foreigners were being destroyed, and she told us all to look glad and rejoice in the glories of the army, and she gave us new dresses to wear. But sometimes when the queen thought no one could see she did not smile, but looked sad and old, ah! much older than before; and sometimes she would be cross, and speak to us angrily, and suddenly change again and laugh. When she was with the king she always looked happy and confident, and spoke to him merrily of how they would go in state to Rangoon when it was

conquered, and see the ships and the vast ocean.

One morning early the queen went out to walk in the gardens on the north of the palace, and she called only one maid of honour, myself, to follow her, and forbade the rest; so I went behind her with the golden box of tobacco and the cigarette-papers. You know the gardens, Thakin, where there were canals and ponds of water, and long avenues of trees that wound to and fro, and you crossed the canals by little bridges, and climbed up little hills where there were rocks and ferns. It was very cool there in the early morning in November when the mist hung like a soft veil on the water, and the flowers were covered with dew, and the queen was fond of walking along the canals and watching the fish swim to and fro. From the garden you could look at the palace with its red and golden walls, and the curved roofs of the audience-chambers, and above all the great tower gleaming in the early sunlight, and throwing out a myriad sparkles from the tiny mirrors let into the gilding. By the gardens at one end is the white Bôddhi pagoda, and there is some open ground there where the children of the palace officials used to play. The queen went to this end, walking slowly under the trees, and stopped behind a great tamarind-trunk, and beckoned me to her side; and she looked beyond, and there were many children playing by the water, running and laughing, and the little boys at football. Then she ordered me to go and call one of the children to come to the tamarind-tree, but not to say the queen was there.

I went and called a little girl I knew, about eight years old, the daughter of one of the secretaries,

and the child came to me and took my hand, and we went to where the queen was standing alone behind the tamarind-tree in the shadow.

When the little girl saw the queen she was much afraid, and wished to run away, but I told her there was no fear, that the queen wished to give her a present, so the child stood with me before the queen.

Then Mebya, the queen, told me to ask the child what she heard her parents talking about in the evenings before the lights were lit, and I coaxed her, and she said her parents talked of the fighting, and how our soldiers had run away, and that the foreigners had taken Minhla and killed many Burmese, and that they were advancing up the river. She also said that her parents talked last night that it would be necessary to bury all their gold and silver, and that her mother had told her she would have to give up her gold bangles to be buried, for that wicked foreigners were coming to Mandalay, and would steal them all. You will understand, Thakin, that the child did not tell it all like this; but bit by bit, with coaxing and care, she told all she knew, and she cried a little at the end, because she did not wish to give up her bangles to be buried. While little Ma Than was speaking the queen did not say anything. She only listened, and her face grew white and her eyes grew large in her face. When the girl had finished the queen gave her a gold jewel from her wrist, and bade her tell no one of what the queen had asked her, only to say that the queen called her and gave her a jewel. And she ran back to her friends, and I called another. Altogether I called four children, and they all told the

queen the same—that their parents talked of defeat and loss, and two said that their parents were going to run away from Mandalay when the English came in a few days.

When they had finished, the queen went away slowly, and I followed her. As she left the tree she said to me: "You hear what the children have said. They are too young to have learnt how to lie. It must be all true. It is the ministers and generals who dare not tell me the truth. But you who have heard what they said, forget it, and dare not to say a word to any one of it."

Then she went down the garden, and she looked so sad, ah, so sad! It is terrible, Thakin, that when an enemy is advancing to destroy a great kingdom the queen can only hear the truth from children who are too young to have learnt how to lie. Of all the ministers and generals she had raised into power, of all her thousand servants whose lives lay in her hand, there was not one to tell her truly of the ruin coming up the river. She, the great queen who had through her husband the king ruled the Burmese nation and the Shan princes, who had sent hundreds to death and given to hundreds power and wealth, whose palace was full of gold and silver and precious stones, had no one to help her in her trouble. I was only a little girl, Thakin, and I could not understand so well then as I can now, looking back, but I was very sorry for the queen.

The queen walked back through the arches of the trees, and near the west entrance she saw the king come out and go towards the garden pavilion. When she saw him she walked on quickly, and came up to him and asked him aloud if there were any new victories of the troops reported this

morning. Her voice sounded gay, and she laughed, and all the sad look had gone from her face.

All that day and the next I had fever, and could not go to attend on the queen; but the third day in the morning, as I was lying in my room sick and hot, and my mother, who had come to the palace when she heard I was sick, was bathing my forehead, there was suddenly a great commotion in the palace, and the sound of people running to and fro and talking. My mother went out to see what had happened, and left me alone. I was frightened, for I could not tell what had happened in the palace. Perhaps there was a rebellion or some one being killed outside. I dragged myself to the window and looked out into the gardens. I could not see any one in the gardens, for the day was hot; but as I stood there and listened at the window there came up on the breeze a low soft sound like thunder far away in the Shan mountains, and after a minute it came again and again. I did not know what it was, and as I could not see what was the matter, for my window only looked on the gardens, I lay down again, and soon my mother came in. I asked her what the trouble was, and said I had looked out of the window but could see nothing. My mother asked if I had heard no sound, and I said, Yes; a sound as of thunder far away. Then my mother told me it was the great guns of the English steamers firing at Ava, which, as you know, Thakin, is not far from Mandalay, down the Irrawaddy. The king and the queen did not know till they heard the guns that the English were so near, and now there was terrible confusion.

All that night there was no rest in the palace. When I woke up now and then I could hear men

shouting and moving in the guards, and my room companion did not return save for a few minutes, when she told me the king and queen and the ministers had been sitting long in Council, and the Taingda Mingyi tried to persuade the king and queen to flee to Shwebo, but the Kinwun Mingyi persuaded the king it would be better to remain in Mandalay and await the arrival of the English.

I asked Ma Shwe Tha what she would do if the English came, and she said she would stay with the queen. Early in the morning, while it was not yet light, Ma Shwe Tha came again and said she was so tired she wanted to sleep, and she asked me to go to the queen, and as my fever was now gone, I got up and went to the queen. She was sitting in one of her rooms looking out on the garden, where it was still dark. There were but few maids of honour there, and I thought they must have gone to sleep; but another girl said they had left the palace in the night, for there was great disorder, and the guards were not kept as before.

I sat behind the queen for a long time and she made no sign. She was thinking, Thakin, of all that was to happen when the sun that was now sending little ripples of light across the sky should have reached the zenith, and the English soldiers should have arrived. You must remember, Thakin, that we did not know the English then, that they were merciful, and their soldiers obeyed orders. Perhaps the queen thought that she and the king and all who were in the palace would be dead before the sun set.

Once she took up from her side a long keen dagger with a carved ivory hilt and gold mounting, and looked at it long. I was afraid, and whispered to another maid of

honour that the queen would kill herself, but she said, "Do not be afraid. The queen cannot do it." I could not know then why, but now I know. As long as the king her husband lived she could not kill herself; for if she died and he lived, perhaps, hereafter, he might love some one else, and she could not bear to think of that. As long as the king her husband lived she too would live to keep his love to herself alone. Living or dead, she would be the only one the king loved. The queen was very proud, and for her pride she would have died; but her love was greater, and for her love she lived.

There are not many women love like that, the Thakin says. The Thakin does not know. He is not married, so how should he know? I hope he never will know how many there are. Mebya put down the dagger and sighed, and turned for a cigarette. I quickly rolled one up and gave it to her, and when she saw it was I that gave it she said, "So, Ma Thein Me, it is thou? Thou hast not fled, then? I heard my little maid of honour was ill with fever. Is the fever gone?" I said that I was now well, and that I would never leave her if she would allow me to remain; but the queen shook her head and said that I and the other younger maidens had better leave the palace before the foreign troops entered it. "Who can tell what may happen?" she said; "and I should be sorry that any harm should come to any of my maidens; but I, the queen, must stay with the king."

When the queen gave an order no one could answer or disobey, so I said nothing, but my throat choked with sorrow. So we sat there till the sun had come up and the gardens were full of light.

At last the queen rose from her seat by the windows and passed through the chambers and the corridors till she came to the courtyard below the round tower, where the look-out is—the same tower which my father built. We all followed the queen to the courtyard, and when she came to the foot of the tower she ordered Ma Shwe Hnin to call to the sentry on the tower. Ma Shwe Hnin called, and the sentry looked over and asked what it was. Then the queen told Ma Shwe Hnin to ask the sentry what he could see on the river, and the sentry said he could see many steamers coming up and approaching the landing-place. You know, Thakin, that from the top of that tower you can see all Mandalay city, and over the huge brick walls to the outer town, three miles of houses to the river, and the great Irrawaddy, two miles broad and more, flowing between Mandalay and the grey Sagaing hills. You can see many other things from that tower, the great Shan mountains, like a wall, and the green plains beneath them, but at this time the sentries only looked to the west.

The queen waited, and ordered that the sentry should call down from time to time what he saw. Presently the sentry called that the steamers were making fast to the shore at the steamer-landing, and that crowds of the city-folk were watching them. The queen asked if there were any firing, and the sentry answered No!

Quickly as the news went through the palace, secretaries and others came and stood at the end of the courtyard and listened, and there was a great crowd; but near the queen there was no one except us. I do not know where the king was. I had not seen him that morning. There was a long wait, and the queen asked again if the sentry

saw nothing. Then the sentry said he saw troops landing—soldiers with horses and cannon, and still more soldiers, and that they were beginning to march up the long straight street that leads to the city-gate.

When the queen heard this, that the foreigners were at last marching through the streets to the kingly city, she realised that all was lost. Perhaps before this she had some little hope, but now it was all gone. The Golden Kingdom of Ava was destroyed, and the king and queen with it; and who could tell what might not happen before the sun dipped behind the Sagaing hills?

Suddenly she threw herself upon her face on the white pavement, and her hair fell down about her face, and she wept. When the people near saw this they all went away, and no one was left in the courtyard except the queen and the maids of honour. The queen raised herself on her knees and beat her breasts with her hands, and cried aloud that she, only she, had brought ruin on the king and the country. "It is I—I, the queen—that have brought to destruction the king my husband, whom I love! It is I, I alone!" and again she threw herself on the white pavement and beat it with her hands, and her whole body shook with sobs.

We did not know what to do, Thakin. We were all heart-broken to see our queen like this, but what could we do? Half as long as it takes a pot of rice to boil, the queen lay thus on the flags of the courtyard in the shadow of the tower, but it seemed like a year.

At last the queen rose, and a maid of honour knotted up her hair and arranged her disordered dress, and she went away softly to her own rooms on the west

side. There the queen took a bath, and we attended her and dressed her, as she bade us, in a crimson silk skirt, with waves of silver on it like the waves of the sea, and a jacket of fine white cambric like a morning mist; and in her hair were fresh roses, and round her neck was the great diamond necklace. On her arms were bracelets of gold with rubies in them, and her face and throat were powdered with fresh *thanaka*. Her face had become quite calm and quiet, and no one could see traces of tears, or guess how she had cried in the courtyard; but as we dressed her we could see on her beautiful fair breasts the red marks where she had beaten them in her despair.

When the queen was dressed she ate some food, and when she had finished she said she would go to the king. She ordered several of the younger maids of honour to leave the palace at once, but some of the older ones and the princesses were to stay. When the queen ordered me to go I asked to stay with her; but she would not allow it, and she gave me a gold ring with a ruby, the same I now wear, Thakin, and gave presents to the other maids, and went away to the king. I went back to my own room, and found my mother waiting there, and with her I left the palace and went home. Just as we got outside the city-gates we heard a curious sound, like rippled thunder, coming up the street. We went into a house and looked from the verandah, and saw the English troops come marching up. Each soldier put down his foot at the same time as the others, and this was what made the sound. I had never seen soldiers march like that before. The soldiers went on, and there were many of them, and they entered the city-gate

across the drawbridge over the moat. As you know, Thakin, the king and queen were taken prisoners in the pavilion in the garden, but I was not there.

Did I not see the queen again? the Thakin asks. Yes. I saw her once more before she went to that place across the great water where the king and she are prisoners of the English Queen.

The king and queen were to be taken in one of the steamers and sent to Rangoon, and we heard when they were going, and we went down, I and my mother, to the steamer-landing to see. By this time the people were not afraid of the English troops, for they found they did not hurt any one who did not fight against them, and the streets were crowded with people.

The king and queen were in one of those bullock-carriages that were used in Mandalay before the horse-gharries were introduced by the English. The bullock-carriages, as the Thakin knows, were only four feet high from the floor to the roof, and you sat on mats on the floor, not as in an English carriage. In front of the king's carriage were mounted English soldiers and others, and then came the king's carriage with mounted men at the sides, and other carriages with princesses and a few maids of honour; then more soldiers. The procession moved slowly, for the road was bad, and the dust swirled in clouds about the carriages. The people, crowded in the streets, looked on in silence, except that now and then a cry rose against the soldiers. Were the people sorry? Yes, Thakin, they were very sorry. Perhaps he was a bad king; but he was our own king, and we understood his ways, while those of the English Government are to us as strange as the ways of the gods,

for no one can tell what they will do next, or why.

When the carriage arrived at the steamer-landing the king and queen got out and stood at the foot of the gangway of planks laid from the bank to the steamer. The officer signed to the king to walk up the gangway, which was covered with matting; but the king held back and looked on the crowds of people round. Perhaps, Thakin, he was hoping for some help at this last moment; perhaps he was loath to take his foot from his kingdom, never to touch it again.

Then the officer grew impatient and signed again, and the queen went forward and put her hand in that of the king, and led him up the way to the steamer, as a mother leads her child when he is lost and afraid. So they went on board the steamer, and my queen was gone from me for ever.

In a few minutes the steamer let go her moorings and stood out in the great river. I watched and watched from the bank till I could not see the steamer any more, for it went fast down-stream, and my eyes were full of tears.

Perhaps, Thakin, she was not a good queen. I cannot judge of such things, but she was always kind and gracious to me, and I loved her.

Even now, though seven years are past, the people cannot believe the king and queen are gone for ever. Only yesterday, I was asked whether they were not in the Shan mountains, and would again return and restore the kingdom. My queen will never return again, never — never see again the golden turrets of her palace and the pleasant faces of her people. Only the great strange sea before her, and the memory of what has been to tear at her heart for ever.

SUMMERS AND WINTERS AT BALMAWHAPPLE.

NO. V.—LISSETTE'S DREAM.

THERE are Holdfasts outside the parish of Balmawhapple; and those who have read a certain volume of essays in romance may remember Martin and Stephen,—Martin who loved May Marvel, and Stephen who was cast out of the Church of Christ by Brass and Butterwell for heresy. Both Martin and Stephen have been gathered to their fathers, and the place that knew them knows them no more. *R. I. P.* But I am told that the reminiscences of another branch of the Holdfasts, which originally appeared in the 'Tomahawk,' is no longer to be had for love or money, and I have been entreated to tell the story again for the benefit of the generation which has grown up since it was written. I am loath to part with the homely friends of fifty years ago, and if I could only succeed in making them visible to younger eyes, I should feel that I had not wholly failed. We have nothing like them now; and yet they did not seem strange to us at the time. Balmawhapple was very cheery in

those days; I don't think there were quite so many "fads" going, and men and women were less serious than they are now. It is perhaps as well that they are gone; the Temperance people would have been scandalised by the Provost's punch-bowl, which, if I am not mistaken, was known far and wide as the Bullers-of-Buchan (and indeed it was well-nigh as deep); and I am afraid a free-thinking and whist-loving Doctor of Divinity would have run a grievous risk of being deposed by the ecclesiastical courts for habits unbefitting a minister of the Kirk.

All *that* happened in the year One; and the story may perhaps admit of being retold—but not now. I have another to relate in the meantime; the incidents belong to a somewhat later period—a period, however, when board schools had not been invented, and when, like the Lady of the Mere, "sole sitting by the shores of Old Romance," it was still possible to dream unmolested.

I.

Balmawhapple is at its best, I think, during that season which is called by some the late summer, and by others the early autumn. The season has a touch of both. The air is crisp yet mellow. The summer heat is over; but though the stars begin to light up the sky after dark, there is no frost at night to blacken flower or fern. It is during this pause in the year—which is only broken by the winds and rains of the autumnal

equinox—that the Balmawhapple farmer harvests his grain.

It is at this season also that the bays and coves along our rocky coast are at their best. And at their best they are, I venture to think, as perfect in their way as Venetian lagoon or the olive-crowned wall of the Riviera. The crisp sea-sand—the crimson seaweeds—the beaten sward with its hardy flowers—the fields of yellow oats which have been sown along

the steep brae-sides, and which half-clad hinds are now reaping with the sickle which they and their fathers have used since the days of the Danes and Norsemen! The tarcock skims lightly along, and screams as the skua comes prowling round the cape; high up, the gannet watches its prey, and arresting its flight in mid-air, dives with prodigious force, straight as an arrow, below the surface; the terns, like handfuls of feathers, are blown about the sky, or, balanced upon the breakers, weave their wings swiftly together.

This August day, for example, has been one of those red-letter days whose charm is none the less exquisite because there are no words fit to arrest and accentuate its fugitive loveliness. Hour after hour the waves broke upon the sandy beach with the same monotonous roll, though a perceptible change of tone might be detected by the practised ear as the tide retreated from the land and again returned. The boat of a solitary fisherman and a lustrously white bird—a gannet or one of the larger gulls—lay the whole morning together near the centre of the bay. About noon, a large ship with every inch of canvas spread dropt lazily along to the south. As the day waned and the tide ebbed, the gull and the fisher left their stations; small flocks of ducks beat in quickly towards the shoal water in single file; and once a pair of red-throated divers, in their petulant coquettish way, chased each other round the margin of the bay. High up upon the downs the lights began to twinkle—a red lurid glow showed where the village blacksmith plied his craft—voices muffled by the twilight came down upon the shore—and a wary heron flapped its unwieldy wings as it passed along to the pool

where, until the grey of the morning, it will watch the retreating tide. And now, while the voice of the restless ocean rises up to them for ever, silently, one by one, the stars come out above the hills.

The bay I have been describing—our North Bay, as we call it—stretches from the Ronheads to the estuary of the Whapple. On the other side of the placid stream lie the white sands and wavy bents of St Abbs—a long low belt between sea and sky, often struck into sudden radiance by the sunset. All this is visible from the door of the Cottage on the Cliff, the only dwelling in sight—or at least *was* visible before the sun went down.

As the evening fell, the door of the cottage opened, and a girl dressed, as the fisher-girls dress, in white wrapper and short blue petticoat came out. Putting her hand over her eyes, she gazed out to sea; but nothing was visible through the grey mist that had gathered since sunset. The moon had not yet risen, but from the ruddy glow in the upper sky it was evident that it was not far below the horizon. The girl sat down on the wooden bench in front of the window and waited. The silence over sea and land was intense, and for a time unbroken; but by-and-by the measured beat of oars outside became audible. Then—still later—when from out of the mist and the twilight the sound of voices was carried to where she sat, she rose and ran lightly down the winding footpath that led to the water. Just as she reached the beach, the boat entered the cove,—its black mast cutting in two—as it seemed from where she stood—the blood-red disc of the newly risen moon.

Three men were on board,—the girl's father and cousin, and one

other—Allan Park. They had been a week away at the deep-sea fishing, somewhere beside the Dogger Bank. The heavy boat laboured in; and as it touched the jetty, the eldest of the three exclaimed—

“Is that you, Lisette?”

Our fisher-girls, as a rule, are not pretty, but Lisette would have been considered a beauty anywhere. The pure classic outline of her head and neck would have satisfied a Greek; a Parisian would have been charmed by her sauciness, her petulance, the mockery of her smiling mouth, her elfin and bewildering prettiness. She was a born coquette—now reserved and demure, now arch and caressing—but a coquette who had yet at times her dreamy and incalculable moods. Lisette was, or professed to be, the daughter, the only daughter, of honest John Buchan, a simple fisherman of the Ronheads (the unsavoury suburb of Balmawhapple where the fishers live); but if we had been told that this child of the sea had been cast ashore in a wild winter gale, or caught in a salmon-net in whose meshes she had got entangled, and from which she could not escape in time, the tale would not have seemed strange or incredible. There were those at least who had seen her sitting upon the rocks of summer nights while she sang a beguiling song and combed her flaxen hair. The mermaid—if such indeed she was—had been taken from her native element; but, even in the dingy surroundings of the Ronheads, she remembered, like the sea-shell, her august abode; and the murmur of the sea, of the vast and fickle and mischievous sea, was around her.

I do not know where Lisette got her Southern coquetry, or the deft fingers, and the native

taste and refinement which could give her simple Shetland shawl the graceful fold of a mantilla, and turn her coarse homespun petticoat into the tunic that a duchess or a Greek nymph might have worn. These fishers are mostly Danes or Norsemen—genial giants with the blue eyes and the yellow hair of the Scandinavian colonists; but mixed with them we find another race, where the gipsy or Spanish blood shows itself in coal-black eyes and hair, and swarthy olive skins, and voices which are low and musical indeed, but through which the force and violence of ungovernable passion can find an outlet when needed. Some of this gipsy blood was in Lisette; probably it came from her mother, who belonged to a fishing village beside which one of the great war-vessels of the Armada had been wrecked,—the hull, of a windless day, when the water is limpid and serene, is still visible, they say. Some score or so of the crew had been saved, and their black beards and swarthy cheeks had proved attractive to the blue-eyed daughters of the village. Whether the strain of alien blood was thus sufficiently accounted for, I am not prepared to say; but the fact of two typical races living side by side in these remote and secluded communities is not to be gainsaid. Allan Park, for instance, was Norse or Scandinavian to the tips of his fingers—a mighty, modest, blue-eyed Goliath; whereas Lewie Gordon was dark and slim, with eyes that, though furtive at times, could blaze with passion, and a voice that might wile the bird from the tree. For Lewie, as for Lisette, one had to go back to the time when Philip's ships were driven by stress of weather beyond the farthest Hebrides. The contrast

between the two races is perhaps most noticeable in their manner. The blue-eyed are bluff and hearty, and even their women look you straight in the face, as a hawk does without winking; the black-eyed—the girls at least—are petulant and caressing, while the men are instinctively courteous, deferential, and refined. The blue-eyed are gentlemen; the black-eyed, courtiers.

Lisette was not always gay; she was a daughter of the sea indeed; but the sea which she had known all her life was the *Mare Tenebrosum*. Her sea had little leisure for the multitudinous laughter in which elsewhere it is said to indulge; hers was the sea of the black fogs, and the white breakers, and the fierce winds, and the driven rain, and the blinding sleet, and the ghostly winter twilights, in which men and boats are lost to sight and never return. When the rain streamed down the window-panes, and the storm howled down the chimney, while father and brother were outside the white line of surf, which grew whiter as the wind rose and the darkness gathered, she would leave her bed and peer out into the night, and listen in dreary solitude to the raving of the storm and the muffled thunder of the waves. She was not afraid—there was no room for fear in her stout little heart; but she felt very lonely; and the poised head and pure profile, against a background of cottage wall grimy and black with smoke, were as wan and pallid and statuesque as if indeed ages ago they had been cut from the solid marble by a Greek.

We are presently, however, in our Indian summer, and Lisette's spirit is not touched by any winter gloom. She is apparently, however, in one of her tricky, defiant,

impish, mischievous moods; and the mood has been on her for days. Only the most ardent of the many lovers of this adorable vixen, whose smile is as sweet as her tongue is bitter, have not been put to flight. But Allan Park and Lewie Gordon are not easily discouraged. It is true that at times these big, stalwart fellows are mortally afraid of this slight slip of a girl; daunted by her scorn and bewildered by her caprice; but all the same, the sea-witch has "cuius est gl'amour o'er them," and they cannot leave her. Nor is she always hard; she melts, she relents at times; and then one or other of them—it is a toss-up which—is in Paradise for the day. For though she likes both, she is in real, earnest, down-right love with neither.

At least, so it was till the other month; we shall see immediately how it was now.

I have said that John Buchan lived in the Ronheads; but, in point of fact, his cottage stood by itself—an outlying cottage, one hundred yards beyond its nearest neighbour. So that it had its own seclusion, its own sea and sky, and its own lawn, studded with primroses in spring—a lawn of close, crisp grass, such as golfers love, that ran right down through the centre of the rocky cove—where the boats are drawn up in winter—to the very lip of the water.

I don't know that it would be fair to say that Lisette had played the one lover against the other so as to prevent the suit of either of them pressing too closely, and so becoming embarrassing. The truth is, that she did not know her own mind. Neither dominated her; she was not the sort of girl who would surrender at the first assault. She was too critical; had she been in a higher station, people would have said too cynical. A pair of

very observant black eyes looked out from under heavy eyebrows, which reminded me of Mary Stuart's, in her picture at the Castle, and gave the eyes themselves the same languid yet obstinately masterful expression.

Lisette would often blaze out at both: the lazy strength of the blue-eyed giant would irritate her one day; while on another the crisp, sleek, almost cat-like comeliness of Lewie Gordon would have a like effect upon her nerves, and she would turn with a sense of relief and repose to the heavier but more open and candid face of his rival. Allan, as we know, was a fisherman; Lewie was one of a fraternity that has almost died out, the travelling merchant or pedlar. At the time of which I am writing, when communication with the outer world was slow and uncertain, the packman was a personage of some importance: it was on his periodical visits that the country people relied for their hardware and cutlery—knives, forks, spoons, and suchlike articles of household use; and one corner of his pack was sometimes reserved for daintier trifles which, when stealthily exhibited to the laird's sister or the farmer's daughters, excited emotions in their chaste rustic bosoms similar, or at least not widely dissimilar, to those with which a petted beauty regards a masterpiece of art in a Bond Street jeweller's. Lewie had more than once endeavoured to persuade Lisette to accept one or other of the really rather pretty knick-knacks (for his taste was good)—locket, or brooch, or bracelet—which he had picked up in the South; but after trying on his whole stock, fastening them all over her dress, so that she dazzled them, like a queen—

—“*Lollia Paulina*,
When she came in like star-light hid
with jewels,”—

she would make him a mocking curtsey, and point-blank refuse to have any. The dull tarnished silver chain and cross which she wore round her neck, and which when closely examined proved to be a piece of really rare workmanship, had been given to her by Allan when she was a child. They had been fishing—he and his brother—at the Heughs, not far from the spot where the Spanish vessel had foundered. They had shot their lines, and were anchored near the shore while they waited to draw them. (The “long lines” are paid out from the boat, which is kept in motion, and with a bladder at either end are left for an hour or so under water, near the bottom.) The water in the bay was of limpid clearness, so that they could see the pink shells and the crimson sea-weeds on the sand, and brown and green crabs walking leisurely about, fifteen or twenty feet below the surface. A gleam of metal caught Allan's eye as he looked idly over the boat's side. He was the strongest swimmer and diver in Balmawhapple (where the boys take to the water like ducks); and as it was one of the hottest days of a hot summer (such as we used to have before the storm-cloud of the nineteenth century darkened our skies), he had rapidly undressed and plunged overboard. When after his long deep dive he returned to the surface, he held the prize in his hand,—the silver chain and cross which Lisette had worn ever since, and on which some letters of the maker's name could still be read. It was that of a famous jeweller of Seville who had in his time worked for Philip and Don John.

So the expert in gems from the British Museum, who came to Balmawhapple for change of air, told us. He told us, too, that they were still worn by the Spanish women as charms or amulets. If a girl wore hers during the day, it would keep her from harm, for they had power to drive evil spirits (whether in or out of the body) away; if she wore it at night, she would dream of her lover. But we did not know of these queer old Spanish monkish tomfooleries (if they were tomfooleries; but the orthodox belief of one age is the superstition of the next) till afterwards.

I rather think Allan had an obscure hope, somewhere in his heart of hearts, that so long as Lisette wore his cross he had a chance some time of winning her. *That* was his superstition; and curiously enough, it was shared by Lewie Gordon, who on most other subjects was rather inclined to scoff. Lewie had more than once tried to induce the girl to part with it or put it away—without success; for even to her unpractised eye the tempting baubles of his wallet, pretty as they were, seemed tawdry in comparison with this sea-worn charm.

Gordon had been absent with his pack for the last month; but on the evening of which I am writing he had returned, and while they still lingered in the cottage kitchen (supper being over), the door opened noiselessly and he entered. There was gloom on his brow, and the black eyes blazed rather viciously when he found that Allan (who lived at the other end of the village) made one of the party which were now gathered round the peat-embers which smouldered on the hearth. The men were smoking; Lisette, who had washed and put away the

coarse earthenware dishes, was knitting one of those gossamer trifles—fine as a spider's web—which we buy at Lerwick, but which may be had anywhere along the coast where the native wool is sufficiently delicate. Lewie was hospitably welcomed by the old man; Allan nodded to him; Lisette, with something between a blush and a laugh (for she was visibly embarrassed), inquired where he had been so long.

He sat down among them; but his answers were curt and sullen. Something ailed him,—that was clear even to the unsophisticated and unsuspecting Allan. Lewie was commonly a bright and lively companion; his calling made him sociable; and his jests and stories, when he was in the humour, kept Hodge's supper-table in a roar—the jolly red-faced Hodge in whose house he lodged for the night; he was a favourite with the women, too, for his natural courtesy (handed down possibly from some remote courtly Hidalgo?) made him behave to them with a deference to which they were unaccustomed. But when the black fit was on him, his gloom was excessive. And for some months now the gloom had been gathering. Rumour had been busy, as usual; but no one ever knew if Lisette had actually rejected him; it was more probable that, with his keen vision, quickened as it was by love and jealousy, he had silently observed a change in her which had not been noticed by the others. Although he had not given up the pursuit, he was wellnigh persuaded, I fancy, that within the past two months she had made her choice, and that her heart—which had swung like a pendulum between them—had at last settled on the other.

He did not remain long, and

Allan left with him. He was to start in the grey of the morning on his usual autumn expedition,—a protracted tramp along the Atlantic seaboard from Loch Broom to the wild highlands of Assynt; a district which at that time was thickly peopled, and where the packmen drove a thriving trade with the clansmen who had not yet been disbanded and cast adrift by their chiefs. Curiously enough, these east coast fisher-folks were familiar with the other side of the Island, where among the salt-water lochs of the Western Highlands they fished twice a-year—in spring and autumn. Lisette herself had been once in Assynt. Her aunt had married a Mac who had a croft on the shoulder of Ben More; and a year or two before, she had paid Mrs Mac a visit at her Highland home. But hemmed in all round by mighty mountains, the sea-maid had pined for the sea; and she was glad to go back to Balmawhapple and breathe freely again. Lisette needed a wide horizon.

Allan parted from Lewie at the corner of the Ronheads. "We'll be at Lochinver for the cod before the month is out, and you'll be passing that way," Allan had said as they parted. To which the other, who had barely opened his lips, responded by a savage grunt. What ails him? Allan asked himself, as he took a last look at the broad expanse of sea before turning in. The modest giant had no inkling of the truth.

For the truth was, as Lewie had guessed, that Lisette's heart had gone out that summer to Allan. This was how it came about.

All her life till now Lisette had regarded Allan as she might have regarded a good-natured Polar bear. He might be bland and benevolent; but he was big and un-

couth; and he made a poor show at the festivities of dance or wedding, of "Cliack" or New Year,—at least when compared with Lewie, who was as refined and high-bred as the Duke himself. (So Lisette thought; had she known the Duke, she would have said that Lewie was the finer gentleman of the two.) But one memorable Monday night in July of this same year—not yet forgotten, nor like to be forgotten on our rock-bound coast—she had suddenly a vision of quite another Allan.

The July evening had been fine, and more than five hundred boats had gone out to the fishing-ground. Gulls of every kind had been seen the day before in immense flocks upon a bank at some distance to the north, and the clamour they made as they hung with quivering wings over the water where the shoal of herring lay, had been heard miles off. So the crews had started in good time, looking forward to a heavy fishing, and little dreaming of what was in store for them. Allan was almost the only man in the fleet who was dull and depressed; Lisette had been teasing him in mere wantonness all the morning. He had left her at last with a heavy heart. The parting had been cold and formal; and Lisette, repenting too late of her wicked petulance, had shed a tear or two after he left. "If he wasn't just such a big bear!" she had said to herself, as she wiped them away.

The twilight had deepened into night when Lisette barred the door, and went up to her little cot among the rafters. She was vaguely disquieted. Though the sea was smooth and glassy as oil, its roar was loud and menacing,—as sometimes happens when a storm has swept down the Nor-

wegian fiords, and spent itself at sea. There was hardly a breath of wind; what there was came direct from the east, and felt cold and chill for the season. Lisette was weather-wise, as all fisherwomen are; but even now, though she said to herself that there would be more wind ere morning, she did not believe that a great gale was in the offing. Before she slept into bed, she gave one last look across the wide expanse of water. The mist was rising from the land; yet she saw, or fancied that she saw, the lights on board the fleet twinkling in the distance many miles to the northward.

She slept soundly—the sleep of the young—till nearly three, when she awakened with a start. The wind was shrieking down the chimney. She knew at once that a great gale was blowing—blowing dead inshore. Dressing herself hurriedly, she went out to the cliff, where she barely managed to keep her feet; and from there, by the uncertain light of the dawn, she could see that the sea was already fiercely agitated. Huge white breakers roared in hoarsely, and dashed themselves against the rocks below—the spray blinding her where she stood. Here and there among the waves a scrap of sail was visible,—the brown sail of a boat in awful peril. Already the St Abb shore was black with wreck,—the wreck of yawls which had just managed to weather Rattray Briggs, but could not venture again to face the full force of the gale in the open sea. Some half-dozen boats, however, whose crews had shot their nets farther south than the rest, were running under nearly bare poles for the harbour.

Lisette, wrapping a shawl round her head, hurried down to the

shore. There was an excited crowd on the pier,—women mostly, whose men were outside in the storm. But it was not a noisy crowd; the wives and daughters of fishermen could measure the danger; and but for a muffled scream, when a luckless boat hugging the rocks of the Keith Inch too closely was sucked in and swamped among the breakers, they waited in absolute silence. For they were well aware from past experience that the most imminent peril was at the harbour-mouth—within fifty yards of where they stood. Between the breakwater on the weather side of the harbour where the Coast Guard were stationed, and the Black Rock immediately below the house occupied by Miss Christian and Miss Anne, on which the breakers burst with a noise like thunder, there ran a narrow lane of smooth dark water, and along this lane the path to safety lay. The utmost skill of the crew was required here. The protecting jetty needed to be fairly rounded, and sufficient “way” left on the boat to carry it *against the wind* into the inner harbour. All depended upon the dexterity with which the sail was lowered at the exact moment; if it was caught by the wind as the jetty was rounded, the boat lost the necessary impetus, and was driven back upon the sharp saw-like ridge of the fatal reef. When this happened—and it had already happened more than once—Lisette shut her eyes, and a stifled murmur went up from the crowd. For it was instant death,—in that seething whirlpool there could be no escape—no deliverance for man or boat. The misery of it was, that from where she stood (the rain in her eyes, the wind in her hair), the faces of the crews who were hurried past to destruction could

be plainly seen. They were friends, neighbours, kinsmen; and now at last, rushing in at tremendous speed on the back of a mighty wave which threatened every instant to break, and overwhelm it, came her father's boat. Old John Buchan was at the helm; Allan, sitting on the weather gunwale, had the sheet in his hand—the rope which held the thrice-reefed mainsail. Lisette could see him as plainly as if he stood at her side, and for the first time her heart told her that her modest lover had the soul of a hero. Cool, steadfast, ready for life or death, his mouth firm, his eye calm and confident, holding the sheet in one hand while with the other he signalled to John—how indeed could she have been so blind as not to know that this was a man of whom any woman might be proud? “If he wun through,” she inwardly vowed, “I will never tease him any more.” He held on—even with a smile on his comely face, as it seemed to her—till the right moment; then the sail fell sheer, and another crew were safe.

This was the vision which had sobered and steadied Lisette. Thenceforth the current of her wayward fancy set steadily towards Allan.

Yet the honest young fisherman did not fare much better than before, when in the course of the evening he appeared at the cottage. Lisette indeed was even more unapproachable than usual. She had not forgotten her vow; but she was incensed at her own weakness. She resented what she held to be an ignominious capitulation. She!—to lose her heart to a man who was too modest (or stupid) to see that he had won it. All the arrogance of her nature, all the exclusiveness of her maiden reserve, rebelled against being thus led away—a captive victim who hugged her chain. It was too humiliating. It was indeed past bearing.

This contradictory mood, in which pure passion struggled with morbid pride, lasted more or less into the autumn; so that Allan departed for the West Highland fishing early in September, without any suspicion of the conquest he had made.

II.

Both her lovers, and half the young men in the village, were now absent; and as she sat and knitted mechanically in front of the cottage, her eyes would wander away to the Rattray Skerries, round which the boats had to return. A local distich, known to every seaman on these coasts, ran—

“Keep Mormond Hill a handspike high,
And Rattray Briggs you'll not come
nigh;”

and day and night, with the obstinate persistency of fever, the refrain rang in her ears. Allan had taught her the lines when she

trotted after him in her childhood—a tiny mite, whose great round eyes, as black as jet, were often clouded by fits of childish passion, which were more than childish in their intensity; and it was Allan they recalled. Her waking thoughts were of her lover, and, with the amulet in her hand or under her pillow, she dreamt of him at night.

Lisette had always been a dreamer; her thronging fancies took form when she was asleep; and her dreams were often so vivid (especially when she was left alone in the cottage for weeks

without a break) that she would sometimes ask herself with an amused sense of bewilderment, Which was the dream? and, Which the sober fact?

But never had she dreamt as she dreamt now; and one dream—one dream from which she tried in vain to escape—began to repeat itself with dreary persistency. In this dream she did not see Allan's face; but all the time she was uneasily conscious that he was somehow present.

Those of us who are familiar with the great moors round Loch Assynt know what a bare and miserable and God-forgotten country it is—what a stony wilderness. But an occasional oasis is to be met with by burnside or mountain tarn, where wild roses bloom in the watery sunshine, and the rare ferns flourish in not uncongenial fogs. The burns are pure and sparkling, for they come from the live rock; but a black tarn in the middle of a black peat-hag on a black winter day is one of the gloomiest combinations to be found out of the "Inferno."

It was beside such a tarn as this that Lisette beheld two men in her dream. The only bit of colour was a mountain-ash (with a profusion of scarlet berries) that grew out of the precipitous rock which on one side overhung this stagnant pool.

After a time Lisette began to recognise the place. It was a lochan not far from her aunt's cottage on the Ben More Moor. The scarlet berries, after which she had scrambled, first recalled it to her mind. A path, little frequented, except by tramps and gipsies, passed close beside it, and led to the Lochinver road.

One of the men whose face was always averted wore the blue jacket and the blue bonnet of a sailor.

She seemed to know him perfectly, and yet in the strange perversity of her dream his name persistently escaped her. The other, slight and slim, with black eyes and an olive skin, was—Lewie Gordon. Of that the dreamer had no doubt.

There had been a hot altercation between the two—so much also was clear. But how it came about that on a sudden they should be wrestling desperately for dear life on the edge of the precipice was not so clear to the dreamer. Lewie had bent forward; there had been a flash of steel and a rush of blood; and then the larger-limbed of the two, the wounded man, had recovered sufficiently to throw himself upon his would-be assassin. The struggle lasted some time; no cry escaped from either; but it began to be plain that Lewie was overmatched. Yet he clung to the other with the ferocity of a wolf, and what he meant to do became plain to the dreamer. She read it in his eye—the eye of a maniac—from which all expression except that of mortal hate was banished. He would take the other with him over the cliff; they would go down,—go down together. He nearly succeeded; but on the very brink his strength seemed suddenly to fail; his grasp relaxed; his eyes closed; a deadly pallor spread over his face; and he fell back into the loch, clutching instinctively at the branches of the rowan-tree as he fell. The other had fainted.

Here on the first night the dream broke off. On the following night the story was resumed.

The man whose face was always in shadow lay for hours insensible. Then life began painfully to return. He sat up and looked around him. The moon was on the wane. It threw a wan light

on the moor; but the tarn was black and inscrutable. There was no living creature in sight; no sound except the croak of a heron in a pool near by. The man had obviously no idea where he was until a dark object lying beside him attracted his attention. It was the pedlar's pack. Then he remembered—remembered vaguely—what had taken place. It came back upon him gradually with a lurid horror that, in his weakened state, for he had lost much blood, was more than he could bear. Was he a murderer, or was he not? His brain grew giddy again, and he fell back upon the heather. At length he rose, and lifting the pack with what strength remained, dropt it over the rock. He heard it plunge into the water. His jacket was torn, his shirt was wet with blood, his head was bare. He groped about—trying to find his cap; but he failed. Then he hurried away, bareheaded, across the moor.

Beyond this the dream did not go.

The autumn closed in; the crews returned—Allan, her father, and the rest; but even when winter was at hand, there came no news of Lewie Gordon. It was well on to Christmas before rumours of foul play began to spread through the town.

Then Lisette could keep her dreadful secret no longer. She had never as yet mentioned her dream; for she had a haunting dread, for which she could not account, that it would bring trouble to them all. And as yet, too, she had never been able to identify, so to speak, the man who had gone away bareheaded across the moor.

Now, however, she told her father; and old John Buchan, though attaching no importance

to it, mentioned it casually to the Fiscal,—a brisk, kindly, good-humoured official, who had done John a good turn more than once. The Fiscal looked grave, and intimated that he would come and see Lisette. He came the same night. Allan was with them—looking delicate and haggard. He had had brain fever when he was away; he had been found wandering in a half-crazy condition across the moor below Suilven; and some gipsies, after rifling his pockets, had brought him to Lochinver, where he had been nursed in a cottage built by the Duke for the sick poor on his estate. He must have injured himself seriously when out of his mind; his clothes were in shreds; he was covered with bruises; there was a deep gash in his neck. But he recovered with amazing rapidity, and was able to return in his own boat when the fishing was over.

The Fiscal was urgent, and Lisette, somewhat against her inclination, told him briefly the main incidents of her dream. Whereabouts was Lochan Dhu? Not a mile, she replied, from her aunt's house; both aunt and uncle knew it well; the path by it was a short cut to the kirk. He put a score of questions—most of them shrewd and to the point; then he left, with a kindly greeting all round, though he looked thoughtful and preoccupied.

Allan had been sitting in a dark corner, and no one except Lisette had noticed the startled expression of his face while he listened to her story. The mists which had clouded his mind since his illness seemed to melt away. The whole terrible scene which he had so utterly forgotten came back upon him. A deep groan startled the other two. Allan rose and

staggered to the door. Lisette followed him.

"It's God's truth," he said, looking pitifully into her eyes. "I mind it now." Then he went out into the darkness.

The veil fell from Lisette's eyes. This was indeed the "other man" she had seen in her dream. How could she have been so blind? What infatuation could have possessed her? The blue jacket—the sailor's cap—the broad shoulders—"I was clean wud," said poor Lisette as she crept into her bed.

But during a sleepless night she had determined what course to take. Some families of fisher-people from a neighbouring village had gone to Sweden on the invitation of Thomas Erskine—an Erskine of the old St Abbs stock which had stuck by Queen Mary, and traced its pedigree back to King Robert—half of Balmawhapple belonged to them at one time—who was then consul at Gottenburg, as his grandfather had been before him, where he had extensive works. A flourishing colony of Scotch-speaking people had there grown up under his eye, and many an invitation had been sent by them to their kinsmen on this side the water. Allan among others had been pressed to go; but as yet he had returned no answer. Why should he not go while there was yet time, and leave all this trouble behind him? That was the question Lisette put to herself as she tossed sleeplessly in bed.

A girl has little difficulty in finding her lover. Allan was engaged in putting a final coat of tar on the summer boat, which was now laid up for the winter, when he heard her voice calling to him from the beach. He was very pale—the lines under the candid blue eyes had grown darker than

it was good to see. He too had spent a sleepless night. He came at her bidding; but the expression of his face was not that of an alert lover—it was grave and sad.

With gentle persistency Lisette urged him to go; but he was immovable. No; he had meant no harm to Lewie Gordon; but if he had been the unwitting cause of his death, he was sorry for it, would be sorry all his life. He could not quit the country, he could not leave Balmawhapple while a possible charge of murder hung over his head, until either his guilt or his innocence had been made plain. "How could he prove that he was innocent?" she asked, and he could make no reply. But his obstinate simplicity was beyond the reach of argument. "I maun dree my weird." To that sublime fatalism, that blind submission to an inscrutable decree, the serene composure which enables these humble heroes to meet danger and death every winter night is due.

Then Lisette broke down. "You will break my heart," she sobbed.

Allan looked at her with mild astonishment in his honest eyes. The truth, the astonishing truth, was beginning to dawn upon him; but he could not yet put it in words. It was not possible that she could love him?

But now Lisette could restrain herself no longer. She was shaken by her sobs; she gasped for breath; her face was dabbled with tears. "I will go with you mysel', Allan," she murmured at last.

Was he dreaming? Was this great, this incredible happiness really within his reach?

"I will go with you, Allan,—Oh, man," she added hastily, with a touch of the old petulant impatience, "do ye no' ken that I lo'e ye—lo'e ye better than mysel'?"

Then at last Allan understood. He folded her in his arms; that moment repaid him for much that was past and much that was to come. But even in that moment of supreme happiness he was immovable. "I maun dree my weird."

It fell out as Lisette had foreseen that it would. The Black Lochan—Lochan Dhu—was dragged, and Gordon's body was found. The pack also was dragged up, and along with them—the sailor's cap that Allan had worn. His initials were on it; they had been worked by Lisette. That he had been at the Macs on or about the day of the murder was also clearly established.

Allan was apprehended, and lodged in the Balmawhapple jail. When examined before the Sheriff, he said only that he was innocent. The Sheriff's duty was quickly performed; he had simply to remit a prisoner charged with murder to the Court of Justiciary which twice a-year held sittings at Balmawhapple. The indictment, as it is called, was served in March; then Allan learnt that he was to be tried at the Spring sittings. The 20th of April was the day named.

All Balmawhapple was in Court that day. There were Corbies, and Caldcalls, and Buchans, and Mel-drums, and Skinners, and Hackets, and Holdfasts among the audience, which not only filled the spacious Town Hall, but overflowed into the High Street. Much sympathy was felt for the brave and simple lad whose life was in hazard, but Lisette's dream was the engrossing topic. Lord Oronsay, the President of the High Court, was on the bench, having good-naturedly taken the place of one of his colleagues who was in poor health. Lord Oronsay was one of those

judges of whom it is almost impossible to speak too highly; serene, luminous, equable; never swayed by passion, never warped by prejudice; an orderly and abstemious reasoner, disinclined though not unfitted to deal with principles and abstract propositions, and clinging to fact with characteristic tenacity. Orderly—for the manner in which he grouped the leading facts of a case was so admirable that when the conclusion to which he had all along been cautiously working was at length disclosed, it seemed that no other was possible, and that argument was superfluous; abstemious—never throwing away a word, or a scrap of logic, or a grain of sense; always equal to the occasion, never below it, and (a common infirmity with men of great powers) never *above* it.

A smart and clever young counsel, Charles Newell by name, who later on attained celebrity as an incisive logician and a brilliant wit, conducted the prosecution as Advocate-Depute with exemplary fairness and moderation.

Allan's counsel had not been long at the bar; but he had already made his mark. He became afterwards, as we all know, a great advocate; his speech in a *cause célèbre*, of which the world has heard, is one of the masterpieces of our time—symmetrical in arrangement, and executed with a consummate knowledge of strategy and effect. For pure, lucid, intellectual force John Carstairs had no peer at either bar. But the moral force of his character was even more impressive. He was neither witty nor sarcastic; but the haughty scorn of his virtue, the intense bitterness of his integrity, crushed its victim to pieces. His presence was imposing, and he knew how to use it to perfection. He folded his black stuff gown

about him with the austere dignity of a Oatham. The contemptuous curl of his nether lip was deadly. His manner was singularly still and restrained until the victim was fairly in his toils, when he came down upon him like a thunder-clap.

The audience rose as Lord Oronsay, accompanied by Admiral Holdfast (whose notes made at the time I have been permitted to read), entered and took his seat; he bowed rather stiffly in response, and the business began. It is not my intention to describe what took place at any length: the legal discussions will be found in the authorised reports; the evidence in the newspapers of the day. Allan pleaded not guilty in a steady voice, and with an accent of sincerity that favourably impressed his hearers. There was very little dispute about the facts; the forensic battle raged round Lisette. When she entered the witness-box she was as white as a sheet; she was almost inaudible when she swore, as she would answer to God at the great day of judgment, that she would tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; but she rapidly regained her composure. Lisette was quick-witted, as we know, and she had come to understand that much depended upon the manner in which her evidence, if admitted, was given. So, though her heart continued to beat painfully whenever her eye involuntarily turned to Allan, she pulled herself together for the ordeal that was before her.

But it was doubtful for long whether her evidence would be admitted at all. She was no sooner in the box than the argument began. Allan's junior counsel professed to be convinced that what she would say must be irrelevant. He understood from his

learned friend's statement that she knew nothing directly of what had taken place. She was brought, it was admitted, with quite another object in view. She was brought to speak of a dream she had had! A dream, forsooth! This was the first time in his recollection, and he dared say in his lordship's, that it was proposed to produce a dream as evidence in a court of law. But the Advocate-Depute cleverly evaded the destructive effect of the ridicule by declaring that he had called the girl with the object of showing only how it was that the inquiry had taken a particular direction. It was merely, so to speak, as a link in the chain of investigation that she was there. He did not, indeed, propose to examine her at any length, if at all, on the substance of her dream.

Here Carstairs sprang to his feet. He had got the admission he desired. What did the other side mean? Was the girl's evidence to be mangled and mutilated to suit the convenience of the prosecution? It must either be rejected altogether or admitted without reserve.

The counsel on either side continued to bob up and down for some time; but the President ultimately decided that no part of Lisette's evidence need necessarily be excluded. The audience were unable to follow the argument, and they listened to it with impatience. What was the good of all this fencing? They were not aware that the first move for the defence had been more or less of a feint, the object being to secure an uninterrupted hearing for Lisette. Carstairs was persuaded that if she was permitted without constant challenge to tell her story in her own simple and expressive language, as it had been told to him—

self the night before, the effect on the jury would be powerful, and upon the whole, though this line of defence was attended with a certain risk, advantageous for his client.

So Lisette was permitted to tell her story in her own way; and she told it well—with grace and modesty—at times with a touch even of the old vivacity.

It was thought by the onlookers that Mr Carstairs would have succeeded in gaining a verdict for his client—so persuasive and strenuous was his appeal—had it not been for the tell-tale cap. If Allan was innocent, how came his cap to be in the loch? That was how the jury would reason, they said.

Lord Oronsay summed up with the perfect impartiality for which he was renowned. No consideration that could tell either for or against Allan was overlooked. If Lisette's narrative was credible, or rather if it correctly represented what had taken place at the Black Loch, murder had not been committed, for the death of Gordon was, according to her account, due to an accident. The prisoner had no doubt caused Gordon's death; but he had acted in self-defence, as he was entitled to do. But what in law was the worth of her evidence? She had not been present; she had not been a spectator, except in her dream. He admitted the force of Mr Carstairs's contention that the case was one of the most exceptional that had ever been tried in a court of justice. It was undoubtedly through this girl's instrumentality—through her dream, in short—that the criminal authorities had been enabled to show that Gordon had met with a violent death. This they admitted, although they refused to go a step further, and accept her version of what had

occurred at Lochan Dhu. He was not a metaphysician; he could not explain those obscure conditions of the consciousness in sleep or in the second-sight with which, from the earliest times, a marvellous power of vision had been associated. He himself was a Highlander, and Highlanders were held to be more credulous than their Lowland neighbours. He had himself known cases in which the bodily or the spiritual ear had been so keenly on the alert, so morbidly active, that the last words of one dearly loved, though dying at a distance, had been distinctly audible. Only the other day he had heard of a shepherd who was drowned in Yarrow, and whose wife, at the door of their cottage miles away, had caught his parting sob, "O Ailie, Ailie!" But while, as a Highlander, he might believe in what one of their bards had said—(here he gave the Gaelic with immense guttural inflection; the passage was subsequently translated by a living poet—

"Star to star vibrates light; may soul
to soul
Strike through a finer element of her
own?"—

or more literally, "As messages are sent through the starry spaces by invisible couriers, so through the magic of love those far distant from each other in body may be brought together in spirit")—he could not, as a judge, advise them that it was safe or prudent in a court of law to attach any weight to intimations that had been made through so questionable a medium. Let him not be misunderstood; when he spoke of a questionable medium he meant the dream, not the dreamer, who had given her evidence, he was bound to say, with perfect simplicity and can-

dour, and yet with a force and vivacity which were rare anywhere, and in a court of law were generally conspicuous by their absence.

With these words the President concluded his charge, and the jury retired to consider their verdict.

While they were absent Carstairs rose, looked round, and catching her eye, beckoned to Lisette. They met at the door.

"Go home now," he said to her. "I rather suspect the jury are not at one,—they can't get over Allan's cap—some of them anyway. But don't be afraid; I give you my word of honour that, whatever the verdict is, Allan will be a free man in a week. The dream will save him; good or bad as evidence, it supplies the one credible explanation of all that took place. I make no doubt whatever that Gordon had divined that his rival had won the prize—if you will allow me to say so,—and that, mad with jealousy, he had struck as a maniac strikes. Take my word,—the Home Secretary will send Allan a free pardon before the week is out."

It was a speech dictated by true kindness, for Carstairs had felt that he had failed to convince Boghall, the obstinate farmer who acted as foreman, and he instinctively apprehended what the issue would be. It was not well, he thought, that this spirited but delicate girl should be present at the last scene of all. So Lisette went home with her father—her eyes moist, but her heart wonderfully light.

The jury were absent until the dim tallow candles of the period were brought in. So that their verdict was delivered in comparative obscurity, or rather in a darkness that might be felt. By a majority of seven to six they found

Allan Park guilty of **MURDER**. The verdict, however, was accompanied by a unanimous recommendation to mercy.

Well, it was over; and Allan had been sentenced to be taken from the prison of Balmawhapple to the place of execution, and there hanged by the neck until he was dead. But Balmawhapple had inwardly resolved that these cruel and barbarous words were relics of a cruel and barbarous age, unworthy of an enlightened Balmawhapple, and that the sentence should not be carried out. The fiery cross was sent round the coast, and from a score of villages interested in the credit of their craft there was a ready response. From Buchanness to the Pentland Skerries a thousand stalwart fishermen had sworn that if Allan was not released by the law, he should be rescued by themselves.

The day was drawing near, and no reprieve had come. The outlying fishermen had begun to arrive, and both harbours were crowded with their boats. They had come ostensibly to make their bargain with the curers, but the authorities had been privately warned that this was not the real object. The Sheriff had ostentatiously pooh-poohed the warning; the Fiscal had smiled placidly, as he could afford to do, having been confidentially assured from headquarters that a reprieve was being prepared. Of this, however, he could say nothing,—although he had gone quietly along to the cottage one evening when the citizens were mostly in bed, and told Lisette to be of good courage and cheer—as indeed, to the surprise of the village gossips, she had been all along.

The jail of Balmawhapple was an old-fashioned building which had at one time been used as an

inn. The Home Secretary, though warned of the risk of disturbance, had refused to give the governor—an elderly gentleman with silky white hair, and the manners of the last century—a single policeman or a single trooper; and on the night for which the rescue had been provisionally fixed, Captain Keith had been invited by Miss Christian and Miss Anne (I am afraid the worthy ladies on this occasion were not so innocent as they looked) to make a fourth at their nightly rubber. The old gentleman was passionately fond of whist, and of course he went, taking his wife with him. Thus only a turnkey was left to look after the “inmates”—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*—and a collection had been judiciously made among Allan’s employers to pay his expenses. The fishermen were marshalled noiselessly on the Keith Inch shore behind the breakwater; and whenever nine struck—nine was the hour that had been agreed on—they marched in perfect order and silence, three abreast, from the Keith Inch past the harbours and along the High Street to the front gate of the jail. The turnkey having been duly summoned, protested loudly that he only yielded to superior force, and thereupon handed over his prisoner. Allan was quickly brought down amid smothered cheers to the north harbour, where a long light whaling-boat, manned by eight stalwart seamen, was waiting to take him off to the sloop in the offing. There had been much restrained jubilation; the hero of the night had been nearly shaken to pieces by his too ardent admirers; and he was just stepping on board the skiff when the undaunted Fiscal, elbowing his way through the threatening crowd, appeared on the scene. There

was such an angry murmur as precedes a storm; but he was known to many of them, and his good-nature and good-humour were proverbial. So they listened to him as they would probably have listened to no one else. “Men, men, what are you after?” he exclaimed, addressing those nearest at hand, but raising his voice as he proceeded. He seemed stern, but there was a twinkle in his eye. “You are doing Allan an ill turn. Prison-breaking is an ugly business. Have none of you heard the news? A special messenger arrived a quarter of an hour ago with a reprieve”—here there were frantic cheers—“a free pardon is on the road”—here the cheers became deafening—“and the sooner you have Allan safely locked up again, the better it will be for him and for us all.” The leaders looked blankly at each other; their labour had been for nought; but the advice was so obviously sound, that, hoisting the Fiscal (much to the worthy man’s disgust), as well as Allan, shoulder-high, the crowd surged up the High Street as it had done an hour before, and paused again before the great gate of the jail. Here, however, they encountered an unlooked-for obstacle. They found to their dismay that the gates were securely barred against them. They had got the prisoner out easily enough, but how were they to get him in? The turnkey had thought it prudent to take French leave of his masters, and the prison was actually deserted. There was not a soul at least within the walls who could unbar the outer gate; and it almost seemed at one time as if Allan, with or without his consent, must still submit to be rescued. At this crisis it happily occurred to some one to suggest that the

Provost had the keys in duplicate—which proved to be the case; and in the nick of time Allan was restored to his cell and securely locked up. Just in the nick of time, for the key had barely been turned when the Sheriff arrived. That dignitary was either judicially or judiciously blind, or he was too much engrossed otherwise to notice that anything was amiss. The letter from the Home Office was in his hand, and turning to Allan, he read it aloud. The cheers with which it was greeted by the bystanders were taken up outside, and Balmawhapple will not soon forget the roar like thunder that came from a thousand throats, and that startled the sleeping sea-gulls a mile off in the bay.

When he had finished reading the letter, which concluded with the intimation that it would be followed immediately by a free

pardon, the Sheriff—he had the reputation of being a humorist, and his jokes from the bench, although he shared the proverbial “deeficulty” of his countrymen, were always received with respect by the Bar—shook hands with the prisoner, and added, with more than judicial gravity (this was supposed to give the jokes their point), that though he dared say it was against the rules approved by the Commissioners, yet as the dream and the use that had been made of the dream were innovations for which no precedents could be found in the series of Reports so meritoriously conducted by Mr Cowpen of that Ilk (afterwards Lord Drumsaddle), he would, in the language of the poet, “for this night only” make bold to disregard them.

And then, with a proud and happy smile on her face, Lisette entered the condemned cell.

OUANANICHE.

OUANANICHE, little salmon; Ouatichouan, the name of a waterfall—which, being interpreted, means, "Do you see the falls there?"—Mistassini, the name of a river, meaning literally big rock,—these and other musical-sounding Indian words had been ringing in my head for the past two years. And now, when at last I had found the leisure, I determined to sally once more westward and find that little salmon, and if I could, to keep him when I had found him; and how I made his acquaintance on the Peribonca river the following pages will tell.

Before starting on an excursion to Canada various processes have to be gone through. First of all, if going either for shooting or fishing, the advice of all one's friends as to where that fishing or shooting is to take place must be listened to, and listened to carefully. It is not necessary to do more than listen, for naturally, before you commence the listening process, your own mind is made up as to where you intend to go; but the listening pleases the friends and does not hurt you. So always do it. The second process to be gone through, which can be carried out contemporaneously with the above, is to pay many visits to Mr Farlow's fishing-tackle establishment in the Strand. This will amuse you until you are actually off, and will prove profitable to Mr Farlow, and also to the hansom-cab drivers whom you probably keep waiting at the door. You will there amass a lot of useful and useless articles. Whether they will prove profitable to you or not on a Canadian fishing-trip, nothing but time and experience will show.

Then you have got to get a ticket, take a train, go to Liverpool, and embark on board a boat. If you want to go to Canada direct, it is on the whole wiser to go straight to Quebec or Montreal by the Allan Line; for although the White Star and Cunard steamers will run you over quicker by a day or two to New York, it is, especially in the autumn, a great advantage to be saved the long journey northwards in the hot cars, and also a great saving of expense. At any rate, the Allan Line was the one I selected on my trip, commencing August 4, 1892.

Walking about Liverpool prior to my departure I felt unhappy in my mind. I had been to Canada before; but although I had looked upon many of the glorious rivers and lakes with a longing eye, I had never fished there. Now in Liverpool at every turn I fell in with fishing-tackle shops, and as my eye dwelt lovingly upon the multifarious contents of their windows, my inward eye also cast its glance backwards to the glorious expanses of water viewed in former days in North America. And the more I looked the sadder and more depressed I felt; for I felt sure—ay, positively convinced—that in spite of all my visits to Farlow's, I had not yet bought enough fishing-tackle. Yes, I must certainly buy some more; I would not possibly have enough. Was I not going to entice the lordly *ouananiche* of the great Lac St Jean, above Quebec? Did I not already in my fervid imagination hold upon my line the beautiful bounding 6-lb. trout of the Nepigon river? And who could tell if perhaps they might

not either refuse every lure that my collection of ancient and modern fishing books and boxes held, or else smash everything to pieces that those receptacles contained? I found then, in roaming round, yet another fishing-tackle shop, and I could resist the inclination no longer; I would go in and buy something—something to hold those *ouananiche*, or land-locked salmon—something to bring out without fail that *Salmo fontinalis* of the Nepigonese description from his watery bed. The name upon the shop-front was Ramsbotham. I entered and gazed about with leisure, for no one was within but a little boy cleaning the floor; and as I gazed, my eye fell upon a marvel, the said marvel consisting of a box full of apparently living earth-worms. They were pink and luscious-looking. I opened the glass case and felt them: they were leathery, transparent, ringed, and flexible; but for all that they were shams, yet delicious delightful shams—shams that would wiggle-waggle in your hand in a manner comical to behold. Those worms were simply lovely. As I was holding a handful of them caressingly in my palm, Mr Ramsbotham entered. "Ah, sir, you may well look at those earth-worms! They are a wonderful imitation indeed, are they not? They are the invention of a Russian count, and it has taken me fifteen months to get them; and they are so good to eat too—see, I will eat one myself," and to my horror he placed in his mouth a *Künstlicher Regenwurm*, as the beast is described on the box-lid. Having chewed it up to his satisfaction, he informed me that a friend of his had found that the trout liked them as much as he did himself, for he had caught

sixteen with the artificial earth-worm on giving it a first trial.

"Anyhow, sir," he added, "if you don't catch any trout with it, you will be sure to get at least three shillings of laughter out of it." So I went away happy in the possession of many artificial earth-worms, and feeling that now at any rate I was in a position to get the better of any finny denizen of the Canadian lakes and rivers.

The ship sailed away from Liverpool city, and we found friends on board in the shape of Mr Turner-Turner and his handsome and plucky wife. They were going forth for the third time to inhabit together the most solitary parts of the Rocky Mountains—to dwell there once more for months at a time, far from haunts of men, in the land of the grizzly and the cinnamon bear, through autumn, winter, and spring; perhaps after that through summer, autumn, and winter again; and they had with them Mrs Turner's brother, a very sporting young fellow. To my friends, then, I disclosed the beauties of the artificial earth-worm, and a deep-laid plot was devised against the brother's welfare. Sea-sickness had proved too much for him, but at length he turned up at table full of all the energy and appetite of which six-feet-four of young manhood is capable. Just as he was busy with some cold cherry-pie the deep-laid scheme was carried out. "Look there, old fellow," said his brother-in-law, "there is an island!" We were right out in the middle of the ocean, but that did not matter. The unsuspecting one, with all the eagerness of youth, jumped up to view the unexpected scene. Instantly a large and brownish-coloured *Regenwurm* of abnormal proportions was placed among the fruit under a piece of pie-crust on

his plate. We had not long to wait for the *dénoûment*; suddenly he jumped up with a yell. "Heavens! why, what on earth is that? By all that's holy, it is a cursed worm! Here, steward! steward! steward! remove this garbage! Have I not been sick enough already that you should think it necessary to feed me upon disgusting earth-worms?" Sadly and wonderingly did the steward view the beastie lying in the plate as he removed it. The steward had not got a turn in him any more than the worm itself had. Thus with the very first cast of this tempting bait were two rises secured—not a bad start on a fishing-trip. So much for that.

When we got to Canada I proceeded northwards from Quebec by railroad through 190 miles of beautiful country to Lac St Jean. The country traversed is most entrancing, and one passes for miles at a stretch the most delicious rivers and lakes that could tempt an angler's eye. The railroad terminates at the village of Roberval, where an enterprising American gentleman named Beemer has built a magnificent hotel on the borders of the lake, and another hotel, called the Island House, at the Grande Décharge, twenty-five miles away. The Grande Décharge is the point where the waters of the splendid lake rush forth in a series of rapids and form the commencement of the world-renowned Saguenay river. As Mr Beemer has also, for the lumber-trade and pleasure purposes, placed two small and one large steamer on the lake, he may be said by his enterprise to have opened up a vast tract of hitherto unknown country to the angler, hunter, and tourist; for the proprietor of the Roberval Hotel has

acquired the fishing right of hundreds of miles of rivers running into the lake, all of which rivers are inhabited by the beautiful *ouananiche*, by trout, and many other fishes. Anybody staying at the Roberval Hotel, or making that place his starting-point, can fish and hunt throughout this almost endless tract of country as much as he likes.

Our first operations in this lake of the backwoods was at the Grande Décharge. Crossing over by the little steamer Undine to the Island House, twenty-five miles from Roberval, a birch-bark canoe with a couple of half-breed French Canadians was soon procured; and as soon as a tremendous torrent of rain had ceased, a tour was made round some of the little rocky islets which were dotted about the lake near its two outlets, the Grande and Petite Décharges. No fish being captured, the light canoe was taken down the river, and was soon flying along over some foaming rapids with startling celerity. Here we were not long in making the acquaintance of the silvery *ouananiche*, the first one falling a victim to a very small Jock Scott, while a second soon followed suit on a large yellow-bodied trout-fly—one with partridge hackle and woodcock-wing, of which I believe I myself was the introducer to Mr Farlow's notice, having first tied it when a boy to use for trout in heavy water. This fly, of varying size, I have since then found useful in every kind of country and river where any species of salmon and trout are found. After this I twice captured a brace of *ouananiche* at a time, and as when hooked the land-locked salmon does nothing but leap repeatedly like a fresh-run grilse, the fun was good and

sufficiently exciting, although the fish were not over 1 lb. apiece. The fish are silvery and spotted along the back, in fact are in appearance exactly like the sea-trout I have often taken in the Kyle of Sutherland, although it seems to be the confident opinion of most of the Indians, half-breed guides, and old Canadian fishermen, that they never descend the Saguenay river to the salt water. They are most beautiful clean fish, and run up to 9 lb. in weight. That first evening I caught ten before it was time to remount the rapids which we had come down so swiftly. To do this it was necessary to make a short portage, there being one spot where the river descended over a ledge of rock in a leap of several feet, which the canoe could not possibly go up again.

And here it may be as well to describe a "portage," which, while many people have heard of, but few inhabitants of Great Britain have seen. It is a detour made to avoid a rapid or a waterfall, and varies in distance from a few yards in some places to in others several miles in distance, often through forests and over the mountains, and frequently over the jagged rocks alongside the river. The way it is done is as follows: Having alighted, an Indian or guide turns the canoe upside down, then places it over his head like an enormous hat, resting the centre cross-bar over his shoulders; then he walks away with it through the roughest of rough tracts cut in the forest or along the rocks. The other man takes all the things out of the canoe, and with the third occupant of the canoe, if there be one, transports them to their destination above the rapids. If the baggage and provisions are heavy, two

trips become necessary at each portage. That these portages are most fatiguing may be imagined. It is indeed wonderful that, with branches of the forest-trees often meeting overhead and interlacing, while fallen trunks are met with at every minute along the mossy track, a man with a canoe 18 feet long and weighing 80 lb. on his head can get along at all. At one portage I made we had to cross a mountainous ridge some 700 or 800 feet in height, both the sides of which were very precipitous; but such is the pluck and strength of these *voyageurs* that they walked up one side and down the other, with the canoes on their heads, almost as quickly as they would have done on the level ground. But that was later on my journey up the Grand Peribonca.

Now I must get back to the Grande Décharge fishing. On the way up the river to our Island House, after passing the Rapids, we got with a minnow two very game fish called dories or *dorés*; they being, as their French name implies, of a golden hue. The *doré* is a shapely fish, with a sharp dorsal fin like a perch; he grows to a considerable size, and is very good eating. The next morning, being up early, I managed by dint of hard labour to catch twenty more *ouananiche* before returning by the little steamer to Roberval. It was fortunate that I did so return; for the next two days there was a storm on the lake, and two other sportsmen who had intended to return on the morrow were imprisoned on the island for want of a steamer. It would be difficult to credit how soon a storm gets up and how big the waves become on the Lake St John. So rough did it become on the following day, that although we took a trip

up to the north of the lake by a large new steamer called the *Mistassini*, not only were we unable to approach within three miles of the mouth of the Peribonca river, which was our object, but we found the swell quite equal to that of a baddish day on the English Channel. Nothing daunted, Mr Chambers, editor of the Quebec 'Morning Chronicle,' who had resolved to accompany me, and myself, managed to get across the twenty miles to the north of the lake another morning in the little steamer *Undine*, the same one that took me to the Island House. To avoid a storm we started at five in the morning, for a gale very rarely commences unexpectedly on the lake before nine o'clock. In any case, we got over the lake and three miles up the wide mouth of the river without mishap. As we had brought our two canoes and four Indians with us on board the little boat, we were now quite ready for our start on an expedition through a very little-known country, of which I am going to give some notes below.

Before, however, commencing any details, I must explain that the Lake St John is fed from the north and north-west by several large rivers, all reported to be swarming with fish. There are the *Ashuapmouchouan* on the north-west; the *Mistassini* farther north. The *Rivière aux Rats*, the *Little Peribonca*, the *Peribonca*, and the *Shipshaw*, follow north to north-east in succession of these. The *Mistassini* is noted as the best for fishing for those who have not only sufficient enterprise, but can afford the time and means of visiting its upper waters. The *Peribonca* is a far more difficult river to ascend, and is very little known. Therefore, leaving the beaten track

entirely, it was up the *Peribonca* we determined to go, more in the spirit of enterprise and research than in the pursuit of game and fish, hoping that others might profit by our experience and notes. The *Peribonca*, it may be remarked, is a noble river that is known to have a course of at least five hundred miles. I may further add, after personal experience, that it is an awful river, and one that no nervous-brained or timid person should venture to ascend in a canoe, lest by any involuntary movement at some critical time both he and those with him be hurled into eternity; for an untimely exclamation even might result in all being cast into one of its myriad fearful maelstroms, either to be madly dashed against the iron rocks that everywhere spring up from below and also fringe this dreadful tide, or down one of the numerous foaming rapids rushing relentlessly through narrow dark-browed gorges in a succession of waves that frequently almost equal in height and fury the terrific rapids of *Niagara* itself. When Mr Chambers and I were talking over the events of the day one night in our little camp at the head of the ninth or tenth cataract, around which we had portaged, he made use of an expression concerning the river which I think exactly describes it. "I call it," he said, "frightfully furious;" and that throughout a great part of its career, as far as we went, it most certainly is. Yet there are also many sweet stretches of peaceful and almost *Thames*-like beauty upon its bosom—spots where it broadens out from its usual width of about half a mile in the main channel into from a mile to a mile and a half, where islands, with their graceful foliage reflected on the water, are judiciously thrown

in by nature's fostering hand, and where the forest-clad banks, instead of being high beetling cliffs, are low and park-like, strewn to the water's edge with a grassy verdure. It is these very changes in the nature of the river—from wild to peaceful, from calm to furious—that make the Peribonca such a river that one seldom sees, and one almost impossible aptly to describe.

We had not been paddling up the lower part of the Peribonca for more than three hours or so before we had been struck by the entire absence of birds along the banks. All nature seemed positively still in the continuous forest of spruce-firs, Canada pine, willow, alder, and hazel which crowned the cliffs that hemmed the river in. Then, as throughout the whole of our journey northwards, the Indians, paddling closely, hugged the sides of the river to avoid the current; therefore every bird there was could be seen or heard. Including two eagles and a species of wagtail, we did not in sixty miles of river see a dozen shore-birds, and only the wild cry of some large kingfishers came at rare intervals as a welcome break to the eternal silence of the endless forest. But if the forest was silent, the river was noisy enough to make up for it, as the cataracts could be heard bellowing miles away at our first halting-place. This was a shelving sandy shore covered with grounded logs which the lumbermen had cut high up the river the preceding winter, and here we soon had an opportunity of seeing what handy fellows the Indians and half-breeds are with an axe, a fire, and a kettle. In less time than it now takes to write these words, logs were cut up, kettles suspended on poles, and pork and tea got ready for the first meal for the men.

We ourselves ate cold beef, as our provisions, on being now examined, were found to contain ham and three small tins of corned-beef, tea, and coffee. No wines, beer, or spirits were carried except what our flasks would hold. It does not do to let the Indians have a chance of getting at the spirits at any time unless you want to be drowned; naturally, also, on account of the portages, one does not want to drag bottles about.

Before leaving Roberval, I had instructed my friend Chambers to be careful of two things: one was to bring some cobbler's wax which I had given him; the other was to be sure and bring a needle with him. At our first halt, therefore, while waiting for the tea for lunch, I reminded him of these matters. "Oh yes," he said, "I have got the cobbler's wax all right; but the needle I've forgotten." "Give me the wax," I said; "I want to splice this top joint of mine." He tried to give me the wax, but, alas! what a catastrophe! Never expecting the very hot sun we had experienced, he had, early in the day, put the wax in his trousers-pocket. This, then, is what came out, in a hopeless jumbled-up mass: shammy leather, pocket-string, two 10-cent bits, a small bottle of Carter's little liver pills, a pocket-knife, and the leaden sinker of a pike-hook. And while I stood looking reproachfully at him, and he himself ruefully at the terrible mess, the sun made things still worse by melting the wax even more. There was no help for it. Joseph Siméon—the Micmac Indian acting as cook—was called from his occupation of slicing potatoes; with one slice of his blade he cut all the lower part of the pocket away, with its contents. And as my poor friend had got no needle to sew it up again, he was reduced

to pinning up the hole! In future he intends to be more careful, he says, about both needles and cobbler's wax.

The river at this camp was in one channel only, and nearly a mile wide; the current was slight, and the going easy for a while; but as we advanced, the banks gradually contracted and the current became heavy. As the afternoon wore on we found a long island dividing the river into two channels, and at the head of this island an enormous pool, which was one mass of whirlpool and waves. Into this pool the whole river emptied itself through a frightful gorge, only about from fifty to seventy-five yards wide and a couple of hundred yards in length. It can be imagined how the mighty torrent tossed and foamed through this channel, and how the waves tossed their hoary masses to the sky. This place, known as the *Première Chute*, was our first portage; the canoes had to be carried through the forests and over the rocks to a somewhat wider point above the commencement of the narrow channel. Here we re-embarked, and here also we ran a great risk of losing our lives; for the current and whirlpools were so heavy that we were, in both canoes, nearly drawn down the awful rapid. Vainly for a minute or two at one place did we madly paddle, vainly with the end of the paddle try to get a purchase on the rock at the side, or by pushing at those under water endeavour to force ourselves up foot by foot. In vain! we only at best remained stationary, trembling in the balance, and then at length, inch by inch literally, first one canoe and then the other forged onward round the worst rock of all. Thus for the time being we were safe.

It was only during this awful moment I noticed for the first time that from carelessness, or to save portage, the guides had not got a spare paddle with them in the canoes. If, therefore, one paddle had snapped, nothing on earth could have saved us. And with this pleasant consciousness we had to negotiate various other awful rapids that afternoon, sometimes getting on top of an unseen sunken rock and feeling its surface pushing up through the tough but frail birch-bark bottom upon which we were sitting. It was too late to complain then; but, sportsmen and travellers, be warned in time, beware! and insist upon your French or Indian guides carrying an extra paddle. For if, because they themselves are so inured to danger, they are utterly careless and do not mind risking their own lives unceremoniously, it is no reason why you should allow them to risk yours also. And remember this, even if they tell you there are no bad rapids to be passed, a paddle must get old and break at some time, or it may be dropped even in the smoothest of waters.

After fishing for *ouananiche* below another large waterfall, but only getting some white fish like chub, called *ouitouche*, and there making another long portage, we camped for the night in a tiny little clearing in the pine-forest overlooking the river. Here the Indians soon again proved their general handiness and proficiency with the axe; for tent-poles for their tent and ours were cut, camp-fires going, and the floors of the tents strewn with a deep layer of the sweet-smelling Canadian balsam-yielding fir, within five minutes of our arrival. This little clearing was simply a garden of wild raspberry-trees; and as they were loaded

with ripe fruit, they and the luscious blueberries that abounded yielded us a delicious dessert. And fortunately none of the black bears that also largely feed upon the fruit of the blueberry-bushes disturbed our rest that night, though at the next night's camping-ground some one, going down to the river for water, came back as hard as he could run, declaring that he had met one crashing through the bushes. Going up the river we also at one place found a great number of beaver-tracks in the sand around some islands, and observed the great flat tracks left by their tails as they had climbed up to eat the willow boughs, which they had completely stripped of their bark. There were various little canals of sluggish water between the islands in this neighbourhood. It is in these little creeks that they make their dams, and here the Montagnais Indians commence to shoot and trap them in the month of October, continuing to take them until the following May. The skin is now very valuable, fetching in the rough state four dollars a pound. A large beaver only yields at most a skin weighing $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

The only fishing we did while going up the river was by trolling with a hand-line in the smooth water. In this way we managed to get plenty of large pike, which we were glad of to live upon; for we were only fishing for the pot, having diminished our provisions as much as possible before starting, having calculated, not in vain, upon being able to subsist in a great measure on a fish diet. As a rule, certainly, we would not care to eat pike at all on account of the bones; but our Micmac Indian Siméon was a perfect *chef*, and could make either pike or dory taste delicious upon the shortest possible notice.

It is surprising to see to what a number of uses the birch-bark can be put. We amused ourselves in the canoes by writing letters upon thin layers of it—in pencil of course. It rolls up quite conveniently like an ancient Egyptian papyrus. The Indians use it not only for repairing their canoes when necessary, but for making temporary candlesticks, drinking-cups, torches, and various other things. The candlestick is simple but ingenious: place a cleft stick in the ground, take a longish strip of bark, fold the middle of it around the base of a candle, then place the two ends of the bark in the cleft of the stick, and there is your candlestick for you in a minute. Another useful thing one comes across in walking over the portages is the Canada balsam, which exudes from a species of spruce; for when I was suffering from a bad cold, all I had to do was to prick with my knife into the blisters on the stump of the tree, press the blister, collect the turpentine on the knife-blade, and eat it. When I had had enough I stopped. It was not quite so good as treacle-posset, but it cured my cold at once. It was quite like the stories one used to read as a child, of going about in the woods looking for herbs and simples, only unfortunately we did not come upon any old crone who suddenly turned into a fairy or princess. Princesses and fairies were conspicuous by their absence, as likewise was Prince Charming, in the forest of the Peribonca. Prince Charming was not wanted in any case, and the pike were large and fat: that almost consoled us for the missing princess, although really the woods were so beautiful that in places one almost expected to find her, with golden hair all loosened,

reclining in the rich soft mosses, and peering down the track with sweet wonder-waiting eyes. Waiting for what? Ah! who knows? This child's story, in any case, will never be finished. So much the better for the poor little princess. At any rate, she can never now survive to be *désillusionnée* with life.

We made all haste up the river. Starting every day at or before sunrise, we were continually charmed more and more with the beauty of the skies. The purest azure shining brightly through fleecy dark clouds, the morning light stole over forest and river, dancing from the brilliant silver of the birch-bark to the stream below, glancing in long quivering bands from the lighter shades of the birch-leaves to the pure dark green of the fir-trees and the grey rocks, on the clefts of which they stood so proudly fixed. An autumn sunrise on the banks of a mighty river in the north of Canada is a sight worth living for. After several days' travelling, during which the only signs of human habitation we had encountered had been a solitary wigwam on a lonely islet, we reached a lake which was to be the termination of our journey. This lake is not exactly a part of the Peribonca river, but it is joined on to it, as it were, on its left or eastern bank, by a narrow channel, from which it widens out into a beautiful but somewhat winding sheet of water. It is nine miles in length and is called Lake Tschotagamor, which means long lake, and it is fed by a trout-stream at the far end called the Rivière Blanche. Tschotagamor has earned a fine reputation for *ouananiche*, but is visited by few except the trappers, lumberers, and fur-hunting Indians in the winter season. The reputation it

has, however, is not so much for containing many *ouananiche* as for holding large ones, and we wished, although rather late in the season, to study its merits for ourselves. Paddling along for a few miles, we eventually landed on a delicious promontory surrounded by a beach of the very finest hard sand. Just above the sand was a capital camping-ground, affording a fine view of the whole length of the lake and of the mountains surrounding it. It is, in my humble opinion, the prettiest lake I have ever seen. The mountains surrounding it are just high enough to be beautiful, without being too high to make its waters gloomy. They shut out neither the sun by day, nor the moon or stars by night; and one of the most beautiful scenes Mr Chambers and I ever witnessed was when the planet Mars, being exceptionally bright, cast its reflected radiance in a stream of star-beams from side to side of the crystal waters.

On our arrival at our camping-ground we had at once evidence that the enterprising Yankee had been there before us, and had not forgotten to advertise himself in true Yankee fashion. Nailed upon a tree was a sort of board of the trespassers-beware description. On it was inscribed, in well-carved letters, that Mr Myers and Mr Koechlor of New York had in July 1891 caught two 8-lb. "win-nonish"—this is evidently the Yankee way of spelling *ouananiche*, by the by—one trout of 7 lb., and one pike of 47 lb. Bravo, Myers! We ourselves had on the way up only hooked a pike as long as our canoe, and weighing probably—so the Indians said, at least—190 lb.; but we had not thought it worth to record the fact, as pike were so plentiful. I may as well add, we did not care

to take him on board though, for two reasons: one was, we were afraid he might swallow the Kodak and all the beautiful scenes within it that Chambers had taken with such pains; the other was, we should have wanted an extra man to portage that pike, so we let him go again, and also considerably allowed him to take some of our properties—such as spoons, casts, lines, &c.—with him as a souvenir of our visit. We were soon ourselves at work after “winnonish”; but here again the Yankees had the better of us, for we got no 8-pounders in that lake, although several 5 and 4 pounders, and one 6-pounder, fell to our rods. But the fish were stiff and only came occasionally, and after an hour or two's fishing I found myself saying, in the words of the *ingénue* of “Pink Dominoes,” “This is not what I came here for.” But if the fish were, as the Scots say, “dour,” they were magnificent when hooked. Springing out of the water repeatedly to the height of five and six feet, they glistened in the sun like silver, and fell back again into the water like little fat pigs, such a splash did they make. Once I hooked a couple of between 3 and 4 lb. each at the same time,—one on a tiny Jock Scott, the other on my top fly. Never was there such a sight and commotion on any lake; sometimes both were out of the water at once, sometimes the one went down as the other went up, but fortunately I had not paid my visits to Farlow's for nothing. The gut-cast was new and held, until after a minute or two the top fish made his final bow and took his departure. Then I had an opportunity of seeing whether or not a *ouananiche* could run as well as jump. A well-known New York angler, Mr Roosewelt, had

particularly asked me to observe this point, as some people say the fish only jumps. This particular fellow no sooner felt that he had got rid of his companion in misfortune than he set to work with a series of runs that bent my little trout-rod nearly down to the water, and that would have been no discredit to a fresh-water grilse in any river. We got him at last, though, a short thick fish weighing $3\frac{3}{4}$ lb.

It is evident to me now that these *ouananiche*, if not yearly visitants to the sea, yet are a distinctly sea-going fish, that go down and come back occasionally. And the law of the survival of the fittest evidently is maintained, since, after two hundred miles of falls, rapids, and pike-running, only the biggest arrive at Lake Tschotogamor, and even are found forty miles up the Peribonca river, as my Micmac Indian guide informed me. He informed me also that these fish farther up the river are much darker in colour. This is possibly from their being longer in the fresh water. These fish have tremendous strength of tail, and certainly can if they like jump from ledge to ledge up all the cataracts from the mouth of the Saguenay. The fact that they are found at all seasons of the year in this distant lake, and are even netted by the Indians in a peculiar manner under the ice, only supports my theory, that finding the distance a little long and the difficulties they encounter very great, they only now and then pay a visit to the salt water. But land-locked salmon is a misnomer for them. In my humble opinion they are sea-trout. As an example of the strength of their tails, I may mention that having caught a $4\frac{1}{2}$ -pounder, and by good luck netted him before he was half tired out, I had to throw myself upon him in the birch-bark

canoe to prevent him jumping out again, as he had already done out of the landing-net. From the cramped space in the frail craft I could only sit on his head and shoulders for a minute or so, but could not possibly get a hold of him. During that space of time, however, he administered to me on my thigh with his tail what school-boys would call a tremendous licking. I was sore for a couple of days afterwards. This experience has convinced me the *ouananiche* has strength enough to go up anything. Our fishing on the second day proved to be much the same as the first, few fish but big ones being our prey—some of the finest escaping, of course, in one final but triumphant leap. After this second day, although there was a possibility of getting bears in a burnt country, where the blueberries they love grow in abundance, only a few miles farther up the Peribonca, near the Lac au Sable, we determined to return, as to hunt bear with any success several days more than we could spare would have been necessary.

The journey down the river was even more exciting and dangerous than the voyage up. To avoid long portages we frequently ran down rapids, the waves of which resembled the waves of a steamboat, halting only within ten or twenty feet of the big falls below them, after forcing by skilful manipulation the canoe in between broken rocks at the upper side. This is the kind of thing to bring one's heart into one's mouth until accustomed to it, for it seems as if one must actually go over the falls—in fact, as if it was the intention of the paddlers to shoot them. We did this notably at three of the cascades of the mighty river,—at the Portage des Îles, where we ran in between two waterfalls, then

crossed the rocks; at the Portage du Diable, which well deserves its name, as the rocks surrounding the falls are simply boulders as big as houses, all lying pell-mell, tossed anyhow one on the top of the other; and lastly, at the most exciting of all, the Chute du Bonhomme. Above this fall, after in succession turning two points of islands, at both of which the river changes its rapid current at right angles, making huge whirlpools, we got a long straight run of smooth rapid water running at racing speed between sunken boulders. At the end of this run there was a sheer jump down of about two feet of green water, and at the bottom of the jump the broken rapids racing for the cataract, one of at least, with its different ledges, a hundred feet in height. After the rapid, we only pulled up in an eddy within two canoes' length of the falls. The sensation of that race down the rapid was exhilarating and delicious. The other canoe shipped some water from the steamboat-waves, but we got through without a drop, and there was, in consequence, a good deal of friendly chaff between my men and the Indians in Chambers's canoe. The worst experience of all, though, was one we had when we took a short cut at the Chute du Macleod to avoid the high mountain portage we had made going up. Here, coming down the river, we stopped at a rocky and precipitous islet of shining and slippery gneiss rock or hornblende which divided the river into two portions, each having a fall. We climbed over these rocks, the lower side of which was so precipitous that we in boots could only descend by sitting down and sliding from one boulder to the other. The men, who were in moccasins, however,

walked up and down them as usual with their canoes over their heads in hat-fashion. It was wonderful to behold. At the bottom there was only room to put one canoe afloat at a time between two rocks in comparatively still water. Then going out of the little harbour, an eddy swept the canoes up-stream towards the frantic kind of mill-race now coming from the right-hand falls. As the nose of each canoe emerged in succession from the eddy, it became caught by the current, and for a second we were broadside on to the rapid. Madly do they paddle at the bow and the stern. The birch-bark boat whirls round on its axis like a pivot, her nose swings down the stream, and away we are swept like leaves before the autumn wind at about sixty miles an hour. It is glorious.

I think it will be impossible for either of us ever to forget that descent du Macleod. As for my friend Chambers, before he started down this rapid he was quite prepared for certain death. "I swim exactly like a stone," he remarked. "What the deuce shall I hold on to when we capsize, as I know we are going to do in that cursed place?" "Try the Kodak," I said; "it is hollow, and will probably float you up like a life-buoy." "By Jove, I will!" he replied. "How do you think I had better wear it—on my back?" "No," I responded, gravely; "I think you had better swing it round your neck, so that it hangs upon your chest; it will keep your head better above water so." "By Jove, I will!—good idea that," and he prepared his life-buoy accordingly. But just as his canoe, which started before mine, was getting out of the eddy into the fierce current, I saw him tear off

the Kodak and seize hold of a spare paddle we had found. He was out of sight too soon for me to see any more, but when I reached the bottom I asked him why he had exchanged his patent life-buoy for a paddle in the hour of need. "Oh," replied he, debonairly, "I was afraid, if the canoe capsized, of getting the pictures wet!" The bull was a good one; he ought to have been an Irishman, but he hails from Staffordshire. It must not be supposed that the names of the various falls and portages are to be taken as being the right ones; they are usually the names of foremen of the lumberers who have at some time worked in the vicinity of each, and the Indians and guides know no others. There are, in fact, probably none.

It is a well-known fact that flies and mosquitoes bite a good deal up the Canadian rivers. The magnificent Peribonca proved to be no exception; in fact it was magnificent here also—or as the word Peribonca means "curious river," so it proved a curious river for flies and mosquitoes, like everything else. But Chambers had come prepared for them. One night in camp, when they were particularly bad, I saw him anointing himself all over with some patent fly-repellent. He shone like the sun and smelled like a peppermint-drop when the operation was finished. I sat by and sneered at him, saying that I had been in India and did not believe the fly-repellents, &c. But let those laugh who win. He sat there shining and smiling, and the flies flew around and around, but never alighted on him more; therefore, being convinced, I turned myself into a peppermint-drop in turn. Only one mosquito ventured to alight on my hand;

he walked all along the back of it, tapping it with his trunk to try it, as in India an elephant does a bridge to see if it is safe, and then he gave it up and flew sorrowfully away, saying to himself, "I have been deceived; I came to eat man, and lo! it is only peppermint." That fly-repellent can be bought at Chinic's at Quebec, and I can recommend it to sportsmen. Chinic is the fishing-tackle man there, I believe, but I have never been inside his store as yet. As we are on the subject of insects, I may as well mention that I found the well-known stone-fly, the May-fly of Scotland, both in its larval and imago states, on and under the stones at one point up the river. It was evidently late for the fly, however, as I only found one living specimen of each, though I found plenty of the "crawler" cases. If only we could have got a good supply of either, what a lovely bait! There is no better bait in the world than the crawler or "creeper," as they call the stone-fly larva in Ireland. It is a wonder I got any at all at the end of August, as in Great Britain the fly appears at the beginning of June; but it is possible the ice retards its development in Canada. For the benefit of the people who want to go to fish for *ouananiche* I may here state that they take both fly and artificial minnow, and the best places are the heavy swirling pools below a rapid. Here they lie chiefly on what the Canadians call *la brou*. The "brew" is a good name for the thin frothy foam, which looks like the froth on beer not too much poured up.

We found our guides capital fellows, and really fond of sport for its own sake. On our downward way we landed on some dangerous rocks below the Devil's

Falls, and there being plenty of *brou* there, soon got several of the spotted beauties with fly. Joseph Boudreau, a guide, could not stand the inaction of sitting by idle. Taking a paddle from the canoe he tied a broken piece of my line to it, on the line he whipped an enormous hook, on the hook he placed as a bait an enormous *ouananiche* eye from one of the captured fish, and then he hove this eye out into the *brou*. In a minute or two, with many exclamations in the strange Canadian *patois* French, he dragged out an enormous *doré*—a fish, by the by, that has itself an eye so lustrous and luminous that it looks like the eye of a cat seen in the dark. It was, in sooth, a strange fishing apparatus, but at any rate it had the merit of being a success. I forgot to say he also tried the artificial earth-worms, but found them useless in the rough water, as they broke or came off on the slightest touch on the rocks. The names of our other three courageous guides were Joseph Siméon, a Micmac Indian; Thomas Lessort, French Canadian; Lésine Nepton, a Montagnais Indian. Any one going to Roberval can hear of them; and really I wish no man or hardy woman in this world a pleasanter fate than to be able to go up one of these northern rivers in their company.

Before closing this paper there are one or two points I should like to mention: one is, that there is among the Indians and French Canadian half-breed guides a custom which almost amounts to a superstition, and which shows that they have a kindly feeling towards their fellow-men; it is, never to pull down the sticks and pegs that they may have cut for themselves to pitch tents with upon coming into camp, but to

leave them standing, so that they may be of use to any other people coming after them. Also, if they have any objects they do not want to use, they leave them behind them at their last camp, relying upon the honesty of those coming after them, if they do make use of them, not to take them away, for, as a rule, they all respect each other's property. I myself saw axes and paddles lying about in a boat in this sort of a way. I took the paddles, for, as mentioned above, we had no extra ones with us, thus breaking through the rule; but I knew that they were the property of the Roberval estate manager, whose men had left them where we found them, so I was able to return them all safe on my return. Another point worthy of note by any that may propose to follow my example, and to go up any of the Canadian rivers by canoe, is this: always to be

careful to step right in the middle of your canoe when getting in or out of it, and never to lean on the sides. Moreover, never on any occasion talk to your guides when they are taking you down a rapid. Thirdly, never separate from your guides during a portage, or—as, even when loaded, they walk very fast through the forest and leave you—you will surely lose the trail. Observe these particulars, and take no whisky with you that the Indians can get at; then you will be all right. In conclusion, should any reader of this paper ever follow in the writer's footsteps, and go for a summer journey up a Canadian river, I hope he may often experience one rare treat, which is, to be able to enjoy for his breakfast, at 5.30 A.M., the *chef-d'œuvre* of our Micmac *chef*, in the shape of a fresh and beautifully cooked *ouananiche*.

ANDREW HAGGARD.

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

SIR ARTHUR GORDON has contributed to the series of the "Queen's Prime Ministers" a life of his father, the Earl of Aberdeen. It is remarkably well done. Compressed within the limits of 323 pages, it nevertheless gives a clear picture of the man in his personal tastes and characteristics, and a fair epitome of his public life. As regards the former, the general testimony of those of his contemporaries who were most competent to judge is extremely high. Mr Gladstone bears this testimony alike to his strength and weakness: "It always seemed to me that there was a treasure-house within him which he kept closed against the eyes of men." Reticence and self-repression seem to have been the basis of his character. With regard to his accomplishments and the wide range of his knowledge, he took as much pleasure in concealing them as most men in displaying them. These proud and reserved natures often possess great depth of feeling, self-reliance, and rectitude of purpose, while they shrink from anything approaching to display of emotion, self-importance, or conscious virtue, with fastidious repugnance. They often coexist with strength of character and purpose. But they are to a large extent a source of weakness, for they place a man out of sympathy with his kind. "Even among his own relations," says the son concerning his father, "there were those who never penetrated beneath the surface, and deemed him the proud, impassive man the world supposed him to be." Shyness and self-

consciousness make a man's relations to the outer world extremely difficult. Their compensating advantages are, that while throwing a man back upon himself, they enable him to concentrate the exercise both of his faculties and his feelings, though they limit the range of his experience. From first to last in his career Lord Aberdeen was a "misunderstood" man—wholly unable to inspire enthusiasm or even to conciliate confidence, except amongst the few who were permitted to encroach upon his isolation. Amongst them it is not surprising that he exercised an influence which amounted to fascination. Over them his virtues, his qualities, and his accomplishments dominated with a force, which was all the greater that it was stored and concentrated, and used only within a limited range. They did not recognise its limitations or perceive that the virtues which are born in isolation are robbed of half the influence which they ought to exercise, and come to be "misunderstood." It is easy to appreciate what a source of weakness these characteristics are to a public man in England or in any kind of democracy. The Prince Consort might say and believe of him: "Lord Aberdeen is the most entirely virtuous man I know—he has all virtues, I think." The Sovereign might repose in him unlimited confidence. His colleagues might share the Duke of Wellington's opinion that "he had shown that whatever he undertook he could do better than others." But he remains a signal

instance that virtues and abilities of this transcendent kind will not avail to give a man the leadership of a nation like this, unless he also possesses the faculty of at least making himself "understood" by the people whom he undertakes to govern. The faculty of inspiring enthusiasm and confidence amongst the masses has become in this country an indispensable condition of political leadership.

The key-note of Lord Aberdeen's public life is that he was all the way through a "misunderstood" man. The testimony of Mr Gladstone himself is explicit upon that point. His first introduction to Lord Aberdeen was in January 1835, when he was made Under Secretary in the Colonial Department of which Lord Aberdeen was the chief. He went with fear and trembling, having heard so much about cold manners and haughty reserve. He came away a devoted adherent, and "thought more about the wonder of his being so misunderstood by the outer world" than about the novelty of official duties and responsibilities. And at the close of Lord Aberdeen's public life, after Mr Gladstone had retired from Lord Palmerston's Government in 1855, we remember a speech of the retiring Minister to the same effect, in which he dwelt on the pain of separation from Lord Aberdeen, and the extent to which he was "misunderstood."

The impression one derives from this life, taken as a whole, is that Lord Aberdeen, as a purely departmental Minister, would have speedily become one of the forgotten characters of public life, if it had not been for the accident which made him Prime Minister, the head of the Coalition Government of 1853-54, the most disastrous Administration of this

century. His career had been mainly that of a Foreign Secretary during a not very eventful period, and whilst the name of the secretary was overshadowed, rightly or wrongly, by the greater names of Peel and Wellington. His earlier career as a diplomatist, through some of the greatest transformation scenes which have ever occurred on the Continent, was overlooked by the public press during his Premiership, and probably had been forgotten or never known by the public. The short account of it given in this book is a very interesting portion of his life. His close relations to Pitt, his abilities, and probably the greater flow of spirits in his earlier years before the corroding sorrows of his manhood had deepened his isolation, led to his playing a very prominent part with the Nesselrodes, the Metternichs, and Castlereaghs of that period in the events which led to the downfall of Napoleon. His influence at the Court of Vienna seems to have been very great, and the part which he played before and during the Conferences of 1814 was second only to that of Lord Castlereagh.

It is, however, as Prime Minister that history will chiefly deal with him. Upon that matter we concur with his biographer that it is "the saddest chapter of this story." For under "the administration of the most devoted lover of peace who has governed the country since the Revolution, England became involved in the only European war in which she has taken part for the last seventy-five years." Let us hope that those who come after us may say, for the last 175 years. And thereafter follows an "explanation," from Lord Aberdeen's point of view, of the occurrences which led to the war. The leading members of that Cabinet are al-

ways "explaining"—through their biographers. There is, too, an undercurrent of mutual recrimination, which again and again forces itself to the surface. They all individually meant peace, but collectively they produced a war. Their united wisdom sanctioned the Vienna Note. Both Russia and the Turks interpreted it to mean something different from what the Cabinet intended. These differences arose as to whether it should be modified or not. Finally it fell through altogether. So a different arrangement must be suggested. Perhaps if Lord Stratford de Redcliffe would suggest it, his *amour propre* would be concerned in carrying it through, and the satisfaction of his *amour propre* would have a beneficial effect on the peace of the world. And so on and so on, till discussion is exhausted, and readers are aghast at the little wisdom with which the world is governed. One ludicrous instance is this: the Cabinet proposed a suspension of hostilities between Turkey and Russia pending negotiations; Lord John put in the fatal words "for a reasonable time"; Lord Aberdeen omitted to notice it; Lord Stratford construed a reasonable time as meaning a fortnight; hostilities proceeded, and the whole proposal was nugatory. When the ultimatum was sent, it was in reliance on Austrian support; after it was gone and war was inevitable, it was discovered that all the support which Austria would give was diplomatic support. History will not trace a war of considerable magnitude to diplomatic blunderings of this kind. Passion and self-interest on a large scale led to that war; the minutiae of diplomacy were the bubbles on the surface of events. The truth of the situation was, that England, as Lord Clarendon

admitted, "drifted" into war. *Prima facie* it is the Prime Minister who is responsible for that result. The question raised by this book is, Does Sir Arthur Gordon mitigate in any way his father's responsibility for the policy which was pursued, and for the result which happened? A number of causes placed Europe on the inclined plane which led to war. This marvellous Coalition never appreciated the situation, but tried to stay the onward current of events by the cobwebs of a most feeble diplomacy. The biographers of its leading members are always endeavouring to show, each of them, that if his man had prevailed, all would have gone well. It was always some one else who had spun that particular part of the web which, in the opinion of the biographer, was the first to break.

In critical emergencies like that which overwhelmed the Coalition, what is chiefly wanted is policy, not diplomacy—a statesman, and not a professional negotiator. When Lord Beaconsfield had to deal with a similar imbroglio, he denied that he was a diplomatist. He took his stand on treaties, gave notice to the contending parties beforehand what would be deemed a violation of British interests, localised the war, and insisted on its results being submitted to European revision at Berlin. It was because he pursued this simple and straightforward policy with firmness and tenacity of purpose, and had the qualities which impress the public mind, that he rallied the whole country round him, spoke with authority as its representative, and secured peace with honour. Lord Aberdeen never had a policy in the sense of a plan of action by which a given end may be secured. Or if he had one, he did not stick to it. His

desire was to maintain peace. But he had no chart or rudder to steer by. He simply dealt with each event as it turned up, in the spirit of an experienced diplomatist whose function it was "to prevent mischief," and was bewildered to find that as months rolled by he lost freedom of action beyond hope of recovery, and was driven by the current of events into a war which he had never intended.

This book, short as it is, brings out very clearly the leading features of the situation, and also the ineptitude of the British Premier in dealing with it. It does so on authority; for Sir Arthur Gordon was not merely private secretary to his father at the time, but he has evidently made a comprehensive study of the whole diplomatic details and posthumous revelations. And we think the book affords conclusive evidence that the contemporary opinion was correct, and that it is no longer possible to argue even in mitigation of the severe censure to which the Coalition Government, and especially its Premier, is liable at the bar of history.

The general features of the situation were, that Russia had some cause of complaint against the Porte, which had broken faith with her at the dictation of France. Nevertheless, Prince Menschikoff and the Turks had nearly come to terms, but Russian fear of seeming to yield to foreign dictation prevented it. Thereupon Louis Napoleon stepped in, and, restless to be in evidence before the world, complicated matters by moving the French fleet to Smyrna, a step which Russia understood as a menace. Sir Arthur Gordon says that Napoleon deliberately desired a breach with Russia on grounds which were personal to himself, and that Nesselrode was of that opinion; and

he accordingly throws on Napoleon the prime responsibility for the war. Napoleon also urged the despatch of the combined fleets to the Dardanelles, while the English Government had "some reason to believe" that all the while he was secretly making overtures to the Czar for an alliance on the basis of common hostility to England. This by itself, it must be admitted by every one, betokened a state of things which required a firm and cautious policy if it was to be successfully dealt with. The next feature in the case was that "the Sultan and his advisers"—an expression which, taken with its context (p. 231), obviously includes the British ambassador, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe—"were determined that the contest should not have a peaceful issue. The opportunity for a contest with Russia, in which Turkey might be aided by the armies of France and England, was not one to be lost." The Austrian course of conduct was governed by decided hostility to Russian aggression, but all participation in actual hostilities was precluded (p. 247) by the treaty relations subsisting between the three Eastern Powers, according to which Prussia was bound to assist Austria if attacked by the Czar, and conversely to assist the Czar if Austria began an aggression.

The dominant factor in this situation was the presence of Lord Stratford at Constantinople. If the object was to preserve the peace, this was a remarkable sort of dove to send with an olive-branch. Yet the Prime Minister was distinctly responsible for allowing him to return to his post after matters had reached an acute stage. "His hatred and dread of Russian influence in Turkey," says Sir Arthur, "bore a character of fanaticism." His further qualifications for a peacemaker were, that

"he was a man of strong will and of imperious and hasty temper, impatient of control, and little accustomed to heed instructions he disapproved." The further criticism is adopted, which our readers will readily trace to Kinglake—"voluntarily or involuntarily, he allowed it to be perceived that he thought the Porte would act wisely in rejecting the advice of which he was the official mouth-piece." He encouraged the Sultan's desire to "settle accounts with Russia once for all." Those about him, says Sir Arthur, had no doubt that he hoped for war, and Sir Arthur produces emphatic testimony to his exultation when war actually broke out—that is, when this country and France became involved in it. "Nor is it easy to read his despatches without arriving at the same conclusion." What was the use of laboriously constructing all sorts of diplomatic devices to maintain peace, and then of quarrelling as to who was responsible for their failure, when at the same time the key of the situation was given to a man of this temperament and aims? Lord Aberdeen, as an experienced Foreign Minister, must have known his man perfectly well. He ought to have resigned rather than have placed him in a position to snatch the reins out of his hand. Later on, if he had been a man of firm policy, he would, with his views, have insisted on recalling the ambassador. But as his son observes, the Whig leaders would not have consented, the Cabinet would have been dissolved, and that meant war. Under such circumstances he could not recall him, so he acquiesced in his remaining. Lord Aberdeen continued to hope "that mischief might be prevented." War, however, was, according to Sir Arthur, brought perceptibly nearer at more than one critical

moment by what Lord Stratford did or refrained from doing.

One other important feature of the situation has to be stated, and that is the personal character of the Czar—overbearing, jealous of Lord Stratford's influence with the Turks, disposed to make a personal matter of the whole position, liable to be irritated by any menace from either France or England or both combined, angered to frenzy by the opposition of Lord Stratford and the Turks, disposed however to yield when the four Powers could fall into line and bring pressure to bear upon him.

In such a predicament as this, what England wanted, and what Europe wanted at the hands of England, if war was to be prevented, was a statesman with insight and strength of purpose as distinguished from aspiration, and a policy which should be clearly understood and firmly adhered to. If England had been determined at the outset that Turkey should yield and give reasonable reparation to Russia, there can be little doubt that that result might have been achieved, for that end was nearly achieved as it was. Prince Menschikoff and the Turks quite early in the year 1853 all but came to terms. On the other hand, clear indications on the part of this country that resistance would be offered to a policy of Russian aggression, would, in the general opinion of all competent observers, have prevented that gradual adoption of high-handed measures which was the result of alternate irritation and encouragement. It is well known that even at the last moment, as late as the beginning of 1854, the Czar seriously hesitated (p. 245) whether he should not accept the proposals of the four Powers, and subsequently regretted that he had not done so.

Lord Aberdeen was, both by temperament and the exigencies of his personal and political position, quite incapable of concentrating within himself the whole representative force of the British nation in the way in which Lord Palmerston and Lord Beaconsfield subsequently did, and which has, even if in less degree, been adequately done by other Premiers of our day. He had never been in the House of Commons, he rarely if ever appeared on a public platform, he had no eloquence, and no faculty of exciting enthusiasm or sympathy except from his intimates. He never apparently even wished to conciliate public opinion. He seems to have taken a pleasure in placing himself athwart the popular passions and prejudices with a sort of supercilious disdain of outsiders presuming to criticise the skilled work of the diplomatist. He could not and would not guide, control, and represent popular feeling. He had no sympathy with it, and deplored the rise of popular fury. As for attempting to satisfy public opinion, the attitude of his mind was neatly expressed by his own phrase, "In a case of this kind I dread popular support." He regarded popular approval as a sign that he had done something particularly foolish. With this sort of distrust on his side, and with conduct and language which gave an impression of indecision and half-heartedness, no wonder that distrust rose rapidly in the public mind. A storm of obloquy ensued, crowds gathered at Tower Hill in the hope of seeing him and the Prince Consort committed to the Tower.

So much for his personal position with regard to the nation which he assumed to lead and represent. His political position was even worse. He was not the leader of

the Ministerial party. Lord John Russell lent him his own majority to carry on affairs with, and was at no pains to conceal the reluctance with which he did so, and his eager desire to supplant him. Consequently he was not leader of his own Cabinet, and whatever ascendancy in it he possessed was due entirely to the devotion of his Peelite colleagues and the growing dissatisfaction with which his Whig colleagues regarded Lord John's restless discontent. Still, the dominant fact remained that Lord John could dissolve his Government whenever he decided to do so; and he could not be reasonably considered reluctant to find his opportunity. To manage a Cabinet under such circumstances was far from easy, without a hold on the public out of doors, without the allegiance of the party, without the assured support of his indispensable colleague. Added to this, there was an ally of uncertain faith, and an ambassador ready to force his hand at any moment, calculating on support within the Cabinet. Even if the Premier had a policy, he never had a free hand; whatever course he adopted, others perverted it to their own purposes; the nation, under his guidance, lost all freedom of action; and he stayed on, sincerely hoping to prevent mischief, and believing that his fall meant war.

Throughout the whole business the British Premier was in the position of having his hand forced by some one or other. Who induced him to let Lord Stratford return to Constantinople does not appear in this book; but from his own point of view it was a fatal step, and led directly to all the other consequences which he so much deplored. Then came the question of moving the fleets from Malta to the Dardanelles. Lord Aberdeen, confident in diplomacy,

wanted to postpone any such step till Constantinople was in danger. Napoleon and most of the Ministers saw the necessity of yielding to public feeling on the subject. Lord Aberdeen gave way, but directed conciliatory explanations to Russia. He complained bitterly (p. 224) of the power given to Lord Stratford to call up the fleet to Constantinople, saying that it was a fearful power to place in the hands of any Minister. Then came the passage of the Pruth in July 1853, and the unanimous resolve that Turkey should not declare war in consequence. Diplomacy did its utmost—nearly succeeded as Sir Arthur Gordon says, wholly failed as the event proved. Later on, the Porte, encouraged by Lord Stratford, followed up the rejection of the Vienna Note by a declaration of war. It was then Lord Stratford's turn to draw up a Note. Lord Aberdeen, by this time, was full of distrust both of the Porte and his own ambassador. He at last woke up to the fact that matters had slipped, not merely from his control, but even from the appearance of his having any influence over the course of events. All he attempted to do was to recover his liberty of action and extricate himself from the position in which he had been entangled; and in that attempt he again allowed himself to be overruled. "The Turks," he complained in a helpless way to Mr Gladstone (p. 232), "with all their barbarism are cunning enough, and see clearly the advantages of their situation. Step by step they have drawn us into a position in which we are more or less committed to their support. It would be absurd to suppose that, with the hope of active assistance from England and France, they should not be desirous of engaging in a contest

with their formidable neighbour. They never had such a favourable opportunity before, and may never have it again."

But ought not such obvious considerations as these to have been foreseen from the very first? It seems to us that the above quotation from his own letter is the very strongest admission of incapacity and helplessness that the most hostile critic can need. We ought not to have been drawn into such a position, and it was emphatically his business to have prevented it step by step. Then came the effort to extricate himself. He wanted the four Powers to add to Lord Stratford's Note words to the effect that, if Turkey did not accept it, they would not be drawn into a policy inconsistent with peace. From his point of view it was his last chance of regaining his freedom of action. But he again allowed himself to be overruled by his Cabinet. To persist in it would have broken up his Ministry, and he fully believed that in that case war would inevitably result. His son regrets that he did not stand firm at this point, and believes that if his fall had ensued he would have returned later on as the Minister of peace. But as an alternative he proposed suspension of hostilities (Turkey's declaration of war not having been followed by immediate hostilities) while the negotiations proceeded. This time he was overruled by his ambassador. Although the Note was considered acceptable, it was not until after shots had been fired and it was too late to prevent war; all that could be done was to negotiate a treaty of peace. The passions of war rose high, and there was no possibility of controlling them. Lord Aberdeen had never attempted to influence or satisfy public opinion; he regarded that as beneath his notice, and he was at last as much over-

whelmed and overborne by the vehemence of public passion as he was by the current of events. His next effort was to make the Turks declare on what terms they would treat for peace, declaring all the time that it was absurd for England to be drawn into the war, but conscious that the Turks would do their best to force his hand. The battle of Sinope, in which Russia sank the Turkish fleet in its own port, roused a frenzy of excitement, and "decisive measures" were loudly called for through the length and breadth of the land. Lord Aberdeen, pressed by France, was again obliged to take a forward movement. He consented to the fleet entering the Black Sea, but stipulated that they should merely prohibit hostilities between the Turks and Russians.

Russia, of course, called for explanations, and again negotiations of peace proceeded, this time the four Powers being united. Acceptable terms of peace were forthcoming; but there was no desire for peace, says Sir Arthur Gordon, "on the part of the Porte, the French Emperor, the English people, or, I fear it must be added, the English Cabinet." The English and French explanations of their entry into the Black Sea did not satisfy Russia, which accordingly withdrew its Ministers from Paris and London. The final step was that Lord Aberdeen consented to a summons to Russia to evacuate the Principalities, under the impression that Austria would join in declaring war. But he was mistaken. When he had gone too far to recede, he discovered that Austria would only give him diplomatic support. The declaration of war followed, no man regretting it more sorrowfully than the Prime Minister, who bewailed to Lord John Russell (p. 257), "a decision which I am not without fear may

prove to have been impolitic and unwise. My conscience upbraids me the more, because, seeing as I did from the first, all that was to be apprehended, it is possible that by a little more energy and vigour, not on the Danube, but in Downing Street, it might have been prevented." Even at this distance of time, "pity the sorrows of the poor old man" is the sentiment which suits the occasion. England should have had a ruler of sterner stuff than this, whether she sought to avoid war, or to enter upon it with energy and determination.

The whole position of things is one which, looking at it from the Premier's point of view, is painful to contemplate, and must have been inexpressibly painful to experience. It is one which does not in the slightest degree reflect on Lord Aberdeen's personal or political integrity. Its helplessness is its conspicuous characteristic. It was not his fault that he did not possess the gift of leadership. He had never been a leader of men. In his earliest years he had looked up, as to a height far above him, to Pitt and Dundas. Throughout his public career he had flourished under the ægis of Peel and Wellington. As the head of a Coalition which did not coalesce, as the chief of a body which contained far more vigorous natures than his own, he was in a position which required a wisely conceived plan of action, and a resolve never to be drawn into any measure which would seriously prejudice its success. Apparently he had no plan or policy, only an aspiration for peace. This object he sought to accomplish as each difficulty presented itself, by trying to get the contending Powers to adopt some form of diplomatic agreement, regardless of its being mere patch-work, of no sort of efficacy while their passions and

interests pointed to war. He laboriously rolled the stone of diplomacy to the top of the hill, only to see with vexation the ease with which those whose policy was war could roll it down again. The fault of his diplomacy, the point at which his failure was most glaring, was not so much in the result that he failed to secure peace, as that he managed bit by bit to lose his "liberty of action," and to be drawn helplessly at the chariot-wheels of those whose policy had all along been war. It is obvious that in prolonged negotiations of that kind the greatest circumspection was necessary, or rather the greatest frankness was necessary, if the British Government was not to be drawn on further than its Premier desired. To be explicit with Russia would have been encouragement to the Turks, and this he earnestly wished to avoid. But to be explicit with the Turks, that unless they accepted terms proposed they would be left to fight their own battles, would have broken up his Cabinet. The Turks and Lord Stratford led him on from one thing to another till he was conscious of being committed to a policy which he did not approve. Finally, he preferred to lose his freedom of action rather than his Premiership, not from any unworthy motive, but because he sincerely but unreasonably believed that so long as he was at the head of affairs he could and would "prevent mischief," and that if he disappeared war was inevitable.

No one regrets this part of his conduct more emphatically than Sir Arthur Gordon (p. 233). To our mind he was in a false position from the first. But his position ought to have been regarded by himself as untenable and unendurable when he found that his continued presence at the helm meant that

this country had lost its freedom of action and was plainly drifting. His hand was forced to his knowledge over and over again, and the reason of it was that he was not the master of his Cabinet, or the trusted leader of either the nation or its dominant party. The strongest man in the Cabinet at that time was Lord John Russell (though he was steadily losing hold over his colleagues), who, it is admitted, could at any moment have dissolved it. In crises of that kind power and responsibility should go together; and though Lord John was not exactly the pilot for a storm of that character, he could not possibly have done worse than Lord Aberdeen, and might have done better. At the same time, it is extremely difficult, almost impossible, to say at what point of time Lord Aberdeen might have extricated himself from a Government which he could not lead. In trying to form an opinion, it is almost impossible to exclude the light of subsequent events. Viewed by that light, we can only say that if Lord Aberdeen could have managed to withdraw at the end of his first session, and have allowed his restless colleague to replace him, it would have been far better for his fame and for the satisfaction of his remaining years. That course was considered, but the reasons against it were held to preponderate. It is difficult to assign any other date at which resignation was practicable; and it only increases our sense of the helplessness of the situation that the captain of the ship could neither resign nor command, had no chart to steer by, and consciously allowed others to determine on a course which he disapproved, through fear that worse might befall.

But although there is difficulty

in saying when the Premier could have retired, there is none whatever in concluding that it was a disaster of the first magnitude to this country that such a Cabinet should have been at the helm at such a crisis. What can be more deplorable than these confidential accounts of the state of things as given by the Prime Minister to his bosom friend the First Lord of the Admiralty (Sir James Graham)? Writing, after the rejection of the Vienna Note, about his ambassador at Constantinople, the man whom he had retained, presumably against his will, at the centre of events, with the issue of peace or war at his disposal—"Nothing," says Lord Aberdeen (p. 270), "can be more alarming than the present prospect. I thought that we should have been able to conquer Stratford; but I begin to fear that the reverse will be the case, and that he will succeed in defeating us all." And again: "To contend at once with the pride of the Emperor, the fanaticism of the Turks, and the dishonesty of Stratford, is almost a hopeless attempt." Then he complains of his colleague. Lord John, it seems, had agreed to press the Turks to accept the Vienna Note without the modifications which they proposed. Then he forgot his agreement or changed his mind, complained of the disgrace of such a course, and intimated resignation. His chief, writing to a colleague, makes this scornful reference to his conduct: "I shall only laugh at him a little. But I told you it was significant; and it seems to me pretty clear that Lord John is determined to go. It is probable that on reflection he found the intention of leaving a Government with whom he entirely agreed, and a place which, however exceptional, was of his

own making, would put him in a ridiculous point of view, and was in fact an untenable position." It was therefore necessary to have some ground of difference, and the Turkish affair presented one out of which some capital could be made into the bargain. "He has made a bad hit this time, but may be more successful on the next occasion."

When we recollect the gravity of the crisis, and the stupendous disasters and suffering which followed in the train of events in which these men were the chief actors, it would be charity to draw the veil over their byplay, and the comical relations in which they stood to one another. We presume that this book contains the last of the revelations. Every fresh one that is made tends more and more to the inculpation of the Cabinet, and to place it in a ridiculous as well as an unworthy position at the bar of history. Lord Aberdeen owes to his Premiership a conspicuous place in history. It is not a place to be envied, but its demerits are due to his having been placed in an exceptional position, which no man with his antecedents, characteristics, and remarkable surroundings, was qualified to fill.

Sir Arthur Gordon brings out very clearly the grounds on which he contends that his father's conduct is to be vindicated. He claims that this was his policy—To prevent by force of arms, in the last resort, not merely the possession or occupation of Constantinople by Russia, but any advance in that direction which rendered such occupation imminent. It is worth noting, for during a later development of the Eastern Question in 1876-77 many were heard to say, Better the Russians at Constantinople than the Turks in

Europe. His first line of defence was the concert of Europe—that is, joint action by the four Powers, who should adopt resolute and identical language at St Petersburg, intimating that the just complaints of Russia should be redressed, while her acquisition of new powers within the Turkish empire would be rejected. This may have been his policy as regards his wishes and conscious aims, but there is no evidence that his plan and mode of action were determined thereby. If they had been, if he had possessed the resources and strength of purpose to give effect to such a policy, it might have succeeded in securing the peace of Europe. A minority of his Cabinet, including its indispensable men, distrusted the action of Prussia and Austria, and thought the joint action of France and England adequate to the occasion. They had on their side public opinion and parliamentary votes, and particularly the co-operation of Napoleon and Lord Stratford. Whenever a difference of opinion arose, the minority carried the day. Lord Aberdeen's "policy" went to the wall; for unless he could accept a rupture and resign, he was obliged to yield. His motives for doing so on each occasion were, that his resignation meant immediate war; while if he stayed, he was confident that he could sooner or later patch up an arrangement which, once effected, would not be disturbed, even though its authors might be overwhelmed by popular disapprobation. The effect was to rouse public anger to a white-heat, and to let loose with redoubled fury the mad passions of war.

Such was Lord Aberdeen's position at the close of his official career. No one with a grain of impartiality would suggest any view of his conduct at this trying

period, or indeed throughout his career, in the slightest degree inconsistent with perfect probity, honour, and patriotism. And a fair estimate of his Premiership necessitates a very large allowance for the unexampled difficulties of his personal and political surroundings. He is mainly responsible for an uncertain and vacillating policy at a time when resolution and tenacity of purpose were signally demanded. When the case is examined and represented with all the partiality of a son, but at the same time with all the impartiality of a faithful narrator, it appears that there is no doubt as to the uncertainty of the policy and the vacillation of purpose; and the only question is, Was Lord Aberdeen responsible for it? His case is, that he was practically chained to a post from which he could not escape; that his hand was forced over and over again; that at last all liberty of action was lost, and he was not allowed to recover it; that this result ensued gradually, there being no definite point at which it could have been prevented; that the position, however helpless, was never hopeless, and that consequently it was his duty not to abandon it. The fair verdict of history, however, in our opinion, is one of unmitigated and sweeping censure of this disastrous Coalition, while the task of adjusting the degrees of individual responsibility amongst its members must for ever baffle the highest efforts of the critical faculty. The Prime Minister is, by right of office, *de jure* the most responsible; but whether his conduct was *de facto* worse than that of all his colleagues, or whether any man of similar antecedents in a similar position would have been able to act otherwise, are speculations of no practical value.

EARLSCOURT: A NOVEL OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

CHAPTER XVII.—IN THE DUNES HOUSE.

STEPHEN BRANCEPETH kept vigil in the Dunes House. For more than two hours he had been striding up and down his room with rapid steps, feeling rather uneasy about, than impatient for, the interview that was before him. When he left Cloete Sparshott he had walked about the Dunes until night fell, endeavouring to reason himself into a spirit of resignation, on the hypothesis that his situation had been brought about by fate, and that circumstances had so powerfully shaped his course as to leave him no option except to bend to them. By men of Brancepeth's easy temperament, with a disposition to drift, a convenient theory of life is generally shaped from the doctrine of fatalism; but this theory is more easily reconcilable to the facts of the past than to the feelings of the present. What was past rendered his passion for Cloete Sparshott fruitless, wicked, and shameful, he reproachfully told himself; and yet this very evening he had confessed to her that he still loved her, he had held her in his arms, he had kissed her lips.

Wearied and spiritless he had gone home, and had endeavoured to banish all thought of his old love: he had taken with him a book to the dinner-table, and endeavoured to engross his mind in it during the meal. But the scene which had just taken place, and the interview to which he was now looking forward, and the sympathies and antipathies connected with the situation, made him restless and nervous, and he sent dish after dish away untasted. Before the dessert could come on the table he had claret and cigars sent into his study; but even these comforts failed to soothe him. As

the evening advanced he grew more and more fidgety, and took to pacing up and down the room, pausing now and then to look out at the night, which was still dark and gusty.

"You can let the servants go to bed, Pont," he said, as his man came in to look to his fire a little after ten o'clock; "but stay up yourself, as I expect a visitor who wishes to be private. See that you get them all out of the way on some pretence or other, as I don't wish any prying."

"All right, sir," said Pont; "but if she come in a carriage?"

"There will be no carriage. Mrs Brancepeth proposes to walk, and she particularly wishes that no one should see her except you."

"It is a cruel dark night for her to walk, poor lady," said Pont, looking out of the window, "and mortal damp too. Shall I not go out with a lantern and wait for her to light her along, sir?" added he, with a dubious look which perhaps implied that such a duty might with more propriety have devolved upon his master.

"No," said Brancepeth; "it is her wish that no one should meet her. Besides, I have no idea when she will come or how she will manage to get away from Earlscourt. She will have to watch for an opportunity to get away unobserved. Perhaps," he added, with a sigh—it might be of regret, it might be of relief—"the dark night may have interfered with her plans. However, I shall stay up of course. Open the other shutters, Pont, that she may see the lights, and then you may go."

The night was "mortal damp," as

Pont had said, and where the light from the window fell upon the honeysuckle and arbutus that clustered outside, the rain-drops were seen sparkling in large beads. Brancepeth ran his eye along the narrow gravelled drive that wound up through the dark firs until it reached the level of the Dunes; and anxiously scanned every dark object that caught his eye as unfamiliar. He had never noticed anything before at that first turn. It was moving. No, it was but the wind swaying a branch. Here was surely a dark figure at the side of the rockery,—he could make out, he could almost see her moving to him; and the more he strained his eye, the more distinctly he could distinguish the person he expected. But as the seconds became minutes, and the only movements were in his own imagination, he saw that it was but a laurel bush that was playing tricks with his mind, and he resumed his impatient walk up and down the room.

Meanwhile Mr Pont had got the servants disposed of—not without grumbling on the part of the cook, who, with a slippered foot planted on each extremity of the kitchen-fender, was revelling in the exciting fiction of a penny paper.

"I don't know why you are a-makin' all this fuss about shuttin' up the 'ouse to-night o' all nights i' the year, Mr Pont," protested the aggrieved female; "just when I was beginnin' to feel my ale comfortable inside o' me, and wantin' to know whether Rosabella *did* stab the markies when he kep' his appointment. It's scarcely gone ten yet."

"Who's going to be kept out of bed by you and your Rosabellas and marquises?" retorted Mr Pont, as he laid hold of the moderator of the kitchen lamp. "I want to go to bed, and I ain't a-going until I can see the house made fast. There

was an attempted burglary at Alderman Hanmer's two nights ago, and they hain't caught the thieves yet. Take your marquises and a dip up-stairs, if you've got to."

When the house was all quiet, Pont gently opened the outer door, which he had ostentatiously locked and chained in the presence of his subordinate Thomas, and leaving it a little ajar, retired to his own room at the other end of the hall, where, having stirred his fire to a bright blaze and thrown himself into an easy-chair with his legs well elevated on another, he musingly waited the further development of events.

"It is a rum start," soliloquised Mr Pont,—*"it is a rum start altogether, and I'd like to know what is to be the upshot of it all. Here have we been married for more than a year, and we ain't a bit nearer settled than we were then, when we left that blessed little church at Nice in a fine frosty morning that would have frozen the horange-blossoms if we had had any. How is it all to end! How is it to be consummated? as the lawyers says. Henveloped in mystery,"* sighed Mr Pont, as he gently pulled a little table towards him and refreshed himself with a glass of his master's sherry—*"henveloped in mystery and ennygmias, the prospect is nowhere; but there will be a bust some day, and when it comes it will be a Wolcano."*

"They can't go on this way long," resumed Mr Pont, after he had again paid his respects to the decanter; "murder will hout. Somebody is sure to smell a rat, and then peach. There was Minton, even, who said it would be as good as a couple of hundred pound in my pocket if I gave his lordship the office; and then we could take a hotel with posting. Oh, woman! what a wiper thou are. 'No, Minton,' says I,—'no, Minton. I'm

not above my pay, and I likes my perquisites, but I never set alongside you in a bar parlour with a couple of hundred pound earned that way.' 'But suppose my lord cuts up dead rusty,' says she, 'and takes away all the money; he can do it, for it is in the will. Where are they then, and where are we?' That's true. We'd find ourselves seated on the hopposition side of the 'ouse, I doubt. Well, in that case I should not have to marry Minton—leastways, not of necessary consequence,—and *wirtute me convoler*, as my old master Mr Squanderley said, when he bolted from Cambridge in Mother Bunch's gown and petticoats to escape the bailiffs."

"I suppose she'll bring Minton with her," said Mr Pont, rising and looking out from the window. "I'd better get some more sherry from the dining-room, for there ain't more nor enough for myself, and we may as well have a fight while our betters are doing their billing and cooing. She is rising aged is Minton; but so is her mistress for that matter, and if my master ain't above marryin' a woman older than himself, why should Eddard Pont make bones about it."

With candle in hand, Mr Pont was making for the dining-room on the other side of the hall, when a whistle from the shrubbery was heard. "That is her, to a moral," he said, setting down his candle and opening the door a little wider. "I heard a whistle, sir," he added to his master, who now came hurriedly from his room and passed out into the darkness.

"Stay here, Pont," said Brancepeth hurriedly, "and let us get them in as quietly as possible. Keep your eyes open, too, and see that none of the servants are prying about;" and he ran hastily down the steps and looked about him. He heard a rustle behind a bush, and a dark

figure ran forward and threw its arms around his neck.

"Oh Stephen!" murmured Dorothy, "what I have gone through to get to you! I was frightened to death by the darkness; but I durst not show it, lest Minton should give way altogether. Oh, my own love! say you are glad to see me again."

"Am I not!" said Brancepeth, kissing her fondly. "My wife is indeed a heroine to brave so much for the sake of seeing me. I could have almost sacrificed my longing for you rather than that you should have been exposed to the damp night-air—and so dark too."

"Don't say so, Stephen, darling," said Dorothy, hanging on his neck. "I would go through fire and water to come to you, if it were only for so short a space as this must be."

Brancepeth kissed her for reply, and putting his arm round her waist, led her up the steps and into his room. "Be cautious now, Pont, and see that the house is kept quiet," was his injunction as he closed the door behind him.

"Second division, left wheel," said Mr Pont, as he jauntily put *his* arm round Minton's waist, and whirled her into his pantry. "There you are, my beauty, as fresh and as pretty as a crocus at Christmas, and laden with dew too," and Mr Pont attempted to brush the dew off Minton's lips in imitation of his master's example.

"Hands off now, Mr Pont," retorted Minton. "Remember, if they're married we ain't—yet at any rate; and if you do love me, give me a pair of dry stockings."

Meanwhile, in Mr Brancepeth's study, Dorothy was clinging fondly to her husband as they sat side by side, while he kissed and patted her and smoothed her damp hair. "You must have caught your death of cold, dearest," he said, drawing her towards the blazing fire. "I cannot forgive myself for being the cause

of your having come out thus. Why did you not allow me to meet you and bring you here?"

"Oh Stephen! dearest, I felt I must come. It seems years since I have seen you, and it is much more insupportable to be near you without seeing you, than when I know there is an impassable distance between us; and when I hear your name mentioned, as I sometimes do, I feel that it is almost impossible not to betray myself."

"I too wish that all this concealment and mystery were over, Dora," replied Brancepeth gravely. "You cannot think how my false position here preys upon me. I believe people in Earlsport who know all about how my father threw me off, have started all sorts of speculations as to how I have been able all at once to blossom out into a householder and a capitalist—luckily none of them near the truth. I say luckily for you, dearest; for my own part, I would feel a relief if the world knew everything."

"Have patience, Stephen—have patience, for my sake;" and Dorothy held up her face to be kissed. She was now sitting close to Brancepeth, her head resting on his shoulder, and her face turned up towards his, while his arms closely encircled her. "You know the dread I have of Lord Earlsfield; but I am sure I shall manage everything rightly if I only get time and can take the right way."

"Well, though he does his worst, all he can do is to enforce the conditions of your aunt's will, and hold that you have forfeited your fortune by marrying without his consent, and secure it for himself. Let him do so; it will at least vindicate me from the charge of having married you for your money."

"If that were the only doubt I had," said Dorothy, with a sigh.

"But sometimes, dearest, when I am alone and dull and unhappy, I imagine that you just *allowed* me to marry you. You had been so ill—nearly dead; and because I was kind to you, and nursed you, and did not conceal my fondness for you as you grew better, you were gallant enough to say you loved me. I doubt if a man can really love a woman five years older than himself."

Five years! oh Dorothy Colpoys! When Sir Bernard and Debreth, too, know so much better in spite of your clear eyes, fresh complexion, and white teeth. Console yourselves, mature virgins, whose names are not written in these august registers, and whose ages, real or assumed, have been confided only to the conservative secrecy of a census schedule. Console yourselves. Nobility is embarrassed by its own honours.

"Dear one, why should I not love you?" said Brancepeth, pressing his cheek against hers. "I don't believe that fiction, that you are older than I am. I would not believe it though you showed me a date written in the Earls court Family Bible. I should be positive there was a mistake. You are so young in heart; and as for your beauty, dear, it can never fade in my eyes."

"Ah! I do hope you will always think thus. I must die if you were not to love me, or if you were to look with love on any other woman. That is what I fear most, so long as people do not know that we are married. Some one else may fall in love with you."

"Let us cast off the mask then, Dora, if you fear for me," said Brancepeth. "Claim me openly as your own property, and then possible trespassers will be sufficiently warned."

"Alas!" answered Dorothy, with

a shiver, "there is always Earlsfield and that horrible will. And I could not bear to think that I was dragging you into poverty. Then indeed you would have good reason to cease loving me."

"Don't say that, Dora," broke in Brancepeth; "I cannot bear to have the idea of money mixed up with our marriage. If your brother will have it, let him take the money in heaven's name, and let me work for you. Anything would be better than this life of idleness and secrecy—and separation from you," he gallantly added.

"How good you are, my own!" cried Dorothy; "and how I wish we could shake ourselves clear of both Lord Earlsfield and Aunt Pye's money and everything! And that you could be a barrister and member of Parliament, or even a doctor, and that we could live together in a house of our own; and then how proud I would be to see how every one admired my husband!"

"Every one is not so blinded by partiality as you are, dear Dora," said Brancepeth; "but it would be the pleasure of my life to labour truly and faithfully to make up to you for the sacrifice you have made for me. Your love would be a strong tower for me to take refuge in when trouble or failure came. And since I saw you I have seen my father; and it now rests with myself whether I am not to become his partner in the bank, and the successor to his fortune and business. So, dearest, why not at once go to Lord Earlsfield and let us look the world honestly in the face?"

"But you do not know how hard Earlsfield can be," sighed Dorothy. "He has no object but to save up money against the time when we get a higher title. Earl of Earlsfield sounds natural and pretty,

doesn't it? But that poor boy, Harold, will never earn it; and Earlsfield looks upon anything the rest of the family gets as so much money of which the peerage has been cheated. He would think of Harold and declare that he owed it as a duty to Aunt Pye's memory to see the terms of her will strictly carried out. He did it before—at least he always said he would do it if I did not marry to please him," corrected Dorothy, feeling that reference to any previous occasions on which Lord Earlsfield had been called to exercise his discretion under the will of Lady Pye was not specially called for.

"Only have patience for a little longer," she urged; "it will all come right. I have a presentiment that something will happen to bring Earlsfield round to consent, if we only wait long enough. And remember, my darling, it is as hard upon me as upon you."

"I think of that," replied Brancepeth, "and the thought that you also are oppressed by the weight of a secret makes the burden of the mystery yet more intolerable. In heaven's name let us end it. If Lord Earlsfield will have the money, let him take it. I shall accept my father's offer, and then I may avow our marriage without fear of any imputation of mercenary motives."

Dorothy sighed. "I could never bear to lose the money—not for myself; but do you think that I would allow myself to be a burden to you—that I would see you toiling to support me? Your life would grow bitter under the drudgery, and you would then begin to regret having married an old woman who had nothing to give you but her foolish love."

"When you give me that you give me all, Dora," returned her husband, softly stroking his wife's

hair; "besides, there will probably be no great amount of drudgery involved. Though I take up the partnership my father now offers me, I suspect I shall prove more an ornamental than a useful member of the firm of Brancepeth Brothers. My father is very rich, and he is old too; I have no doubt that all his wealth will come to me, now that the original cause of quarrel between us is entirely removed."

"Ah!" cried Dora, quickly, "you mean the Sparshott girl,—the Museum keeper's daughter. That, you told me, was what had quarrelled you and your father. They were talking of it at the Court to-day. She is very beautiful, and you have seen her again. Is it not so?"

Brancepeth held his peace.

"I say you have seen her again," cried Dorothy, jumping up from her seat, and standing erect before the fire while she looked angrily at her husband. The good-humour and beaming affection were all gone from her face now; her eyebrows were drawn together until the angry sparkle of her eyes was almost hid in their deep shadow; her cheeks wore a dark-purple flush, and her nostrils quivered as Lord Earlsfield's were wont to do when he was in his worst humours. A flash of jealousy had transformed her immediately from a woman loving and craving love to an irresponsible virago. "I say you have seen her again," she exclaimed, stepping forward with a stamp of her foot, and seizing Brancepeth by the wrist. "I dare you to deny it."

"I have no wish to deny it," said Brancepeth, in calm, steady tones.

"And you tell this to me—to me, your wedded wife! Is this your truth? Is this your gratitude? Stephen Brancepeth, I be-

lieve you are the falsest, the basest, the most deceitful of men."

"Try to compose yourself, Dora, and listen to me."

"Listen to you! That you may tell me lies; that you may weave some pretty fiction to cover your guilty intrigues. No; I have been deluded too long. While you have been all the while pretending a wish to have our marriage disclosed, you have been availing yourself of the secret to make fresh conquests, and revive your old loves. But I shall soon put an end to this."

"You will indeed if you continue to raise your voice in that fashion," retorted Brancepeth, whose temper, joined to a feeling that he was not wholly blameless, was fast beginning to fail him. "I have always wished the matter made public, but I confess," he added sarcastically, "that I should have preferred a more fitting opportunity and a more dignified manner of making the announcement."

"Stephen," she cried, clenching his wrist, and shaking his arm in the extremity of her excitement, "as God hears the both of us, do you still love that girl?"

"God help me! I do," said Brancepeth, looking his wife pitifully in the face.

A piercing shriek rang through the Dunes House, rising above the whistling of the wind, and startling the sparrows from their nests among the ivy outside the windows. It was followed by a fainter one, which died away in a prolonged scream; and when Pont and Minton, disturbed in their discussion of a cold pie and hot potables, burst into the room, they found Dorothy lying on the hearth, with Brancepeth kneeling over her supporting her head. The angry flush on her cheek was subsiding into a death-like pallor, and her arms lay helpless by her side.

CHAPTER XVIII.—*REDINTEGRATIO AMORIS.*

"Miss Dorothy! Miss Dorothy! What is this?" said Minton, as she rushed to her mistress's aid. "What is the matter, sir?" she added, darting an angry look towards Brancepeth.

"Your mistress has fainted—has got a fit, I believe," said Brancepeth huskily. "Get water, Pont, get brandy; d——n you, don't stand staring there like an idiot."

Meanwhile Minton had begun to chafe Dorothy's hands, and to fan her face with a pocket-handkerchief, and Pont returning presently with water, the maid laved her mistress's face and bathed her temples. As Dorothy began to show signs of returning animation, Brancepeth and Minton lifted her on to a couch, where she lay sighing heavily while her whole frame trembled violently from her recent excitement. She opened her eyes for a minute and looked wildly round, but speedily closed them again with a deep sob.

"Dora, dearest!" said Brancepeth, seating himself by her side on the couch with her hand in his, while with the other he smoothed her disordered hair. "Rouse yourself; it is all a mistake. You have been hasty, and I have been unkind; but believe me, you are wrong."

"Oh, Stephen!" she cried, springing up and clinging to his neck; "tell me, tell me truly, that you no longer care for her; that you will never see, never speak to her again. I shall kill myself if you are false to me."

Brancepeth having motioned Minton to leave the room, kissed his wife fondly as the safest and most satisfactory assurance, while, with her head resting upon his breast, she sobbed away the remains of her passion. Stephen was a man whom a woman's tears completely unnerved,

and the resolutions which he had formed when Dorothy made the attack upon him, to explain his feelings towards Cloete Sparshott,—to tell his wife frankly that his love for Cloete had revived as soon as ever he saw her, and that he was determined to effectually combat this weakness; that he had seen the girl and spoken with her, and told her that there could be no renewal of their former affection; and that he would control himself, and ever be to her a good and loyal husband,—all this Brancepeth felt it behoved him as an honest and honourable man to say, and when Dorothy had broken out upon him in her anger he had determined to say it. But here was Dorothy sobbing against his breast as if her heart would burst, and every sob sapped away some of his resolution.

"You promise me you will never see her again!" pleaded Dorothy, looking up with tearful eyes in his face. "It is not that I mistrust you, but she does not know that you are married—that you can be nothing to her; and it would be misery to me to think that she might again seek your love. You *will* promise me?"

"I do promise you, Dora," assented Brancepeth. "I shall never seek to see her again unless I am thrown into her company in some way that would make my evasion of her attract attention. But why should you be thus sillily jealous? You know how I love you. It does not speak much for your confidence either in my heart or my honour to suspect that I could forget my wife," he added, with a sigh which was drawn from him half by a feeling that there was hypocrisy in his remark, and half by a perception that a semblance of emotion

was necessary to authenticate his assertion.

"I can never forget that I am an old woman, and that you are a young man, my love," she replied, half smiling through her tears.

"Nonsense, Dora! I forbid you ever to say that again," said Stephen. "If there is any difference, which I would never remember if you did not keep constantly repeating it, you have the advantage of me in youngness of spirit and freshness of love. It will be long before time lays any rough touch on your beauty, and before long we shall have got to the end of our state of separation, and when we are always together there will be no room for jealousy on either side."

"You jealous," said Dorothy, with a faint smile. "I wish I was sure that you loved me well enough to be capable of feeling jealous; but that fate is reserved for me. But we must leave this place soon, for while we are here, even if I can trust you, I cannot control my own silly fears."

"Agreed," said Brancepeth, stifling a feeling of impatience; "but remember, Dora, we had resolved to stay here until you had got an opportunity for disclosing our marriage. Let us put an end to this secrecy. Let me close with my father's offer, and then we are independent of Lord Earlsfield's opinion. For the sake of my honour, for the sake of my peace, for the sake even of saving me from the temptations you have suggested, I beg of you, Dora, to let this be done."

"Yes, yes," replied Dorothy, with a shiver, "it shall be done; but Lord Earlsfield—I shall think of it and let you know what I shall do, but I have been too upset just now to form any plans."

"Well, here comes Pont with refreshments, and you must eat

something and drink a glass of wine. It is the first time you have eaten and drunken in your own house, my dear," said Brancepeth, with an affectation of gaiety, as Pont made his appearance with a slight but dainty supper upon a small tray, which he and Minton had taken advantage of the cook's absence to prepare.

The road from the Dunes House to Earls court was not less long, nor was the night less dark, when Dorothy set out on her return journey. The wind had gone, but the breakers were still thundering dismally along the sands. Under the trees of Earls court Park there were eerie alternations of light and darkness. But Dorothy, with her arm firmly linked in her husband's, thought the way all too short, and was sorry when the Court appeared before them in its gaunt ghastly outlines amid the uncertain light. They could not talk much, and only on indifferent subjects, for Minton's dread of the dark got the better of her natural respect, and she kept close to her mistress's heels the whole way. But when Dorothy took a hurried adieu of her husband, when they had reached the limit beyond which he could not safely venture, her last words, when she held up her face for a farewell kiss, were, "Remember your promise!"

It was with very mixed feelings that Brancepeth retraced his steps in darkness and solitude towards the Dunes House. The events of the day had sorely tried him. His accidental meeting with Cloete Sparshott had showed him how strongly rooted was his old love for the girl, and how little he was able to withstand it. Dorothy's charges had rudely recalled him to a sense of his duty; and he felt all the more resentful that his conscience

told him there was justification for her jealousy. And yet Dorothy was his wife; he was bound to her in faith and troth pledged at the altar. Brancepeth was a man of honour and morality, and he flatteringly told himself that it was impossible that he could fail in his duty to the woman he had taken for better for worse. He was grateful to Dorothy; he even persuaded himself that he loved her truly. When he was in distress, almost in absolute want, and stretched helplessly on a sick-bed in a wretched lodging in a French village, she had found him out as an act of charity from an Englishwoman to an Englishman from her own neighbourhood, and had tended and nursed him through convalescence to health with all the devotion of a sister. She had worn an angelic halo then as she bent over his sick-bed, and had handed him cooling drinks and strengthening delicacies; she had seemed beautiful as a ministering spirit to his poor sunken eyes; and when he recovered and saw the plainest indications of her tender interest in the life which she had preserved, what could Brancepeth do but dedicate it to her? Confidences were interchanged. Brancepeth told his story frankly—a story he firmly believed to be one of the past in all its relations; Dorothy explained the restrictions which Lady Pye's will had imposed upon her; and thus a secret marriage was agreed on, which was to be concealed until the propitious moment arrived for breaking the news to Lord Earlsfield. They had been mildly happy on the Continent, keeping well aloof from those highways and byways most frequented by their countrymen. Brancepeth felt like some shipwrecked mariner, who, after much tossing upon the waters and struggles for life, has reached a beautiful new-world island, where dreams of

the past do not disturb, and cares for the future fret not. He had lived and loved; the pleasures of life had failed him; now he was to content himself with its more sober joys. He persuaded himself that he was happy—that he ought to be so; that he loved his wife—he certainly ought to do so; and indeed he realised all Dorothy's fondest imaginations. There was still the dread of what might befall them when Lord Earlsfield came to know what had taken place; but even this apprehension threw a dash of romance over their otherwise matter-of-fact life, to which Dorothy was sentimental enough not to be indifferent. Their present was all the happier that there was an element of uncertainty in the future to give a zest to its enjoyment.

Dorothy, since she inherited Lady Pye's famous legacy, had fully availed herself of her privileges as a woman of property and a *femme sole* to wander where she pleased, with Minton, her maid, for companion; and Lord Earlsfield, feeling secure in the check which he possessed upon her matrimonial views, had never sought to restrict her liberty. But she had always spent some portion of every year at Earls court, and to absent herself now might provoke suspicion. But what was she to do with her husband in the meantime? Dorothy, it must be owned, had little faith in men. She could trust Brancepeth best under her own eye. A suspicion always haunted her that the difference in their ages gave her a less hold upon her husband than she would have had had they been equal in point of years. She could not go to Earls court while he remained behind in France, a prey to designing young widows at watering-places. No, he must be kept near her; and when Dorothy read in the 'Earlsport Mercury'

that the Dunes House was to be sold at a reduced price in consequence of the lamented death of Sir Alexander M'Chanter, she immediately chalked out a plan of operations. They would both return to Earlsport, and at Earls court she would feel assured that no one could run away with her husband from the Dunes House under her own eyes. They would be secret and careful, and their marriage need never be suspected; and when the summer was over, they would return to the Continent and resume their happy domestic life. And then, when all was made manifest, they would make their home at the Dunes House with Lord Earlsfield's blessing.

But Brancepeth had seriously opposed this plan. Earlsport was the last place in the world he would have chosen for his residence. There were the painful memories of his old love; there was the awkward relationship in which he stood to his father; and there was last, but not least, the speculation which his advent would be sure to set agoing. But all these Dorothy overruled. It was necessary, she argued, that she should break the news of their marriage to Lord Earlsfield; and how could she dare to do this, unless he was at hand to support her when necessary? He had frankly warned her of the danger of his encountering Oloete Sparshott, but Dorothy had overruled his fears by her assurances of her trust in his faith and honour. Perhaps she had that womanly feeling which delights in exhibiting a prize that the one has snatched from the other, although Dorothy must for the present deny herself the pleasure of flaunting her conquest.

Once persuaded to take the plunge, Brancepeth found compensation in the thought of the

mystification which his return must produce among his old friends in Earlsport. The mortification which he doubted not his father must experience at hearing of his return, prosperous, with plenty of money, and with no need to appeal to him for assistance, afforded prospect of a species of revenge not wholly disagreeable. The fact that the banker had entirely cast him off had been so notorious, that his reappearance as the proprietor of the Dunes House, which had always made its occupant a personage in Earlsport's estimation, would elevate him to the rank of a popular hero. And as for the rest—well, with his aimless life he might just as well live there as anywhere else, until the time came for Dorothy and himself to return to the Continent.

But a short residence among the solitudes of the Dunes sufficed to arouse a spirit of unrest in Brancepeth. He began to think seriously over the false position in which he had placed himself—a position derogatory to himself and compromising to Dorothy. The marriage must be avowed, whatever the result. If Lord Earlsfield was able to declare Dorothy's inheritance forfeit, then he must endeavour to make a way for himself and his wife. His father, he told himself, could make no possible objection to such a marriage as he had made; and now that Oloete Sparshott was out of the question, why should he not be reinstated in his former position as the heir of Brancepeth Brothers, and received as a partner into the bank? And as if in answer to this reasoning, his father's proposition had come of its own accord. So Brancepeth was now impatient to have the disclosure over, and his career settled. If Lord Earlsfield refused his consent, Brancepeth would at least be saved from the

charge of having married for money. But Dorothy had her own views. Like her other brother and sister—with the exception of the hardened colonel—she stood in terror of the head of the house, and dreaded the scene that would ensue when she announced the step which she had taken. She knew Lord Earlsfield's grasping nature; that he had made up his mind to prevent her marrying; and that he surely calculated in securing to the title the reversion of her money. She had, too, a fixed idea that by virtue of her wealth she had a more secure hold upon her husband's fidelity and affection; and she shrank from being left penniless herself, or even

from seeing her husband made independent of her money. So in spite of Brancepeth's pressure there seemed little prospect of Dorothy taking the first step to terminate the mystery.

"There must be an end put to this," was the resolution with which Brancepeth returned home after his dark excursion. "Life would be intolerable if it were to go on thus. What with Dora's jealousy, and Cloete Sparshott's ignorance of matters, I shall flounder into some foolish mess. I hope I am not a villain,—and I am not a Mormon or a Mohammedan; and yet—but what's the use of moralising? What is, is."

CHAPTER XIX.—IN A SUMMER-HOUSE.

At the end of the garden at Earls court there is an old summer-house, with ivy-covered walls and a high dome-shaped roof, honey-combed with pigeon-holes. This had been the pigeon-house in days when doves were the necessary appurtenance of every large country mansion about Earls court; but a former Lady Earlsfield, attracted by the beauty of the situation and of the fine sea-view it commanded, had turned the lower part of it into a summer-house, and had confined the pigeons to the dome. Standing atop of a little mound, it overlooked the high walls of the park, and, through an opening cut in the tall elms, commanded a prospect stretching over the slopes of the Dunes, and far out to sea. Save the fluttering of the pigeons and the sparrows in the ivy, and the occasional sight of a sail darting across the narrow vista of water, it was a retreat disturbed by neither sight nor sound. All round about the grass grew long and rank, untouched by the scythe, and the

narrow gravel walk that led to it was half choked up by weeds. Lord Earlsfield did not delight in the picturesque; Mrs Firebrace had a horror of damp; and Dorothy, when she wanted solitude, preferred her own room: so the dove-cot was seldom visited by these members of the family. Only Mary Donne was in the habit of coming thither with a basket of crumbs to feed the pigeons, and on fine forenoons she would not unfrequently bring a novel or a volume of poetry with her, and spend an hour or two reading and dreaming of the possibilities of life which her book presented, and of which she as yet knew nothing by experience.

On such occasions George Colpoys found himself not unfrequently attracted thither. Time hung heavy upon his hands at Earls court, and it was very seldom that fortune offered him an alternative to spending the recess elsewhere. "He had the run of his teeth there for nothing, and that was a con-

sideration for a fellow so hard up as himself," he frankly admitted; and Earls court also presented the advantage of being the place of all others where he was most secure against the intrusion of his constituents,—for they all either hated or feared Lord Earlsfield too much to set foot within his grounds.

Of late years the member had frequently succeeded in quartering himself upon his sister Dorothy while she was living on the Continent, but last recess she had refused point-blank to receive him, and this season she was at home. So he found himself obliged to make the best of Earls court, which he did by keeping as much as possible out of the way of his eldest brother, by dawdling over the newspapers, and by smoking about the stable-yard. He could sometimes manage to slip away for a few days at a time to race-meetings that were not so remote as to make the journey too expensive, or to take a week in London on the plea of political business, where between his lodgings and his club he could contrive to live at little outlay.

But to the member's genial nature Earls court must always be chilling and dull; and he had only just begun to realise that Mary Donne's company was a resource to be made something of. Until this visit to Earls court he had looked upon her as a girl barely escaped from the school-room and the insipid influences of bread-and-butter, and his interest in her had been confined to vague speculations as to the obscure causes of the regard which Lord Earlsfield so evidently showed for the young orphan. George had not that belief in his brother's generosity of character which could admit of the supposition that Lord Earlsfield's kindness to Mary Donne was wholly disinterested, or that it was sufficiently

explained by his old friendship for her father. But he was too lazy to trouble himself much about the matter; and though he had heard a rumour that Lord Earlsfield intended to make Miss Donne his second wife, he knew enough of his brother to treat it as absurd.

Now that he had made friends with Mary Donne, and had found an agreeable variation of the usual monotony in dangle about after her, and in carrying on a mild flirtation, more in jest than in earnest, he had begun to speculate, with as much seriousness as was in his nature, whether Lord Earlsfield would be likely to do something handsome for his favourite, and whether, if prospects of a suitable provision were to be forthcoming, he himself might not as well marry the young lady.

"Who knows but that I might do something after all," the member had said to himself. "I have noticed that the married fellows are always most regular in their attendance on the House,—takes 'em away from home, I dare say. But perhaps she would not have me, if I were to put it to her seriously. She may think me rising aged, but my wind and my legs are still sound enough, at any rate."

In spite of the disqualification of two-and-forty years, George continued to hang about Mary Donne when quiet opportunities offered, with the consoling reflection that she was pleasant to talk to, even if nothing else came of it. It was surprising how frequently, without any arrangement or understanding, they encountered each other in the course of the day, going their several ways after a brief interval of innocent chit-chat. George had found out that the dovecot was a favourite haunt of Miss Donne's, and this discovery had opened

his eyes to the hitherto unappreciated advantages which the retreat afforded for enjoying a quiet cigar. Mary, on her part, had nothing to say against the intrusion; nor did she object to George following her about. His easy pleasant manners, and empty good-humoured talk, were a relief to the stiffness of Lord Earlsfield or the sanctimonious jeremiads of Mrs Firebrace. The twenty years or so between their ages, from Mary's point of view, seemed a gulf across which there could be no danger of love-making. She had no thought that the member did not follow her about out of sheer idleness and to escape his own thoughts, and she saw no good reason why she should not allow him to amuse both her and himself on such a footing.

On the particular occasion with which we have now to do, Mary Donne had fed the pigeons who were pecking on the gravel in front of the summer-house, struggling and jostling each other for the crumbs in most undove-like fashion. She laid down her basket on the rough seat made of plaited birch-boughs that formed three-quarters of a circle round the walls of the summer-house, and put the broad straw hat which she had been wearing on the old worm-eaten table that stood in the centre. She had a novel with her—not a very new one, and borrowed from the Earlsport Select Subscription Library, for Lord Earlsfield did not patronise Mudie, and held that every gentleman behaved to buy the books which he wished to read. A light wind blew in from the sea, and stirred her silky chestnut hair into ripples like those of the waves she was looking out upon. The pure pink in her white complexion was warmed to a ruddy glow by her walk, and she pushed back her hair from her cheeks and temples

to get the full benefit of the breeze. A ray of sunlight streamed into the summer-house, falling across her knees as she sat down, while her head remained in cool green shade cast from the old moss-grown walls. She opened her book, but did not begin to read, looking dreamily seawards, and she was not startled when the pigeons were hurriedly dispersed by a loud "Shoo!" and the ashes of a cigar thrown among them, as George Colpoys darkened the doorway.

"May one come in and smoke?" he inquired, lazily leaning against the door-sill, and poising his cigar airily between his thumb and his finger.

"Certainly, and with no need for an apology, as I am going away," replied Miss Donne. "I have fed my brood, which you have scared away so rudely, and now I am going back to the house."

"Nonsense!" said George; "why, you have only just come. Stay and talk to me, and I shall smoke towards the door. If there was any one in the house worth talking to, I am too modest to detain you."

"That means that the whole conversational talent of Earls court is at present in the dovecot in the person of Mr George Colpoys."

"No, I didn't mean anything of the kind. I can't say smart things, and if I could I would not waste them outside the House of Commons. 'My humble abilities belong to my country,' as Earlsfield would say. It is odd now, isn't it, that I can never think of anything good to say there. I have sometimes thought of good things, but somehow or other it has always been at a time when I couldn't say them, and then I was sure to have forgot them before another opportunity came round."

"I hope the House will never know what it has lost, Mr Col-

poys," observed Mary demurely. "I would keep the secret to myself, if I were you. You would not like to add to the depressed feeling of the country about which the leader of the Opposition has been saying so much to his constituents this morning."

"Don't chaff me now," said George, "and I will return good for evil. The sun is coming round on to your face, and I shall act as a screen;" and he came into the summer-house, and took up a position, half sitting half standing, by the old table directly in front of her.

"You mean to envelop me in clouds of cigar smoke," protested Mary; "but I don't know whether it would not be more pleasant to take my chance of tan. But how come you to be idle this morning? I heard you tell Lord Earlsfield at breakfast that you were going into statistics about Army Reform."

"Army Reform!" re-echoed the member; "if they go on as they are doing there will soon be nothing left of the army except statistics to go into. I wish I had gone into the army while there was an army; one would have had at least an object in life there."

"But you have surely got many objects in life," said Mary. "To be a member of Parliament must surely be the highest ambition of every commoner."

"What's the good of it?" retorted George, sucking his cigar gloomily. "I have been in Parliament these ten years, and what better am I for it? It's badger—badger, worry—worry. The Whips are always nagging you to come up for divisions; the electors worry you about your votes; and Earlsfield is always badgering about things in general. And then it is just the toss up of a shilling whether I don't get kicked out of

Earlsport next election. I wouldn't have the ghost of a chance if they care to run a red-hot Radical against me. I believe they would rather return a Conservative than lose the chance of spiting Earlsfield."

"They will never be so ungrateful," cried Mary Donne, indignant, "after all that Lord Earlsfield has done for them. Why, almost all Earlsport is built on his ground, and it has been the Earlsfield family that has made the town."

"We don't think much of that nowadays. We are getting much too far ahead for such considerations. When people pay their rents they think they are quits with their landlords, and hang me if I don't think so too! I shouldn't mind going in for Radicalism myself, if it weren't that Earlsfield would throw me over."

"How horrible!" cried Mary, holding up her hands with an affected shudder.

"Nothing horrible about it," returned the member, puffing a last puff and hurling the end of his cigar out among the pigeons, who had again gathered to their crumbs. "There is no end of good men among the Radicals, and Ministers are always precious glad to shut them up with office or a post. I should have kicked over Earlsfield's traces and gone among them myself, if it weren't that a Radical can't get on without nagging, and worrying, and spouting, and that isn't my nature."

"But the British constitution," urged Mary, aghast at views so different from that high-toned Whiggery which was inculcated as the creed of the Earlsfield family; "think of the British constitution, Mr Colpoys."

"The British fiddlestick! my dear," said George, scornfully. "If there ever was such a thing, it has been abolished long ago—it is as ex-

tinct as the what d'ye-call-um—the Dodo. It is every party for place, and every man for himself. But beg pardon for calling you 'my dear' in the fervour of my political feelings, although really I don't see why I shouldn't call you so."

"Oh, I am sure I don't mind," said Mary, carelessly; "but I am shocked to hear you speak in that dreadful way about the constitution and politics. What would Lord Earlsfield say if he heard you?"

"A great deal, I have no doubt, to very little purpose," replied the other. "These things are all very well for a peer with a stake in the country, but it is a different thing for younger brothers. I think younger brothers ought to be born with a natural hatred to the constitution. What a jolly time it must have been for those Egyptians in Genesis—or Exodus was it?—when the first-born were all bowled over by one shot!"

"Jolly for the younger sons, I suppose you mean," returned Mary, doubtfully, half fearing that she might be lending herself to the propagation of an opinion that savoured slightly of impiety.

"Precisely so, my dear," said George. "There—I have called you my dear again. I don't know why it always comes on my tongue today. You are not angry, are you?"

"No, certainly not;" replied Miss Donne; "you are always so good to me, I don't mind what you call me."

"Of course there can be no harm in it," reflected George, taking her hand. "You see I am, like Potiphar's—no, I mean Cæsar's—wife, above any suspicion of falling in love, for every one knows that I have no means of marrying any one; although, mind you, if I had, I don't say that I wouldn't make a point of falling in love with you at once."

"You make me share the sorrows of your poverty," said Mary, with a mock melancholy, but flushing also and endeavouring to withdraw her hand. "I don't know whether after that confession I can allow you to 'my dear' me again."

"I don't wonder at your laughing," grumbled the other; "but upon my word, it is not particularly amusing from my point of view. It is not nice to think that the idea of your falling in love with any one is ridiculous, though I am quite aware that is my case."

"I didn't mean that," said Mary, who was afraid she had hurt his feelings, and who thought besides that the conversation was taking an uneasy turn, although George Colpoys was not a man that any young woman would be apt to feel uneasy with; "of course you have a right to fall in love as well as any other gentleman."

"Have I? Then, by Jove, suppose that I were to fall in love with you!"

"I cannot suppose any such thing."

"Why not? Do you mean that I am too old?"

"No; I mean that the whole supposition is too absurd to discuss except in jest. And really, I think we might find something much better worth talking about. I would rather you went back to Radicalism."

"Hang Radicalism! Now look here, Mary! I solemnly believe that I am in love with you. I have felt it coming on for a good while, though I didn't know what was the matter with me. But if I were in a position to marry, the first thing I would do would be to ask you to be my wife. But you see I am not, and though I were, it does not exactly follow that you would have me."

The conversation had really taken

an awkward turn. Mary sat in confusion, her face turning now red, now pale. She had never thought of George Colpoys save in the light of a very pleasant companion, far removed from her own years, with whom she could permit herself a freedom that she would have shrunk from in the case of a man nearer her own age. And now he had all but declared that he loved her, though in such a way that she herself was left no reply in the matter. She struggled to withdraw her hand, and felt half inclined to burst into tears.

"You see," resumed George, still holding fast by her hand and patting it paternally within his own—but what she was to see was destined to remain for the present unrevealed, for a shadow fell across the floor of the summer-house, a discreet cough announced a new arrival, and George had scarcely time to drop Miss Donne's hand and turn round, when a bareheaded footman appeared in the doorway.

"His lordship's compliments, Miss Donne, and his lordship wishes to see you puticklary in the library, when you are conwenient."

"Very good, Parker. Say to his lordship I shall be with him presently," said Mary, with a burning face, but with a sense of relief that the interview with George Colpoys was thus broken up, as she rose and gathered up her basket and her hat.

But the member was not going to allow her to escape so easily.

"You are not angry with me," he said, detaining her until the man was out of hearing. "You know it can't mean anything, worse luck. But we shall just be as we were—good friends, shall we not?"

"Yes," replied Mary, doubtfully, as she put forth her hand in response to his proffered clasp.

"You wouldn't let me kiss you, I

suppose—just to show that you have no feeling in the matter!"

"Certainly not, sir," in a decided tone of indignation.

"Well, perhaps I should not have asked it," returned the member, meekly; but he raised her hand to his lips nevertheless. "And we are still good friends—you have promised, remember. And now I won't keep you, for the virtue of patience is not one of Earlsfield's most shining traits."

He leaned against the door of the summer-house, and watched her walk hurriedly up the path until she turned the corner of the flower-garden and was lost to sight. He took a cigar from his case, and placed it in his mouth without lighting, sucking away at it unconsciously. Then he turned and went into the dovecot, and sat down on the seat where she had sat a little ago; and with bent head and hands spread out upon his knees communed with himself.

"I don't suppose it was any good," he reflected, bitterly; "but I couldn't have helped it for the life of me. She sat there looking so pretty and so good, with the sunlight playing on her face, and a dash of mischief in her eyes too—that I don't see how any fellow could have kept from loving her, and telling her so, too. I wonder if she could ever come to care for me? But what would be the good even if she did? Where's the money to come from? Shall I sound Earlsfield about the subject? No; I am pretty sure he has got some game of his own for her, whatever it is. If the Government would give me anything over a thousand a-year, by Jove, I would play a hazard for her yet!"

But then came thoughts of wasted parliamentary opportunities; of quarrels with the Whips, who spoke their mind very strongly

about his constancy in pairing, and his laxity in turning up at important divisions, and of the very moderate estimate at which his services were rated by the leaders of his party. There were debts,

too, and no visible means of meeting them. Marriage was clearly a dream and a delusion; and George Colpoys could not but acknowledge the fact as he puffed away savagely at his unlit cigar.

CHAPTER XX.—IPHIGENIA.

Meanwhile Mary Donne made her way as fast as she could to the house. She felt perturbed and fluttered by the member's talk. No one had ever spoken so to her before, and when she strove to recall his words she could hardly decide whether he had made love to her or not. Mary's ideas of love-making were derived entirely from popular novels, and from these she had been led to expect something more elevating, more melodramatic, and altogether more soul-subduing. And George Colpoys had nothing akin to a hero of romance. Was it not the proper form for a lover to go down on his knees, whereas George had sat all the time perched on the edge of the table? After all, he had not said directly that he loved her; only that he would love her if he were in a position to afford to do so. It was all terribly commonplace and unsatisfactory, and quite enough to cry over. Then what was to come of it? Would he talk about it again the next time they met? How could she face him in that case? Or would he never allude to the subject afterwards? That, too, would be awkward, for there would be something between them then that would never be explained away. She had been almost told, too, that she was loved, and the situation was so novel that—well, that she would perhaps like to hear it again. Then this sudden summons from Lord Earlsfield was rather startling. Mary felt as guilty

as if his lordship had divined what was going on in the summer-house, and had summoned her to scold her. But that was too absurd. Still it was very seldom that he sent for Mary; and on these rare occasions she had always felt frightened, although he had been very kind and courteous, and almost tender. Her mother had had a very small property, which Lord Earlsfield administered; and he had several times taken her into the library to explain matters about it. Yes; it must be about something of that kind that he was now going to talk; yet her heart misgave her, and she wished the interview were well over.

She found Lord Earlsfield sitting at his writing-table, his face leaning on his hands, his eyes looking intently into vacancy. He scarcely perceived her enter; and she noticed a pale and careworn expression in his face which she had not observed at breakfast, when he had been unusually cheerful and talkative. He looked up wearily as she approached the table, and it seemed to her as if he avoided her look, for he half turned away his head as he led her to a seat close beside his own chair.

"I hope I have not disturbed you, my dear," he said, gently. Lord Earlsfield had always called her "my dear" in these interviews, and the expression had never required an apology, as it had done in the case of his brother.

"I was down in the dovecot," said Mary, simply; and then, as

if determined to avoid even the shadow of duplicity, she added, "I was talking to Mr Colpoys when I got your message. I hope I have not kept you waiting."

"Talking to George!" responded Lord Earlsfield, dreamily. "Poor George is so idle himself that he can make free with every one's time; and yet I suppose you find even him amusing in a dull place like this. But I hope we shall improve, Mary," he added, with a forced smile and a tragic effort to look gay. "Harold is coming home to-morrow, and I hope he will make things more lively. It won't, I trust, be unpleasant for you at all events to have a companion of your own age here."

"We shall all be very glad to see him," said Mary, warmly, remembering how much Lord Earlsfield was bound up in his son, and how jealous he was of any indication of a consciousness that Harold was not as other young men are; "I do not think I have ever seen him."

"No, my dear, I don't think you have. It is two years since I last saw him, and I expect to find him much changed. He used to be a very good-looking lad, unless I am partial," with a faint smile; "and the Colpoyses have rarely been Adonises; but his mother's father was one of the handsomest men of his day. There is a picture of him by Lawrence, of which the Prince Regent had a replica painted for Carlton House."

There was a long pause, during which Lord Earlsfield passed his hand wearily over his brow, and remained looking steadily before him with vacant gaze, while Mary waited patiently to hear what was to be said next.

"I hope Harold and you will be good friends," he at last resumed; "friendships should go down in

families. Your father and I were like brothers—more attached to each other than many brothers are; and when I stood by his open grave, I felt that I had lost the best and the truest friend I should ever have in this world."

Mary Donne had almost no recollection of her father, who had died when she was little more than an infant, but she was affected by the tone of strong feeling in which Lord Earlsfield spoke, and her tears began to flow freely.

"I promised him before he died," continued he, taking her hand softly within his own, "that you should be to me as a daughter. I have always looked upon you as one, though I am not good at showing my feelings; but Philip Donne's child must always be to me as my own."

"Oh, Lord Earlsfield," said Mary, "you have been only too good and kind to me. Who else but you would have troubled themselves about a poor penniless orphan like me?"

"Hush, Mary," said Lord Earlsfield. "Your father, if he had been in my place, would have done all for Harold that I have done for you, and done it better, too, for he had an open heart that shed kindness and love upon all who came near him. And that, my dear, is why I trust you and Harold will be dear friends."

"I am sure we shall," said Mary, still much affected. "I shall do all I can to please him and make him like me," she innocently added.

"I live so much within myself," continued Lord Earlsfield, grasping her hand nervously, "that I dream much of the future of those whom I love. It will be a great weight upon my mind until I get Harold settled in life. His peculiarly susceptible temperament, which, I am happy to think, has now almost disappeared, makes it very desirable

that he should be married to a good loving woman with a warm tender heart—one who could share his troubles with him, and make his sorrows her own. Of course, he would have no difficulty in making what Society would call an excellent match, for he has rank, and will have an income above most of his equals in the peerage; and when I say equals, I don't mean brewers, or city peers or bankers," he interjected, with a little sniff of scorn, forgetting for the moment that one John Colpoys had once lived at the Silver Salmon in Aldersgate, and had ministered to the fasts of that bright occidental star, Queen Elizabeth, of most happy memory. "I have been saving all my life, and Harold is my sole heir. But I have no wish that he should make what is called a great match; the Earlsfields can gain nothing by blood. If my son choose a loving and virtuous girl of unstained gentle stock, he will marry to my complete satisfaction."

A sudden terror took hold of Mary Donne, and a dreadful possibility dimly broke upon her mind. Why should Lord Earlsfield speak to her thus? He was not in the habit of taking her, or any one else, into his confidence, and why had he sent for her now to speak to her of all these things? She did not dare to think what further revelation of Lord Earlsfield's purpose there might be yet to come, and she sat tearful and silent, with difficulty controlling herself so far that he might not see how she was trembling in every limb.

"It would never be my wish to control young people's affections, although in our rank it is most just and necessary to do so many times," continued Lord Earlsfield, gaining calmness as he neared the point at which he had been driving. "Harold and you will necessarily be

thrown much together. I am not going to exercise any influence upon the inclinations of either of you, but I thought it would be better—that it would make things more pleasant for you—if you were to know that nothing would make me happier than to see the two beings whom I love best unite their lives. I may say," concluded he solemnly, "that no earthly event would give me the same entire satisfaction as a marriage between Harold and you."

He paused and turned to look at Mary, but almost immediately withdrew his glance. She was sobbing as if her heart would break, and not a word could she utter to express the horror with which her guardian's proposal—for she could not conceal from herself that it was nothing less—filled her. To marry a madman!—for that was the destiny which Lord Earlsfield was certainly holding out to her. Death would surely be better! Why then could she not die at once, and escape such a fate? Lord Earlsfield felt that he could read her fears, and he drew the girl towards him. He put an arm round her very tenderly, and drew her to his breast, while he passed a hand softly over the smooth tresses of her hair, while Mary's sobs increased all the more under his caresses. She felt as the lamb might feel as the butcher pats its head and runs his fingers approvingly through its woolly fleece.

"You must not misunderstand me, Mary, dear," he said. "You and Harold are each entirely left to follow your own inclinations. I have thought it my duty to make you aware that I would throw no barrier in the way. You would be the fairest of all the Ladies Earlsfield, my love," he added, stooping and kissing her forehead, "and there have been Court beauties

among them. But I have startled you, I fear. You had better not agitate yourself by saying anything just now, but go to your own room, and remember that I can have no wish for the daughter of my old friend, Philip Donne, except her dearest happiness ;" and he led her gently to the door, and opened it for her, leaving Mary to go up-stairs with the sentence of lifelong misery ringing in her ears.

She reached her own room, and locked the door almost unconsciously, and then threw herself upon her bed, burying her face among the pillows. Her tears dried up. Terror of impending fate had cut off their source, and her hot head was like to burst, while she felt an utter vacancy where her heart should have been.

It was too cruel to be thus compelled to marry one whom she had never seen, and whom every one except his father did not scruple to declare to be subject to periods of madness. Mrs Firebrace had declared that they would not be safe in the house with Harold—the man to whom Lord Earlsfield proposed to marry her. She had not been deceived by his assertion that he would exercise no influence upon her inclination. He had said that no earthly event would give him the same satisfaction as her marriage to Harold, and she knew by experience that all earthly events, at Earls court at least, must be ordered for his satisfaction. She had been alarmed and distressed by the way George Colpoys had spoken to her, but that was a light matter compared with the misery of marrying his insane nephew. A light matter ! It would be perfectly tolerable, she told herself, to be compelled to marry George Colpoys compared with the other. Why had not George asked her directly to be his wife, and why had she

not accepted him ? she wildly asked herself. Then she could have told Lord Earlsfield that she was already engaged, and however angry he might have been, there would have been an end of the difficulty about Harold. She reproached herself, and she reproached George, for not having saved her from this worse than death. Death ! If she could only die, all would be well ; but that would take time, and Harold Colpoys was to arrive to-morrow.

No ; there was no hope. The future held no possibility of escape open to her. Lord Earlsfield had evidently made up his mind, and when he resolved to have anything done, done it must be. He evidently was seeking to secure her happiness and Harold's also. Of that Mary was quite confident, for she both loved and trusted her guardian. And if she could not see that her happiness lay in the direction which Lord Earlsfield pointed out, no doubt it was her ungrateful and wicked nature which perverted her mind. It never entered into Mary Donne's head to rebel against Lord Earlsfield's decree. She knew well that some terrible judgment would surely follow such an act of disobedience. Had not Colonel Colpoys taken his own way against the will, and in spite of the counsels of his eldest brother, and was he not suffering the most grievous social calamities in consequence ? Earls court was Mary's microcosm, and her generalisations could only go so far as it afforded her experiences. But she certainly could not, would not disobey, and nothing was left her but to weep in secret over her hard lot.

Mary Donne did not appear at the dinner-table that evening. She sent her love to Mrs Firebrace with a message that she had a headache, and had gone to bed. The mem-

ber could not stifle a feeling of guilty remorse when he recalled the scene in the summer-house, and he mentally cursed his selfishness for having made Mary ill and unhappy. Lord Earlsfield, too, was not without some mental qualms, but he sternly negatived the suggestion of the ladies that the doctor should be sent for, and ordered that Miss Donne should not be disturbed. He was more than usually morose and ill-tempered, and retreated from the dinner-table even before the ladies rose, ordering tea to be sent to him in the library. Lord Earlsfield was not much better company when he was alone with his conscience. It was from no sudden impulse that he had broached the scheme of his son marrying Mary Donne. He had thought over the matter for some years back, and he had fortified his resolution with numerous irresistible arguments both moral and religious. But somehow these arguments failed to have their previous satisfying effect, now that he had actually informed the girl of her destiny. He had been quite positive that he was going to act rightly and kindly towards all parties; why, then, should he permit himself to think that there was anything wrong in his plan? He had promised Philip Donne that he would be a father to his girl; and was he not going to make her his daughter in reality? Certainly he was; but he did not care to raise his eyes to that part of the wall where the portrait of Colonel Donne was looking down upon him.

"Poor girl!" he said, walking uneasily up and down the room; "of course she must be agitated. Marriage is always a serious thought to any sensible person. But she must see it is all for the best. I could get scores of excellent matches for

Harold in the peerage, and people would think me no more than prudent in selecting a wife for him from his own class. Why should I fret myself so much about my special motives in marrying him to Mary? She is good and kind and clever, and will help him in his peculiar circumstances through life better than any one else. She will be a peeress—perhaps the mother of a future Earl—an Earl of Earlsfield, and there are very few women that such rank would not count with. I might have my choice of Lady Lockington's daughters, or of the Countess of Elsedale's for that matter, for the settlements I shall make on Mary Donne. Ay, and then they would shut him up in an asylum as soon as my head was down, and he would be known as the mad Lord Earlsfield. But with Mary Donne as his wife there need be no danger of that—no exposure—no scandal. And his children may be sane enough; there is no madness among the Colpoys; or may break out only among the younger sons, which would be of no consequence, and a cheap way of providing for them."

"Only let us get over this link—this weak link," sighed his lordship, "and the chain may still be strong enough to bear the weight of the title through long generations. It must be so. *I have done well.* No one can say that I am acting selfishly in this matter."

He raised his eyes to Colonel Donne's portrait, and looked for a minute or two steadily at the face in the soft lamplight; but the features were keenly critical, with a half-doubtful, half-scornful expression, just as Sir Francis Grant had caught them; and Lord Earlsfield turned away with another sigh and threw himself down to muse in his chair.

DIARY OF AN IDLE DOCTOR.—III.

LA MADONNA DEL BUON CAMMINO.

NAPLES, 1884.

THE doctor had often seen him at the door of the sanctuary looking out over the dirty lane, and even when a long distance from each other, friendly salutations were exchanged between them in the usual Neapolitan fashion of waving hands, with "Buon giorno, Don Dionysio!" "Ben venuto, Signor Dottore!"

Often, too, he had looked in at the old deserted cloister garden, with its dried-up fountain and a few pale autumn roses against the wall of the little chapel. And Don Dionysio had related to him many of the miracles of the Madonna of Buon Cammino. The Madonna of Buon Cammino stood there quite alone in her half-ruined sanctuary, and only one tiny little oil-lamp struggled with the darkness within. With great solemnity Don Dionysio had drawn aside the curtain which veiled his Madonna from profane eyes; and tenderly as a mother he had arranged the tattered fringes of her robe, which threatened to fall to pieces altogether. And the doctor had looked with compassionate wonder upon the pale waxen image with the impassive smile on the rigid features, which to Don Dionysio's eyes reflected the highest physical and spiritual beauty. "Come è bella, come è simpatica!"¹ said he, looking up at his Madonna.

Inside the old church of Santa Maria del Carmine, close by, hundreds of votive candles were burning before the altars, and night and day the people flocked in

there to implore the mighty Madonna's protection. Mothers took the rings off their hands and hung them as sacred offerings round the Madonna's neck, girls drew the strings of coral out of their dark plaits to adorn the rich robe of the statue, and, with brows pressed against the worn marble floor, strong men knelt, murmuring prayers for help and mercy.

Death dwelt in the alleys of Naples. Three times the wonder-working image of the Madonna del Carmine had been carried round the quarter in solemn procession to protect the people of the Mercato from the dreaded plague, and many miracles were reported of dying people brought back to life on being permitted to kiss the hem of the garment of the blessed Maria del Carmine.

The doctor had seen Don Dionysio disappear into his little portico with a disdainful shrug when the procession of Maria del Carmine passed by, and he had more than once heard the old priest express his doubts about the far-famed Madonna's wonder-working power to one gossip or another whom he had succeeded in stopping on her way to the church of the Madonna.

"What, after all, has your Madonna done for you, you people of Mercato?" he called out, mockingly. "If she is so powerful, why has she not saved Naples from the cholera? And here, in the midst of her own quarter in Mercato, whose inhabitants for centuries have knelt before her, what has she done to prevent the

¹ How beautiful, how sympathetic she is!

disease spreading here? Do not people die every day round her own sanctuary, round the very Piazza del Mercato, in spite of all your prayers, in spite of all your votive candles? *Altro che la Madonna del Carmine!*¹

"And as the cholera has never reached this side of the Piazza, and never will reach it, whom do you suppose you have to thank for that, if not the holy Madonna del Buon Cammino, who stretches her protecting hand over you, although you do not deserve it, although you leave her sanctuary dark, and take all your offerings to the other Madonnas, whatever they may be called! And yet you cannot see in your blindness that the blessed Madonnadel Buon Cammino is far more powerful than all your Madonnas put together! *Altro che la Madonna del Carmine!*"

But no one seemed to take any heed of the old man's words, no votive candles dispersed the darkness within the chapel of the blessed Madonna del Buon Cammino, and no lips murmured her name in their prayers for help and protection against the dreaded sickness. Had they not Santa Maria del Carmine close alongside, who from all time had been the patron saint of the quarter, who had helped them through so much distress, and consoled them in so much misery? Was there not in her church that miraculous crucifix out of whose pierced side blood trickled every Good Friday, and whose hair the priests solemnly cut every Christmas,—that same crucifix which had bowed its head for the enemy's bullet and sent death to the besieger's camp and victory to Naples? And if the Madonna del Carmine could not give sufficient protection to all of

them in these days of distress, had they not the venerable Madonna del Colera, who saved their city in the year 1834 from the same sickness which now raged amongst them? And in the Harbour quarter, close by, did not the Madonna del Porto Salvo stand in her sumptuous chapel, dressed in silk and gold brocade, ready to listen to their prayers? Was there not to be found by Banchi Nuovi the far-famed Madonna del Aiuto, who would certainly not belie her name of Helper in the hour of need? Had they not La Madonna del Addolorata, with the mantle of solid silver, and the black velvet robe whose folds no one had ever kissed without gaining comfort and peace? Had they not La Madonna del Immacolata, whose sky-blue garment was strewn with gold stars from the vault of heaven itself? Had they not La Madonna di Salette in her purple skirt, dyed with the blood of martyrs? And did not San Gennaro himself stand in his shining dome above,—he, the patron saint of Naples, whose congealed blood flows anew every year,—he, who protected the city of his care from plague and famine, and commanded the flowing lava of Vesuvius to stop before its gates? But La Madonna del Buon Cammino—who knew anything of her? Who knew whence she came, and who had seen with their own eyes a single miracle worked by her hand? What kind of Madonna was that whose shrine remained without candles or flowers, and whose mantle was in rags! "Non tiene neppure cappelli, la vostra Madonna!"² an old woman had once shouted in Don Dionysio's face, to the great joy of the crowd. The

¹ A fig for the Madonna del Carmine!

² Your Madonna has not even got any hair on her head!

effect of this argument had been crushing, and Don Dionysio had disappeared in great fury inside his portico, and had not been seen again for some days.

The doctor's road lay in that direction one evening, and he determined to visit his old friend. From inside the chapel he heard Don Dionysio with mighty voice singing an old Latin hymn in honour of his Madonna:

"Consolatrix miserorum,
Suscitatrix mortuorum,
Mortis rumpe retia;
Intendentes tuæ laudi,
Nos attende, nos elaudi,
Nos a morte libera!"

He lifted the curtain before the door, and in the light of the little oil-lamp he saw Don Dionysio on his knees before the image of his Madonna, very busy brushing the cobwebs off an enormous old wig of an indescribable colour. His anger had not yet subsided. "Dicono che non tiene capelli!" he called out as soon as he caught sight of the doctor; "mo vogliamo vedere chi tieni i più belli capelli!"¹ And with a triumphant glance at his visitor he placed the wig upon the bald head of La Madonna del Buon Cammino. "Come è bella, come è simpatica!" said he, with sparkling eyes, and he arranged as well as he could the entangled curls round the forehead of the image.

When the doctor went away, Don Dionysio's anger had cooled, and again he took up his position in the little portico in excellent spirits, quite ready to fight both offensively and defensively for his Madonna's sake. The same evening the doctor was told of a case of

cholera in a *fondaco* close by the street in which Don Dionysio lived, and he went to look at it early the next morning. In passing by he saw the old fellow already at his post, rubbing his hands and looking very cheerful, and the doctor had not the heart to tell him then that even the protecting presence of his Madonna had now failed. But Don Dionysio waved his hand eagerly as soon as he caught sight of the doctor, and when he was still some distance, he called out, so as to be heard throughout the whole lane: "*Ecco il cholera!*" See now what I have always said! Here you have got it, because you would not believe in La Madonna del Buon Cammino; now you are all of you going to see what becomes of those who believe more in the Madonna del Carmine than in her! "*Ecco il cholera!*" in our very midst! "*Ecco il cholera!*"

The lane was full of people, who in trembling terror had fled out of their houses to pray in the churches and before the shrines at the street-corners, and some of them stopped irresolutely in front of the chapel to listen to Don Dionysio's threatening prophecy of death to every one who had dared to brave the anger of the blessed Madonna del Buon Cammino. The *fondaco* seemed quite empty, for as many as were able had run away at the first alarm; but, guided by the sound of praying voices, the doctor came at last to a dark hole, where the usual sight met his eyes. Round the door some kneeling *commare*² in earnest prayers; stretched out at full length upon the floor a mother wringing her hands in despair; and in a corner the livid face of a child half-hidden

¹ They say she has got no hair! but we shall soon see who has the most beautiful hair!

² Neighbouring women.

under a heap of ragged coverings. The little girl was quite cold, her eyelids half shut, and her pulse scarcely perceptible. Now and again a convulsive trembling passed over her; but except for that, she lay there quite motionless and insensible—cholera! At the head of the bed lay a picture of the Madonna del Carmine, and the doctor gathered from the muttering of the women that the wonder-working Madonna had been brought there the evening before. Now and then the mother lifted her head and looked searchingly at the doctor, and it seemed to him as if he could read something like confidence in her anguished eyes. And yet it appeared as if he could do nothing. Ether-injections, frictions, all the usual remedies, proved fruitless to bring the strength of life back, and the pulse grew weaker and weaker. Again the doctor saw to his surprise the same trusting expression in the mother's eyes when she looked at him, and he determined to make the experiment. He knew well that in a case like this there was nothing to lose, for, left to itself, the child was evidently dying; but for some time he had been pursued by a wild idea that perhaps there was everything to gain. No one cared any longer to watch what he did: the mother lay with her forehead pressed against the floor calling upon the Madonna with touching voice to take her own life in exchange for the child's; and amongst the *commare* the prayers had ceased, and in their place a lively discussion broken out as to whether it would not be better to fetch some other Madonna, since the Madonna del Carmine would not help them in

spite of all their prayers, in spite of the candles before her image, in spite of the mother's promise to dress the child in the Madonna's colour for a whole year if only it might live. The child was quite insensible, and everything was easily done. When all was finished the doctor slightly touched the mother's shoulder, and whilst she stared at him as if she hardly understood his words, he said that there was no time to lose if they wished to fetch another Madonna, and he suggested that they should send for the holy Madonna del Buon Cammino, whose chapel was close by. A deep silence followed his words, and it was plain that his suggestion did not meet with the smallest sympathy. He pretended to take their silence for consent, and with a little difficulty succeeded in persuading one of the women whom he knew well to go to the chapel of the Madonna del Buon Cammino.

Don Dionysio came like a shot with his Madonna in his arms. He put the little oil-lamp at the feet of the image, and began eagerly to sing the hymn to the honour of his Madonna, now and then casting a furious glance at the image of her powerful rival, before which the mother still lay outstretched; whilst by the door the women were muttering all sorts of opprobrious remarks about his idol: "*Vatene farti un'altra gonnella poverella! Benedetto San Gennaro, che brutta faccia che l'hanno dato, povera vecchia!*"¹

Suddenly they became quite silent, and in breathless amazement they all stared at the doctor's pale waxen assistant in his fight for the child's life. For from the closely compressed lips

¹ Go and make thyself another gown, poor thing! Blessed San Gennaro, what an ugly face they have given her, poor old thing!

of the dying girl a subdued moan was heard, and the half-opened eyes turned slowly towards the Madonna del Buon Cammino. All crossed themselves repeatedly; and the doctor perceived the child's pulse grow stronger, and the warmth of life slowly begin to spread over the icy limbs. The terror of death began to glow in her eyes, and she cried with half-broken voice, "Salvetemi! salvetemi! Madonna Sanctissime!"¹

With a louder voice Don Dionysio began again his song of praise, and all round him now murmured the name of the blessed Madonna del Buon Cammino. Don Dionysio left the *fondaco* about an hour afterwards, followed by a procession of almost all its inhabitants. The child was then quite conscious; and all agreed that the holy Madonna del Buon Cammino had worked a miracle.

The doctor sat for a good while longer at the child's side, watching with the keenest interest the slow but sure return of its strength. Late in the evening, when he looked in again, the improvement was so marked that it was probable the child would live. Everywhere—in the *fondaco* and in the alleys around—nothing was talked of but the new miracle; and when the doctor went home he saw for the first time lights shining in the chapel of the Madonna del Buon Cammino.

He did not sleep a wink that night; for he could not keep his thoughts away from what he had witnessed in the morning, and he could hardly restrain his impatience to meet with a fresh case on which to repeat the experiment.

He had not to wait long. The same night another woman in the

fondaco was attacked, and when he saw her the next day she was already so bad that it seemed as if she might die at any moment. His advice to fetch the Madonna del Buon Cammino was taken now without hesitation, and whilst everybody's attention was fixed upon Don Dionysio and his image, the doctor could busy himself with his patient, undisturbed by any suspicious and troublesome eyes. Here again a speedy and decided reaction set in, which became more and more confirmed during the day; and that same evening the rumour spread through the alleys of the Mercato of a second miracle by the wonder-working Madonna del Buon Cammino.

Thus began those strange never-to-be-forgotten days when, insensible to sleeplessness, to fatigue, yes! to hunger, the doctor went day and night from bed to bed, borne as by strong wings of an idea which almost blinded his sight, and made all his scepticism waver. He would come with Don Dionysio at his heels to meet the usual sight of some poor half-dead creature for whom it seemed as if human skill could do nothing, and when, an hour or two later, the Madonna del Buon Cammino in solemn procession was carried away followed by the deepest devotion of the crowd, he would slip out unnoticed, forgetful of everything, in silent wonder at the sudden and constant improvement he had witnessed—an improvement which often seemed like a rising from the dead.

Ah! he had gone down there, where from a distance it seemed so easy to die, as easy as to make-believe to one's self and others that one aimed at nothing else but to try to help the poor suffer-

¹ Save me, save me, most holy Madonna!

ers around. He had done very little for them, but a good deal for himself—he had almost forgotten his own misery. His experience of cholera was already wide enough, he knew about as much as others knew. He knew that Fate reigns over death as over life. Method after method he had tried honestly and conscientiously, and he had learnt that, in spite of Koch, in spite of the microbes, his ignorance was as great as ever when it came to the treatment of a cholera patient. So he had wandered round the quarters of Naples, a hopeless sceptic, with medicaments in his hand in which he did not believe very much himself, with words of hope and consolation on his lips and dejection in his thoughts.

And now this last experiment, so bold that he had almost shrunk from trying it, but whose results were an unbroken series of successes in the midst of an epidemic with an enormous mortality! Once again he was a doctor and nothing more. With redoubled zeal he followed every case, scarcely for a minute did he leave his patient's side, and with increasing excitement he watched every symptom, every detail, with the same old scepticism. And yet the astonishing fact remained, for a whole week not a single fatal case!

He had almost forgotten that Don Dionysio and the Madonna del Buon Cammino followed his footsteps—he had forgotten them as he had forgotten himself. Now and then his vacant eyes would fall upon the unconscious assistant at his side, and he felt glad that he had been able to give the old man a share in his success. Don Dionysio seemed to need no

more rest than the doctor, day and night he was going about with his Madonna. His face shone with ecstasy, and he enjoyed to the full his short happiness. The Madonna del Buon Cammino was now clothed in a flame-red silken mantle, a diadem of showy glass beads encircled her brow, and round her neck, strung upon a cord, hung numbers of rings and gold ear-rings. Night and day votive candles were lighted in her chapel, and on the walls, so naked before, hung *ex voti* of all possible kinds, thank-offerings for deliverance from sickness and death. The chapel was always full of people praying fervently on their knees for help from that mighty Madonna who had performed so many miracles, and who stretched out her protecting hand over the street. For to his amazement the doctor had heard Don Dionysio prophesy that as long as the lights burned in the chapel of the Madonna del Buon Cammino, the cholera would never dare to approach her street.

It was now that the poor people of Naples were to suffer their deepest misery, that the infection, swift as fire, broke out all over the alleys and slums of the four poor quarters. It was now that people fell down in the street as if they had been struck by lightning; that the dying and dead lay side by side in almost every house; that the omnibuses of Portici, filled with the day's death-harvest, every evening were driven up to the Campo Santo dei Colerosi,¹ where over a thousand corpses every night filled the enormous grave. It was now that trembling hands broke down the walls with which modern times had hidden the old shrines at the

¹ Cholera cemetery.

street-corners, that the people in wild fury stormed the Duomo to force the priests to carry San Gennaro himself down to their alleys. It was now that anxiety reached the borders of frenzy, that despair began to howl like rage, that from trembling lips prayers and curses fell in alternating confusion, that knives gleamed in hands which just before had convulsively grasped rosary and crucifix.

The doctor and his friend went on their way as before, undisturbed by the increasing horrors which surrounded them. And wherever they went death gave way before them. The doctor needed all his self-control to enable him still to maintain his doubts, and before his eyes he saw like a mirage the goal which his daring dreams already reached. As for Don Dionysio, no questioning doubt had ever awakened his slumbering freedom of thought, and for a long time the doctor had given up all attempts to stifle the old fellow's joyous conviction of his victory.

The epidemic had now reached its highest point, almost every house in the quarter was infected, and still Don Dionysio's prophecy held good, for not a single case had occurred in the street of the Madonna del Buon Cammino.

The doctor had been told by a *commare* that in one of the *bassi* in Orto del Conte lay a dying woman, and that her husband had been "avvelenato"¹ in the hospital the day before. He went there the same evening, but it was with great difficulty that he succeeded in getting through the hostile crowd which had assembled in front of the infected house.

He heard that the husband had been removed almost by force to the hospital, that he had there died, and that when a couple of hours afterwards they had tried to remove his wife too, who had been attacked in the night, the people had opposed it, a *carabinieri* had been stabbed, and the others had had to save their lives by flight. As usual, the unfortunate doctors bore the blame of all the evil, and he heard all around him in the crowd the well-known epithets of "Am-mazzacane!" "Assassino!" and "Avvelenatori!"² After several fruitless efforts to gain their confidence and make friends with them, he had no choice but to give up all attempts of helping the sick woman, and to wait till Don Dionysio came. As soon as he entered the room the attention of every one was at once fixed upon him and his Madonna, and they all fell on their knees and prayed fervently, without caring in the least about either the patient or the doctor. The woman was in *stadium algidum*,³ but her pulse was still tolerably vigorous. Strong in the confidence of his previous successes, the doctor went to work. He had hardly finished when the pulse became irregular and the heart began to flag. Just as Don Dionysio with triumphant voice announced that the miracle was done, the death-agony began, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the doctor could keep up the action of the heart until the Madonna del Buon Cammino had left the house, followed by the crowd outside in solemn procession. Shortly afterwards the doctor slipped out of the house like a thief, and ran for his life

¹ Poisoned.

² Dog of a murderer! Assassin! Poisoner!

³ The state of collapse, characteristic of cholera, when the body becomes cold.

to the corner of the Via del Duomo, where he knew he would be in safety.

The same night three of his patients died. He did his utmost to prevent Don Dionysio accompanying him the following day, but in vain. Every one of the sick he visited and treated died under his eyes in the course of the day.

The wings which had borne him high up during those toilsome days had fallen from his shoulders, and deadly tired he walked home in the evening with Don Dionysio at his side. They said good night to each other in front of the chapel of the Madonna del Buon Cammino, and in the flickering light of the lamp before her shrine the doctor saw a deathly pallor overspread his friend's features. The old man tottered and fell, with the Madonna in his arms. The doctor carried him into the chapel, and laid him upon the straw bed where he slept, in a corner behind a curtain. He placed the Madonna del Buon Cammino carefully on her stand, and poured oil for the night into the little lamp which burned over her head. Don Dionysio motioned with his hand to be moved nearer, and the doctor dragged his bed forward to the pedestal of the image. "Come è bella, come è simpatica!" said he, with feeble voice. He lay there quite motionless and silent, with his eyes intently fixed upon his beloved Madonna. The doctor sat all night long by his side, whilst his strength sank more and more, and he slowly grew cold. One votive candle after another flickered and went out, and the shadows fell deeper and deeper in the chapel of the Madonna del Buon Cammino. Then it became quite dark, and

only the little oil-lamp as before spread its trembling light over the pale waxen image with the impassive smile upon her rigid features.

The next day the doctor fainted in the street, and was picked up half-conscious, and taken to the Cholera Hospital. And, indomitable as Fate, death swept over the street of the Madonna del Buon Cammino, over Vicolo del Monaco. For it was Vicolo del Monaco—the very name of which filled Naples with terror, and which through the newspapers was known to the whole world as the place where the cholera raged in its fiercest form.¹

The dark little chapel which sheltered the old visionary's confused devotion has been razed to the ground by the new order of things which has dawned over Naples at last, and Vicolo del Monaco is no longer to be found. Don Dionysio sank unconscious from the dim thought-world of his superstition into the impenetrable darkness of the great grave up there on the Campo Santo dei Colerosi.

The other, the fool who for a moment had believed he could command Death to stop short in his triumphant march, he is still alive, but with the bitter vision of reality for all time overshadowing his eye. So will he sink, he also, into the great grave of oblivion, and of all those who lived and suffered in the Vicolo del Monaco nothing will remain—nothing.

But behind a curtain in some little dark chapel stands the Madonna del Buon Cammino, with the impassive smile upon the rigid features.

AXEL MUNTHE.

¹ Almost the whole alley died. An official report stated that there were over thirty cases in a single hour.

THE REAL REJECTED ADDRESSES.

A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF THEATRICAL LITERATURE.

THE story of James and Horace Smith's 'Rejected Addresses' is one of the most familiar chapters of literary history. Every one knows how the committee of wisecracs, under whose management Drury Lane Theatre was rebuilt after its destruction by fire in 1809, conceived the brilliant idea of advertising for a poetical address, to be spoken on the opening night. The advertisement, which appeared in the 'Morning Herald' of 8th and 14th August 1812, was in these terms:—

"REBUILDING OF DRURY LANE THEATRE.—The Committee are desirous of promoting a free and fair competition for an Address to be spoken upon the opening of the Theatre, which will take place on the 10th of October next. They have therefore thought fit to announce to the public, that they will be glad to receive any such compositions, addressed to their Secretary, at the Treasury-office in Drury Lane, on or before the 10th of September, sealed up, with a distinguishing word, number, or motto, on the cover, corresponding with the inscription on a separate sealed paper, containing the name of the author, which will not be opened unless containing the name of the successful candidate."

It is unnecessary here to repeat the often-told story of the happy thought which led the brothers Smith to publish a series of mock Addresses, supposed to have been submitted to the Committee of Drury Lane by the leading poets of the day. Our business is with the unknown or forgotten real competitors: with the tragedy, or

at least the tragi-comedy, not the farce.

One effectual reason why so little is remembered of the genuine Addresses is, that so little has ever been known about them. Some of them were published, no doubt; but the competitors who allowed their works to be made public were writers of no note. Their dull, serious productions were completely overshadowed by the brilliant humour of the burlesque poems, and made no impression either on the public of the day or on literary history. And, by the circumstances of the case, a history of the competition and the competitors was impossible, for secrecy was the keynote of the transaction. The advertisement of the Committee promised that no envelope should be opened save that of the successful competitor, and this implied the destruction of the other envelopes unopened. But the Committee did not take such a high view of their obligations of honour. The envelopes were not destroyed; and the whole collection—the original manuscript Addresses, with their relative envelopes, now no longer unopened—exists to this day. A few of the competitors seem to have recovered their poems, but the envelopes have been preserved. The notes which have been made on these interesting old papers give a clue to the history of their preservation. Many of them bear the initials "J. W."—that is, James Winston, the first manager of the Garrick Club. The papers were no doubt preserved among

the archives of Drury Lane, and came into Winston's possession during the reign of Elliston, to whom he acted as factotum. A keen collector, Winston saw the value of the manuscripts, arranged, annotated, and bound them. They were disposed of at his sale in December 1849, and in 1868 they became the property of the British Museum.

The Addresses preserved are 114 in number, and with them are preserved the folded sheets of paper which contained the names of the competitors. These are of all ranks in the social, as in the literary, scale. David Huston, a compositor in Gye's printing-office, rubs shoulders with John Gorton, sub-editor of the 'Globe'; and William Burton, painter and glazier, is fellow-competitor with the Honourable George Lamb, himself a member of the dread Committee, and with John Pytcher, Esquire, "late M.P. for Sudbury."

Of the well-known writers whose names are revealed by the examination of these curious documents, the most notable is Mary Russell Mitford, who chose for her motto the words, "Mark how this becomes the house." Miss Mitford was at this time in her twenty-sixth year, and her dramatic successes were in the dim and distant future; but her thoughts were already turned towards the applause of the theatre, and she probably hoped to gain an introduction to the management by a successful address. But her poetical effort, it must be confessed, was scarcely calculated to impress the Committee. It traced the Drama from its earliest infancy up to the evening of the 10th October 1812, when it was supposed to reach its perfect strength. The first picture is the Drama Primitive, the description of which

winds up with the extraordinary lines:—

"Such was the Drama, when its course began;
So impotent! so rude! for such was man."

But the poetess surpasses herself in the description of the burning of the theatre:—

"None can forget its fall. It was a night
Of pain and anguish, horror and affright.
To aid or mourn th' assembled Senate sped;
E'en the dull peasant, starting from his bed,
Cried, 'London is in flames!' as blazed the Dome,
And blessed the God who gave his village home.
The artisan his shrieking infant grasped;
The wife more fondly her sick husband clasped;
Needless to them the taper's feeble ray,
A light was there which mocked the gariish day."

With which burst of fine language we may take leave of Miss Mitford.

Among her rivals were some well-known literary personages. George Daniel, the eminent theatrical antiquary, who lived till 1864, was a young man of two-and-twenty when he sent in his Address with the motto—

"Bold be the critic, zealous to his trust,
Like the firm judge, inexorably just."

Daniel is best known as the "D—— G." who edited Cumberland's edition of Plays, his prefaces to which are of considerable value.

Edmund Belchambers is another competitor whose name is familiar to students of theatrical literature, for he was the first to edit Colley Cibber's 'Apology,' and

his edition is still held in some estimation. He was a familiar theatrical figure, having married Miss Singleton, an actress and singer, whose praises the 'Theatrical Inquisitor,' which Bellchambers edited, sang with no uncertain voice. Yet another theatrical historian and editor swells the list of poets—Francis Godolphin Waldron, actor and bookseller, to whom the world is indebted for one of the worst edited books that ever issued from the press, the 1789 edition of the 'Roscius Anglicanus.' George Brewer, the author of "Bannian Day," and other plays; Isaac Brandon, whose opera of "Kais" had been a great success in 1808; and Horatio Smith himself, whose motto was "Ad vos venio," were also competitors. It has recently been suggested that Charles Lamb sent in an Address; but there is nothing among the papers to support this idea, and I know no means by which "Elia" could have recovered his manuscript. It is otherwise with Whitbread, the chairman of the Drury Lane Committee, whom Sheridan declared to have been one of the competitors, for he could easily have destroyed his effusion. But I doubt if Sheridan's statement about Whitbread and his "Phoenix" was anything more than a flight of humour.

William (or rather "Bill") Linley, Sheridan's brother-in-law, who sent in an Address with the motto, "S. N. D. H.," was a well-known man about town, whose literary efforts were invariably unfortunate. He published a novel which was the standing jest of his intimates, and he wrote several operas which were the direst failures. To one of these unfortunate productions Sheridan contributed some dialogue which helped in its condemnation, and, when remon-

strated with, is said to have replied: "Bill Linley has a good situation in the Company's service—why does he not go back to India? If his d—d farce had succeeded, we should have had him here for the rest of his life, scratching his head in a garret, or twiddling his thumbs in the green-room, instead of saving rupees enough to come back and loil in his carriage." "Bill" had evidently a strong desire to propitiate the Committee, for he exalts their management to the skies, indulging in such lines as these:—

"No longer, now, shall would-be Gar-
ricks feel
The Morning tortures of a cooling
Heel;
Catch longing peeps at the bright
Kendal coals,
The Urn hot smoking and the buttered
Rolls."

"The Morning tortures of a cooling
Heel" is good!

Other two of Sheridan's relations were among the competitors—Charles Brinsley Sheridan his son, and Alicia Lefanu his sister. The former seems to have been a little shamefaced at the rejection of his poem, and to have taken measures to secure the manuscript, for it is not among the number of those preserved. But Mrs Lefanu had no such feeling, and published her Address, with her name attached. Other competitors whose productions were publicly acknowledged were Horace Twiss, W. T. Fitzgerald, John Taylor, proprietor of the 'Sun' newspaper, and Doctor Busby, the translator and reciter of Lucretius, a fussy, self-advertising busy-body, who forced himself into great prominence in connection with this business.

Most of those whose names have been mentioned sent in poetical productions which were capable of being spoken without exciting

special ridicule, and the endorsement put upon their manuscripts by the member of Committee who acted as Reader is generally nothing more than "Read." The patience of the Reader must have been exemplary. But even he is occasionally unable to maintain equanimity. Thus, when William Burton's Address came before him, and he saw the nature of the painter and glazier's production, he noted: "A prose Address in so bad a hand I have not attempted to read it." Very exasperating, too, must the competitors have been who sent amended copies of their efforts; such as the gentleman who sent "A third and last Copy, with the Writer's Apology." But only once or twice does the patient Reader express a strong opinion, as in the case of Thomas Adams, of 118 Cheapside, whose manuscript is endorsed, "This one is very unfit indeed." And truly he is right, for a more grotesque production it is hard to imagine. It commences with a stage direction—"Applauses"; then the speaker begins:—

"What sounds, what joys, now greet
my pensive ears,
Calls to past memory some grateful
tears."

After "pensive ears" we are prepared for almost anything, and we are scarcely surprised to find Melpomene treated as a trisyllable in the lines:—

"Then Melpomene, arouse from dormant fate,
And pride thy pow'rs with Drury's
wondrous state,"—

whatever that may mean. But Mr Adams's finest lines are these:—

"Of wonders in the world there's seven
straight,
May Drury's fame renown'd yet form
the eight."

That England may with pride her name
resound,
Therein record'd one Wonder more be
found,
WELLINGTON and VICT'RY in course of
time,
Will make thyself Great England Num-
ber Nine."

"Very unfit indeed!" But there were other genuises who ran Mr Adams very close, and one of them earned the endorsement, 'Read—this one is very unfit.' This was Samuel Grigg, who, by the way, did not pay postage on his packet. His lucubration began:—

"Lo in Majestic Pride behold sublimely
rise!
Erst like the plum'd Phoenix, or in her
flames she dies:"

which will serve as sufficient specimen of Mr Grigg's poetry. Even more remarkable is a production, apparently seriously meant, which begins thus:—

"Some Poems writting by THOMAS
NEAVILLE on the Abilitys of
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

"When Shakspeare rained in this our
Native shore,
fame stamp't his vairse as in the
Days off yore."

But the greatest humourist who competed was Mr J. Wade, whose poem contains such lines as:—

"When the great Architect divine display'd
The Golden Compasses, and Heav'n
array'd,
In brighter smiles diffus'd her radiant
grace,
And fair Olympia shew'd her beauteous
face.

Music in solemn silence awful hung,
Ecstatic blisses spread—as yet un-
sung!"

Shortly after this sublime beginning, Mr Wade has some passages which might almost have done

duty in a Restoration Prologue, but he has the grace to append a note to the doubtful lines: "*N.B.*—I insert these with inverted commas, to show that they may be omitted (or spoken) in the Representation. Tho', by the bye, Shakspeare himself has sometimes broader Phrases!" It might be supposed that, as a flight of humour, this last sentence could not be exceeded; but in the letters which he addressed to the Committee, Mr Wade approached, if he did not surpass, even this height. To Charles Ward, secretary to the theatre, he wrote—

"MOST WORTHY SIR,—Conformable to your very laudable Adver^t, I inclose the New Address. Trusting in your accustomed, Impartial, and very Gentlemanlike manner, you will be pleased to lay it before the Gentlemen of the Committee for Impartial Investigation. Should I or should I not prove the successful Candidate, it shall in nowise lessen the unalterable Gratitude, Well-wishing, and Esteem I shall ever bear—Y^{rs}. sincerely ever,
J. WADE."

To Mr. Whitbread, the chairman of the Committee, he sends another copy of his Address, with a letter which begins: "Hon. Sir, —The Enclosed Address is submitted for your graphic and superior Opinion;" and in both letters he quotes the first two and the last two lines of his poem, in order that no impostor might successfully claim the authorship of this work of genius. The last two lines he gives thus:—

"Yr favours still to merit, constant found,
Now dries it¹—as y^r plaudits warm go round!"

¹ "Alluding to the Tear."

Having submitted their productions to the Committee, the anxious poets were forced to await the

opening of the theatre to know their fate. As it was promised that the sealed letters of the unsuccessful competitors should not be opened, it was impossible that the rejected Addresses should be returned to their authors; and in the advertisements of the opening of the theatre no information whatever was given about the selected composition, the announcement being simply, "An Occasional Address, to be spoken by Mr Elliston."

At last the fateful 10th of October 1812 arrived. Hours before the time appointed for the opening of the theatre, huge crowds blocked every street, keeping the whole neighbourhood in a state of tumult; and when, at a quarter past five o'clock, the doors were opened, such a rush took place that it was a matter for congratulation that no lives were lost. Among this excited mob there were, we may be sure, a hundred anxious souls to whom not the play, but the prologue, was "the thing." A few of the poetic competitors may have booked seats, and gone in state to the boxes, but the vast majority, no doubt, mingled in the struggle at the door of the pit, and fought their desperate way into the theatre, there to pass an hour of weary waiting for the verdict. The audience amuses itself by recognising the notable persons in the boxes; but the anxious poets have no thoughts for mere celebrities, and even the appearance of Mrs Garrick, in the box which is hers by right of her famous husband's bequest, scarcely moves them. But it is otherwise with the great body of the public, and the venerable lady, bearing her burden of ninety years with wondrous grace, is hailed with three thunderous acclaims, which move her to tears, and no doubt recall

the happy days when her "Davy" won similar honours from a generation passed away.

But the curtain rises, and the whole body of performers is discovered on the stage. "God save the King" is sung; then "Rule Britannia" is shouted by three thousand voices; and then—Mr Elliston appears (in the dress of Hamlet!), and the hearts of the competitors stand still! Who shall picture the sickening anxiety of each poet! the agonised hope that the first words uttered may be familiar words! the awful disappointment when the orator begins the lines, strange to their ears:—

"In one dread night our city saw, and
sigh'd,
Bow'd to the dust the Drama's tower of
pride;
In one short hour beheld the blazing
fane,
Apollo sink, and Shakespeare cease to
reign!"

Mr Elliston concludes—

"Still may we please, long—long may
you preside!"

and retires amid "universal applause," while an eager buzz runs through the theatre, of criticism on the Address, and speculation as to the author. The most persistent rumour is that Lord Byron has entered into the competition, and that the lines just spoken are his. But there are many doubters. The 'Times' critic thinks that, if this is the best Address submitted to the Committee, the rest must be appallingly bad. He won't believe that Lord Byron is the writer; and declares that "the Address is throughout of the lowest order for taste, conception, and knowledge of poetic language." But the rumour gains ground, and in a day or two the truth leaks out that the chosen poem was not one of those sent in for competition, but one

furnished by Lord Byron at the express request of the Committee. At this outrage the poetic wrath boiled over, and one furious competitor determined to give public expression to the rage that filled his soul.

It was the evening of Wednesday, the 14th of October. The comedy of the "Hypocrite" had just been acted, and Mr Holland came forward to give out the next night's play. But he found the attention of the audience engaged by an orator in the pit, and his announcement attracted no notice. The orator, having given his audience to understand that he was one of the aggrieved sons of Apollo, was encouraged to mount the stage and give his grievance full utterance. He accordingly scrambled on the stage, and bowed profoundly to the audience. He was about to speak, when Raymond, the stage-manager, entered from behind, and taking up a position near the injured poet, bowed with equal solemnity to the intelligent public. For some time both stood respectfully bowing, then both tried at the same moment to address the audience, and the audience, unable to hear either, impartially hissed both. The contending orators then turned to each other, and with deepest reverences inaugurated a conference. But this had no result, and both again attempted to gain the public ear. The tumult recommenced, and after some time Raymond gave way, remarking that, "if it was the wish of the house to hear that gentleman, he would give place to him." The poet, left in possession of the field, once more struggled to make himself heard, but the simmering excitement of the house could not be reduced to silence; and although the speaker, by impassioned gestures, made it evident that he was communicating

something of importance, not a syllable could be heard. Ultimately the management, tired of seeing the theatre turned into a bear-garden, sent on two police officers, who carried off the unfortunate poet, amid a tumult which continued until Raymond again appeared. He was hailed with shouts of—"Explanation!" "Bring forward the man!" "Why did you seize him?" and on replying that "An unknown person had attempted to disturb the entertainment," was loudly informed that the offender was not an unknown person, but that he was Mr George Frederick Busby, one of the competing poets. Raymond at last succeeded in bringing the audience to reason, and the farce of the "Beehive," which was the last piece, was played without further trouble.

Mr George Frederick Busby had indeed sent in an Address, but it was unjust to him to suppose that personal vanity had dictated his heroic course. His motive was a much higher one—filial duty. His father's, not his own, were the burning lines which he had been trying to recite; his father's wrongs had nerved him for the attempt, which had so far resulted in disaster. But their failure did not dishearten the heroic pair, and next night they returned to the charge with plans better laid. Dr Busby addressed a circular to his friends, intimating his intention of making a demonstration at the theatre that evening, and requesting their presence and support. A crowded house accordingly assembled, and as soon as the curtain fell on the last act of the "Rivals," all eyes were turned to the third tier of the boxes, where sat the Doctor in state. He solemnly uprose, and, after a few minutes of tumult, made himself

heard. "I am Doctor Busby," he shouted, "a lover, a member of the drama, and a friend to the theatre (*cheers and hisses*). Ladies and gentlemen, it is well known that for several weeks the Committee appointed to manage the concerns of this theatre have, by public advertisement, courted the exertions of the literary world to prepare an Address to be spoken at the opening of this truly magnificent structure. This was on their part noble and praiseworthy; but it must be allowed on all hands that, however right they have been in intention, they have most lamentably erred in judgment."

Here the noise and tumult were so overpowering that the Doctor was unable to proceed for some minutes; but he ultimately went on to say that he believed over a hundred persons had *condescended* to furnish Addresses, and that he for one thought more highly of the poetical talents of the competitors than to believe that none of them had written a better Address than Lord Byron's. Among the Addresses sent in were some that were very fine. He himself knew of four or five—a statement which was received with shouts of "Your own and your son's were among them!" At this point the orchestra broke in upon the orator's speech, and, although he made several attempts to resume operations, it was not until the termination of the farce that he was able to conclude. Then he presented himself, and said: "I have a strong, a powerful motive for requesting your attention. I am a friend to this theatre. I wish to open the way to super-excellence, to bring forward strong and powerful talent, instead of letting it sink into oblivion. Gentlemen, I am a friend to merit,

and more especially to modest merit—my son is now in the house with an Address which I had prepared for the opening of this theatre, and nothing would be a greater pride and satisfaction to me than that he should be allowed by the managers to rehearse it on the stage, if you will give him leave." But at this point the Doctor was seized by two Bow Street officers, who, after a terrific struggle, dragged him out of his box, and carried him away towards the street. On the stairs, however, the Doctor squatted himself with vigorous adhesiveness, and defied the efforts of the officers to move him. Some of the audience interfered in his favour, and he was borne back in triumph to his box, from which he once more harangued the house. Considering himself now the champion of their rights, he said, and also as much a freeman as he was a conqueror, he would give them the opportunity of hearing such a Monologue as they had seldom heard. This modest statement being received with loud cheers, Mr George Frederick Busby mounted the stage, and the audience became comparatively quiet.

But, most unhappily for the marvellous Monologue, Mr Busby, junior, was as weak of voice as his father was strong; and although the opening lines—

"When energising objects men pursue,
What are the prodigies they cannot
do,"—

were partially heard, all that followed was inaudible. A gentleman stood up in the boxes and said, "Mr Busby, I would advise you to go home if you cannot make use of a stronger voice. You ought not to presume to get on that stage to detain the com-

pany, if you cannot speak so that we may distinctly hear; and I must tell you, that not a word of what you say can be understood here from the smallness of your voice, however elegant and large your ideas may be." But George Frederick was not to be put down in this summary fashion, and probably finished the Monologue; but excepting himself alone no one was any the wiser, and he had to retire, leaving the world unenlightened.

The newspapers next day gave great prominence to this disorderly scene, and Dr Busby's conduct was the object of general rebuke. The most vigorous of his critics was 'Bell's Weekly Messenger,' which in its next issue delivered itself thus:—

"The Sitting Magistrates of Bow Street must lend their kind assistance to their brethren of the Committee. The incurable must be passed to Bedlam, and the malicious and turbulent to Clerkenwell. Whilst Moscow is yet blazing, and the cotton-spinners out of work, it is really too much to be annoyed with the civil war of poetry."

But this elevation of Dr Busby to the level of an industrial crisis and a deadly war was an isolated flight of imagination, and most of the papers attacked him with ridicule and banter. Into the strife one very powerful combatant plunged—Lord Byron, who revenged himself for the Doctor's criticism of his Address by a biting parody, which appeared in the 'St James's Chronicle' of 24th October. It was of course anonymous, but is now included in every edition of the poet's works. Its elaborate title, however, cannot be appreciated by any one who does not know the exact circumstances under which it was written; and those who have not

heard of Dr Busby and his weak-voiced son, will not understand the allusions in "A Parenthetical Address, by Dr Plagiarism, half stolen, with acknowledgments, to be spoken in an inarticulate voice by Master —, at the opening of the next new theatre."

The failure of the Doctor's attempt probably prevented any other competitor from making a similar exhibition of himself, and the injured poets were no doubt making up their minds to bear their woes in silence, when another chance of publicity was offered to them. This came from a publisher in Bow Street, Covent Garden, who, struck by the success of the pretended 'Rejected Addresses,' conceived the project of publishing a collection of Addresses which had actually been submitted to the Committee, and really rejected. In answer to his advertisements, some fifty competitors sent in copies of their lucubrations, and the majority of these were published in a small octavo volume, entitled 'The Genuine Rejected Addresses.' I do not think that the publication was a success; indeed I incline to the theory that it was a deadly failure. For this belief I have two reasons: one, that the little book is now so rare that few copies of it can have got into circulation; and the other, that when a copy does turn up it is generally in the finest condition, and shows conclusively that it has been little read. If it was a failure, there can be no question that its fate was richly deserved; for a duller, more inane collection of commonplace doggerel could scarcely be conceived.

Of the writers who had been parodied in the 'Rejected Addresses,' two submitted serious productions to the Committee, and published them in this collection. W. T. Fitzgerald was one of these. This amiable man, and bad poet, was celebrated for the extreme loyalty of his effusions, and it was on this point that his parodists had fastened.

"Hail, glorious edifice, stupendous
work!
God bless the Regent and the Duke of
York!"

were the opening lines of the parody; but the genuine production did not work the loyal vein, and was simply a dull, ordinary sort of occasional address. The other poet who appears in both collections is our friend Dr Busby, of whose surpassingly dull effusion the opening lines have already been quoted. Reading his genuine Address, we long for a touch either of the humour or the versification of the burlesque, from which I may be pardoned for quoting the delightful lines in which the Atomic Theory of Lucretius, as well as the Doctor's translation of that author, is so happily parodied:—

"I sing how casual bricks, in airy
climb,
Encountered casual cow-hair, casual
lime;
How rafters, borne through wondering
clouds elate,
Kiss'd in their slope blue elemental
slate,
Clasp'd solid beams in chance-directed
fury,
And gave to birth our renovated Drury."

ROBERT W. LOWE.

THE EVOLUTION OF GAMES AT BALL.

ONCE a prehistoric man, in sport or anger, threw a cocoa-nut at a prehistoric friend. This had occurred before. But the method of the assailed had in it something of novelty in his dealing with the missile. He did not move aside out of its path. He put out his hand to ward it off, and, behold, it stuck in his hand. His friend applauded the action. "By Jove," he said, "that's good!"—or its prehistoric equivalent. Then they had to invent a new word. They said that the assailed man had "caught" the missile. "Throw it back to me," said the first thrower. "Let me see if I can catch it." The hand of prehistoric man was prehensile—his liver was a splendid organ—his eye clear. Soon they learned to catch the cocoa-nut with dexterity, and exhibited their feats, with triumph, to other prehistoric men; and the little cherubs laughed, aloft, for they said, "Man has learned to play at ball."

On another day one of our ancestors chanced to have in his hand a stick, when a friend threw the sportive cocoa-nut. Skilfully he struck it with the stick. "Lucky for me," said a friend behind him, "that you struck that cocoa-nut, otherwise it would have hit me." "Quite so," said the striker; "let me try it again." But the other demurred, and proposed the substitution of a tree-trunk, as the object of attack, in place of his own person. And this was cricket.

Again, a cocoa-nut lay on the ground. "Give me that cocoa-nut if you do not want it," said a bystander to one who stood beside the cocoa-nut. The bystander with a blow of his stick knocked the cocoa-nut towards his friend—

an uncourteous deed of gift, but prehistoric man was not always polished. But the cocoa-nut chanced to have been hit so skilfully that it lay at the feet of him who had desired it. "A good shot!" exclaimed the latter; "let me see if I can do it." So this was golf.

With the degeneration of man golf easily grew debased to the rough hockey. In a treeless plain there was a dearth of hockey-sticks. Ingenious man simply replaced the lack by kicking with his feet—football.

Once an early aboriginal threw a cocoa-nut against a high steep rock. A friend caught it and returned it—fives.

Now it would seem that all these complicated uses must have grown out of the first-named incident with the cocoa-nut—the simple catching. In that case we ought to be able to trace the evolution of games—to see how one passed on into the other. There should be a gradual growth, from the most simple to the most complex. There should be no link missing in the chain. Can we find these links, and where shall we go to look for them?

We notice, firstly, in considering the games of modern men, that they may be divided off upon quite different lines, dependent on the point of view and entailing a certain cross division. From one point of view we may divide games into those in which the stroke of one player is dependent on the action of the other, and those in which the stroke is entirely independent. Golf stands almost alone in the latter class. And even of golf it is not always true. The abhorred

"stymie" violates the great principle, and leaves the opponent perplexed and furious because of the stroke of his antagonist. Billiards, from this view-point, is a link between golf and those games, such as tennis, in which the player's stroke is strictly dependent on the stroke of the previous striker. In billiards the player is dependent on the "leave" given him by his opponent, but in dealing with the "leave" he depends on none but himself.

Again, there is a possible classification of games according to the objects for which the contending parties strive. There are games in which it is the object of each to force a ball through a goal defended by the other. Such are hockey, *lacrosse*, and football. There are games in which it is the aim of one to hit a mark defended by the other. Such is cricket; and in the same category we may place base-ball, for though here there is no wicket, the "out" side scores "by error" if the striker fail to hit the ball on the third effort. There are games in which each strives for a similar object until his striving shall have tired out or otherwise defeated his opponent. Such are fives and lawn-tennis.

And of course the classes are endless into which games could be ranged according to the implements used in playing them. Enough has been said to suggest the wide and substantial differences. It remains to endeavour to trace the genealogy and to show features of "family likeness."

In any little town in the Basque country you may see lads in the streets playing with a ball in a manner which marks the first departure from the primitive game of catch. They are patting the ball from one to the other with

the open hand, taking it either at the volley or on the first bound. So they go on, trying how long they can keep it up, but playing at no "game" strictly so called, for there is no winner or loser. There is a queer Basque outcry of scorn when one misses or makes a bad stroke, and then they start the ball off again. But this, though in itself no "game," is, nevertheless, practice for one of their most favourite games; and the Basques are great lovers of games of ball. They are practising for their game of *blaid*, which is essentially very similar to the English game of hand-fives. Go into Bayonne, at the edge of the Basque country, and there, on a Sunday afternoon, you will probably find them playing vigorously in the *tringuet*-court, as they call it, at this game of *blaid*. Now this *tringuet*-court is precisely what we should call a tennis-court. More than that, it is the pattern, the original pattern, of our tennis-courts—the father, as one may say, of all the tennis-courts in the world. There you have the *dedans*, the grille, the pent-house, and the galleries. The chases are marked upon the wall; there is the *tambour*, with a drummer, in old-fashioned uniform, painted, life-size, upon it. One is tempted to ask, "Is this the reason that our buttress is always called the *tambour*? Does the name arise from the accident that some enterprising artist chanced to paint a drummer on this, the original of all our tennis-courts?" But the question discloses an ignorance of the terms of French architecture. Any buttress of like character is named in the French building nomenclature a *tambour*, though it may well be that the name suggested to the artist the decoration which he has painted on it.

In this court at Bayonne the pent-house and all the galleries and openings are at a less height up the walls than in our tennis-courts. Also the court is somewhat longer ; but in all main details our courts are a faithful copy. High up, towards the roof, the sides are open to the light and air of heaven, but the roof has projecting eaves which prevent the rain from often beating in, and nets stretched across the open spaces keep the ball from going out.

In this old historic court, then, you will find them hard at work playing *blaid*. The galleries will be thronged by spectators, who show an eager and applauseive interest in the game. Most of them have, probably, a wager on the result. But though it is the *tringuet*-court, the game is no longer *tringuet* (for a reason which shall be explained directly) but *blaid*. And this game of *blaid* is practically hand-fives played against the pent-house wall of a tennis-court. There are certain differences of detail. Instead of a line against the wall, the lower edge of the pent-house roof above the *dedans* is taken as the mark above which all balls must be returned. A return is good if it strike the pent-house—it need not first strike on the wall above. But the service is not good unless it first strike the wall above the roof over the *dedans*, then strike the roof above the side-galleries, and so fall into court. And the method of delivering the service is curious ; the server does not throw the ball against the wall, as in hand-fives ; he bounces it upon the floor of the court, then strikes it with his hand as it rebounds, and in this manner delivers the service.

But that which fills the unaccustomed spectator with surprise and admiration is the extraordi-

nary force with which this service and the subsequent returns are delivered. The ball used is about the size and weight of a tennis-ball, and the players strike this ball not only with all the strength of their hand and arm, but with the whole power of the body skilfully thrown in at the proper moment, so that the heavy ball beats on the pent-house and on the wall as if it had really been hit by a tennis-racquet, and one exclaims at each thundering hammer on the court, and at each ringing smack of the hand, "Surely these fellows' palms must be made of iron !" Often they will take the ball, as it flies back, on the volley, and sometimes get up a seemingly impossible return by a boasted force which makes the court re-echo.

So this is *blaid*. Far back, in the long court, sits a marker recording and calling out each stroke as it is scored. They play the chases too, so that the scoring is not always easy, and the stroke which puts out the server counts to the score of the striker-out. But sometimes, far back as the marker sits, the ball will almost come to him, on the first bound, so extraordinary is the power with which good players can strike the ball from the bare palm.

Yet, after all, this is a *tringuet*-court ; but *tringuet* has not been played in it, so far as one can learn, since 1889. To understand the reason it will be necessary to understand something of the nature of the game of *tringuet*, especially of the weapon with which the game is played ; and this is very germane to our purpose, for we are now considering the relationships of different games of ball from the point of view of the weapons used in them. At present we are only bare-handed ; for

though we may play hand-fives with a glove, the glove is rather in the nature of a protection than of a direct help to hitting the ball. But though a glove is used in the game of *tringuet*, it is of a very different kind from that which the schoolboy uses to protect his hands at fives, and meets a different purpose. The glove, indeed, is little more than a means of attaching to the hand the real hitting weapon. This weapon is in the form of a piece of very stiff leather some foot and a half in length, and some six or eight inches in breadth, slightly curved, so as to follow the line of the open hand. The ball used at *tringuet* is similar to that in use for *blaid*, and the game is in all essentials similar to tennis. In the game of *blaid* played in the *tringuet*-court, the net was removed to give the players more room, but for *tringuet* a net like a tennis-net is employed.

Now the primary object of this stiff, slightly concave piece of leather was that it should serve for hitting the ball—pure clean hitting. But the skill of the players introduced a refinement in the stroke. It was found that the severest return could be delivered by receiving the ball on the part of the leather covering the palm, by then allowing the ball to run down the scoop of the leather, and by returning it when it had reached the extremity. Obviously such a return could be delivered with great leverage. But—and here the cause of the trouble which has led to the abandonment of the game becomes apparent—the rules of the game do not allow that the ball shall be *caught*. It must not be *held*, for a moment's space, in the scoop of the leather. It may be received and allowed to run down, but not, for an instant may it be permitted

to lie motionless. It is at once apparent what a door is thus opened for acrimonious discussion. And since the Basques are an eager and impetuous race, and, moreover, are in the habit of laying comparatively large wagers on the results of the game, it was only a natural consequence that disputes should constantly arise as to whether the ball had been held, or fairly delivered. These disputes grew so keen and so frequent that they have led to the game being given up, and, as we said before, there has not since 1889 been a single game of *tringuet* in the Bayonne court.

The evolution of the weapon used in *tringuet* is easily conjectured. A man finding his palm injured by the severity of the stroke at *blaid* attached to his glove a hard piece of leather as a protection. It was found that added length of leather gave added leverage and added power to the return, and finally the implement assumed the shape in which we see it to-day.

There is in use among the Basques a sort of basket, often circular, but often, also, narrowly oblong, in shape, in which women, generally, and also men, carry small burdens—as of fish—on their heads. These baskets, it may fairly be conjectured, suggested to the Basques, and to their Spanish neighbours across the Pyrenees, the game of *pelotè*—the “long game” or the “basket game,” as it is also commonly called. Or it may be that some innovator suggested the use of basket-work instead of the stiff leather used in *tringuet*. Be that as it may, the basket game is played with a long curved thing of wicker attached to the glove in the same manner of attachment as the leather. The basket is not unlike the wicker

protection which in England is fitted over the wheel of a dogcart to keep a lady's dress from contact with the mud on the tire. This *pelotè* is quite a different game from *triquet*. It is played in the open air. There is a front wall on to which the ball has to be served and returned, but there are no side walls. The court is often a hundred and fifty yards or so in length, and its lines are marked as are the touch-lines of a football-ground. The server serves the ball as in *blaid*, bouncing it on a slab of marble, which can be set at the angle most agreeable to the server, and striking it with his bare hand against the wall. It is received, either on the volley or the first bound, by one of the striking-out side in his basket, and returned against the wall. By this time the server will have resumed his glove—his basket—and is ready to take his part in the game. Four or five a-side are common numbers, and villages compete with such keenness against one another that it is usual for each village to have one man who has been trained from childhood in the art of serving. Large sums are bet upon the games, and if a stranger desire to get up a match between the best players of the French and Spanish Basques he will probably have to offer as an inducement no less a sum than £15 or £20. There is no line on the wall, above which the ball must strike, but they have a system of chases. The ball is sent swiftly along the ground from the wall towards the chase-mark, and if the side defending the chase can field it before it reaches the mark the chase is off; if the defending side fail, the chase is won.

The skill with which they receive the ball in these baskets, and the power with which they can

deliver it out of them, are equally remarkable; but the interesting difference between this game and *triquet* is, that whereas in the latter they are not allowed, as we saw, to catch and hold the ball, in *pelotè* they are allowed to hold it in their baskets. But again, in *pelotè* no more than in *triquet*, are they allowed to run with the ball thus held. In both cases they must deliver it from the spot, approximately, where they received it. To trace a further evolution, and to see a game in which it is permitted to hold the ball in the receiving weapon, and to run with it, we must go to a far-removed part of the world. We must go and see *lacrosse* played by the Indians and the Canadians.

When we see the game of *lacrosse* and the implement with which it is played, and when, further, we see the manner in which the frozen-out *lacrosse*-players, in winter, scud over the snow, it is not very difficult to hazard a very shrewd guess that the implement used in the game is a modification of the snow-shoe. Indeed the game might very well be played with a snow-shoe. The improved snow-shoe, as adapted to the game of *lacrosse*, consists of a stick nearly as long as a golf-club, bending round, less abruptly than a shepherd's crook, at one end. From the extremity of the bend to a point three-parts of the way towards the handle of the stick a cord is stretched; and between this cord and the bay, so to call it, formed by the curved stick, a net is stretched, but not stretched so tightly but that the ball can be caught and held in it. Thus it serves the purpose of the basket used in the *pelotè* game. The ball is caught, held, and returned with a peculiar double-handed swing, and from these *lacrosse*-racquets

it can be thrown to a great distance. But this is not all. In *lacrosse* it is not only permitted, but it is an integral part of the game to run with the ball, held in the implement, until it is knocked out, or threatened to be knocked out, by the interference of another player. For here again is a new feature. This game, though in the use of its appropriate weapon it appears a further development of the *peloté*, shows in all other respects a completely new departure. It is played in sides, and with goals—in a word, it has contracted an alliance with, it has borrowed the methods of, football. How this alliance came about it is not easy to determine; but it is certainly possible to conjecture. At first sight the observer is likely to say to himself, if he think at all of the derivation of the name—"Oh yes, the name '*lacrosse*' must certainly come from the 'cross' which the weapons so constantly make as the players counter each other in the course of the game." This is picturesque, but unfortunately, as a derivation, it is almost certainly incorrect. In the '*Dictionnaire des lettres, beaux-arts, sciences morales et politiques*' of Bachelet and Dezobry we find: "*Crosse (jeu de) ou de criquet, jeu qui se joue à deux. Un joueur, placé près de 2 picquets de bois plantés en terre à quelque distance l'un de l'autre, s'applique, avec une crosse ou bâton courbé par un bout, à repousser une balle que le second joueur cherche à faire passer entre les picquets. Les rôles sont intervertis, quand ce résultat est obtenu. V. Cricket.*" When, in obedience, we do *vide* "Cricket," we find our national game not ill described.

There seems very little room for conjecture about the origin of the name of *lacrosse*. The French

Canadians played a game with snow-shoes which they called *crosse*, or *lacrosse*, from the name of the instrument with which they had been accustomed, in their native land, to play a game somewhat distantly resembling it.

In thus tracing down the evolution of ball games, from the point of view of the development of the weapon used in them, we are now at the farthest point. The bare hand was the original protoplasm, the weapon used in *lacrosse* is the man of the nineteenth century. We may now go back to the beginning of things again, and see man throwing his ball at a mark. From this *throwing* at a mark it is but one step towards *hitting* at a mark; it is also but one step to another player getting in the way and *preventing the mark from being hit*. Each is but one step in the evolution, but the steps are in different directions. The former step evolves golf, the latter cricket. When the two species thus evolved form an alliance, the result is hockey, or, in the absence of hockey-sticks, football, or, with the addition of ponies, polo.

Now, whether or no we are to attribute to the *jeu de crosse* our game of cricket, as the '*Dictionnaire des lettres, beaux-arts,*' and the rest of it would suggest, we shall at all events find a very near relation of our golf in another French game, the *jeu de mail*. In the same learned '*Dictionnaire*' we find: "*Mail (jeu de), jeu qui consiste à pousser sur une route ou sur de longues allées, en les frappant d'un coup avec une petite massue appelée mail, des boules de bois, de manière à parcourir le plus grand espace possible, et à toucher finalement un but marqué.*"

Certainly "*une route ou de longues allées*" do not seem to fulfil all the most desired condi-

tions of a golf-links, though they may be better than many on which golf is played; but the ideal of the golf-stroke, combining the "far" with the "sure," is very well expressed. And as for the "*petite massue appelée mail*," do we not see in it the latest invention of Sir Walter Dalrymple? It is true that "*un but marqué*" is but a very general description of the golf-hole, but the exact character of the thing to be aimed at is a matter of the merest detail. In pictures of Van der Veyde and of Van der Veldt we see men playing at what is virtually golf, but aiming to hit little pegs stuck in the ice or earth. Likewise the golfer, or player at *mail*, in Rembrandt's etching, is probably playing at a peg, but this is little matter. There can be slight doubt that we have golf, in its essentials, before us in the *jeu de mail*. One may even go further, and hazard a conjecture that the very name of golf has only come to it by reason of a slight change in the character of the *but marqué*. Instead of a peg, a hole—a *golfe*—was to be the object aimed at, and from the *golfe*, or hole, this development of the game took its name. Is this a derivation *pour rire*? At least one has seen others more grave, which may be disproved as easily.

In fact it is found that the names of games run into each other and overlap. As has ever been the teaching of evolution, there is no definite line between species. The very name "*pelotè*," of which we have spoken as indicating the "basket" game, is used both in a generic and a specific sense—as football, which includes both Rugby and Association, Eton and Harrow; and billiards, which covers both the English and the French. So too of *pelotè*. The name is used both

specifically, for the basket game or long game, and generally, to cover all the Basque games of ball. For *pelotè*, strictly Spanish, is the Basque term for a ball—from *pila*. If you say *balle* to a Basque, his thoughts wander to a dance. Similar to *pelotè*, in its generic sense, is the truly French *jeu de paume*. There is yet another game included under *pelotè* which we have not spoken of—namely, *rebot*, where there is an end wall as well as a front wall, though the sides are open. The name indicates the presence of the back wall, off which the ball may be taken on the rebound—the *rebot*.

Let us go to the writings of M. Charles Deulin, and especially to his '*Contes du roi Cambrinus*.' There we shall find a wondrously true tale of a game called *chole*, wherein one Roger, a wheelwright of the village of Coq, became, through the grace of St Anthony, who gave him a club, famous throughout all the country as *le grand choleur*, in which capacity he played many a game of *chole* with the devil, and from him won, at one time or another, several sackfuls of souls. Now the manner of this game of *chole*, which was played in French Flanders, is this. Two men agree to play a match. We will suppose that it is Tom Morris against Douglas Rolland. There is no special course—the game is played right across country. They settle on a certain mark, perhaps a church-door, say three miles off. Then they begin a Dutch auction. Tom says, "I think I can hit it in five innings." (We shall see in a moment what an "innings" means.) Rolland will then say, "I will back myself to hit it in four innings." Tom, not seeing his way to hitting it in three innings, will say, "Very well, then—off you

go." Now an "innings" means this, that the man who is "in," and who is called the *choleur*, is allowed to have three hits towards the goal, teeing his ball each time, but that, after his third hit, the man who is "out," the *décholeur*, is allowed to *déchole*—that is, to tee up the ball, and have one hit in the contrary direction. Then the *choleur* tees up again at the place to which the *décholeur* drove the ball, and again has three hits forward. After which again comes the *déchole*—and so it goes on. If the *choleur* hit the mark within the number of innings in which he had backed himself to do so, he wins. If he fail, the *décholeur* wins.

In this game we have, obviously enough, the "missing word," the link between golf and hockey. The players use but one ball, as in hockey. In the hitting back we see the element of the more vigorous defence of a goal, which is the feature of hockey. Hockey is, in fact, an evolution from golf by way of *chole*.

When you have the ball and the goals, but no sticks, a ready-to-hand way of playing is to kick the ball—Association football—or to pick it up and run with it—Rugby football—or, if snow-shoes are handy, to catch the ball in them and run or throw it—*la-crosse*. If you care to make your hockey-sticks a little longer, and mount on ponies, you play the same game, but call it polo.

The instruments are evolved according to their adaptability to circumstances. The Rugby football is made long and narrow, for ease of tucking it under the arm as you run. The Association football is all adapted for kicking purposes, because here you are not allowed to handle the ball.

The rules of each game are

likewise a matter of gradual evolution. Old Rugby boys tell us of a time when the school used to be divided into two halves. One half was stationed behind one goal, the other half behind the other. The ball was put in the middle. At a given signal the two halves charged upon the ball and upon one another, and—*there were no rules!* The simplicity of it is charming. There was the ball, there the goals. It was the business of the one side to get the ball between one of the goals, of the other side to get it between the other, and it did not matter how it was done! In 'Tom Brown's School Days' we see the game almost in its most primitive form.

There is a game, similar only "more so," still played at a certain town in the North—at Whitehaven, I think. There, annually, on Shrove Tuesday, a great match is played between the miners on one side against the shipwrights on the other. The game is played with a football. The object of the miners is to get the ball over a great wall skirting a garden; the object of the shipwrights is to get it to the mouth of the harbour. The shipwrights are drawn up on one side, the town side, of the river which flows by the town; the miners are drawn up on the opposite side of the river. The ball is kicked off from a bridge which spans the river, and *it is kicked off into the river*. Imagination can do better justice than words to the resulting contest. It is amphibious in character, and, like the primitive Rugby game, it is without rules. The office of kicker-off is one of high honour: it is hereditary, descending from father to son, according to the Salic law.

A somewhat similar game, but

with the watery element left out—which, for many reasons, including sanitary ones, is to be regretted—still survives in primitive parts of the Cornish and Devonshire border.

Historically, however, it would seem as if that which looks like the latest development of these games with goals were in fact the earliest. For in the 'Arabian Nights' we read of a wise sage who cured a great king by a decoction with which he anointed the handle of a stick with which the king was in the habit of playing a game at ball, to the end that when the royal hand perspired in the vigour of the play the open pores might receive the medicament. The translator speaks of this stick as a "golf-stick" (*sic*), but it is plain from the context that the game was played on horseback. It was, in fact, polo. Indeed, the illustrations of the very same edition show the said king playing the game on horseback. We are forced to the sad conclusion that the translator was no golfer. Indeed, all the games of the ancients show evidence of great elaboration—knuckle-bones, with its endless variations, and chess, the most scientific of all in its subtlety.

The great game of cricket seems to have reached, in a bound, its latest development, and to be incapable of further evolution, if we except the methods of the "Notts stylists." It is easy, however, to conjecture its growth from the primitive defence of the wicket

by a single batsman from the attack of a single bowler. Spectators would throng around. "Thank you, ball," the bowler would call out to them—at once you have your "field." Sometimes the batsman would make a hit of great merit. How was the merit to be gauged? Measuring was troublesome, the time test difficult to apply. "I could run a mile before Gunn could overtake that ball and throw it back," we might imagine the batsman to boast. "Try," says the bowler; and at once the system of "runs" was introduced.

Rounders and base-ball are but variations, more or less elaborated, of the idea. The methods of trap, bat, and ball, and of knur and spell are somewhat different, but the main principles are the same. We go no farther in the evolution than cricket.

It is noteworthy in the retrospect to observe the number of games we have traced to the Basques. There are those who trace all things to the Basques,—chiefly, it would seem, because neither the Basques nor their language are traceable to any source but themselves. There are some who say that Adam was a Basque, and the Garden of Eden in the neighbourhood of St Jean de Luz. Be that as it may, it seems that their country has been the nursery of very many a game in which the latter age of man still takes delight.

HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

ROBERT BRUCE'S HEART ;

OR, THE LAST OF THE CRUSADERS.

"THIS tediousness in death is irksome, lords,
To standers-by : I pray you to be seated :"
Thus spake King Robert, dying in his chair.
His nobles and his knights around him stood
Silent, with brows bent forward. He continued :
"Because ye have been loyal, knights and peers,
I bade you hither, first to say farewell ;
Next, to commend to you a loyalty,
Not less but greater, to your country due,
For I to her was loyal from the first.
She lies sore shaken ; guard her as a mother
Her cradled babe, a man in strength his sire.
Guard her from foreign foes, from traitors near,
Yea from herself if evil dreams assail her.
Sustain her faith ; in virtue bid her walk
Before her God, a nation clad with light."
He spake ; then sat awhile with eyes close shut.
At last they opened ; rested full on one
The sole who knelt : large tears by him unfelt
Rolled down his face : 'twas Douglas. Thus the King :
"That hour we spake of oft, yet never feared,
O best and bravest of my friends, is come.
James, we were friends since boyhood ; side by side
We stood that hour when I was crowned at Scone,—
Crowned by a woman's hand when kinsmen none
Of hers approached me. Many a time we two
Flung back King Edward's powers. Betrayed, deserted,
By bloodhounds tracked we roamed the midnight moors :
I saw thy blood-drops stain Loch Etive's rocks ;
Thy knees sustained my head when, faint with wounds,
Three days on Rachrin's island-shores I lay.
One night—rememberest thou that night ?—I cried,—
Randolph, I think stood near us,—thus I cried :
'Give o'er the conflict ! Bootless is this war :
Would God we battled in the Holy Land
For freeing of Christ's Tomb !' Then answer'dst thou :
'Best of Crusaders is that king who fights
To free his country slaved !'" Douglas replied,
"I said it, sire ; God said it too, and crowned you.

God, if he wills, can make you yet Crusader ;
In death Crusader—yea, or after death.”

The King sighed slightly, and his eyelids sank ;
Again he spake, though now with wandering mind :
“ Randolph was there. Rightly thou savedst his honour,
Though breaking thus the mandate of thy king.
Ah me ! All earthly honour is but jest.”

Later his eyes unclosed ; and with strong voice
And hand half raised as if it grasped a sceptre
He spake : “ That youthful dream is unfulfilled :
That sin I sinned, when Comyn died, forbade it :
Not less one tribute I would pay to God ;
Leave man one fair ensample.
Yon case of silver is a reliquary—
Seal thou therein my heart when dead I lie :
In the Holy Land inter it.”

Three weeks passed,
Five ships were freighted, and the Douglas sailed,
Bearing that reliquary on his breast
Both day and night. He fared not forth alone,
For lords as many companied him as sailed
With good Sir Patrick Spens, what time he bore
Scotland's fair daughter, “ Maid of Norway ” named,
To be the North-King's bride. Those lords of old
Saw never more their native land. They died,—
Died at the feet of that sea-warrior grey
When, tempest-wrecked on their return, their bark
Went down 'mid roaring waves. Tempest as fierce
On the head of Douglas broke. A Spanish port
With inland-winding bosom bright and still
Received him ; and Alphonso of Castile
Welcomed, well pleased, with tournament and feast
A guest in all lands famed.

The parting day
Had almost come ; disastrous news foreran it.
Granada's Sultan with his Saracen host
Had broken bound, and written on his march
His Prophet's name in fire. Alphonso craved
Aid of his guest. In sadness Douglas mused ;
At last he spake : “ Sir King, unblest is he
That knight whom warring duties rend asunder :
My king commanded me to Palestine !
For thirty days that word was in mine ears
'Neath all our festal songs. A deeper voice
Assails me now, mounting from that great Heart

Shrined on this breast. Thus speaks it: 'That command
I gave thee knowest thou not I countermand,—
I who from righteous battle ne'er turned back!'"

The Douglas drooped his head; a trumpet-peal
Shrilled from afar. He raised that head; he spake:
"Alphonso of Castile, my choice is made;
With thee I march!" The Scottish knights drew swords;
Shouted, "Saint Andrew!" and the Knights of Spain
Made answer, "Santiago!"

Long or e'er

The next sun rose, and while the morning star
Saw still its own face glassed in eastern seas,
Its radiance saw flashed from the floods, that, swollen
By melting snows, thundered through dark ravines,—
As brightly flashed as e'er from Cedron's stream
Or Siloa's sacred wave,—in that fair hour
The hosts united marched. Ere long they met
On a wide plain with white sierras girt
The Prophet's sons, for centuries their foes.
The Moors were to the Christians three to one.
For hours that battle-storm was heard afar;
Numbers at last prevailed; and, on the left,
The standard of the Cross some whit lost ground:
Douglas restored the battle. On the right
His Scottish knights and he drove all before them.
The Moors gave way; fleet were their Arab steeds,
And better than their foes they knew the ground.
Far off they formed anew; they waved again
Their mooned flags, and crescent scimitars
Well used to reap the harvest-fields of death.
Once more they shouted "Allah!" Spent and breathless,
The northern knights drew bridle on a slope
A stone's-throw distant. Douglas shouted, "Forward!"
None answered. Sadly—not in wrath—he spake:
"O friends, how oft on stormy war-fields proved!
This day what lack ye? Naught save an example!"
Forward he spurred; he reached the Saracen van;
He raised on high that silver shrine; he cried,
"Go first, great Heart, as thou wert wont to go;
Douglas will follow thee and die." He flung it:
Next moment he was in among the Moors.
The Scots knights heard that word; they saw; they charged.
Direful the conflict; from a hill Alphonso
Watched it, but, pressed himself, could spare no aids:
He sent them when too late.

The setting sun
Glared fiercely at that fugitive Moorish host;
Shone sadly on that remnant, wounded sore,
Which gazed in circle on their Great One dead.
His hands, far-stretched, still grappled at the grass:
His bosom on that silver shrine was pressed:
His last hope this—to save it.

They returned,
That wounded remnant, to their country's shores:
With them they bore the Bruce's Heart; yet none
Sustained it on his breast. In season due
The greatest and the best of Scotland's realm,—
Old lords high-towered on river-banks tree-girt,
Old Gaelic chiefs that ruled in patriarch state
The blue glens of that never-vanquished land,
Grave shepherd-prelates, guiding with mild awe
Those flocks Iona's sons had given to Christ,—
In sad procession moved with sacred rites
From arch to arch of Melrose' holy pile
Following King Robert's Heart, before them borne
'Neath canopy of gold, and there interred it
Nigh the high altar. Peasants pressed around
Countless that hour. Some whispered, "Meet it was
Here, in this place, to inter our Robert's Heart;
For though he never fought in Holy Land
(He might not, since for our sake God forbade it)
That heart was a Crusader's." James of Douglas,
In later ages named "the Good Earl James,"
Was buried in the chancel of Saint Bride's
Near his ancestral castle. Since that day
The Douglas shield has borne a Bleeding Heart
Crowned with a kingly crown.

There are who say
That on the battle-morn, but ere the bird
Of morn had flung far off that clarion peal
Which chides proud boastings and denial base,
King Robert stood beside the Douglas' bed
With face all glorious, like some face that saith
"True friends on earth divided meet in heaven."

AUBREY DE VERE.

THE ARMY AND CIVIL WAR.

THOSE who know the House of Commons best are apt to say that "the House cares nothing about the army." They say that it is quite useless to draw the attention of the House to any consequences, however disastrous to discipline, which may follow upon legislation on which it is otherwise bent. It may be so. The House will have to attend quick enough to these matters if the electors once begin to realise the serious results which will follow, not to the army only, but to the well-being of the country, if we are brought to the verge of civil war.

The statesmen who at present come into power, more especially on the Liberal side, are for the most part men who have scornfully rejected all attempt to make themselves acquainted with the nature of the instrument over which they theoretically wield absolute power. Any one who has at all come in contact with them individually, cannot fail to be aware that their conception of an army is derived from copy-book maxims and pedantic theory.

If any difficulty be suggested to them, as to what might happen if the army were employed for purposes for which it was never enlisted, or if orders were given to it which would be regarded by the great mass of the officers as orders to commit crime, they reply, "Oh, it is the business of a soldier to obey orders." They imagine that they have nothing to do but to determine what use they will make of an army for their own ends, and that nothing will happen as a consequence other than the exercise of a certain very potent physical force which they have under their

complete control. It would perhaps, therefore, be at least of some historical interest to them if they would condescend to inquire under what circumstances the Czar of Russia made peace in 1878. We may save them the trouble of too elaborate a search by stating at once the certainly established historical truth, that the one reason, paramount to all others, why that peace was made, as and when it was, was that the fact was conveyed to the Emperor, in unmistakable terms, that the Russian army was sick of the war, and beyond all things desired peace. That is to express the matter in a very mild way. Practically the intimation was conveyed in much stronger terms. The man who carried the message was never forgiven; but the Czar bent before a power which he could not resist.

It would be no part of our present purpose to enter into all the circumstances which led up to that result. It is important, however, to note, that among them was the fact that the army felt that it had been deceived as to the nature of the war itself. They had believed that they were going to relieve Christians from intolerable oppression by the Turk. They found the Bulgarian peasants living under conditions better than those in which they had left their own people at home.

Probably no English Minister thinks that he possesses a more despotic control over the English army than the Czar exercises over that of Russia. Probably no English Minister thinks that questions of right and wrong, and the feeling of the country about such

questions, are likely to exercise less influence on the English army than they did in 1878, on men whose characteristic has been notoriously for generations, to an extent which diminishes their value as soldiers, their mechanical obedience.

Moreover, there is a difficulty in regard to the exercise of armed force in the United Kingdom which has been gradually built up by a series of legal decisions. It exists in no other country of the world. The judges have with unhesitating unanimity determined that the order of a superior relieves no man from responsibility for his own actions. If an officer were to order any soldier to shoot a civilian, and, from its circumstances, the act were held to be murder, the soldier would be responsible for that murder as well as the officer. The order that he had received would not relieve him from the responsibility. Similarly, the order of no superior officer relieves a junior from such responsibility. Out of these islands the case does not arise. As, therefore, we have been hitherto within them happily free from any necessity for considering on a large scale the many difficulties involved in it, the principle has not had to be faced, except in such instances as those at Dungarvan, for instance, where, as a rule—chiefly through the action of those who are now in power—the hardest possible measure has invariably been meted out to soldiers, even when engaged in the mere support of law and order.

Hitherto, whenever any portion of the army has been employed in the suppression of civil disorder, though there might occasionally be some question as to the steps taken for its suppression, as at Peterloo, there has been none as

to the necessity that the disorder should be suppressed. The whole of both Houses of Parliament were practically unanimous, and the leaders of both parties in the State looked upon the disorder against which troops were employed from the same point of view.

Mr Gladstone has changed all that. Supposing that a Home Rule Bill were passed, and that Mr Morley, as the representative of his Government, attempted to employ troops in forcing the Loyalists of Ulster to submit to Messrs Sexton, Healy, & Co., the vast majority of educated Englishmen and Scotsmen would believe that the troops were being employed for an iniquitous purpose. Among that vast majority, every officer in the army, with the rarest exceptions, would be included. Every one of their personal friends, all the social public opinion with which they would come in contact, would tend to influence them very forcibly on the same side. It would be clearly and thoroughly understood that all officers who, because of Mr Morley's orders, commanded troops against the Loyalists did so against their consciences; that they did so solely because Mr Morley, whose contempt for the whole profession of a soldier has been again and again expressed in unmistakable language, was right in his belief that the men to whom he issued orders were not merely personally but professionally so base, that he might depend upon their looking slavishly after their own interests only, utterly regardless of all considerations of honour.

It is just possible, though we do not think it at all likely, that if Mr Morley could hear the conversations which are taking place at this moment in almost every mess-room in the kingdom—though

they would undoubtedly be utterly contradictory of all that he conceives of the character of the soldier—they would make him pause before he attempted to employ the army for any such purpose as we have indicated. The mischief that has been already done in forcing men to consider at all such questions is greater than can easily be reckoned. Hitherto the English army has felt no hesitation in obeying any order that it might receive. That has been because the statesmen of the United Kingdom spoke in the name of the Queen as the head of the United Kingdom; because that was true, not merely officially, but really; because not a faction but the nation was behind them in their orders.

The report that Mr Morley is now pouring troops into Belfast, not in order to secure support for the law and the maintenance of civil authority, but in order that he, having secured, no matter how, the position of Secretary of State for Ireland, may carry out the whims of his own personal vanity,—has changed all that. Much must of course depend upon the extent to which the leaders of Ulster can keep their sorely tried followers within the bounds of order. If personal attacks upon Roman Catholics, if wrecking of houses, or other such acts were to take place, no officer or soldier would or could fail to assist the civil power in maintaining order.

But if civil order be strictly preserved, and the mere effort to resist the imposition on the north of a hateful rule, hostile to Britain, be met by the attempt to suppress it by the mere force of the British army—we say unhesitatingly that Mr Morley will be guilty of the most terrible crime that has disgraced our his-

tory. It is impossible to calculate the consequences that would follow.

We can assure him that we speak of facts within our own knowledge when we say that some of the calmest and most phlegmatic officers in the English army, men who have never in their lives taken any part in politics, consider that any such order would be a clear violation of the conditions under which the army was enlisted. They say, naturally enough, that the preamble of the Army Act declares expressly that the army is enlisted for "the safety of the United Kingdom, and the defence of the possessions of her Majesty's Crown"—that a condition of civil war in Ireland introduces altogether new circumstances, which oblige every man to consider how he will act on his own responsibility.

Even if Mr Morley could securely calculate, as he undoubtedly does, in regard to a profession which he makes no attempt to understand, for which he has a quite unlimited contempt, that every man will in fact act on grounds of the purest personal selfishness, it is by no means clear to many officers that even on those grounds they would be safe in obeying him. It is practically certain that, in order to secure obedience to his behests, he would have to try and shoot, if he could get a court-martial to give such a sentence, some officers who would be rather shot than obey him. He has a very insecure tenure of power; and if he began playing that game, the turn of his opponents would come. Passion would have been roused by his acts to an extent which would restore the old terms on which one party

succeeded another. It would only be necessary, on the return of the party of loyalty to power, to bring before local juries the men who had obeyed his orders and had been guilty of what the vast majority of educated Englishmen and Scotsmen and of the inhabitants of Ulster would regard as murder, in order to secure very effective reprisals. As we have already said, the law on that subject is clear and plain. No order of a superior relieves a man in such a matter from the responsibility for his own acts. Whether Mr Morley realises it or not, men who will by his act be placed under these circumstances are obliged to consider, and are very carefully considering them.

Mr Morley is, we are sure, a very amiable, well-intentioned man. No one who knows him will fail to bear us out in saying that he is also a man consumed with an inordinate personal vanity. That is precisely the condition of mind which all historians attribute to that most gentle of citizens during the earlier years of his life—Robespierre. That to Mr Morley the comparison, despite his eager defence of the leaders of the French Revolution, will appear a ludicrous and exaggerated one, we have no doubt. It will appear ludicrous and exaggerated also to most pious Gladstonians, and perhaps to not a few of our own readers. Nevertheless, we say it with deep regret, not without some careful study of Mr Morley's character, we do not believe that, if the fact could be brought home to him that he is preparing such a condition of things as we have described, the certainty that it was so would in the least deter him from bringing it about. We should expect him rather to use the fact that we have drawn this

comparison—the historical accuracy of which, if he knows himself at all, nobody knows better than he does—to subserve the purposes of rhetorical argument, to treat it as a ludicrous Tory exaggeration, and to assist him in bamboozling the men of Newcastle as to the true bearing of the facts.

It is terribly difficult during the calm years of peace to get men who have never known anything of other conditions than those under which they have habitually lived, to face the awful possibilities of their being suddenly plunged into civil war. That that possibility now actually looms large before us, no one who in the least realises the present condition of Ulster can doubt for a moment. The paper that has done the deadliest mischief in this matter, doubtless with the best intentions, is the 'Westminster Gazette.' That paper has been carefully quoting the violent language that was used by certain hot-headed men at the time of the disestablishment of the Irish Church. They have tried to persuade their readers, and they have no doubt largely succeeded, that, because then certain excitable people, the value of whose language was thoroughly understood at the time, talked about "dying in the last ditch" and the like, therefore that is all that is taking place in Ulster at this moment.

It is difficult to argue with such a statement. All that can be said of it is, that it shows the complete ignorance of the writers of the whole of the present situation. The men are different. The organisation is different. The feeling which prompts acts and language is as completely different as two things can possibly be. To make such a comparison may

help to deceive well-meaning Gladstonians who have the same feeling that the Duke of Wellington had, that no sacrifice is too great to avert from us the horrors of civil war. It will in no wise whatsoever even tend to prevent the sure on-coming of the future danger. The real imminence of that danger lies in the fact of which we have spoken, that there are no men in the present Cabinet who realise, as the Duke of Wellington did, what kind of a future they are preparing for the country.

To any one who rightly considers it, Mr Gladstone's reply to the City deputation, introduced by Sir John Lubbock, is under this aspect the most appalling warning. Those men avowedly came to the Premier as the statesman charged with the responsibilities of the empire. They spoke in no sense whatever as politicians or as party men. They came expressly as experts, bound, by the very conditions under which they spoke, to deal in no sense with questions of party politics, but solely with the actual facts which they foresaw as necessarily following from certain proposals. Higher evidence as to the inevitable connection between cause and effect, in those matters of which they spoke, could not have been obtained in the civilised world. Their appeal was solely to Mr Gladstone personally, not to make himself responsible for doing what, in their trained judgment, must inflict a terrible blow upon the United Kingdom.

Observe now the nature of Mr Gladstone's answer. He declared that he was compelled to carry out the behests constitutionally expressed by the majority of the House of Commons. He treated it as a thing well known to him that they, as members of the

"propertied classes," had not assisted in returning that majority. To himself, as to every one else in that room, it was perfectly known that such majority as exists in the House of Commons in behalf of Home Rule at all is purely his own creation. On the subjects of which the deputation spoke to him, the constituencies, who returned that majority, have expressed no opinion whatsoever. Nay, even the majority itself in the House has neither discussed them nor expressed any opinion upon them. He knew, and they knew, that if he chose to change his own view in relation to those financial proposals, to which alone they alluded, the majority would change with him. Of any attempt on his part to show that the injury to Ireland and to Great Britain which they dreaded would not be inflicted by his own proposals, there was not a trace. Nay, there was not even a suggestion that he did not himself believe the danger to be real.

The condition of Mr Gladstone's mind which is indicated by this reply appears to us to be specially alarming on two grounds. First, in matters of finance Mr Gladstone is now, as always, peculiarly alert and vigorous. It is certain therefore that, so far as the danger involved in the financial proposals is concerned, Mr Gladstone fully appreciated the weight of the representations made to him. It has been on the advice of these very men that he has been in such matters accustomed to rely in the past. Secondly, the turning-point of Mr Gladstone's career, that which gradually transferred him from being "the hope of the unbending Tories" to the position of leader of the Liberal party, was his share in Sir Robert Peel's abandonment of a party majority

because, so we have always been taught, the two statesmen both believed that their doing so was necessary to save the country.

Yet here we have Mr Gladstone pleading that he cannot, as a statesman, take account of the advice on financial matters of the ablest financial men in the country, who tell him that his proposals, as they stand, will ruin Ireland and inflict grievous injury on England. The sole defence that he advances is that he has a majority behind his back. If he does this in regard to financial matters, which he does understand, what hope is there that any danger to the country, however grave in regard to war, of which he never has understood or pretended to understand anything, will affect his mind in the slightest degree?

Is it not manifest that, as long as these two men, Mr Gladstone and Mr Morley, remain in office, the one as the autocratic head of the Government, the other as the supreme power in Ireland, there is no security that any evidence that may come before them as to the ruin to Ireland and Britain that may attend their action will stay their hand for an hour? Is it not clear that even if conviction on the subject were brought home to their own minds their cry would

be "Perish Ireland! perish Britain! ere we yield one iota of our principles"?

That is an altogether new danger in English life. Our unwritten constitution gives us no protection against it. Hitherto we have never had statesmen for whom the safety of the State was not in the last resort the supreme law. Our whole history teems with the cases of statesmen who have abandoned their most cherished convictions when, in presence of unanswerable facts, they saw fatal danger to the State if they maintained them. That fact has given a confidence to public life that nothing else could give. None can have the same perfect evidence before them on all such matters as the men in power. If we could trust Mr Morley or Mr Gladstone not actually with knowledge of the fact to launch us into civil war, or not to employ the army in a way that will destroy it, some of the worst dangers of the present situation might not be as serious as they are. For the reasons we have given we fear that we can have no such confidence. All the more needful, therefore, is it that all those who love Ireland and Britain should throw themselves into the effort to hurl these dangerous men from power.

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE UNION.

It must be evident to the most indifferent onlooker that the country is at this moment passing through such a constitutional crisis as has not overtaken it during the present century. Such great political questions as Parliamentary Reform, Catholic Emancipation, the Corn Laws, and Free Trade, have all been of secondary importance to the great issues which the Premier has sprung upon the country in his Home Rule Bill. The more that subject has been discussed and debated, the more its leading features have been exposed to the criticism of the highest political intellects on both sides, the stronger is the conviction forced upon all independent minds that it deals a heavy blow at the national welfare—we may even say at the national life itself. As a monument of political infatuation, as an example of the debasement to which party ambition can be led, as a specimen of the abuse to which government by party can be exposed, it is without a parallel in the annals of parliamentary government. And to think that it should come before us as the crowning act of the longest career of statesmanship in our day—a career that has always been watched with admiration, and has generally extorted respect, even from opponents, is not the least bitter and humiliating circumstance in the situation. If Mr Gladstone does not by this time realise that he has made the grand mistake of his life, it must be because he does not now understand his countrymen, and has ceased to be able to interpret the signs of the times. Both he himself and his Home Rule measure

are doomed. Of that there can be no question.

Never has the British nation shown a more healthy reawakening from a political stupor. It was impossible that the generous feelings of the British people could remain long quiescent as soon as it was realised that Home Rule meant death to Ireland's prosperity and ruin to the best portion of the Irish nation. In a case like this party sentiments and party associations were bound to be laid aside for the time, and all sections of honest and earnest Liberals forced to rally round the cause of unity and justice. It is well for the Premier himself that this should have been so. It is well that he has been thwarted at every point in his headstrong efforts to force the Home Rule Bill through the second reading before any expression of feeling could be obtained from the country, and before its principles could be subjected to full investigation within the House. He is, or ought to be, wiser now than he was before, and must understand that the country will not ratify his compact with Irish agitation, whatever he may be able to bring his own followers to do. If he persists in forcing the question to the bitter end, he knows now what he has to expect for himself and his followers.

For the patriotic uprising against Home Rule which is now conspicuous in all parts of the country the public is very greatly indebted to the zeal and indefatigability with which the Unionist chiefs, making the best use of the very limited opportunities allowed them by the Premier, have exposed the fatal character of the Home Rule Bill

in all the great centres of political life. Mr Balfour's visit to Ireland, and the splendid reception afforded him by the loyal minority, was in itself an event of historic importance, and full of the highest promise that the doom of Home Rule agitation will be speedily and promptly pronounced. Speaking to the men who are marked out as the victims of Mr Gladstone's policy of dismemberment, Mr Balfour could give utterance to facts that went straight to the hearts of each one of his hearers, when he told them what Home Rule really meant, both to them and to Ireland as a nation, and pointed out that Mr Gladstone's measure entirely failed to satisfy any one of the conditions claimed by its author as grounds for its acceptance; and it was no artificial outburst of enthusiasm that greeted his stirring words when he said:—

"I admit that the tyranny of majorities may be as bad as the tyranny of kings, and that the stupidity of majorities may be even greater than the stupidity of kings; and I will not say, and I do not think any rational or sober man will say, that what is justifiable against a tyrannical king may not, under certain circumstances, be justifiable against a tyrannical majority."

Ulster is still hoping, but she is also at the same time preparing herself against the worst; and the men whom Mr Balfour addressed were those who are already drilling and arming to safeguard, if the fatal necessity is imposed upon them, their rights and freedom as citizens of the British empire.

Not less remarkable was the enthusiasm which greeted the other Unionist chiefs in this country; and the addresses delivered by the Duke of Devonshire at Edinburgh and its vicinity, by Mr Goschen at Glasgow,

by Sir Henry James, Lord Randolph Churchill, and Mr Chamberlain in other cities, drew together audiences which included crowds who have hitherto been among Mr Gladstone's own supporters, but who are now showing themselves not less zealous than the Unionists in their detestation of the bill and in their intention to defeat it. Especially gratifying is the change that has come over so many of the prominent Nonconformists, who till the eleventh hour have not been altogether exempt from a charge of indifference to the interests of Irish Protestantism. Especially in Scotland has this been noticeable among many of the Dissenting bodies who have hitherto been the mainstay of Gladstonism in that country, and who but for the question of Home Rule would doubtless be still acting in zealous co-operation with him. As the hopes which these gentlemen have of effecting their aims of Church disestablishment centre on Mr Gladstone's retention of office, it must be for no light scruples of conscience that they are turning their backs upon him at the present moment.

While all over the country Mr Gladstone's followers are falling away from him, inside Parliament he himself has been doing little to improve his political position. His leadership from the first has been one unbroken series of mistakes. He has tried to override the House, to force debate, to disallow all the claims of private members to have their own business attended to; and the more assertive and grasping he has shown himself, the more difficult he has found it to attain his special ends. He refused at first to receive representations from outside deputations upon his Home Rule Bill. He found himself

compelled by the voice of public opinion to listen to them, and when he did receive two most influential deputations, he made the incredible blunder of telling them that, as they belonged to classes who did not favour himself with political support, they had no right to expect that their representations should have any weight with him. He sought by unduly shortening the Easter recess to burk discussion on the Home Rule Bill among the constituencies. The result was an unusual number of brilliant speeches delivered simultaneously throughout the country, which had all the effect of a general demonstration against Home Rule. He endeavoured to abridge discussion during the second reading of the bill, and was compelled in the event to allow the debate to follow its due course. So far, then, Mr Gladstone has only found himself foiled by his own tactics, while even his own supporters in the House—in all probability more than one of his colleagues in the Cabinet—look on with wonder and apprehension at the exhibitions to which they are so often treated of the exercise of an impotent autocracy.

The debate on the second reading of the bill was opened by the Premier in a speech that was singularly plausible, and as singularly unconvincing. The period that has elapsed since he introduced the measure, if it has not made Mr Gladstone less determined to proceed with his project, has made him somewhat more guarded in his characterisation of its provisions. His view of the question was marked by the same narrowness of opinion that has been the most prominent feature of his treatment of the subject since he first became converted to Home Rule as the panacea for Irish disaffection.

The bill and nothing but the bill is to be the charm that is to secure peace, prosperity, and contentment to Ireland, to stop the operations of American Fenianism, to make Irish socialism content with its honest own, to teach humility and meekness to a hierarchy and clergy grasping to put their feet upon the necks of all who are not of their own faith, and to make the whole land flow with wealth and capital from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway. But upon the points on which every one but himself foresees disaster to Ireland he was remarkably guarded. The House was again treated to that unique version of Irish history during the Grattan Parliament which is the evolution of Mr Gladstone's own imagination, and which has never counted for anything in the controversy. But between the constitution of Grattan's Parliament, even as that Parliament is interpreted by Mr Gladstone himself, and the system sought to be set up under the bill there is the most slender parallel, while there is one most radical difference. Grattan's Parliament was composed of men who, from their class, their character, and their faith, supplied the best possible guarantee of their loyalty to Great Britain. The Home Rule Bill will necessarily put all power in Ireland into the hands of men who have acquired their present influence solely by their professions of hostility to England, and their denunciation of the Saxon. Coming to compare other cases in which, under somewhat similar circumstances, autonomy had been conceded by a sovereign State to a different race, Mr Gladstone committed himself to some really remarkable propositions. First, he laid down, as he has often laid down before, that no incorporating union effected and maintained

by force has ever prospered. Unfortunately in the case of Ireland there is not to be found that homogeneity of race or creed upon which the application of this principle has to depend, and to confer power upon one section of the people—even though it be the majority—means simply the leaving the other at its mercy, and, as Mr Barton pointed out, converting Ulster into a Poland, which would make its voice heard over all the English-speaking world. In this case the existing union has been the sole safeguard of the minority, and until some more effective guarantees are discovered than the Home Rule Bill supplies, it will have to remain in force. Mr Gladstone's second proposition, that such "an incorporating union" as he proposes for Ireland has always resulted in eventual harmony, is as vicious as his first, for it will have to be imposed by force, as we are well assured, upon one whole province, and upon a large minority of the people in the others. His third proposition, when applied to the case of Ireland, is still more astounding. It is to the effect that such an "incorporating union" has always resulted in the greater attachment of the receiving to the giving Power. It would be difficult to substantiate this by a glance at the condition of some of our European neighbours, but in the case of Ireland we have to bear well in mind that the Home Rule agitation has been mainly fostered by the Republican Irishmen in America, who have to a large extent supplied the funds which have given it its present power, and that his "incorporating union" has already been formally disavowed by them. The Premier's geographical survey of the beneficial results of local autonomy, and his suggestion to remember Cata-

lonia, which some relic of ancient self-government had offered a species of resistance to the French invasion, was epigrammatically disposed of by Colonel Saunderson's advice to "Remember Ballinamuck," where the Irish "patriots" and their French allies had surrendered to the yeomanry and the troops the year of the rebellion. Besides, it requires no demonstration that the present bill would never be regarded in Ireland as a final measure, but that it is simply being accepted as a platform for further and more sweeping exactions, the refusal of which, instead of increasing the attachment of the "receiving" to the "giving" Power, would only make the relations between them much more bitter than even hitherto they have been.

The vital objections which have been taken to the retention of the Irish members at Westminster, on an "in and out" footing, received a very feeble answer in Mr Gladstone's appeal to statistics, to show that out of twelve cases in which Government had been overturned on a vote of no confidence since 1835, only four of these votes had turned upon Irish subjects. It was not until a very recent period that the Irish vote counted for so much in the lobbies of the House, and not until a still more recent period that the Home Rule vote counted for anything. But the "in and out" system will give Ireland an opportunity of bringing pressure to bear on the British Cabinet that it would be idle to suppose she will fail to turn to full account. Mr Gladstone seems to think that the Irish members will have so much to do in their own Legislature that Westminster will be but infrequently honoured by their presence. This may be so. But let the moment come when the presence of

the Irish contingent is of consequence to the existence of a Ministry, and they will be found duly in their places—at the price the Irish Government of the day chooses to exact for their assistance. If there is one contingency more plainly to be read than another in this bill, it is that it gives to the Irish Government the power of keeping in office a minority Cabinet in Great Britain, if that minority Cabinet is prepared to accept the terms on which Irish assistance is to be rendered. And that the terms of Ireland will not be light nor unexact may very safely be inferred. Her Government will be in a state of chronic poverty, therefore every favourable opportunity to obtain subventions or loans from England will be seized upon. She will speedily want the remission of the so-called safeguards. If a pliant Ministry at Westminster is in peril, then comes her opportunity for demanding her release from these. In fact, her demands will only be limited by the power she will have of enforcing them; and, even if it could be granted that the so-called safeguards presented in the bill have any practical value standing by themselves, the presence of the Irish members in the House of Commons would of itself render them nugatory, and ultimately extinguish them.

What Mr Gladstone did say in his speech on moving the second reading was very little in comparison with what he left unsaid. So dear to him is the mystery in which all along he has wrapped every detail of his pet scheme, that he is determined to keep back to the last every item of information that he is not forcibly compelled to yield. He postponed any "polemical" entering upon the financial clauses of the bill, although these must

be held to be an essential part of the principle of the whole measure; he preserved absolute silence upon the agrarian future of Ireland, although landed property has hitherto been the chief and avowed object of attack of the men to whom he proposes to commit the destinies of the country; and he treated the position and apprehensions of the Irish minority with that profound indifference which no doubt in his own mind he considers it to deserve. As the preface to a most revolutionary proposal, Mr Gladstone's speech was distinctly wanting in every feature that would have been calculated to conciliate or convince the public mind, and his attitude on the occasion was one more proof—if one additional proof had been wanting—of how imperfectly he estimates the destinies with which he is trifling and the forces which he is arraying against himself.

The rejection of the bill was moved by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach in a speech which, for earnestness and searching criticism, was worthy of the cause at stake; but that speech, as well as numerous other able speeches on the same side, was delivered under disadvantages such as have rarely been experienced in a great debate. The Government had intrenched itself behind the bill, and would respond to no challenge to show itself to the adversary. Debating with the Ministry was like fighting the wind. They would listen to no reason, reply to no arguments, make no intelligible defence,—only they would repeat the well-prepared lesson which their leader has so long been dinning into their ears. There never yet was a Ministry that in the face of a great constitutional impeachment made such a poor fight in its own defence; and

that has so far left the vindication of its character and policy to the rank and file of its party. Mr Chamberlain after his great speech on the third night of the debate—a speech wherein the hollowness of the pretences on which Home Rule has been brought forward, the temporary character of the arrangement, the absurdity of the fiscal provisions and their injustice to the British taxpayer, and the danger to the honour and existence of the country, were all set forth in the tersest and most telling terms—after a speech, we say, which was one of the greatest incidents in the debate,—Mr Chamberlain could find no foeman more worthy of his steel to come forth from the Cabinet than Sir George Trevelyan, who, of all men in the world, levelled the charge of inconsistency at his opponent, as a former advocate of the retention of the Irish members at Westminster! Experience has shown how useless it is to endeavour to reconcile the utterances of a Gladstonian on any two given occasions of his existence, but it is of interest to contrast the views of Mr Trevelyan, the emancipated member of April 8, 1886, with the views of Sir George Trevelyan, the officeholder under Mr Gladstone of April 10, 1893. On both occasions the consequences of withholding Home Rule were discussed by him, and here was his opinion on the earlier date:—

“I do not know anything of more serious augury to the future, not only of Ireland but of England, and not only of England but of the empire, than that Ministers in their recent addresses, and their followers in their speeches, have fallen back on an argument which they consider unanswerable—the *ultima ratio* in this great controversy—that if you do not give Home Rule with a generous hand you will be reduced to the

terrible necessity of performing the most primary and elementary duties of a Government in the face of the disturbers of law and order. What is wanted in Ireland is justice, courage, patience, which is the highest kind of courage.”

These are grander words than any Sir George Trevelyan found voice for in the more recent debate, and his spirit on that occasion would seem almost to have taken a prophetic flight and to correctly anticipate his present situation when he said that—

“Perhaps two years, ten years, or twenty years hence, the still small voice that speaks to our hearts may tell us that at the greatest crisis which ever occurred in the history of our country we were led, not by an ignoble attachment to party but by a merited love and reverence for a great and good man, to do that which we can never redress or mend.”

It will be conceded, we think, that Sir George Trevelyan's still small voice prompted him very unfortunately when it led him to make inconsistency the chief theme of his reply to Mr Chamberlain, and he certainly added no other item of interest to the discussion. When, on the seventh night of the debate, the Home Secretary rose up to defend the bill there was considerable expectation that the arguments which the Unionist members had been urging with such force would at least receive some logical consideration. Mr Asquith's speech was interesting as the first serious attempt made by the Government to defend the Home Rule Bill on its merits; it was also instructive as showing to how little account even forensic ability and talent could turn so bad a brief. Had Mr Asquith been addressing an open jury instead of a packed one,

he must have sat down with the conviction that his case was lost. His plea for putting confidence in the party to which all power in Ireland is likely to be handed over if the bill were to pass, was couched in that fine tone of generosity which so often does duty in desperate cases in the law courts, but which rarely serves to influence a judicial decision. It was unfortunate for the right honourable gentleman that it fell to the lot of so keen a critic as Mr Goschen to deliver the official Unionist answer to his oration; and though the Home Secretary, like all the other speakers on his side, had wisely confined himself as much as possible to generalities, he must have devoutly wished that he had been even more circumspect in his utterances before the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer sat down. Mr Goschen's exposure of the futility of the "safeguards" to which Government points as its conclusive answer to all the apprehensions of the minority, of the "gerrymandered second chamber," of the paper supremacy left to the Imperial Parliament, and of the impossibility of the two Governments working without the most disastrous friction and collision, left the case of the Unionists in the House in a position that must have been felt to be decidedly strengthened. He pointed out, with a force which swept all Mr Asquith's special pleading away, the consequences that might, and certainly would, arise from the interference of the Irish Government with the detention in this country of Irish criminals convicted of treason-felony, or as dynamitards, and of the wide divergence of opinion upon the subject of crime that exists between the Government of Great Britain and the Irish agitators.

"Is the dealing with crime," asked Mr Goschen, "to be left unhampered to the Irish Executive and the Irish Legislature? The ideas on this question are different in Ireland and in this country, and the Imperial Parliament is responsible for seeing that in an island like Ireland, under the sovereignty of the Crown, there shall not be introduced principles regarding criminal legislation which the whole public opinion of Great Britain would repudiate. Are these not matters that might cause serious conflict between the Irish Executive and the British Executive? Are they matters that can be brushed aside by suggesting that they are trumpery details?"

One of the surest consequences of the bill passing will be the return of some of the worst of the American Irish to the congenial rule of the agitators whom they have patronised and assisted, and the formation of classes in the island dangerous to all social order and property. We cannot look with indifference, even on our own account, to a laxer administration of criminal justice in so close proximity to ourselves; but as Mr Goschen has pointed out, we are going to deprive ourselves of the possibility of preventing or even interfering with such a state of affairs. But it was in exposing the financial dangers of Home Rule that Mr Goschen's great experience came into most effective play, and in calling attention to the very different estimates at different times that Mr Gladstone has taken of the obligations of Ireland to this country. As, however, the full explanation of the financial clauses has not yet been vouchsafed to the House, it is impossible to tell how far this country is to be committed in the present and plundered in prospective.

The speeches of Lord Randolph Churchill and the Irish Secretary were the most notable incidents

of the night which wound up what we may call the middle part of the debate. In spite of the searching criticism to which the bill had been already exposed from the Unionist benches, Lord Randolph displayed so complete and masterly a grasp of its details, coupled with such fresh and original handling, that his speech produced an impression second to none during the present debate, and excited obvious disquiet among Ministers and their supporters. Lord Randolph is never tired of surprising us by revealing some new side of his public character, but he must have gratified his friends as well as alarmed his opponents by the critical statesmanship and controversial acumen with which he laid bare absurdity after absurdity and impossibility after impossibility in the clauses of the bill. Nothing could have been happier than his description of the bill as "a philosophic absurdity"—"an attempt to create one body with two centres of gravity" by means of the paper supremacy. Nor was the purely hypothetical nature of this supremacy more forcibly demonstrated in the course of the debate. Lord Randolph holds that as the British Imperial Parliament is deprived by this bill of all personal control over the members of the Irish Executive, and deprived, too, of all direct or indirect control over supply, rating, taxing, and the disposal of revenue by the Irish Government and Legislature, it is therefore "deprived of the two great constitutional organs" by which a parliamentary supremacy can be maintained and vindicated. Moreover, by an attempt to create two fiscal systems it reduces the Imperial Government to a position of great instability. But Lord

Randolph Churchill considers that "the division of Parliament into two bodies with two separate personalities, one of which, when the Irish representation is in the House, may decide upon one political course, whilst the other, when the Irish representation is out of the House, may decide upon a totally opposite course," is by far the most important blow to the authority of the British parliamentary supremacy that it has yet sustained. This is a position that Mr Morley, who was driven to answer the speech, did not with all his skill in dialectics attempt to shake, but took refuge in generalities about the powers of the Privy Council and Court of Exchequer as made and provided under this bill; nor has any member from the Gladstonian benches ventured upon a rational explanation of the compatibility of British parliamentary supremacy in a constitutional sense with the proposed machinery of Irish administration.

Lord Randolph then went on to examine the clauses which relate to provisions for Irish legislation, and by contrasting the powers with the restrictions, drew the inevitable conclusion that nowhere else is there a constitution which has placed the Legislature in a position "so limited, so questionable, and with such subservient jurisdiction." The Irish chambers cannot, he argues, in 90 per cent of their legislation, pass a law which is *prima facie* valid, because almost every law will be liable to be questioned and brought to the test by any person against whom it is pressed. We doubt, however, whether this is a feature in the bill that will not commend itself to Mr Gladstone's Home Rule friends. If the Irish Legislature is made limited and subservient, the same cannot be said

of the Irish Executive; and as we have before pointed out, it is executive, not legislative, power that the Home Rule agitators are grasping at. But for the compensation which they find in the prospect opened to them of executive authority, we have little doubt that the legislative constitution offered to them would have been scornfully repudiated by the men whose professed cry is "Ireland a nation." But possessed of the executive power, the men who are to rule Ireland will not object to accept the risk of the chaotic confusion which Lord Randolph Churchill deduced from the legislative constitution provided in the bill, and illustrated so happily by anomalies that could have their origin only in Ireland. The Home Rule Government will turn to account the uncertainties and conflicts of authority and jurisdiction that must spring out of the exercise of their legislative powers; they will use their difficulties as the starting-point for agitating for a fresh and more independent constitution—in fact, they will find themselves provided at the outset of their career with all the materials for the manufacture of fresh grievances ready to their hands, and fully equipped, besides, with the means of making these grievances listened to. This, it seems to us, is the real explanation of the readiness with which the Home Rulers have accepted a legislative constitution, which is very much below their outdoor demands, and by which they certainly never intend to abide.

Although the Irish Legislature is restricted from passing any enactment to the prejudice of corporate property, yet the bill contains a vague qualification, which unexplained raises the most serious apprehensions on the part

of Trinity College, the London companies, and other bodies which have fallen more or less directly under the ban of the Home Rule agitation. It is to the effect that any such restriction may be removed if "the leave of her Majesty is first obtained on address from the two Houses of the Irish Legislature." Of course the whole security of corporate property hinges upon the interpretation to be assigned to the expression "the leave of her Majesty," and a correct definition of this meaning will give a colour to the character of the whole bill, for it must settle the question how far the Lord Lieutenant is responsible to the British Parliament and to the Ministry in office for the time being. On this subject Lord Randolph Churchill's words are of so much weight that we quote them at length:—

"Will the right honourable gentleman the Chief Secretary tell the House what is the meaning of the expression 'her Majesty'? It is clear that under a British Government friendly to the Irish Executive the Lord Lieutenant might be clothed with all the prerogatives of the Crown, in which case no protection whatever is given to any corporate property, no limit put upon the Executive Government, and no check upon Irish legislation, which cannot be removed by a British Government, with or without reference to the Imperial Parliament. Clause 5 says, 'The Lord Lieutenant, on behalf of her Majesty, shall exercise any prerogative or other executive power of the Queen, the exercise of which may be delegated to him by her Majesty.' Therefore, a British Minister may delegate the whole control to the Lord Lieutenant, and no check may be exercised on the Irish Ministers. Both Lord Thring and the present Attorney-General placed that interpretation on the bill of 1886, where practically the same expression with regard to the prerogative of the Crown

was used; and they said that the sanction of her Majesty is the sanction of the Lord Lieutenant, and that the veto of her Majesty meant the refusal of the assent of the Lord Lieutenant to be exercised on the advice of the Irish Ministry. It would be a very curious thing—and I do not think it would be a thing which Ireland would tolerate for a moment—if it was necessary to obtain the sanction of the Crown, by the advice of the British Ministry given to the Crown. It would be absolutely necessary for a British Ministry, which had to advise the Crown as to whether an Irish measure was to be vetoed or not, to be advised sometime beforehand as to its nature. If the prerogative was not devolved on the Lord Lieutenant exclusively by the advice of the Irish Ministry, it would be absolutely necessary for the parliamentary safety of any British Government that they should be apprised beforehand of the nature of any address, or the probable introduction and passing of any law, which the Irish Government might think it necessary to propose to the Irish Parliament. It also shows what tremendous constitutional questions are raised by the provisions of this bill."

It is needless to say that Mr Morley did not accept this challenge to explain how the Lord Lieutenant is to exercise the veto and prerogatives of the Crown. Upon the Irish Secretary more than any other of Mr Gladstone's colleagues the duty was incumbent of answering the difficulties propounded by the Opposition, and of endeavouring to reconcile the objections so generally taken to this measure. But Mr Morley's speech was of the most evasive and vague character where it was not confined to personal invective; and it was marked by a levity, not to say flippancy, that was quite unworthy both of himself and the subject he had in hand. A light profession of optimism is but a poor answer to such terrible pos-

sibilities as one after another of the Unionist members had brought home to the Government in the course of the debate; and his affectation of Tapley-like cheerfulness did not succeed in infecting the Opposition with his views of the situation. But for all the light he was able to throw upon the Government's views of its own bill, he might as well not have joined in the debate. To Lord Randolph Churchill's question, quoted above, he returned the lucid and exhaustive answer that by the expression "her Majesty" was meant "her Majesty advised by her imperial Minister;" but he did not vouchsafe to explain how the imperial Minister under this bill was to give effect to the advice which he had tendered to the Crown—advice obviously contrary to the inclinations of the Irish Ministry. His defence of the aspirants to Irish office was a preposterous attempt to implicate the Liberal Unionists who had concurred in passing the Land Act of 1881, in the patronage of the Land League—a somewhat unblushing line of argument, considering that the right honourable gentleman himself holds the certificates of character of the Home Rule agitators in the records of Dublin Castle. But Mr Morley was perfectly true to the policy of his chief in demanding that the Home Rule Bill shall be regarded as perfectly necessary, just, and reasonable, beyond the range of controversy, and requiring neither defence, apology, nor explanation.

The attitude of the Irish party in the debate would have been of unusual interest had they ventured to approach the subject with that independence and freedom of speech which generally characterise their utterance upon Irish questions, and upon a good

many questions besides with which Ireland has very little to do. But a change has come over the spirit of the party, as if the weight of Irish office was already oppressing that buoyancy and native ardour which is so dear to the House of Commons. It would almost seem as if gratitude had deprived them of their usual powers of forcible utterance, for almost all the Home Rule members who have spoken during the debate have handled the provisions of the bill with a sort of reverential awe, as too sacred for any but the mildest criticism, and as mysteries too solemn to be minutely inquired into. They will loyally accept the measure—in the meantime—and fight for as much as they can get out of the Saxon taxpayer when the bill goes into Committee. Such is the sum and substance of the contribution that Home Rule members have made to the debate. It is important, however, to note that during the course of the discussion the temper of the Nationalists managed to some extent to reassert itself, and that the position taken up by Mr Sexton at the close was widely removed from the benedictory platitudes with which Mr Justin M'Carthy accepted the bill on behalf of his followers. Mr Sexton now claims that the Irish members shall remain in their present strength at Westminster during the prescribed term for which the British Parliament proposes to reserve control of the land question, the appointment of judges, and the direction of the police—that is to say, that they regard the present Home Rule Bill as a measure limited to that period, and subject then to another and more liberal revision in their own favour. And he emphatically condemned the scheme of finance

set forth under the bill, and proposed an expedient which would happily have the effect of keeping the Home Rule question alive and active for another seven years at Westminster:—

“Ascertain, then, the present profit to Great Britain on the revenue of Ireland, by taking the average over a series of years, making fair allowances for the loans and for the transfer of the charge for the legislating power, and charge that profit so ascertained on the revenues of Ireland. Let that be the contribution of Ireland to the Imperial Exchequer, and let that charge be revised at the end of seven years, by which time they would have been able to ascertain the residual charge for the Royal Irish Constabulary and the actual charge for the local police of Ireland.”

And meanwhile let the Government go on paying half the expenses of the Royal Irish Constabulary. Altogether there seems to be a not remote prospect that the present union of hearts between Mr Gladstone and his Irish allies will be subjected to considerable friction when they come to consider the clauses of the bill in Committee.

The close of the debate was reached on the night of the 21st ultimo, when, after an excellent speech from Sir Henry James, disposing of Mr Gladstone's visionary views about the prosperity which he alleges Grattan's Parliament brought to Ireland, and a vindication of the Union, Mr Balfour rose to sum up the discussion on the Unionist side. He repudiated Mr Asquith's plea that, whatever the demerits of the bill, it was recommendable as a step towards federation, and pointed out that the enormous preponderance of the English nation, in population, wealth, and in power, forbade the idea of a British federation, should the project ever seriously be proposed.

Coercion, Mr Balfour asserted, had not failed to maintain law and order in Ireland; neither had the Union failed as a basis of government for that country. The evils of which the Irish complain date from a period long before that measure, and the exaggerated form which they at present assume is due to the greater political prominence which has been given to them. Ireland has been indebted for whatever law and civilisation she enjoys to this country; and though England has often played but a sorry part in Irish affairs, Mr Balfour would not admit that she was the villain in the piece, and scornfully denounced "the creeping hypocrisy which throws upon this country, and this country alone, all the responsibility of Ireland's ills." Mr Balfour complained, with too good reason, of the ineptness of the answers which had been made from the Ministerial side to Unionist criticisms, and characterised the debate as remarkable for the speech which had not been delivered. After a vindication of his Ulster utterances, Mr Balfour closed his speech with a plea, not for the minority, but for the majority, the Celtic race itself—that race in whose fancied interests and in whose name all this agitation for Home Rule has been brought forward.

"I believe," said Mr Balfour, "in the long-run the Celtic race, as I may call them, will lose more than any other class in the community by this bill. I do not wish to lose them. I think them a valuable and important element in the great nation to which we belong. If you pass this bill, Great Britain loses these men for certain. I do not mean necessarily by separation, although I think that will ensue, but because every member of the Celtic population will look to the Assembly in Ireland, and they will regard the Imperial Parliament as a

foreign and defeated body, and as one from which even greater concessions can be forced by legitimate or illegitimate means. You will condemn them to drink at the bitter, narrow, and polluted stream of purely Irish history, and forbid them to touch the broader and purer stream of national life which I desire them to partake of, and which they may and will partake of if only you will have patience. If you choose in your madness to commit this great political crime, and if you choose to make yourselves responsible for this irreparable national disaster, then, indeed, all hopes of a peaceful and a united Ireland will vanish, and will vanish for ever."

The speech with which the Premier wound up the discussion was so far in keeping with the one by which he had opened it, that neither of them contained anything very relevant to the matter immediately in hand. In moving the second reading he evaded all explanations; in closing the debate he ignored all objections that had been made. Mr Gladstone made his usual complaint about "bold assertions," "persistent exaggerations," "constant misconstruction," and "prophecy," a quartette which comprehensively sums up the whole answer that has been returned to the Unionist speeches from the Ministerial side of the House. If Mr Gladstone is not losing his powers, he is at least neglecting his opportunities. He has seldom had a grander opportunity for the display of his oratory; he has probably never on any occasion had greater need for exercising it than to remove the impression which the Unionist speeches must necessarily leave on the country; but with a tirade of general and carping remarks, and some snap-shots at his opponents, he was content to retire into the lobby with his mechanical majority of 43, which it

had cost the Gladstonian whips no inconsiderable trouble to keep together for this occasion only.

There could have been little expectation that the result of the debate on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill would have terminated otherwise than it has done. Members who had pledged themselves to support a blank scheme of Home Rule are not likely at the outset to quarrel with the principles when they come to know them. But the debate has already revealed not one but many rifts within the lute; and when the criticism of Mr Gladstone's own followers becomes accentuated in the more heated atmosphere of Committee, there can be little question but that causes of defection will be found in abundance. The details of the bill bristle with points which English Radicals will not be able to accept without fighting for amendments; and when the "in and out" clauses and the financial details come under consideration, the docility of Mr Gladstone's followers will be stretched

to a tension which nothing short of a parliamentary miracle can keep from snapping. Moreover, Gladstonians are not likely to view with indifference the rising tide of Unionism which is now surging all over the country. They know that though they lend Mr Gladstone their aid to force the bill through the House of Commons, "the resources of the constitution will not then have been exhausted," as Mr Balfour told his Belfast audience. Before the bill can become law it will have to be submitted to the British nation, who will consider it, not, as on a previous occasion, in the light of an abstract idea, but as a concrete whole, with all its crude, degrading, and irrational details. Gladstonian members will find that Home Rule bears a very different meaning now in the minds of the British masses from what it did twelve months ago, when they generously trusted that Mr Gladstone would accomplish what he himself had declared it would pass the wit of man to do.

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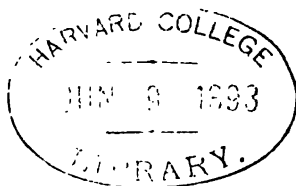
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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCCXXXII.

JUNE 1893.

VOL. CLIII.

COLONIES, TARIFFS, AND TRADE TREATIES.

DURING the recent session of the Parliament of Canada, a treaty of reciprocal commerce, which had been negotiated by the British Ambassador at Paris, associated officially with the High Commissioner of Canada, between France and Canada, was laid aside for future consideration, though its ratification had been fully expected by the negotiators, and no doubt by France and Great Britain. The treaty, indeed, contained a provision making it subject to ratification by the Canadian Parliament; and that body, on the advice of the Finance Minister, postponed the ratification of the treaty on the grounds that some of the details were not fully understood, but mainly on the ground that the "most favoured nation" clause had been inserted without the consent or knowledge of the Canadian Government.

The surprise with which the refusal to ratify the treaty was received in England was for a time shared in Canada, for the reason that in pursuance of a demand which has been for many years growing in eagerness, Great Britain had on this occasion allowed Canada a more decisive voice and a more complete authority in arranging the details of the treaty than had ever been granted to any colony before. But the surprise will not in all probability outlast the due and necessary consideration of the fact that the temporary rejection of this treaty marks another stage in the revolt against the "most favoured nation" clause in treaties which it has been the practice and the interest of Great Britain to insert in all her commercial arrangements with foreign countries, but which is now very much on the defensive, not merely in the case

of the United States and France, but in the case of the colonies as well.

It is the purpose of this paper to develop, in the briefest possible manner, the steps by which the various colonies have arrived at their present points of view regarding their own tariffs, and the treaties by which Great Britain has, in greater or less degree, bound or endeavoured to bind them in matters fiscal and commercial.

During the session of 1892, Sir John Abbott, then Premier of Canada, introduced and carried an address to the Crown on the subject of trade treaties with foreign Powers. This address, which must in the nature of things become an important document in colonial history, is as follows:—

“The Honourable Mr Abbott moved, seconded by the Honourable Mr Smith, that an humble address be presented to her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen in the following words:—

“TO THE QUEEN’S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

“MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,—

“We, your Majesty’s most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Senate and Commons of Canada, in Parliament assembled, humbly request that your Majesty may be graciously pleased to take into consideration the position of Canada in respect of certain important matters affecting its trade relations with the empire, and with foreign nations.

“Your memorialists desire, in the first place, to draw attention to certain stipulations in the existing treaties with Belgium and with the German Zollverein, ordinarily referred to as the “most favoured nation” clauses, which are extended to other countries whose commercial treaties with Great Britain contain a “most favoured nation” clause, and which apply to British colonies. By art. xv. of the treaty with Belgium,

entered into in 1862, Canada is compelled to admit all articles, the produce or manufacture of Belgium, at the same, or at no higher rate of duty than is imposed upon similar articles of British origin. And in the treaty with the German Zollverein, entered into in 1865, it is stipulated that the produce of those States shall not be subject to any higher or other import duties than the produce of the United Kingdom, or any other country of the like kind; and that the exports to those States shall not be subject to any higher duties than exports to the United Kingdom.

“Your memorialists consider that these provisions in treaties with foreign Powers are incompatible with the rights and powers subsequently conferred by the British North America Act upon the Parliament of Canada for the regulation of the trade and commerce of the Dominion; and that their continuance in force tends to produce complications and embarrassments in such an empire as that under the rule of your Majesty, wherein the self-governing colonies are recognised as possessing the right to define their respective fiscal relations to all foreign nations, to the mother country, and to each other.

“Your memorialists further believe that, in view of the foreign fiscal policy of increasingly protective and discriminative duties, it is clearly adverse to the interests of the United Kingdom, and of each and all of its possessions, that the Parliament of the United Kingdom, or of any of your Majesty’s self-governing colonies, should be thus restricted in the power of adopting such modifications of its tariff arrangements as may be required for the promotion of its trade, or for its defence against aggressive or injurious measures of foreign policy.

“Your memorialists desire also to point out that the immense resources of the Dominion in its facilities for the growth of food materials, its minerals, its fisheries, and its lumber, require, for their profitable development, the largest practicable extension of its markets, more especially in countries whose native supply of such productions is limited; whilst its rapidly developing manufacturing industries demand large and increas-

ing supplies of raw material, to be mainly supplied by countries which are extensive consumers of the productions of Canada. Your memorialists believe that, among the countries with which such an interchange of traffic takes place, the British empire holds the highest rank in amount, and from its diversity of climate and productions affords the widest prospect of rapid and practically limitless increase; while the trade of the Dominion with the United States is second only to that with the British empire, and its development and extension are of great importance to us; though, from the similarity of most of the products of the two countries, it is probably not susceptible of so great an expansion as might be effected in the interchange of traffic with the empire.

"Your memorialists earnestly desire to foster and extend the trade of the Dominion with the empire, with its great neighbour the United States, and with other countries throughout the world, wherever opportunity offers; and believe that by mutual concessions and the adoption of measures for the rearrangement of trade relations between the various portions of the British empire, and between the empire and foreign nations, important and lasting beneficial results may be attained, and that to the way of the attainment of these great objects the continuation of the restrictions imposed upon Canada and other portions of the empire by the so-called "favoured nations" clause creates an unnecessary and unjustifiable obstruction.

"The Senate and House of Commons therefore humbly request your Majesty to take such steps as may be necessary to denounce and terminate the effect of the provisions referred to, as well in the treaties with the German Zollverein, and with the kingdom of Belgium, as with any other nation in respect of which such provisions are now in force."

This address does not stand alone. It is not a new departure by Canada from the hitherto accepted traditions and practices of the colonies regarding their relation in matters of trade and commerce with the United Kingdom. It is, in fact,

a perfectly natural and logical part of a process of political development which has been going on slowly but uninterruptedly ever since the old and so-called "restrictive" policy was abandoned, since the Navigation Laws were repealed, and, almost simultaneously, responsible government granted to the colonies, which were in a position to take up the serious burthen of self-government. The process of diminution of the power of the Crown to control the internal administration of the self-governing colonies, has gone on side by side with the process of diminution of the power of the Crown to control the external trade relations of these same colonies. In the case of the internal administration, the abandonment of power on the part of the Crown has been almost total,—the claim to legislate in the Imperial Parliament on the subject of copyright—also protested against—being the last remaining evidence of the once peremptory authority. In the case of the external trade relations, the abandonment has not been so great: the Crown still retains, and it is to be hoped will continue at all risks to retain, the power to prohibit one colony in North America, for instance, from making reciprocal trade arrangements with a foreign country at the expense of other neighbouring colonies; and also the power to prevent any form of reciprocal trade, treaty, or convention from having the effect of discrimination against Great Britain. But there has, nevertheless, been a well-defined and uninterrupted process of abandonment on the part of the Crown in regard to its power of binding the self-governing colonies by means of trade treaties; and this process it is our object to illustrate and explain by reference to the official acts and correspond-

ence in which the process may be traced.

Down to the date of the repeal of the Navigation Laws, which may be said not to have been complete till 1854, Great Britain maintained in theory the general doctrine that trade with the colonies and dependencies was the exclusive privilege of the subjects of the parent country. This was indeed the general rule among the colonising nations of Europe. Portugal, Holland, Spain, and France had each endeavoured to retain an exclusive trade with its colonies. But so far as Great Britain was concerned, this exclusive trade was qualified in course of time by treaties, by concessions, by the encroachment of neutral ships during war, by the unwillingness of the colonies to submit to the restrictions placed upon their trade, and by the commercial policy of the United States. Indeed it may be said that the establishment of the United States, and the commercial policy pursued by that country, formed the prime cause in the change which gradually took place in the commercial policy of Great Britain, in her policy towards the North American colonies, and in the relations of the colonies towards Great Britain and other countries.

The treaty of 1794 established a degree of still imperfect trade relations between Great Britain and the United States, the ships and merchandise of each country being placed on the footing of the "most favoured nation"—a clause which is, however, interpreted in one way by Great Britain, and in quite another way by the United States, a fact which has hereafter to be taken into serious consideration. In 1806 Great Britain consented to a new treaty, renewing the clauses of the treaty of 1794, abandoning the right claimed under the rule of 1756 to prohibit

neutral trade with the enemy's colonies, and widening the privileges of American trade with India. But this treaty was refused by the President without consultation with the Senate, and the relations of the two countries again began to depend on the treaty of 1794. Great Britain, in the struggle with the French, endeavoured to protect her disturbed and threatened trade by enforcing the rule of 1756; and this enforcement was one of the reasons alleged by the President of the United States for declaring war in 1812. In 1815, in 1818, and in 1827, the trade relations between the two countries were the subject of treaties, each alike in its provisions, but each maintaining a measure of exclusiveness in regard to trade with the British colonies; the United States seeking in each case to obtain more advantageous trade relations with India, with the West Indies, and with British North America. Failing to arrange terms of trade satisfactory to themselves, the United States, copying British legislation, and adopting gradually a protective system, set up barriers against British, and especially against British North American, trade—barriers which have never been wholly removed, notwithstanding the adoption of free trade by Great Britain, the repeal of the old differential duties of the Canadian provinces, and the friendly advances which, ever since the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, have been made by the Canadian Dominion.

The old colonial trade policy of successive British Administrations, previous to the repeal of the Navigation Laws and the adoption of free trade, was maintained not merely against the goodwill of foreign nations, and against the new and aggressive commercial policy of the United States, but

also against the growing discontent of the mercantile element, at least, in the colonies themselves. As the colonists in America, previous to 1776, maintained an illegitimate trade with South America and with France, so the West Indies maintained, in spite of all prohibitions, an illegitimate trade with the United States, or rather with American vessels. Readers of Lord Nelson's life will remember that his fiery zeal in carrying out the Navigation Laws against American vessels in West Indian ports involved him in enmities and lawsuits with his superior officers on the station, and with West Indian merchants whose ventures he had interfered with. So in British North America it became impossible to maintain without trouble and expense (and quite impossible to maintain in its integrity) a system of differential duties against goods in markets so close to those in Canada. The establishment of free trade in England between 1846 and 1849, the grant of full political freedom or "responsible government" to the colonies, and the adoption of a new commercial policy alike to and by the North American colonies, all came together, or so closely together as to seem, from a historical point of view, simultaneous. Each of these changes marked a distinct abandonment of some ancient form of imperial control. The repeal of the Navigation Laws marked an abandonment of an often and fiercely maintained doctrine of international law. The repeal of the Corn Laws marked the abandonment of an economic principle which had come down from the Tudors. The grant of full political freedom to the colonies marked the abandonment, but to a still limited extent, of the colonial policy which had prevailed since

the conquest of Canada, and which may be termed the military policy.

But there remained to Great Britain, in regard to all the colonies, the supreme right to regulate the relations of the colonies to foreign countries by means of treaties. Down to a comparatively late period this right had been exercised without any serious opposition on the part of the colonies; but it has been exercised since 1849 in a descending scale of authority, except in the two cases named in the Canadian address above quoted. In 1854 there was an abandonment of the right to refuse to submit to discriminating duties against Great Britain; and since 1865 the process of withdrawal from the attitude of authority has been so marked and rapid, that attention should be drawn to it with some degree of publicity, in view of the present confused and conflicting relations and interests of the British North American and West Indian colonies towards each other, the United States, and the motherland.

A brief chronological statement of the official acts and correspondence which have been the accompaniment to all the trade negotiations of recent years regarding the colonies, will make clear to the reader just what the path has been by which we have arrived at the point where the Canadian address presents itself.

In 1842 the speech of Sir Charles Bagot, Governor-General, contained these words:—

"The tariff of the Imperial Parliament for the British possessions in North America, framed as it is in a most generous spirit as regards this Province, will promote essentially its financial and commercial interests. The provisions of the imperial Act will probably call for corresponding

alterations in the provincial scale of duties; and I shall at an early period require your advice and assistance in making the revenue laws of this Province consistent in themselves and harmonious with the enactments of the Imperial Parliament."

This was the last exercise of imperial authority over the tariff of Canada: it serves to show what had been the old practice. In 1843 there was a new departure, hinted at but not fully declared in the same address of 1842. An arrangement was made by which, in return for a discriminating duty in Canada of three shillings per quarter on foreign wheat (*i.e.*, United States wheat), the wheat of Canada, and all flour manufactured in Canada from home or foreign wheat, were admitted "on payment of the nominal duty of a shilling per quarter on wheat and a corresponding duty on flour." This was also the last attempt of its kind—though it affords a species of precedent for those who are desirous of carrying out the policy of the U. E. Trade League. The result of this arrangement was that a good deal of Canadian capital was invested in growing wheat, importing wheat, and manufacturing wheat. But in three years Sir Robert Peel had had that extraordinary change of heart and policy with which the world is sufficiently familiar; the Corn Law was abolished; and among other results, the Canadian wheat-growers and millers were in part ruined, and the prospects of a great export of Canadian wheat and flour to Great Britain postponed for half a century.

In 1846 Mr Gladstone is found appealing to the Governor-General in this way: "Whatever influence of persuasion your lordship can exercise, you will employ for the purpose of recommending an ad-

herence to the commercial principles of the circular of my predecessor, dated 28th June 1843, or at the least of moderating the disposition to call for augmentations of differential duties upon foreign productions." But in the same year the Imperial Parliament, abandoning persuasion as well as authority, passed an Act empowering the British colonies in America and the Mauritius to reduce or repeal by their own legislation, duties imposed by imperial Acts upon foreign goods imported into the said colonies from foreign countries. In 1847 Canada promptly acted upon this enactment, and amended and consolidated her tariff laws to suit her own purposes. In 1849 the Navigation Laws, in response to appeals from Canada, were repealed save only as regards the coasting trade. In 1854 Great Britain allowed Canada to enter into a treaty of reciprocal trade with the United States, under which trade was made free in certain articles, mainly agricultural in character, between Canada and the United States, though it was not free as regards England. In 1857 the imperial Customs Act gave, by implication at least, the right to make, "with the sanction and approbation of her Majesty and her successors, entire provision for the management and regulation of the customs, trade, and navigation of any such possession." In 1859 a slight attempt at protest was made by the Duke of Newcastle. The Government of Canada having raised its customs tariff to meet the financial engagements of the country, the manufacturers of Sheffield presented a memorial to the Colonial Secretary asking that "the policy of protection to native manufactures in Canada should be discountenanced by her Majesty's Government." The Colonial Secretary did not go as far as the

Sheffield manufacturers desired. He was avowedly forced to confine himself to an expression of his "regret that the experience of England, which has fully proved the injurious effect of the protection system, and the advantage of low duties upon manufactures, both as regards trade and revenue, should be lost sight of, and that such an Act as the present should have been passed." The reply of the Canadian Privy Council was prompt and almost peremptory:—

"Self-government would be utterly annihilated if the views of the Imperial Government were to be preferred to those of the people of Canada. It is therefore the duty of the present Government distinctly to affirm the right of the Canadian Legislature to adjust the taxation of the people in the way they deem best—even if it should unfortunately happen to meet the disapproval of the Imperial Ministry. Her Majesty cannot be advised to disallow such acts unless her advisers are prepared to assume the administration of the affairs of the colony irrespective of the views of its inhabitants."

In 1879, when what is called the National Policy, or new Protective Tariff, was adopted, there was an obvious disposition on the part of the Conservative Canadian Ministry to prevent any unpleasant discussions with the Colonial Office. To avoid such discussions the Governor-General forwarded a despatch enclosing the speeches of the leading men upon both sides, and pointing out that the smallest increase in the tariff "is that which applies to British manufactures, or goods chiefly imported from Great Britain, while the larger increase will fall upon goods now imported from the United States, but which can and will be hereafter produced in Canada." On this occasion, no doubt in consequence of the despatch above quoted, which was duly published

in England, no discussion took place.

In 1887, probably for the last time, a correspondence took place relating to the Canadian tariff, which in that year was amended and revised, and the duties on iron and steel made higher for the express purpose of developing the resources of Canada. The iron trades in England made vigorous efforts to induce the Colonial Office to take steps to protest against the new Canadian duties; but the Colonial Office refused to do more than forward the protests to Canada. The Canadian Government, as in 1859, sent a memorandum showing that the agitation in England was based upon mistaken views and ignorance of facts, and showing "that Canada is but following the methods adopted by Great Britain, France, Belgium, Germany, the United States, and other countries which have succeeded in promoting this great industry."

This no doubt makes an end alike of the interference of the Colonial Office and of the British Chambers of Commerce in the tariff legislation of Canada, or of any of the self-governing colonies, unless in connection with a commercial confederation of the various members of the British empire.

Having pursued this branch of the subject, so far as the tariff is concerned, to the end, return must be made to the point at which the tariff question branched off from the main question relating to the control of the foreign relations of the colonies by means of treaties. This point is found at the negotiation of the Treaty of Reciprocity with the United States in 1854. By that treaty Great Britain conceded for the first time to any colony the right to enter into reciprocal trade relations with a foreign country without reference

to or protection of British interests—a precedent which is now often referred to by the United States officials when discussing with Canadian Ministers proposals for reciprocal trade, which Canadians are reluctant to consider when they involve discrimination against Great Britain. From this point onward the British Government, while maintaining in theory the imperial right to negotiate treaties without reference to the colonies, has practically gone almost to the length of a total abandonment of that power, as will presently be seen.

In 1865 a deputation from the Province of Canada discussed with the Colonial Secretary in London the problems then affecting Canada. In reporting this discussion to the Governor-General of Canada (Lord Monck), Mr Cardwell said:—

“On the third point, the Reciprocity Treaty, the Canadian Ministers represented the great importance to Canada of the renewal of that treaty, and requested that Sir Frederick Bruce might be put in communication with the Government of Lord Monck upon the subject. He replied that Sir F. Bruce had already received instructions to negotiate for a renewal of the treaty, and to act in concert with the Government of Canada.”

This was the first occasion on which the right of the colony to be represented in the negotiation of a treaty was recognised. The Treaty of 1854 had been negotiated indeed with the assistance of Sir Francis Hincks, then a member of the Canadian Administration; and the principal negotiator of the treaty was the Governor-General, Lord Elgin; but Canada was not officially recognised in the negotiations. In 1865 a change had taken place, and Canada had official recognition.

In 1869 a further step towards

fuller recognition of the right of the colony to have a voice in treaty matters was taken. A delegation was in that year sent to England for the discussion of colonial questions; and the report of the committee of the Canadian Council contains these words:—

“The delegates in the same report also submit that they deemed it their duty to offer at the same time certain observations respecting the establishment of a treaty of reciprocal free trade between the United States and the Dominion of Canada, and to represent that it was of great importance to Canada that no steps should be taken in that matter without previous consultation with the Canadian Government; and that they were assured by Earl Granville that nothing could be done in this important matter unless with the concurrence of and in concert with the Canadian Government.”

This was the first time that the claim to be previously consulted was set up by a colonial Government and allowed in this unequivocal manner. In 1865 it had been requested that Canada should be associated with the British negotiators in the treaty negotiations; but in 1869 the claim was, that “no steps should be taken in a matter in which the interests of this country are so deeply involved without *previous consultation* with the Canadian Government.”

In 1871, when the Joint High Commission was appointed, a further step was taken, in retrogression from authority by England, in advance towards fuller responsibility by the Dominion. The Dominion Premier, the late Sir John Macdonald, was made one of the Commissioners, with power to influence not merely colonial but imperial affairs, which were the subject of the negotiations. Lord Kimberley did, however, pointedly assert “that the responsibility of determining what is the true con-

struction of a treaty made by her Majesty with any foreign Power must remain with her Majesty's Government, and that the degree to which this country would make itself a party to the strict enforcement of treaty rights may depend not only on the literal construction of the treaty, but on the moderation and reasonableness with which those rights are asserted." But at the conclusion of the negotiations he made the following remarkable declaration: "Her Majesty's Government have no desire whatever to attempt to interfere with the entire right of the colonial legislatures to refuse to pass the Acts necessary to give effect to the treaty;" but of course he also expressed a hope that nothing so impolitic would be done.

In 1871 also, the question arose in Australia as part of a discussion which had been carried on between the Colonial Office and the Australian Governments concerning the colonial tariffs. In 1866 the Executive Council of New South Wales passed a minute in which they recommended "that the Imperial Parliament should be entitled to pass a measure for the purpose of repealing the provisions of the Constitution Acts of the Australian colonies which prohibit the imposition of discriminating duties so far as to allow the importation by land or otherwise of the produce of any one of them duty free." This was so obviously a first step towards that federation of the colonies which at that very time was under favourable consideration, and almost accomplished in British North America, that the Colonial Office might have been expected to recognise the signs of the times and to favour them in Australia as well as in Canada. The Duke of Buckingham's reply was as follows: "By acceding to this request, her Ma-

jesty's Government would recognise the principle that any group of neighbouring colonies, or perhaps that any number of colonies not neighbouring, might make arrangements for the admission, duty free, of each other's produce, and thus constitute differential duties as against foreign nations, or even against this country." Clearly, the Colonial Secretary had not even begun to entertain the idea that the Australian colonies would ever be more than separate colonies with rival interests and a policy foreign to each other. In 1868 the same despatch from the Duke of Buckingham was sent to Canada regarding a proposal to admit Canadian products free into Prince Edward Island (not then, nor till 1873, a part of the Dominion), even when these products arrived *via* the United States, which was then a more convenient mode of transfer than any other at certain times and for certain goods. The Canadian Minister of Finance replied by pointing out that her Majesty's Government having already sanctioned in the case of the Treaty of 1854 a system of reciprocal free trade (including discrimination and even a disregard of treaty obligations) with the United States, could hardly object in reason to a similar arrangement with a neighbouring colony which was expected soon to have political union with the Dominion. The Canadian and Prince Edward Island arrangements were therefore, by despatch from Earl Granville, dated 29th December 1868, allowed to go into operation.

This Canadian precedent was of course quoted by the Australian Ministers in their correspondence with the Colonial Secretary, who (by this time Lord Kimberley) discussed the question in a circular despatch dated 13th July 1871, which—

1. Denied that the Canadian precedent was applicable to the Australian colonies, because in the former case there was an expected political union between Canada and Prince Edward Island—Lord Kimberley being obviously as doubtful as the Duke of Buckingham of any political union in Australia.

2. Alleged the binding character of the Treaty of 1865 with the States of the Zollverein, which gave to those States "most favoured nation" treatment in the British colonies—this being the very treaty now objected to by the Canadian Government.

3. Protested against the implied demand of the Australian colonies to be permitted to make differential arrangements with each other without the express sanction of the Imperial Government; and "doubted whether such absolute freedom of action could be safely given."

In conclusion, Lord Kimberley said—

"Her Majesty's subjects throughout the empire, and nowhere more than in Australia, have manifested, on various occasions of late, their strong desire that the connection between the colonies and this country should be maintained and strengthened; but it can hardly be doubted that the imposition of differential duties upon British produce and manufactures must have a tendency to weaken that connection, and to impair the friendly feeling on both sides, which I am confident your Government as much as her Majesty's Government desire to preserve."

This was an astonishingly serious tone to take regarding a proposal that would have been accomplished *ipso facto* by a political union of the colonies, which of itself would not have been objected to at all, and which would have much more generally and seriously affected

British produce and manufactures than the customs arrangements which were objected to so strongly.

The reply of the colonial Governments to the circular despatch above quoted and condensed, was contained in a memorandum made on the 27th September 1871 at Melbourne, and signed by the official representatives of New South Wales, Tasmania, and South Australia. The representatives of Victoria and Queensland, not quite agreeing with the others, prepared a second memorandum. In these memoranda it was asserted—

1. That the right of the legislatures of these colonies to direct and control their fiscal policy as amongst themselves, without interference on the part of her Majesty's Ministers in England, is a right which it is our duty to assert and maintain.

2. That no treaty "can be properly or constitutionally made which directly or indirectly treats these colonies as foreign communities;" that "stipulations respecting the trade of one part of the empire with another, whether by land or sea, are not stipulations which foreign Governments ought to be allowed to become parties to in any way;" and that "the article in the treaty with the Zollverein, to which Lord Kimberley refers, is therefore one from the obligations of which we should claim to be considered free, if it were interpreted so as to prevent these colonies from imposing differential duties as between themselves and foreign countries."

The resolutions which the representatives of Victoria would consent to sign were much more peremptory, and did not contain, as the others did, any reference to the continuance of the colonies in the empire. These resolutions were as follows, and they were

signed by all the representatives :—

1. "That the Australian colonies claim to enter into arrangements with each other, through their respective legislatures, so as to provide for the reciprocal admission of their respective products and manufactures either duty free or on such terms as may be mutually agreed upon."

2. "That no treaty entered into by the Imperial Government with any foreign Power should in any way limit or impede the exercise of such right."

3. "That imperial interference with colonial fixed legislation should finally and absolutely cease."

4. "That so much of any Act or Acts of the Imperial Parliament as may be considered to prohibit the full exercise of such right should be repealed."

These resolutions, together with the explanatory correspondence, were duly reviewed in a further circular despatch from Lord Kimberley, dated 19th April 1872. With regard to the point raised as to the obligation of the Australian colonies to conform to the seventh article of the Zollverein Treaty, he said :—

"Her Majesty's Government apprehend that the constitutional right of the Queen to conclude treaties binding all parts of the empire cannot be questioned, subject to the discretion of the Parliament of the United Kingdom, or of the colonial Parliaments, as the case may be, to pass any laws which may be required to bring such treaties into operation."

And in reference to the Acts that might be required in the colony in such a case, he pointed out that no Acts would have been required in the case of the Zollverein Treaty, inasmuch as by the Constitution Acts of all the Australian colonies, these colonies are "prohibited from levying any duty, imposing any prohibition or restriction, or granting any exemption or

privilege upon the importation or exportation of any articles contrary to or at variance with any treaty concluded by her Majesty with any foreign Power."

With regard to the interpretation of the 7th clause of the Zollverein Treaty of 1865, Lord Kimberley expressed in both his despatches (*i.e.*, of 13th July 1871 and of 19th April 1872) the same opinion—*viz.*, "that the strict literal interpretation of the 7th article of that treaty does not preclude the imposition of differential duties in one British colony or possession in favour of the produce of another British colony or possession;" and this point is worth noting, as it may involve logical consequences hereafter. He also dwelt with some degree of force on the necessity for avoiding the discussion of questions not immediately pressing which would make fiscal questions and freedom of self-government synonymous terms in the minds of the colonists. And he concluded in a non-committal manner, stating that though her Majesty's Government might not feel justified in refusing to allow the colonists to adopt the policy which they think best for their own interests (*which was the whole point at issue*), nevertheless, before proceeding not only to repeal the Australian colonies Government Act in its restrictive clause, but also "to exempt the colonies in question from the operation of any future commercial treaties which may be concluded by this country containing stipulations against such duties, leaving them at liberty, subject to the obligation of existing treaties, to make such arrangements as they may think fit for reciprocity with each other or with foreign nations; and before so serious a step is taken,

they would ask the colonists gravely to consider the probable effects of a measure which might tend materially to affect the relations of the colonies to this country and to the rest of the empire." This, it may be said again, was an astonishingly serious lecture against a measure which had now twice been sanctioned in North America, and which, even in this very message, the Colonial Secretary says, her Majesty's Government "may not feel justified in refusing"! In the meantime Lord Kimberley postponed the discussion pending the receipt of further observations from the colonial Governments.

These further observations duly followed in the course of the year, in the shape of minutes, letters, and memoranda from the colonial Governments. The Colonial Secretary of Tasmania pointed out in reply to Lord Kimberley that since the British Government did not think that the Zollverein Treaty precluded differential arrangements between the colonies, there could be no harm at all in asking for the repeal of the clauses in the constitutional Acts prohibiting such arrangements. And he also said that "his Excellency's advisers desire to express their belief that the persistent denial of the temperate and respectful demands of the Australian colonies for the free exercise of the powers of self-government in the matter of fiscal legislation, is more calculated to disturb the cordiality of the existing relations of the colonies to the mother country than an alteration of imperial policy, even to the full extent indicated in the concluding paragraph of Lord Kimberley's despatch." This generally represents the views of the colonies, excepting Victoria, which did not set up

the right to negotiate treaties of commerce.

In the meantime the question of the right of the Australian colonies to negotiate treaties of commerce suitable to their needs, without the control of the Imperial Government, had not escaped legislative discussion, and in 1872 the Legislative Council of Victoria passed a resolution which asserted, among other things—

"That this House considers that no advantage that could result from the claim set up on behalf of the Australian colonies to make treaties with Foreign Powers would compensate them for the risk thereby involved of endangering the connection now happily subsisting between all parts of the empire."

The correspondence on the subject ceased in 1873, when, at a conference held at Sydney on February 11th, the delegates of New South Wales, Queensland, South Australia, Tasmania, Victoria, and Western Australia, abandoning the vexed questions which had been raised in the course of the correspondence, passed the following resolution:—

"The Conference having given respectful attention to the arguments used by the Secretary of State, still consider it their duty to urge upon the Imperial Government the removal of the restrictions which preclude two or more colonies of the Australian group from entering into arrangements for the admission of articles the growth, produce, or manufacture of any part of Australia or New Zealand, upon terms to which they may mutually agree. The Conference express their earnest hope that her Majesty's Government will introduce at as early a date as possible the necessary measure of legislation to give effect to the wishes of the Conference."

The result of it all was the passing of the Imperial Act of 1873 (36 Vict. c. 22), which con-

ferred on the Australian colonies all the powers they demanded as regards themselves, but reserving still the right to impose discriminating duties against foreign countries, and prohibiting any duties contrary to existing treaties between her Majesty and any foreign Power.

The year 1874 brings us back to Canada. In that year a new attempt was made to renew the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 with the United States. In the memorandum of Council of Canada, signed by the Premier and forwarded to Lord Carnarvon, there is this paragraph :—

“A local knowledge of our trade, land system, manufactures, and the results of our past commercial relations with the United States, seems essential to a successful negotiation with the United States authorities. Their plenipotentiaries or negotiators are on their own ground, and have the great advantage of an intimate knowledge of everything necessary to an intelligent discussion. The British Minister acting alone cannot possibly meet such men alone, no matter how able he may be.”

The result of this communication (which was the first suggestion of the *impossibility* of conducting negotiations by means of the British Minister alone) was the appointment of Hon. George Brown, a prominent politician, but then in private life, as “an Imperial Commissioner on behalf of the Canadian Government.” It was “understood that the Canadian Commissioner will act under imperial instructions,” Lord Dufferin wrote to the Secretary for the Colonies ; but this was mere verbiage, the fact being that Mr Brown was to act under instructions from Ottawa, and the Minister of Marine and Fisheries went at the same time to Washington to watch the negotiations regarding the

fisheries. It was also understood “that the Government of Canada do not propose any modification in matters of trade and commerce which would in any way injuriously affect imperial interests ;” but inasmuch as the extension of trade with a rival country to Great Britain could hardly be very beneficial to the latter, the proviso in question may also be considered as verbiage and no more.

In 1878 the discussions with the Australian colonies and with Canada bore fruit to the extent that a circular despatch was sent to the colonial governors by Lord Carnarvon, notifying them that the British Government would not conclude any more treaties of commerce affecting the colonies without reserving in the treaty the parliamentary acquiescence or refusal of the colony to be bound by such treaty.

In 1879 Sir Alexander Galt was commissioned to act, on behalf of Canada, with the British Ministers in France and Spain in regard to the commercial relations of Canada with those countries ; this being the first time that any colonist had ever been chosen to take part in negotiations with any European Power. In this year, also, the Canadian High Commissionership was established as the result of a correspondence containing very important propositions ; as, for instance :—

“It is further submitted [by Canada] that the very large and rapidly augmenting commerce of Canada, and the increasing extent of her trade with foreign nations, is proving the absolute need of direct negotiations with them for the proper protection of her interests. In most of the treaties of commerce entered into by England, reference has only been had to their effect on the United Kingdom ; and the colonies are excluded from their operation—a fact which has been attended with most

unfortunate results to Canada as relates to France. . . . The Canadian Government therefore submit that, when occasion requires such negotiations to be undertaken, her Majesty's Government should advise her Majesty specially to accredit the representative of Canada to the foreign Court, by association, for the special object, with the resident Minister or other imperial negotiator."

It was as a result of this memorandum, agreed to in general terms by the British Government, that Sir Alexander Galt, as above mentioned, was accepted as High Commissioner under the great seal of Canada, and accredited to the Courts of France and Spain to act in concert with the British Ministers to those countries in certain commercial affairs relating to Canada. And of course it was in pursuance of the precedent thus set that Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., was commissioned, with Lord Dufferin, to negotiate the treaty mentioned at the beginning of this paper—a treaty which has not indeed been rejected, but the ratification of which has been postponed, and, if we may judge from the growing hostility to the 'most favoured nation' clause, may not be asked for next session."

It will thus be observed that the development of doctrine and practice relating to the control of colonial tariffs, and to treaties affecting colonial interests, has been very steady, and at times very rapid. As in all such cases, once a precedent is established, the tendency is to interpret the precedent in the most liberal manner; and it is necessary now to point out some cases in which, perhaps owing to a change of policy, perhaps owing to a change of Ministers, perhaps owing to over-pressure on the Colonial Office, the precedents have been interpreted in a manner far too liberal, and likely

to prove dangerous. And the reason why this too liberal interpretation is dangerous is this. No one can study the trade questions affecting the American continent without seeing that the trade policy of the United States is to establish a system of reciprocal arrangements by which the Republic will absorb the lion's share of continental trade, and by which it will weaken the connection between the colonies of all the European nations and the mother lands. Already the most favourable arrangements have been made between the United States and Brazil, the Spanish West Indies, the Dominican Republic, and Hayti, &c.; and under these arrangements the United States, by an interpretation which has been maintained with a good deal of ingenious ability, refuses to other nations the benefit of the "most favoured nation" clause. In 1884, when the first commercial convention was made between the United States and Spain relating to the Spanish colonies, the United States refused to the British West Indies the benefit of the "most favoured nation" clause. This, in the then depressed condition of the British West Indies, was adding insult to injury; but the circumstances of the British West Indies were such that a demand arose for liberty to make a special arrangement with the United States; and the combined necessity and audacity of the West India planters encouraged them to demand an audience of the late Lord Derby to discuss the matter with him. There were two propositions: one for closer trade and political relations between the West Indies and the Dominion of Canada; and one for permission to negotiate for a separate trade treaty with the United States involving possible, indeed certain, discrimination

against Great Britain and the other of the North American colonies. Lord Derby strongly favoured the idea of closer relations with the Dominion, but pointed out that this was an affair for the Dominion to arrange. As to the other proposal, he said :—

“He did not think it would be the wish of the deputation to have an arrangement between the West Indian colonies and the United States which would give differential treatment as against the mother country. The position of the West Indian colonies was one of such great difficulty that the Government should not stick at trifles with a view to help and relieve them. But still, that would be a very awkward precedent to establish. It never had been admitted hitherto, and it might have a bad effect in other ways at a time when, as they all knew, the general, he might say the almost universal feeling, was to draw the various parts of the colonial empire closer together rather than to allow them to scatter more widely. The question then would be, whether anything like the system of reciprocity could be established between the United States and the West Indies which would not impose differential treatment upon British goods.”

This was the true tone to take in regard to the question; but Lord Derby, like all Colonial Ministers, was desirous of saying something that would qualify the definite character of his refusal to consider the question of reciprocity with the United States; and so he intimated that if an arrangement could be made by which the West Indies could give free entry to American lumber and food-stuffs, and such articles as Great Britain did not compete in, then that would be matter for consideration. He did not reflect, apparently, that his proposition, if accepted and carried out, would destroy, or tend to destroy, all the trade between the Dominion of Canada

and the West Indies—a result which the United States, in offering to give the West Indies a separate reciprocity treaty, desired to bring about, so as to weaken the ties at once of the West Indies and of the Dominion to each other and to the mother country. This was one case in which the new policy of complaisance towards colonial demands was pushed too far.

The other occurred in 1890. An arrangement had been proposed (under a permission from the Colonial Secretary, the full terms and extent of which are matter of vexed discussion) by which the colony of Newfoundland was to have a separate treaty of reciprocity with the United States, by which, in return for the privilege of the free purchase of bait, and for the right of touching, and trading in fish and oil, and getting supplies in Newfoundland, besides reduction of duties on many articles, the United States were to admit the produce of the Newfoundland fisheries free of duty. Now the fishing-vessels of Canada were not allowed the privilege of purchasing bait; and to grant this privilege to the Americans was to give them an advantage over Canadian vessels, while to obtain in this manner a free market in the United States for fish and fish products was to inflict a serious blow at Canadian trade with the United States. The Government of Canada protested, of course, in the strongest way, against Newfoundland being allowed to enter into such a separate treaty, when, in all the negotiations concerning fisheries and trade in previous cases, Canada had always been most careful to safeguard the interests of Newfoundland. The Canadian Government pressed strongly “the importance of permitting no discrimination, at least as against

any part of British North America, to be made in any trade arrangement with the United States, and should continue to urge the necessity of insistence, that in any such arrangement all her Majesty's provinces in North America shall participate equally." A very angry correspondence ensued between the colony of Newfoundland and the Colonial Office, which might never have occurred but for what has been already pointed out—the too liberally interpreted precedents relating to separate fiscal arrangements by the colonies. The United States had the amusement of setting two important colonies at loggerheads with each other and with the Colonial Office, in an endeavour to effect a separate and damaging trade arrangement with one of them—an attempt which came far too near succeeding. It is very obvious that there ought to be a revision and consolidation of the opinions and policy of the Colonial Office regarding these trade arrangements, especially in view of the almost ostentatious policy of the United States to capture the trade, and no doubt ultimately the allegiance, of the various portions of the British dominions, by bribing them one by one with offers to the detriment of the others.

The revision of opinion and policy regarding the control of the colonies by means of trade treaties began in 1878, when, as has been already pointed out, Lord Carnarvon sent a circular despatch to state that no treaties would hereafter be made with foreign countries, affecting colonial interests, without reserving the right of the colonies to accept or reject the clauses affecting them; and this circular has been faithfully carried out since that time. There are, however, two treaties still

binding on the colonies without their consent—viz., the treaty with Belgium in 1862, and the treaty with the Zollverein in 1865, in both of which there are "most favoured nation" clauses binding the colonies, so that it would be impossible for Canada, for instance, to arrange for special trade relations with the West Indies or with the United States, without giving to Germany and Belgium equal advantages in our markets, a fact which materially tends to lessen the value of any offer of reciprocal trade which Canada is in a position to make or accept. The awkwardness of the situation is not lessened by the interpretation put upon the Zollverein Treaty by Lord Kimberley, inasmuch as Germany has not been heard from on the question, and might possibly insist on very literal interpretation.

The demand of the Canadian Address of 1892, quoted above, consists of two parts. The first is, that the Dominion be relieved from the operation of the clauses of the treaties in question. The demand was considered in the case of the Australian colonies, and apparently nothing was done to procure the release of those colonies. The demand was made by Canada in 1881 to have Canada released from the operation of the German and Belgian treaties. The result of the discussion in that year was, that the British Government made an effort in due form through the Foreign Office to obtain the consent of Germany and Belgium to release Canada from the operation of the "most favoured nation" clause in the treaties mentioned. The reply of both Governments was, in effect, that "the exemption desired by the Dominion of Canada would necessitate a denunciation of the Treaty of 1862 [and of 1865];

and her Majesty's Ambassador at Berlin has learnt that, in the opinion of competent German authorities, it would not be either convenient or desirable to abrogate single articles of the Treaty of 1865 apart from a general revision of the whole instrument, for which, however, there did not appear to be any immediate necessity." This is the present condition of the correspondence, so far as it has been made public. No doubt, after the passing of such an address as that above quoted, the question will be reopened with Germany and Belgium. Lord Salisbury has publicly stated his opinion that "before a very long time has elapsed some means will be found of mitigating this evil" —i.e., the evil inflicted by what he calls "those two unlucky treaties."

The second part of Canada's demand is like to the first, inasmuch as it is a demand on behalf of all the colonies to be free from the operation of those "most favoured nation" clauses which obstruct the extension of trade relations between the various parts of the empire. This demand derives an importance from the fact that while Great Britain frames and interprets her "most favoured nation" clauses in one way, the United States frames and has always framed, and interprets and has always interpreted, its like clause in quite an opposite manner. Great Britain maintains the obvious interpretation—viz., that no other or higher advantage shall be given to one nation over another in the markets and ports of any nation having with another a "most favoured nation" treaty. The United States, on the other hand, contends, and acts on the contention, that a treaty having a "most favoured nation" clause is quite consistent with a recipro-

city treaty with another Power, by which, in return for certain concessions from the new treaty Power, the United States may give such Power exceptional advantages in their markets. This line was maintained against Denmark in regard to the Reciprocity Treaty with Hawaii in 1887. This line, too, was maintained against Great Britain in regard to the Reciprocity Treaty with the Spanish colonies in 1891. It is true that late advices reveal the fact that after a long correspondence, begun in 1884 by Sir Robert Morier, the Spanish Government has consented to give the Dominion of Canada equal rights in their colonies with the United States. But this may prove no more than a temporary concession, subject to the financial necessities of the Spanish colonies, or the aggressive diplomacy of the United States.

All signs point to a future in which the colonies will feel themselves bound, by commercial ambition, by the necessities of revenue, by the policy of protecting home industries, and by desire to make preferential arrangements with Great Britain and with each other, unhampered by treaties of old date whose terms they were not consulted about, to refuse to respect all treaties which, for the purposes mentioned, may stand in their way. It would greatly gratify all those who, in one position or another, strive to bear with unreluctant shoulders the not inglorious burthens of the widest-extended empire in the world, if out of the present confused condition of affairs should arise some not impossible policy, by which the trade of this empire could be made to serve the purpose not merely of greater profit, but of closer unity among all her Majesty's dominions.

TWO PRINCESSES OF THE HOUSE OF BOURBON.

A SINGULARLY interesting little volume, truly unique of its kind, has been lately published in Paris.¹ It is the diary of a child, daughter of the martyred King Louis XVI., who alone of the royal family survived the terrible events of 1789-94, and who, during her captivity in the Tower, had kept a record of the harrowing march of events which successively deprived her of father, mother, aunt, and brother; blighting the May-day of her youth ere it had well unclosed, and leaving her at the threshold of life a saddened and sobered woman.

We are often told nowadays that people do not care to hear anything further about the great French Revolution; that its stock of horrors has been so widely illustrated by brush and pen as to afford no further material for picture or romance,—the sufferings of the martyr-king and of his family so exhaustively treated as to be no longer capable of producing the faintest emotion in the breast of a *blasé* and satiated generation. Yet when—as in the present case—a voice reaches us, so to say, from the grave, relating with the authority of an eyewitness the story of last century's great tragedy, in simple, childlike language, and with an absolute veracity of detail which brings before us the scenes described with a vividness unachieved by the ablest historian, is not the tale thus told of far deeper and more pungent interest than the most thrilling romance that ever was penned?

The original manuscript of these

memoirs, which it is our purpose here to discuss, is traced, as we are told in the preface, in a common school copy-book of extremely coarse paper containing thirty-five and a half written pages of 31 centimetres height and 22 centimetres breadth. This copy-book is covered with a sheet of the same coarse paper, bearing this inscription:—

“*Mémoire
écrit par Marie-Thérèse Charlotte
de France,
sur la captivité
des Princes et Princesses ses Parents
depuis le 10 Août 1792
jusqu'à la mort de son frère
arrivé le 9 Juin 1795.*”

In order to introduce this interesting journal to the English reader, we cannot do better than transcribe the opening words of the distinguished French writer (the Marquis Costa de Beauregard) to whose able pen we already owe many interesting works relating to the history of those times.

“A hundred years have passed since the King Louis XVI. entered the Temple,² and since his daughter Madame Royale, in tracing the first lines of this memoir, opened the mournful account where were successively to be recorded the tortures and outrages of each day.

“The irregular lines of her manuscript are, so to say, still quivering with the tremulous motion of her little hand and the accelerated beatings of her heart. Like that strange instrument which has succeeded in imprisoning sound, this writing has become the receptacle of infinite

¹ *Mémoire écrit par Marie-Thérèse Charlotte de France, sur la captivité des Princes et Princesses ses Parents depuis le 10 Août 1792 jusqu'à la mort de son frère arrivé le 9 Juin 1795. Publié sur le manuscrit autographe appartenant à Madame la Duchesse de Madrid. Paris: Plon, Nourrit et C^{ie}.*

² August 13, 1792.

sufferings. And as moaning these now escape, childlike yet, despite the century in which they have grown old, can there remain a soul unthrilled by the sound?

"Their voices, alas! do not stray through the playgrounds of imagination. What they are re-telling here is a true history, where ignoble buffets and a crown of thorns have left their mark as on Veronica's veil.

"This passion-story likewise is entitled to its centenary! When on the threshold of 1893 France turns back to salute once more her great ancestors, does not justice demand that above their heads she should contemplate those whom they have crucified?

"Nothing more would remain to be said as introduction to the memoir of Madame Royale, if it were not necessary to make known how it came to reach us, and if some hitherto unedited letters were not there to complete, by the account of her departure from the Temple, that of her terrible captivity."

The chronicler goes on to relate how, on the 15th of June 1795, Madame Royale, who, since the departure of her aunt Madame Elisabeth, had reached that extremity of suffering where all hope of remedy, relief, or consolation has ceased to be, heard her prison door open. She was reading at the time, and did not even turn round her head, trembling to encounter the face of some blood-thirsty monster. But no; the new-comer was a woman, who fell down at her feet, and the young princess saw two tearful eyes regarding her with an unmistakable expression of affection.

The stranger told her name—Madeleine Hilaire la Rochette, wife of one citizen Bocquet Chanterenne. Having heard that the committee of general security had decided to place a woman as companion to the daughter of Louis Capet, she had offered herself, inspired by a secret devotion to

the king's unfortunate daughter, and had succeeded in obtaining her nomination, in recognition of certain services rendered to the Republic by her husband as well as her father.

Instantaneously all the pent-up affection of Madame Royale's young heart, which during the last sad years had been famished and starved from want of love, was transferred to this new companion. Madame de Chanterenne's arrival in the Temple was like a ray of sunshine, come just in time to save from perishing this poor little prison flower, deprived so long of air and light.

On Madame de Chanterenne likewise devolves the painful duty of breaking to Madame Royale the deaths of her mother, aunt, and brother, and there are few things in history more intensely tragic than the following scrap of dialogue recorded by M. de Beauchesne in his work entitled 'Louis XVII.'—

"'Madame has no more parents.'

"'And my brother?'

"'No more brother.'

"'And my aunt?'

"'No more aunt.'"

Despite, however, the terrible sufferings she has undergone, Madame Royale is still a child at heart, and it is inexpressibly touching to see how, under the unwonted influence of sympathetic affection, her long-forgotten gaiety reasserts itself in unexpected fashion. Within a very few days of her new friend's arrival into the Temple, we find the Princess writing playful little notes to Madame de Chanterenne, whose more formal appellation is soon exchanged for her Christian name of Renée, caressingly metamorphosed into Renète; and it is into this friend's trusty hands that Madame Royale, on leaving the Temple on the evening of the 18th

of December 1795, deposits the precious MS. which forms the subject of this paper.

Madame de Chanterenne did not accompany the Princess on her journey to Vienna, for the Austrian Emperor, Joseph II., had made the cruel stipulation—for what reason is not very apparent—that none of the women attached to Madame Royale during her captivity in the Temple were to remain with her when she left the country. That poor Madame de Chanterenne was cruelly wounded by this hard decree is sufficiently betrayed by the following letter addressed to her by Madame Royale on the eve of her departure, and which furnishes the best possible proof of the young princess's tender heart as well as of her wholesome common-sense.

"My dear, good, little Renête, do not grieve so much: you increase my grief by your own. Can you believe that I shall ever change towards you? No, never. I shall always have pleasure in remembering my little Renête. I hope to see you again. Nothing is impossible. As to the present moment, I beg you to keep calm, and, above all, to grieve less and not to fall ill. You are a philosopher—well, try to be so just now.

"To-morrow will be a very sad day for you. But, my Renête, try to occupy yourself—think of the happiness of seeing your family again. It is so sweet to be with our relations and friends. Do not think of me too much, since it afflicts you. I shall have every care for the persons whom you recommend to me, and, above all, I shall remember you and your respectable family. I thank you, my Renête, for all your goodness and obligingness towards me during the six months we have spent together: I shall never forget that time. I end, my Renête, for I know not what I am saying. To-day is a great day for me, and my head is troubled.

"Farewell, lovely, good, sweet, amiable, gay, obliging, frank, charming Renête."

As this manuscript, as well as all the letters of Madame Royale, had not left the hands of Renête, they might be supposed to be absolutely inedited. Such, however, is not quite the case, at least in so far as the record of the captivity in the Temple is concerned; and, as the narrator goes on to explain, the public may have caught stray glimpses of it in the following manner:—

One day at Mittau, it seems, Madame Royale desired to have back the MS. which she had given to Renête. This was in 1805. Did she wish, perhaps, to compare her prison sufferings with those which she had to endure after her departure from France? Perhaps. Howsoever this may have been, Madame reclaimed the MS. from Madame de Chanterenne by the hands of the faithful Clery, and herself made of it a copy. She added a few phrases, suppressed a few others, and finally, on her return to France, she sent back to Renête the original so much prized by her.

The copy made at Mittau was given to Madame de Soucy, probably in memory of the journey in which she had, after the departure from the Temple, accompanied Madame to Vienna.

How and why Madame de Soucy permitted herself in 1823 to print these pages, is what we are unable to say. But she did so, and great indeed was Madame the Duchesse d'Angoulême's displeasure on learning this indiscretion.

By her orders all the copies that could be discovered were bought up and destroyed. Of these, two or three, perhaps, had escaped the search. Monsieur Nettement had taken cognisance of them. Monsieur de Pastoret made use of this source, from which likewise Monsieur de Beauchêne made numer-

ous extracts. Finally, Monsieur le Baron de Saint-Amand has drawn from it largely for his book entitled '*La Jeunesse de Madame la Duchesse d'Angoulême.*'

But these different publications only serve to accentuate the interest of these reminiscences, which until now have never been published in their authentic text.

Monsieur de Pastoret, in especial, has treated the writing of Madame in such cavalier fashion as to deprive it of the great character of simplicity, surest proof of this relic's authenticity.

"A relic indeed, whose strange destiny bears some analogy to that of the saint who has bequeathed it to us; storm-tossed until a last wave has brought it to Frohsdorf.

"A few months only before the death of Monseigneur the Comte de Chambord, the grandson of Madame de Chanteret had sent the MS. to the prince as a sort of supreme homage.

"Madame, the (late) Duchess of Madrid, inherited this treasure in her uncle's succession; and it was at Viareggio that the august princess permitted that the autograph of Madame Royale should be, so to say, retraced by a faithful hand."¹

In giving the following extracts from the journal of Madame Royale, we have carefully preserved the faulty spelling of some of the proper names, as well as the omission of certain words which have been overlooked in the original MS., but which, for the reader's elucidation, have been parenthetically inserted.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF MADAME ROYALE.

"The king, my father, arrived at the Temple with his family, Monday the 13th of August 1792, at 7 o'clock in the evening.

"The cannoneers wished to conduct

my father alone to the tower and leave us at the castle. Manuel had received on the way a decision of the commune to conduct us all to the tower.

"Pethion [Petion] calmed the rage of the cannoneers, and we entered the castle. The municipals kept my father in view. Pethion went away. Manuel remained.

"My father supped with us. My brother was dying of sleep. Madame de Tourzelle conducted him at eleven o'clock to the tower, which was decisively to be our lodging.

"My father arrived at the tower with us at one o'clock in the morning: there was nothing here prepared. My aunt slept in a kitchen, and it is said that Manuel was ashamed in leading her there.

"On the second day there was brought to us during dinner a decree of the commune, ordering the departure of those persons who had come with us.

"My father and mother opposed this, as did likewise the municipals on guard at the Temple.

"The order was then momentarily revoked.

"We spent the day all together.

"My father instructed my brother in geography; my mother taught him history, and made him learn verses; my aunt taught him to reckon.

"My father had luckily found a library, which kept him occupied. My mother had tapestry to work at.

"My father was no longer treated as king; no respect was shown to him, and he was not called 'Sire,' and 'His Majesty,' but 'Monsieur,' or 'Louis.'

"The municipals were always seated in his chamber, and had their hats on their [heads]. They took from my father his sword, which he still had, and searched his pockets. . . .

"Pethion sent Clerly to my father to serve him.

"Pethion also sent as turnkey a gaoler, Rocher, that horrible man who forced my father's door on the 20th of June 1792, and thought to assassinate him.

¹ M. Gabriel de Saint Victor.

"This man was always at the tower, and sought to torment my father in every conceivable fashion: now he would sing the 'Carmagnole,' and a thousand other horrors; now he would send a puff of tobacco smoke at him as he passed, well knowing that my father did not like the odour of the pipe.

"He was always in bed when we went to take supper, because we had to pass through his room; sometimes even he was in his bed when we went to dinner.

"There are no sorts of torments and insults which he did not invent. My father bore everything with meekness, forgiving this man with all his heart."

The passages relating to the Princess de Lamballe's death, and the inhuman manner in which the Royal family were informed of the event, are full of interest, affording a vivid insight into those mental tortures which assuredly were harder to endure than even the personal restraint and physical discomfort to which they were subjected. On the morning of the 3d of September the king had been positively assured of the wellbeing of Madame de Lamballe, as of those other persons who had been removed to *La Force*; but at three o'clock of that same afternoon they heard horrible cries proceeding from the rabble outside, accompanying the head of the murdered princess, which was carried in triumph at the end of a long pole. On inquiring the cause of the tumult, the king was coolly informed that it was Madame de Lamballe's head, which the people desired to show him. A struggle ensued, in which the populace endeavoured to force the prison doors, while some of the guards, with a last remnant of humanity, were desirous of shielding the unfortunate princes from the horror of a spectacle which even upset the nerves of indifferent spectators. Finally, the guards had to give in,

and permitted a deputation of six of the assassins to carry Madame de Lamballe's head through the rooms of the tower, stipulating only that the torso, which they had likewise desired to drag with them, should be left at the door.

This horrible scene is succeeded by many other minor affronts and petty outrages, all tending to aggravate the sufferings of the unfortunate prisoners. Sometimes, however, among the guards there happen to be men who betray feelings of genuine pity and attachment for the captives under their charge, and to each of these compassionate individuals the Princess devotes a few words of grateful recognition. Once it is a sentinel who had a long conversation through the keyhole with Madame Elisabeth, and who did nothing but weep during the whole time that his service retained him at the Temple. "I know not what has become of him," writes Madame Royale; "may heaven reward him for his profound attachment to his king!"

Most beautiful and edifying it is to see how, though condemned to a life of discomfort and restraint, and harrowed by suspense as to their ultimate fate, the king and queen yet continue to direct their children's education with methodical precision; and there are constant allusions made to the daily tasks and exercises which have to be written or recited, as exactly as had ever been the case in their life at the Tuileries, although these studies were carried out in face of considerable difficulties, for the journal tells us that whenever Madame Royale copied out extracts, or made arithmetical tasks, there had always to be a municipal who looked over her shoulder in order to make sure that she was not engaged in some treasonable correspondence.

It is probably also on account of some such suspicion, that pens, paper, ink, and pencils are subsequently ordered to be given up by the royal prisoners—a command which is, however, obeyed by the king and queen only; while Madame Elisabeth and her niece, with admirable feminine duplicity, contrive to conceal their writing implements from the Argus-eyed searchers.

Newspapers reach the Temple prison but rarely, and then only when a number containing some specially dastardly attack on the monarch is carefully conveyed to his notice.

Madame Royale's own account of their daily life may here be given in full:—

"This is how my august parents spent their days.

"My father rose at 7 o'clock, prayed God till eight, then dressed himself with my brother till 9 o'clock, when they went up-stairs to my mother to breakfast.

"After breakfast my father came down with my brother, to whom he gave lessons till 11 o'clock; then my brother played till noon, when we went to walk all together, whatever might be the weather, because the guard which was relieved at that hour, wished to see my father, and be assured of his presence in the Temple.

"The walk lasted till two o'clock, when we dined: after dinner my father and my mother played together at trictrac or at piquet.

"At 4 o'clock my mother returned to her room with my brother, because my father then used to sleep.

"At 6 my brother came down; my father made him learn and play till supper-time.

"At 9 o'clock after supper my mother promptly undressed my brother and put him to bed. After this we went up, and my father did not go to bed till eleven o'clock.

"My mother led nearly the same life: she worked very much at tapestry.¹

"They gave us back the newspapers in order that we should see the departure of the strangers, and the horrors against my father with which they were filled."

We shall now skip some intervening pages of the journal relating to the king's trial, to take it up again shortly before his execution.

"On the 26th of December, St Stephen's Day, my father made his will because he expected to be assassinated on the following day, in going to the Convention. On the 26th my father went still to the bar with his usual courage. He left M. Desèze to read his defence: he went away at eleven o'clock and returned at 3 o'clock. My father saw his counselors every day.

"At last, on the 18th of January, the day on which the sentence was pronounced, the municipals entered my father's room at eleven o'clock, and told him that they had orders to keep him in view. My father asked them if his fate were yet decided, but was assured that such was not the case.

"On the following morning M. de Malherbes came to inform my father that the sentence was pronounced. 'But, sire,' he added, 'the rascals are not yet the masters, and all honest people will come to save your majesty or perish at your feet.' 'No, M. de Malherbes,' returned my father, 'that would compromise many persons,—would unchain a civil war in Paris. I prefer to die, and I beg you to order them from me to make no movement for my rescue.'

The detailed account of the king's last twenty-four hours only tends to confirm what has so often been said of the admirable fortitude and Christian resignation with which Louis XVI. met his awful and unjustifiable fate.

¹ Marie Antoinette was most industrious with the needle: a set of chairs worked by her are still to be seen at Castle Frohsdorf.

He dined as usual on the day preceding his execution, much to the surprise of his gaolers, who had expected to see him attempt his life from terror or despair; he gives good religious counsels to the son whom he is embracing for the last time, recommending him to nourish no thoughts of revenge towards the assassins; and finally, on leaving the prison to go to the scaffold, he humbly asks pardon of an insolent turnkey whom he had had occasion to reprimand on the previous day.

Marie Antoinette, along with her children, had desired to pass the last night with the king; but this he refused, having, as he said, need of rest; and he secretly gave orders that they are not to be admitted again next morning, in order to spare himself and them the agony of a final leave-taking.

"The morning of this terrible day, after having slumbered through the night with a painful sleep, we got up.

"At 6 o'clock our door was opened, and they came to fetch Mme. Tison's prayer-book for my father's mass. We thought that we were going to go down, and we continued to have this hope till the joyful cries of a demented populace came to announce to us that the crime was accomplished.

"In the afternoon my mother asked to see Clery, who had been with my father in his last moments, and who might, perhaps, have been charged with messages for my mother,—which was true, for my father had charged Clery to restore to my mother his wedding-ring, saying that he only parted from it with his life.

"He had also given him, for my mother, a packet of her hair, saying that it had always been dear to him.

"The municipals said that Clery was in a dreadful state, and could not come.

"My mother charged the commissaries with her demand for the council general, as well as to be allowed to wear mourning.

"Clery was refused,—my mother

could not see him; she was permitted to wear mourning.

"Clery passed another month in the Temple, after which he was put at liberty.

"We received a little more freedom, the guards believing that we were going to be sent away. We could see the persons who brought our mourning garments, but in presence of the municipals.

"The grief that I had increased the pain in my foot: my doctor Brunier [Brunyer] was sent for and the surgeon Lacaze; they cured me in a month.

"My mother would not go down to the garden to take the air, because she required to pass before my father's door, and that grieved her too much; but, fearing lest the want of air should do harm to my brother, she asked to go up on the tower at the end of February, which was granted.

"In the municipals' chamber it was noticed that the sealed packet, containing my father's signet, his ring, and several other things, had been opened: the seal was broken and the signet carried off. The municipals were disturbed, but they ended by believing that it was a thief who had taken this seal, which was set in gold. The person who had taken it was well intentioned,—it was not a robber. The man who took it did so for the best, but he is dead."

Soon the prison life began to tell upon the little Dauphin, and his sister pathetically informs us that he suffers from a chronic stitch in the side which prevents him from laughing. Poor little boy! the wonder is rather that he should still be able to extract any cause for merriment out of his dismal surroundings. However, his laughing days, such as they are, will not last much longer. He is first stricken down by fever, and when the agonised mother at last succeeds in obtaining medical assistance for the suffering child, she is haunted by the yet greater terror lest the medicines prescribed should contain poison. Scarcely has the Dauphin recovered from

this first illness than a decree of the Convention ordains that he is to be separated from his family, and delivered over to the charge of the shoemaker Simon. This cruel order is broken to the queen on the 3d of July at ten o'clock at night, after the child is already undressed and in bed. On learning what is required of him, he utters fearful cries, and throws himself into his mother's arms, demanding not to be separated from her; but despite his tears, and the energy with which Marie Antoinette attempts to defend her son from the persecutors, she is forced to give in, and herself assists him with his clothes in order that he may accompany his new gaolers—bitterly weeping as she does so, as though she had foreseen that she was never to see her son again.

"My mother thought herself at this height of misfortune at this separation from her son. She believed him, however, to be in the hands of an honest and educated man: her despair increased when she learnt that Simon the shoemaker, whom she had known municipal, had been charged with the person of her unfortunate child.

"My mother asked several times to be able to see him without being able to obtain it: my brother on his side cried for two whole days, unable to console himself, and asking to see us.

"We often ascended the tower. My brother went up there every day, and my mother's only pleasure was through a little window to see him pass from a distance: she remained there for hours in order to watch the moment of catching sight of this beloved child.

"Simon ill-treated my brother severely, because he wept at being separated from us: the child, frightened, did not dare to weep any more."

With what would seem to be a refinement of cruelty, the Royal

family are often disturbed at night from their slumbers in order to be searched or otherwise molested. Madame Royale gives the account of one of these searches, which, resulting only in the confiscation of a stick of sealing-wax, a MS. prayer for France, and an old hat which had belonged to the deceased king, lasted from 10.30 P.M. to four o'clock A.M.

It is likewise in the night that, on the 2d of August, at two o'clock A.M., they are roused in order to be informed of the decree ordaining that the queen is to be removed to the *conciergerie*, there to be tried. Marie Antoinette is forced to rise from bed, and there, in presence of the gendarmes who have come to fetch her, to dress at once. Her clothes are made up into a bundle, which, however, is taken from her to be opened at the tribunal, and she is only suffered to retain a pocket-handkerchief and a smelling-bottle, for fear of being attacked by faintness. Arrived at the *conciergerie*, she is put into the dampest and most unwholesome room in the prison, and is moreover forced to endure the presence of a gendarme, who has orders never to leave her night or day.

"My aunt and I inconsolable, we spent the night in tears. They had assured my aunt when my mother [left] that she might be easy, and that nothing would ever happen to her. It was a great consolation to me not to be separated from my aunt whom I loved so well; but, alas! everything was changed, and I have lost her.

"Some days later my mother sent to ask for some of her things, and amongst others for her knitting, of which she was very fond, because she was making a pair of stockings for my brother: we sent it to her, but subsequently learnt that they had not given it, for fear lest she should harm herself with the needles."

News of the little Dauphin reaches the two women but rarely, although he is lodged directly beneath them, and they can hear him daily singing the "Carmagnole" and other revolutionary songs with Simon at the open window, in order to be heard by the guards. The brutal shoemaker has likewise taken away the boy's mourning clothes, and forced him to wear a red cap, as well as to utter horrible curses against God, the aristocracy, and his own family. Marie Antoinette is luckily spared this last anguish, for, having left the Temple, she is ignorant of her son's further fate. The change of life and the bad treatment caused the prince to fall ill again at the end of August. Simon having forced him to eat and drink excessively without taking proportionate exercise, the child had fattened extremely without growing in height: attacked by fever, the remedies administered but serve to derange his health yet further.

Madame Elisabeth and her niece are now treated with redoubled severity and want of respect. "*On nous tutoya beaucoup pendant l'hiver*," says Madame Royale, with naïf pathos. Their tapestry work is taken away from them because the pattern they are tracing is believed to have some cabalistic and hidden signification; they are, moreover, compelled to make their own beds and do out their own rooms, all menial assistance having been now denied to them. But harder yet by far than these physical discomforts and petty annoyances is the state of doubt in which they are left as to the queen's fate. Let her daughter here speak for herself.

"We could receive no more news

except by the *colporteurs*, and then but badly. We were forbidden to ascend the tower; they took away our sheets lest we should let ourselves down by the window; they gave us instead coarse and dirty ones.

"I think it was about this time that my mother's trial began. I learnt since her death that there had been a project of saving her from the *conciergerie*, and that unfortunately this charming plan had not succeeded. I was assured that the gendarmes who guarded her, as well as the wife of the *conciergerie*, were gained over, and that she had seen several persons in her prison, amongst others a priest who administered to her the sacraments, which she had received with great piety.

"The stroke to save herself failed, because whereas she had been recommended to speak to the second guard, she had made a mistake, and had spoken to the first one. Others say that she was already outside her room and had descended the staircase when a gendarme opposed her departure, notwithstanding that he had already been gained over, and that he forced my mother to return to her room, which caused the project to fail.

"We knew nothing of all this at the time; we only learned that my mother had seen a knight of St Louis, who had given her a carnation in which there was a note, but as we were locked up we could not know the sequence.

"My aunt and I were in ignorance of my mother's death, and though we had heard a *colporteur* cry that she was to be summarily judged, hope, which is so natural to the unfortunate, led us to believe that she would be saved.

"We also could not believe in the contemptible conduct of the Emperor, who left the queen, his relation, to perish on the scaffold without taking any steps to save her. This is, however, what actually took place, but we could not believe in this last mark of indignity of the Austrian house.

"I remained in this unfortunate state of doubt a year and a half, when I learnt the misfortune and death of my virtuous and august mother.

"By the newsmongers we learnt the death of the Duke of Orleans, the only piece of news which reached us during the winter.

"The winter passed quietly enough. Many visits and searches, but they gave us wood.

"On the 19th of January we heard a loud noise at my brother's, which made us conjecture that he was leaving the Temple; and we were convinced of it when, looking through a hole in our shutters, we saw a great many packets being carried away.

"On the following day we heard his door opening, and, still persuaded that he was gone, we thought that some German or foreign prisoner had been placed down there, and we had already dubbed him Melchisedec, in order to give him a name; but I subsequently learnt that it was only Simon who had gone away. He had been given the choice of being municipal or guardian to my brother, and had decided for the former charge, and they had had the cruelty to leave my unfortunate little brother alone.

"Unheard-of barbarity, to leave an unfortunate child of eight alone, shut into his room under bolt and key, having no assistance, and only a wretched bell which he never pulled, preferring to want for everything than to apply to his persecutors.

"He was in a bed which had not been made for six months, my brother not having the strength to make it; fleas and bugs covered him—his linen and his body were full of them. . . . The window was never opened,—one could not stay in the room on account of the stench. He was dirty and indolent by nature, for he might have taken more care of his person.

"Often they gave him no light: the unfortunate boy was dying of fear, but he never asked for anything. He spent his day in doing nothing, and this manner of living did him a great deal of harm, both morally and physically: it was not surprising that his health should have subsequently become deranged, but the length of time that he was still in health testifies to his good constitution."

Soon the unfortunate princess was to lose her last remaining companion; for on the 9th of May,

just as they were preparing to go to bed, her aunt, Madame Elisabeth, was fetched away to the *conciergerie*, there to await her trial.

"On the morrow she was taken to the tribune. Three questions were put to her—

"'Her name?'

"'Elisabeth.'

"'Where were you on the 10th of August?'

"'At the castle of the Tuilleries, near my brother.'

"'What have you done with your diamonds?'

"'I do not know. Besides, all these questions are useless. You have resolved my death: I have made to God the sacrifice of my life, and am ready to die.'

"She was condemned to death. She had herself conducted to the room of those who were to die with her. She exhorted them all to death.

"In the cart she preserved the same calm, encouraging the women who were with her.

"The populace admired and did not insult her.

"Arrived at the foot of the scaffold, they had the cruelty to make her die the last. All the women coming out the cart asked permission to embrace her, which she allowed, with her usual sweetness encouraging them.

"Her colour did not abandon her till the last moment, which she bore with fortitude and religion, when her soul was separated from her body in order to go and enjoy beatitude in the bosom of a God whom she had always loved."

The last chapter of this little journal adds but another touch to the profound gloom of this picture of human agony and endurance. After Madame Elisabeth's death—of which, however, she remains for long in ignorance—Madame Royale is condemned to a life of absolute solitude, knowing nothing of what is passing outside, and without books or other occupation wherewith to fill up the weary hours. Yet, strange and almost incredible force of vital energy and of youth's

elasticity, she remains uncrushed by these accumulated misfortunes; and nothing can be more touching than the gratitude expressed whenever her gaolers condescend to treat her with somewhat less cruelty. In spite of the many tears she has shed, the young princess has yet not forgotten how to smile whenever her lot becomes a little less unbearable. Thus, whereas on one page we find her lamenting that she has no other distractions than some prayer-books, some travels which she has read and re-read till she knows them by heart, and a piece of knitting which she complains of as very tiresome, a little further on she expresses her satisfaction at the kindness of her gaolers, who had consented to let her have wood for firing, as well as some other books by way of amusement.

Meanwhile the poor little Dauphin, languishing down-stairs in solitude, has likewise become the object of a little more humane treatment. He is allowed to take a bath in order to cleanse his skin from the vermin which infested it, and his filthy bed is exchanged for a fresh one. But these tardy attentions are powerless to arrest the malady which is gradually consuming him. His joints have begun to swell up from debility and want of exercise, and he can scarcely be induced to leave the fireside in order to breathe a little fresh air; while his mind, from the combined effects of terror and neglect, has begun to sink into a gradual state of imbecility. Let us quote Madame Royale's own account of her unhappy little brother's end, which forms the conclusion of the journal.

"Luckily his illness did not cause him much suffering: it was rather a sort of stupor and depression than active pain; he was consumed like an old man. He had several violent

crises, fever seized him, and, his strength always diminishing, he softly expired without agony on the 9th of June, at 3 o'clock of the afternoon, after having had the fever eight days, and lying in bed for two days. He was aged 10 years and 2 months.

"The commissaries wept bitterly, so much he had made himself beloved by them for his amiable qualities.

"He had a great deal of intellect, but his prison had done him much harm, and it is even to be feared that had he lived he might have become imbecile.

"He had all the good qualities of his father. Without the prison he would have been a great man, for he had character, loved his country and the great things which were to be done.

"It is not true that he was poisoned, as was and is still said. This is false by the testimony of the doctors who opened his body, and did not find the slightest trace of poison.

"The medicines which he took in his last illness were analysed, and found to be wholesome.

"He might have been poisoned by the commune, but that is false. The only poison which curtailed him of days is the want of cleanliness in which he lived for nearly a year, and the harshness with which he was treated.

"Such was the life of my virtuous and unfortunate relations during the last years of their august life.

"I attest that this memoir contains truth.

"MARIE-THERÈSE CHARLOTTE.

"Done at the tower of the Temple this 14th October [1795]."

If this journal, which comes to us, so to say, from the tomb, has power to touch the most indifferent bystander, to the writer of these lines its value is enhanced and its pathos intensified by a deeper and more personal feeling. As was said a little while ago, the original MS. of this journal was latterly in possession of the late Duchess of Madrid, with whose gracious

permission it was last autumn prepared for the press; and it was from H.R.H. herself that I received a copy of this work, bearing on the fly-leaf an affectionate dedication, and accompanied by a long interesting letter dated Viareggio, January 25, 1893.

Little, indeed, did I then think that this would be the last letter I should ever receive from the friend I had loved and revered for over thirty years; that scarcely four days later the hand which wrote it would be cold and stiff, and that bright and dauntless spirit have left us, to find in a better world that happiness denied to her here on earth!

A threefold exile through her father, her mother, and her husband, Princess Marguerite de Bourbon's life may be said to have been one long flight from land to land, everywhere seeking for rest and peace, but finding them nowhere. Daughter of Princess Louise de Bourbon, the last Mademoiselle de France, H.R.H. belonged by her mother's side to the exiled French Bourbons; by her father, the Duke of Parma, she was of the Italian Bourbons, expelled by Victor Emmanuel in 1859; and by her husband and cousin, Don Carlos, she was, as the rightful and legitimate Queen of Spain, likewise exiled from that country.

When her mother, the Dowager Duchess of Parma, who, since her husband's assassination, had been acting as regent for her son, Duke Robert, was expelled from Italy in 1859, it was on the shores of Lake Constance, just over the Swiss frontier, that she established herself at Chateau Wartegg, placing her two daughters, the Princesses Marguerite and Alix, to complete their education at the adjacent convent of the Sacré

Cœur at Riedenburg, by Bregenz, situated at the other, or Tyrolese side of the lake.

Our mothers had already been friends since childhood, ever since the time when the exiled King Charles X. had made of Holyrood Palace his temporary abode, along with his grandchildren, the Comte de Chambord and Mademoiselle, son and daughter of the murdered Duc de Berri; and here at Riedenburg thirty years later, it was my good fortune first to know the Princess Marguerite, and to form an acquaintance which, like that of our parents, speedily ripened into a lifelong friendship.

Gifted with a rare intelligence, a truly wonderful memory, and a genuine passion for study, Princess Marguerite de Bourbon would, even without the prestige attached to a royal name, have always been one of the most noteworthy and prominent figures in this school, numbering about a hundred boarders. Treated with strict impartiality by her teachers, she distinguished herself in almost every branch of science and literature, and the numerous prizes she carried off over less favoured companions were fairly won without favour or flattery.

Unaffected and genial in manner, the Princess was beloved by all her school-fellows, for she had the rare gift of putting herself in sympathy with every one she met, and of never making a single enemy. In the autumn of 1863 she left school; and soon after, in February 1864, had the misfortune to lose her idolised mother, carried off at Venice by gastric fever after a few days' illness. After this bereavement she found a home in the house of her uncle, the Comte de Chambord, with whom she remained until her marriage in 1867 to her cousin Don Carlos of Spain,

her junior by a year, and nephew to the Comtesse de Chambord.

This union—in every way a mistaken and ill-advised one—was further disturbed by political complications and intrigues, which space forbids me to do more than touch upon here, so that even the paltry boon of a quiet retreat was for many years denied to the unfortunate Princess. From 1868, when she left Austria to join her husband in Paris, in view of the then preparing Carlist movement, till 1882, when she finally settled down in Italy, it was her fate, Ahasuerus-like, to flee from land to land, in search of that repose which continued to evade her. When at two different times Don Carlos was peremptorily forced to leave Paris, she followed him into exile, first to Switzerland and then to England, with rare self-abnegation careful only to devote herself to her children's education, and shield, so far as lay in her power, her husband's position and dignity.

Finally, in 1882, when it had become evident that Don Carlos's chances in Spain had come to an end for the nonce, the Duchess retired with her children to Viareggio, near Pisa, a property which she had inherited from her grandfather, Charles II., Duke of Parma, who in 1849 had abdicated in favour of his son, Charles III.,¹ where she made her permanent residence, save for a few months in summer occasionally spent at Frohsdorf, near Vienna—Don Carlos, on his side, selecting Venice as his principal home.

Here, therefore, at Viareggio, surrounded by her five children, and leading a simple patriarchal life, the Duchess, as she herself expressed it, found at last some

degree of that peace, if not happiness, which had hitherto been denied her. An early riser, and of active habits, she was an excellent housekeeper, and devoted much attention to gardening and the vine-culture on her estate, as well as to the education of her children, every detail of which she personally directed; while simultaneously contriving to find time for decorative painting on porcelain, wood, and parchment, for which she possessed considerable talent, as well as for very extensive reading of every sort in French, Spanish, German, English, and Italian, all of which languages she spoke and read with almost equal facility. Essentially French in the quickness and vivacity of her turn of mind, the Duchess had inherited from her mother the gift of singularly brilliant conversational powers, which rendered her most fascinating in society, without, however, the slightest trace of that conceit or undue self-assertion which so often attaches to otherwise gifted persons; while her sparkling wit and keen sense of humour were chastened and counterbalanced by shrewd common-sense and a rare intuition of human nature. Her vivid and rapid perception of the ridiculous was absolutely untainted by the slightest shade of ill-natured sarcasm; and if her temper was occasionally quick—as could not be otherwise in a person of her temperament—so was she likewise endowed with a great and generous sympathy for others, as well as a consideration most uncommon in persons of her rank for the feelings and requirements of her dependants.

Possessing in superlative degree

¹ Charles III., Duke of Parma, and father of the Duchess of Madrid, was assassinated in 1854.

the almost forgotten art of letter-writing, those who, like myself, had the privilege to be among H.R.H.'s regular correspondents, were able to appreciate the extent and variety of talents which it is scarcely too much to define by the name of genius.

Her active brain would not permit her to remain idle for a single moment, and those who have been able to watch her in the intimacy of daily life can only marvel that a woman's brain should have been capable of bearing the strain of such ceaseless and continued exertion. She never took a rest, never suffered herself to enjoy a single day of mere idle relaxation, and it may well be that this excessive mental activity served to accelerate her death. Once only, when I ventured to remonstrate with H.R.H. on the subject of the little rest she allowed herself, she answered me with an expression I shall never forget,—“I cannot do otherwise than keep my mind busy from morning to night, for I dare not allow myself to stop and think.” Another time, when I had advised her to go and see Sarah Bernhard in one of her great tragic parts, which I had been describing as delightfully harrowing, she replied that this was unnecessary, as she could get all the tragedy she wanted out of her own life without the trouble of having to go to the theatre for it, and that when she went to the play she preferred to see a good comedy which would make her laugh. Yet such was the power of self-control of this admirable woman, that few but her most intimate friends were able to guess at the depth of suffering hidden away beneath her apparent high spirits, and which would only assert itself at rare moments of despondency.

The Duchess of Madrid had long been suffering from a nervous disorder, clearly the result of the trials she had endured; but it appears to have been a stroke of cerebral paralysis which, swiftly and painlessly, put an end to her life on the morning of the 29th of January 1893.

Deeply pious by nature, the Duchess fulfilled the religious duties of her Church with conscientious precision; making it also her special care that all those under her charge should do the same. Along with her children and the members of her household, she attended daily mass in the chapel at Viareggio, and had there received the sacraments on the morning preceding her death.

Though in appearance Princess Marguerite de Bourbon's career was marked by less tragic incidents than that of her august relative, Madame Royale, we who have had occasion to look behind the scenes, do not hesitate to affirm that she as fully deserved a martyr's crown as any member of the unfortunate Royal family interred in the Temple a hundred years ago. There are greater degrees of human torture than those to which the senseless fury of an uneducated rabble exposes its victims, and those sufferings are often the keenest to which is refused the solace of proclaiming them aloud. If, therefore, the unfortunate daughter of Louis XVI. has a strong claim on public sympathy, may not in like manner the great-grand-daughter of the last French monarch be entitled to some share of the interest attached to those whose heroic and blameless lives have furnished the strongest argument in favour of the monarchical system, by worthily illustrating the truth of the time-honoured adage that *noblesse oblige*?

SUMMERS AND WINTERS AT BALMAWHAPPLE.

NO. VI.—MARK'S TROUBLE.

I.

THE Balmawhapple Lodge or Order of Ancient Kettledrummers were in session. It was the Lodge to which our Philistines mainly belonged, and they had been brought together by a report that Mark Holdfast was to become a candidate for the representation in Parliament of our royal and ancient burgh. The old member (Sir Andrew had been returned again and again without a contest) was at the point of death (so they said), and Rumour had been busy as to his successor. The Ancient Kettledrummers, it was whispered, had a candidate ready in the person of Jacob Corbie; but when it came to be understood that Mark was to stand (and Mark had not ceased to be popular with his old friends the fishers—an important section of the constituency), the conviction that a stronger man would be needed to fight the battle became general. A special meeting of the Kettledrummers had accordingly been summoned by the Secretary, who was their legal adviser, and the active partner in the well-known firm of Corbie & Co., solicitors in Balmawhapple. Peter Corbie (who was Jacob's cousin) had inherited the legal business which had been established by his grandfather (Tammas Corbie) towards the end of last century. Its repute had been always rather ambiguous until it became the organ, so to speak, of Evangelical Dissent. Both Jacob and Peter (the "Co." consisted mainly, though not exclusively, of Peter, for Jacob retained a nominal interest) had been

in their youth attached to the Established Church, but they had gone over to Nonconformity (in the person of the Reverend Abraham Macfulzie, Tertius) about the same time. None of the upper-class lawyers in Balmawhapple were Nonconformists, and when the social penalties against Dissent were removed, Peter felt that, from a business point of view, the opening ought not to be neglected. Jacob had followed. Dr Evergreen, for some reason or other, had been his early patron. Jacob's greasy gratitude had been effusive, and in course of time he had, through the Doctor's good offices, become the "ruling elder" in the Doctor's kirk. Then history had repeated itself with its persistent monotony. "Pike's" eyes were opened. He discovered that "innovations" were dangerous novelties devised by the Great Enemy of Gospel Truth, and that Dr Evergreen in his ecclesiastical crusade had laid profane hands upon the Ark of the Covenant. So Jacob was quite prepared to discharge a duty which had been too long neglected, and to bring his spiritual father before the courts of the Church. It might be a painful duty; considering his early obligations to the Doctor (which had possibly, however, been unduly magnified) it was decidedly so in his case; but the more painful a duty was, the more urgently did it claim to be performed. The Lord would require it at his hand.

Corbie had failed on that occasion—failed ignominiously; and an

ugly mark had been placed against his name. Even his partisans admitted that his ingratitude was just a shade too shameless. It was then that he discovered that a State Church was an odious anomaly, repugnant to Scripture, and the religious equality of Tom, Dick, and Harry.

There was considerable discussion at the Lodge meeting, in which many well-known Kettledrummers—the laird of Kirkstone, the meal and butter merchant, “G. G.,” and Jacob himself—took part; but the plan of campaign ultimately adopted was, I have been told, devised by the Secretary. Holdfast, he pointed out, was a most formidable opponent, and if it was true that he was going to stand, they would require to engage a social or political star of the first magnitude. Was it possible that an overture to Mr Poundwell, who had been recently released from jail, would be favourably entertained by that gentleman? Mr Poundwell’s zeal had no doubt got him into temporary trouble. In the pursuit, like Mrs Brownrigg, of an ethical ideal, he had been condemned, as Mrs Brownrigg had been condemned, by a matter-of-fact jury and a cold-blooded judge.¹ But the People (with a big P) appreciated his motives; and his reminiscences of Bridewell had become the vogue, and were highly esteemed. His record otherwise was beyond challenge. He was

dead against the Church established by law, holding that each man should be his own pastor as well as his own master; the coercion of the criminal court was a hateful interference with the liberty of the subject; and the Land must be either nationalised, or, better still, divided *per capita* among sound Radicals. A candidate of this stamp, he ventured to think, would carry all before him; and the suggestion was unanimously approved. A telegram was despatched that very evening, and next morning the reply was received: “Am gratified beyond measure. Please issue my programme without a moment’s delay—*Payment of Members, and Purity all round.*—POUNDWELL.”

“This is all very well,” Peter said to himself, as he trotted back to his office (there was something noticeably sly and dounce and pawky in his walk as in his wit), “but unless we can tar and feather our friend over the way, that cock won’t fight. Holdfast must have his weak point, like the rest of us,—some of us, they say, have more than one,—if we could lay hold of his butler or his shoe-black, something, I daresay, might turn up. But we must beware of that confounded ‘Tomahawk,’—the scalps of the Kettledrummers will be going dog-cheap if we don’t.”

Next morning the walls were placarded:—

¹ “Dost thou ask her crime?”

SHE WHIPPED TWO FEMALE 'PRENTICES TO DEATH
AND HID THEM IN THE COAL-HOLE. For her mind
Shap'd strictest plans of discipline. Sage schemes!
Such as Lycurgus taught, when at the shrine
Of the Orthyan Goddess he bade flog
The little Spartans; such as erst chastised
Our Milton, when at College. For this act
Did Brownrigg swing. Harsh laws! But time shall come
When France shall reign, and laws be all repealed!”

POUNDWELL FOR BALMAWHAPPLE.

PAYMENT OF MEMBERS
AND
PURITY ALL ROUND.

But, as it turned out, the expense of printing might have been saved. In the course of the day it was authoritatively announced —(1) That Sir Andrew (who was never better in his life) had no intention of retiring; and (2) that, whether Sir Andrew did or did not retire, Mark did not intend to stand.

So that the narrative of the

famous election fight at Balma-whapple is necessarily delayed in the meantime. It belongs to a later book of this history—to the Present, not to the Past. And yet, though it took place barely thirty years ago, it is already ancient history. Oblivion scattereth her poppies. The honest yeoman who said in the witness-box the other day that he had lived on his land from time immemorial was not so far wrong as the audience fancied when they laughed. The pace grows more and more furious as we near the goal, and the newspapers of 1860 are already further away from us than Homer or Jeremiah.

II.

But though the election was put off, the Kettledrummers had a preliminary canter on the lines indicated by the "Co."

The very latest and most scientific system of defence has its weak side. No armour is proof at all points against Fate. Let a man build as cunningly as he may, he will leave some chink or loophole through which the enemy may enter. Ugly malevolence hunting round the outworks with its nose to the ground (as its way is) will find its industry ultimately rewarded. Mark held his head high; but (as the "Co." had shrewdly suspected) Mark had his weak point like the rest of us. The weak point was young Hartley—Hartley Hacket—the son of a far-away cousin, who had been brought up and befriended by Mark.

The editor of the 'Tomahawk,' when in a cynical mood, has been heard to declare that the temptation to give way to a charitable impulse (from which the best of men are not free) should be strenuously resisted and sternly repressed.

The remark was made, I think, after the issue of the events which I am about to record. A direct connection could, no doubt, be traced between "Mark's trouble" and what are called "the dictates of humanity." Had he declined to meddle when the forlorn estate of the helpless Hartley was first brought to his notice, much subsequent annoyance would have been saved. And yet there are sentimentalists who are persuaded that he acted rightly, and that the epigram which declares that one never does a kindness without regretting it afterwards is radically false.

I was away from home a good deal that summer—the summer of 1859 it must have been, if I am not mistaken. Many of our clients were interested in the Greenland whale-fishing—twenty large vessels left our port every spring—and the difficulty of procuring experienced hands had been growing year by year. It was thought that among the outlying islands competent seamen might

be found; and I had been commissioned to visit Fair Isle, Foula, and other bare rocks in the Atlantic to see what arrangements could be made for the rapidly growing trade on which the future prosperity of the "broch" was to depend.¹ It was the one distant expedition I have ever made. In spite of my infirmity I was, as I have indicated, a good sailor; and those cloudless summer nights, when we seemed to hang in mid-air, and it was never really dark, save where a precipice twelve hundred feet high rose between us and the dawn, are not to be forgotten.

I have to set down here, therefore, not a little that I afterwards learnt at second-hand from those who had been on the spot at the time.

It was matter of notoriety throughout our community that certain of the Balmawhapple Holdfasts had been less lucky than Mark. There was, for instance, a family of Hackets in the next parish claiming kinship with him (through a marriage which had been deemed a *mésalliance* by the Admiral), who were little better than yeomen. A barren patch of moorland above the Heughs—where the peregrine and raven nest—was all that remained to them. They had gone down in the world, had dwindled away into absolute insignificance, until the last representative, after a drunken debauch, had tumbled into a handy peat-hag, and so come to an untimely end. He left a single child—a year-old boy—whose mother, wearying of the

monotony of the lonely cottage among the moors, had thought fit to run away with a travelling tinker soon after her son's birth. Mark took pity upon the little waif—fatherless and worse than motherless. Hartley was brought up and educated by his kinsman. He was boarded for several years with Dr Evergreen, and thereafter with the Rector of the Balmawhapple Academy, a school with a high reputation for accurate scholarship, where gentle and simple met, according to the kindly custom of the time. He had no turn, however, for learning, and it was ultimately decided that he should be apprenticed with a neighbouring farmer. But during his residence in Balmawhapple the immature Hartley had been thrown a good deal into the society of the younger Corbies (Peter was the father of a numerous family, male and female, and Pike's daughter Nicola, or "Nicky," as they called her, was one of the romps of the Balmawhapple dancing-school), who were not improving companions; and the boy undoubtedly saw and heard much which did him no good. Hence when he was transferred to the upland sheep-farm, the lessons which he had learnt in the Balmawhapple byways bore such fruit as might be expected. Of his foolish escapades it would be tedious and unprofitable to write. For much indeed that was evil and of evil repute in his career the poor lad could hardly be held responsible. He had been harmless enough until he was exposed to infection. He had contracted the

¹ There has been considerable discussion, I observe, as to the precise locality of "the broch"; for the benefit of controversialists and the information of anxious inquirers, I extract a sentence from the revised edition of 'Urn-Burial': "What song the syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture; but which of the wise men knoweth Balmawhapple?"

moral *malaise* from others who had taken advantage of his weakness and facility.

I fear it must be admitted, however, that he contracted infection very readily. The soil had been carefully prepared for a rank growth by a thriftless father and a vicious mother; and it is possible that the responsibility for this black (or brown) sheep did not begin with them, but went further back than any record in family Bible (or elsewhere) remains. The law of heredity by which good or evil qualities have been transmitted from the dashing Cavalier or the austere Puritan of the seventeenth century to the men and women we meet in the street is still unsettled. That the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children to (let us say) the tenth or twelfth generation is one of those tremendous facts which an improved ethical method has failed to explain away. Mark had shown infinite patience. He had liked the lad, who had some of the engaging qualities of the rolling stone; for the rolling stone is often more interesting than the stone which remains sedately stationary. Over and over Hartley was picked out of the mud by a kindly hand; over and over the ugly, if logical, developments of his questionable parentage were forgiven. But the gipsy taint could not be eradicated. The very latest experiment (it had been tried now for a year or two) had been as little successful as its predecessors. Mark had given him an outlying farm on his Cuddie-

stane estate at a nominal rent. Had he applied himself to the work with only ordinary diligence he might have prospered; for in the fifties farming was still fairly profitable. But he left the farm to take care of itself, and spent his days, and, still worse, his nights, in Balmawhapple. My father's remonstrances (my father was the factor on the estate) were unheeded or treated with disrespect; and we were forced at last to advise Mark that, if the land was not to return to a state of nature, a new and thriftier tenant must be found. Mark yielded reluctantly, and only to a certain extent,—my father was instructed to warn Hartley that if he persisted in spending his time elsewhere in unprofitable idleness, the day of reckoning could not be delayed.

This was the situation when Jacob and Peter Corbie met in the inner office of the "Co." on a sultry summer afternoon to consider what should be done. Poundwell had promised to visit the constituency, and the question whether it might not be possible to turn Hartley's strained relations with his landlord to political account, naturally presented itself to their minds. Jacob would have preferred, had it been possible, to embark on a theological adventure. Heresy-hunting was the sport he most thoroughly enjoyed. Mark had once said, half in jest, that Coleridge's great lines (they are to be found in one of those miraculous fragments which are now wellnigh forgotten)¹

¹ "Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
It hath not been my use to pray
With moving lips or bended knees;
But silently, by slow degrees,
My spirit I to Love compose,
In humble trust mine eyelids close,
With reverential resignation,

No wish conceived, no thought expressed,
Only a sense of supplication;
A sense o'er all my soul imprint
That I am weak, yet not unblest,
Since in me, round me, everywhere
Eternal strength and wisdom are."

were better than Creed or Confession. It was an imprudent thing to say when there were Philistines about; and it had been subsequently used by "Pike" on more than one occasion to prove that Mark was *not*—"sound in the essentials." But the proposal to make it the text of another polemic did not commend itself to Peter's more robust, if coarser, common-sense. The burning of heretics, like the burning of witches, had fallen into desuetude. "Poundwell and Purity" was a fairly good war-cry; and Hartley's imminent eviction—might not something be made of *that*? The hard and heartless landlord; the wild moorland waste; the houseless tenant exposed to the inclemencies of the weather,—was not *that* a theme which, broadly and trenchantly treated, might bring down the house? "But, Jacob, mind what you are about. Beware of the 'Tomahawk'! A little friendly sympathy may not prove amiss,—only nothing compromising in black and white, if you please." It was with this rather freezing admonition that the cooler and more cautious member of the firm closed the conference.

It afterwards transpired that Hartley had come by the mail-gig as far as a rustic place of entertainment in the neighbourhood of Balmawhapple—the public-house at Birse—where he was met by Mark's old keeper, John Farquhar,—a worthy man in his way, who had probably got a hint that it would go hard with the lad if he were again seen in "the broch." John had taught more than one generation of Holdfasts to handle a gun and land a salmon; and a Scottish keeper who has "entered you with the rottens" is privileged ever afterwards to speak his mind.

Hartley had still a few shillings in his pocket, and he ordered luncheon. The landlord was a rough diamond, surly and ill-conditioned, and he showed no desire to be saddled with a guest like this fine and rather supercilious young gentleman, who had obviously quarrelled with his bread and butter, and whose manners were somewhat imperative for the taste of an East Country Radical. Would he go on, or would he return? The alternative was still open to him. The mail—the return mail—started in half an hour; no conveyance was to be had at the inn; it was a ten-mile tramp to Balmawhapple. He had almost made up his mind to pocket his pride, and take his place (as John had advised him) beside Forsyth the guard; unluckily while he hesitated he found in the pocket of his greatcoat an unopened letter from the "Co."—a letter in which, with much emotional unction, his cause was espoused (Jacob's best wishes were at his service, and he would not forget him in his prayers); and which was covertly but virtually an invitation to Balmawhapple, and an incitement to open war. It had been thrust into his hand in the grey of the morning as he was leaving the farm, and he now mechanically broke the seal.

Poor Hartley yielded to the tempter, and having finished his frugal meal (the ham was rancid and the beer stale), and left his portmanteau with the gruff landlord to be forwarded next morning by the local carrier, he started to walk to "the broch."

Hartley was very dusty and footsore when he got to Balmawhapple in company with "Whip-the-Cat," the peripatetic tailor of the district, who informed him that he was "takin' the same

road." He was rather ashamed to look the townspeople he met in the face; for he was a bit of a dandy, and vain of his appearance; and he knew that he was looking more like a tramp than a gentleman. He slunk along, having left "Whip-the-Cat" at the "Bull and Bagpipes" in the outskirts, until he came to the Deacon's Wynd, where "Pike" lived. The Deacon's Wynd is a rather picturesque lane which leads uphill from the Old Manse to the High Church,—the church from which, as I have said, under circumstances that have not been forgotten, Corbie had tried to evict Dr Evergreen.

Corbie shuffled out in a pair of slippers down at the heel, which a female admirer of mature years (highly obnoxious to Nicky) had worked for him. He was visibly embarrassed. He had not expected to be taken at his word; and it might prove inconvenient were Hartley found under his roof. "Alas! my dear young friend, there is not a spare room in our humble abode. But I will get a bed for you with that blessed Christian woman, Mrs Sarah Cuttle, and you will occupy the prophet's chamber. Did you meet any one you knew on the road?"

No—he had seen, or been seen by, no one.

But Hartley was mistaken. At that moment a pair of the keenest eyes in Balmawhapple were upon him.

Dr Jackson had been sitting by the bedside of a patient across the street when Hartley, dusty and footsore, arrived at Corbie's door. He saw Jacob open it, and his suspicions were roused.

"There is mischief brewing," said the doctor to himself. "Our dearly beloved Pike is at his old tricks."

Then the door was shut.

Poor Hartley had a bad time of it at the Christian Widow's. He was virtually in hiding; and the only literature the Widow owned was a copy of 'Blatherwick on Effectual Calling.' Moreover, she was a bad cook, and her greasy chops were not appetising. For a gentleman who had been used to the best that the *chef* at the "St Abb's Arms" could supply, the prospect altogether was not alluring.

But Jacob in the meantime had not been idle. He had made a mental note of all the Kettle-drummers, male and female, who had a grudge against Mark. Then he shut himself up in the back-room of the "Co.," and addressed a letter—a characteristic letter—to each of them. Though he had had little leisure for historical or general reading, he was satisfied with his modest attainments (everything about Jacob was "modest," when it was not "humble"). His conscience was his guide—not the *ignis fatuus* of intellect.

"He knows, and knows no more, his Bible true,
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew."

It would ill become him, indeed, to compare himself with the Good Samaritan; but unlike the Priest and the Levite (office-bearers in the Church established by law), he had declined to pass by on the other side. He had taken the out-cast in; had found lodgings for him with a discreet Christian widow; had become responsible for his board. He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord, &c., &c. It was a long letter: I give the substance only.

"Pike" had lighted the match; and the explosion, he knew, was bound to come in due time. There

was indeed little delay. The Kepple buggy was the first to ascend the Deacon's Wynd. It was followed by others as the day passed; and in the course of the afternoon David Dewar arrived

with "G. G." and the butter merchant. The conspirators were unanimous. It was agreed on all hands that something must be done; and that, as a first step, Poundwell should be summoned.

III.

A fortnight afterwards Poundwell arrived.

A private meeting of the Kettle-drummers had been called to meet the coming candidate. There had been a mistake about the day, however, and no one attended except the Secretary. This is the reason probably why only a few words towards the close of the conversation have been preserved.

Mr Poundwell. Then, Mr Corbie, what would you advise?

Peter. It might be well, Mr Poundwell, to direct the attention of the meeting at the outset to the personal aspects of the case, and an instructive contrast might be drawn between the confiding innocence of the youthful occupier and the cupidity and brutality of the privileged class to which the landlord belongs.

Mr P. I flatter myself that my feelings towards privilege, civil and religious, are tolerably well known.

Peter. I have no doubt that is so, and possibly a few words in passing upon the indecent (if not adulterous) connection between Church and State might be appreciated. Then, sir, the culpability—may I not say the criminality?—of owning land, is a theme that appeals to the heart (and pocket) of every occupier; and much might be made of the cruelty of an Eviction (a blessed word, Mr Poundwell!) which is peculiarly calculated to wound the sentiment of the community. You may have heard, sir, that under existing

contracts in this part of the country the rent of land is paid by the tenant. Does it not occur to you that the man who, from no fault of his own, is forced to till the soil (a degrading occupation) should be remunerated by the owner for his time and toil?

Mr P. Unquestionably.

Peter. They may tell you possibly that the tenant they have turned adrift has been idle and thriftless. But how can it be otherwise, Mr Poundwell? What sense of self-respect can there be among the cultivators of the soil so long as the owner is entitled to insist on a rotation of crops and the introduction of artificial manures?

Mr P. You hit the nail on the head, Mr Corbie.

Peter. The factor may allege, as indeed they all do, that the land will return to a state of nature. But you have told us yourself, Mr Poundwell, that in a corrupt and aristocratic society a return to nature is earnestly to be desired.

Mr P. Emphatically so.

Peter (in continuation). The nationalisation of the land, while it remunerates the tenant, will enrich the community.

Mr P. We know that it will.

Peter. But before the land is resumed by the nation, its prairie value—that is, its value in a state of nature—must be ascertained. To nationalise it on the basis of existing values would be criminal folly.

Mr P. Wicked extravagance,

Mr Corbie, wicked extravagance. (*After a pause.*) Mr Corbie, I have made a note of your arguments, which appear to me to be unanswerable. Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity are in the air. The relations between landlord and tenant (as well as those between parent and child, and husband and wife) are being carefully reconsidered by the best intellects among us. And you think that an exposition of sound democratic principles, as applied to agriculture, on a public platform might be attended with advantage?

Peter. Most assuredly. A public meeting, Mr Poundwell, on the basis of occupier against owner, of philanthropy *versus* privilege, would have an excellent effect in Balmawhapple.

So it was resolved.

Meanwhile poor Hartley, looking very white and miserable, was permitted to leave his lodgings and walk about the town. He hung about the bar of "The White Bear" (a tavern largely patronised

by seafarers) a good deal, listening idly to the talk about the Far North, about whales, and seals, and icebergs, and the midnight sun, and the long winter darkness. He had no particular vices, poor lad, and the rough seamen took kindly to him. The bar, during the evenings especially, was pleasant and cosy; and it was rather a trial to return to the stuffy lodgings and the ill-cooked supper. Corbie had begun to grow snappish as the weeks passed, and no one came forward to repay his "modest" advances; and Nicky had other fish to fry. It is a terribly lonely world when you are quite by yourself in it; and there was hardly a night when the young fellow did not bitterly regret the false step that he had taken. The cheery farm-steading with its pigs, and poultry, and black-faced sheep, and breezy moorlands, and wide outlook over sea and land, became to him, as he looked back, a most choice possession—a House Beautiful among the Delectable Mountains.

IV.

I was standing with Dr Jackson in the High Street when the Balmawhapple bellman in his red coat (of which we are all proud), came round the corner. The bell having been duly rung, Matty proceeded:—

"This—is—to—give—notice—to—all—concerned—that—a—meeting—will—be—held—this—evening—in—the—West—Kirk—at—which—a—gross—case—of—a—grarr-i-an—in-hu-man-i-ty—will—be—exposed—and—resolutions—moved—by—Mister—Pound-well—and—others—the—Provost—in—the—chair—all—are—in-vit-ed."

The Doctor pricked up his ears. "I'll bet you this has something to

do with that lad," he said, pointing to Hartley, who was listlessly contemplating the gleaming teeth and terrific paws of the White Bear. "A notecame to me the other night, meant for somebody else, which I begin to understand. Callum, my boy, I'll be there."

He mopped his head viciously, and disappeared.

My father pooh-poohed the suggestion when we met at dinner; but it turned out that the Doctor was right.

A little after seven there was the steady tramp-tramp which is heard of a Sunday evening in Balmawhapple when "the Kirk is scaling"; and before eight the hall

of the West Church was inconveniently crowded.

The Provost, an oracular personage who shook his head with the gravity of a Burleigh, and on the strength of that shake maintained a reputation for preternatural acuteness—a reputation which lasted him till his death, when it was discovered that he had always been wrong—took the chair. He was a butter and egg merchant, and, as the Castle people were among his customers, he occupied the chair (as he was careful to explain) in his official capacity only; and thereupon without further preface called upon their good friend Mr Poundwell to move the first resolution.

The first resolution was to the effect that if her Majesty's Government did not remove Mark Holdfast, Esquire, from the Commission of Peace for the county, her Majesty's Government would have to reckon with Balmawhapple.¹

Then Mr Poundwell rose amid vehement applause, which was not entirely confined to Peter, "G. G.," and the butcher's boy in the back gallery. He began by saying—but, no—the very words of the orator must be given:—

"Fellow-citizens of no mean city—(*cheers for Balmawhapple*)—I am proud to be associated with the protest which you are about to make to-night. This is not an age in which the Indian slave-driver can safely insist on what he calls his rights; and in Balmawhapple—(*renewed cheering*)—he will find that their exercise is attended with even greater inconvenience than

elsewhere. The question, fellow-citizens, is a simple one,—Are we, or are we not, to suffer an oriental autocrat to ride rough-shod over the youngest and meanest among us! (*'What's he?' and shouts of 'Pike' from under the gallery.*) We were all boys once. (*'And weel licket we were.'*) That, my friends, was before the era of emancipation, before the reign of the higher law had begun. (*'The higher fiddlesticks,' from near the door.*) We have discovered in the interval that there is something supremely interesting, as well as—may I not say?—intrinsically democratic, in the untutored instincts of the boy. (*'The Nickums,' from the voice at the door.*) An eminent authority has assured us that all babies are born good—(*'That's a lee!' from an emphatic female in the front gallery*)—and it is undoubtedly true that in them, as in the aboriginal savage, before kings and creeds were invented, we see human nature at its best and brightest. It is good for us to be with them. We are then brought face to face with naked truth; then we enter the field of fundamental law and primitive usage; then we divest ourselves of garments which civilisation has shaped, but which do not fit us. (*'That's aye for you, Sandy,'—Sandy being the local tailor. He is nervous, and blushes, which adds to the force and enjoyment of the joke.*) It is through the child himself, fresh from—from—(*'the pump'*)—fresh from heaven, that ineffable lessons are to be learnt. But how very otherwise, my friends, is it

¹ According to the report in the 'Tomahawk,' Mr Jacob Corbie "opened the meeting with a copious and explanatory prayer." Though in the semi-political sect to which the Corbies belonged prayer is not unfrequently used as a medium for conveying information, I am satisfied that the 'Tomahawk' was mistaken. Possibly, as Charles Lamb would have said, "it was only his f-f-fun."

with us! How seldom, and with what reluctance, do we avail ourselves of our privileges! The innocent—may I not say the exemplary?—criminalities of childhood are austere repressed. On all hands the walls of an effete domestic superstition rise round the growing boy and hem him in. If in the exercise of a most laudable curiosity he puts his fingers into the jam-pot, or sticks a pin into the bloated and indolent aristocrat that purrs upon the rug, or tramps with serenely seraphic enjoyment upon its companion's tail, or cuts the letters of his name upon the mahogany sideboard, or draws unspeakable Turks upon the wallpaper of the drawing-room, or knocks over the lamp and sets fire to the house,—in these, and similar cases where the gratification of a purely scientific curiosity is undoubtedly the ruling motive, force, brute force, my friends, is applied to a part of his person to which in a mixed meeting I need not more particularly refer. Fellow-citizens, force is no remedy; and in the case of the curious and unwearied seeker after truth it is a hideous and lamentable anomaly. Ladies and gentlemen, has it come to this? Is our young friend (*pointing to Hartley in the organ-loft*), who has only recently attained his majority, to be thrust, by the bayonets of lawless mercenaries and the batons of a ferocious constabulary, from the peaceful home where his household gods and the ashes of his ancestors repose? I have said that he has only recently attained his majority; but don't mistake me. I am not wedded to one-and-twenty. One-and-twenty is no doubt an artificial distinction, drawn by ignorance, indorsed by superstition, and maintained by ('*Skittles*') fraud; and we shall abolish one-and-twenty when

we abolish primogeniture, with which indeed it is closely connected (*cheers*). No child has a right to be born before the rest—(*continued cheering*)—and the injustice shall be remedied whenever we are in office. ('*Dinna fash your thoomb, from the door.*') But it is not a mere question of individual hardship; more, much more, is involved; ladies and gentlemen, THE SACRED RIGHT OF INSUBORDINATION is being vindicated to-night. ('*That's it—down wi' the pöllice!*') When (*the orator proceeded*) I hear the minions of an effete and barbarous feudalism prating, as they will prate, of 'Law and Order,' my bowels are moved. Law and Order indeed! What is 'Law and Order' but the convenient euphemism of a corrupt but privileged class? Order is as sterile as Sahara. We make a wilderness and we call it peace: it is not peace; it is the stagnation of the grave. Believe me, my friends, there can be no vitalising, no fructifying energy in a base conformity to rule. It is disobedience that quickens the dry bones. Disorganisation is life and progress. The healthy tumult of anarchy is better, infinitely and everywhere better, than the stale conventions of Order, or the hideous monotony of Law."

Though it was generally felt that there was an appreciable remoteness between the emotion of the orator and the object of the meeting, Mr Poundwell resumed his seat amid continued cheering, having moved the first resolution.

After this "ootbrak," the audience were plainly indisposed to listen to more. Jacob was to have moved the second resolution, pledging the meeting to assist Mr Hartley Hacket in raising an action of damages for defamation

against an insolent and despotic landlord; but he did it in dumb show only. The people wanted a little fun; and every sentence was interrupted by uproarious laughter or greeted with derisive cheers. Corbie shuffled uneasily from one foot to the other, and though the furtive smile did not leave his lips, the anger in his heart blazed through his eyes. He tried to be solemn; he tried to be jocose; neither would answer. A tear trickled down his cheek when he alluded to the feelings of his dear young Christian friend, to whom letters entirely deficient in true politeness, and the deference that a landlord owed to his tenant, had been addressed; then, amid cries of "Dinna greet," he brushed it away quite openly (it left a slimy mark on the back of his hand), and proceeded to express a confident expectation that an incorruptible Balmawhapple jury, that Palladium of British liberty, would give, not excessive, but exemplary damages.

As "Pike" sat down a sepulchral voice was heard from under the gallery,—*"The Congregation will now join in singing the first three verses of 'The Twa Corbies.'"* The intimation elicited shouts of laughter (for the "Twa Corbies" was an ancient joke in Balmawhapple), and before the mirth had subsided the same muffled voice *"gave out the line,"* the audience joining in with immense fervour:—

*"As I was walking all alone,
I heard twa Corbies makin' a maen;
The tane unto the tither did say,
'Whaur sall we twa dine the day?'"*

In spite of these and similar diversions, however, it was clear that the audience (especially the noisy lads from the Ronheads, who had been gradually becoming more restive, if not more actively

hostile, less disposed at least to look upon the whole entertainment as a good or bad joke) had had enough of it; and "G. G." wisely contented himself with reading the resolution that stood in his name—

"That a Collection be made to pay expenses."

"I second that," said the voice at the door, as its owner precipitately disappeared into the night. Nothing could have had a happier or more electrical effect; it was as soothing as the Riot Act or a thunderstorm. The hall was cleared with a rush; and before the "ladles" (how well I remember these venerable relics!) could be handed round, the "kirk had scaled," and the leaders of the agitation were left alone with the beadle.

"It will read weel in the papers," said that impartially sympathetic functionary as he put the empty "ladles" and the big Bible out of sight.

Well, the newspapers, although they gave brief reports (confined mainly to the more humorous aspects of the meeting), did not say much. The editor of our Radical Daily appeared to be rather ashamed of his friends,—probably sharing the feeling (for he was a good fellow, and a first-rate angler) which was quite frankly expressed by the Tory 'Tomahawk.' The 'Tomahawk' was satisfied that the men who used such weapons could not be gentlemen—at heart they were cads. They had repudiated the rudimentary decencies which obtain among men of honour, and which keep society from degenerating into a bear-garden. To hit below the belt was base; but this was what they had done. Let them go to old Pam if they liked—Pam would give them a bit of his mind.

Nobody supposed that "Pike" was a gentleman; but "G. G.," with his butler and his buttons, and his griffins and his unicorns!—And so on.

I do not know whether Mark saw the reports or not. He hated notoriety with his whole soul, and if the wretched scandal did reach him it must have inflicted such torture as a hot iron inflicts. But he never spoke of it; he was a reticent man, who held that even among friends silence is golden; only the lines under the grey eyes grew blacker, and the lips more bloodless.

Hartley did not gain much by the meeting. Men looked askance at the poor lad who had been forced into such disastrous prominence. Even the company at the "White Bear" began to avoid him. Then he would slink away to his wretched lodging-house supper, and an unctuous lecture from Jacob. The evil elements in Corbie were coming to the top (his "modest" bill being still unsettled), and when that was the case Corbie was not pleasant—to man or woman.

This, however, could not go on for long, and the end came within the month. It was late on the Friday night—a Friday night towards the middle of September.

I was about to undress when I heard a soft tap on the window. My room is on the ground-floor, and looks into the garden. It was nearly midnight, but the yellow hunter's moon had risen, and a long lane of light lay upon the unquiet plain of water that stretched away to the horizon.

"Are you up, Callum?" said the Doctor, peering in at me through the open window. "We must get this foolish boy out of the way. It seems that he has got to loggerheads with the 'Co.' in a way

that may prove unpleasant. It is nothing very bad, I believe; but Peter is furious, and has laid an information with the Crown authorities. The Fiscal is a good fellow, who does not love the 'Co.,' and he gave me a hint. I have seen Mark, who has had a bad turn, and we must act for him. At his suggestion, I have got Hartley—the poor lad seems really sorry for what has occurred—to the Old Manse, where Dr Evergreen is taking charge of him until we come. One of the whaling steamers is in the bay; she sails with the first light; and I want you to have a boat ready to take him on board. Get old John Buchan if you can—he would do anything for Mark—Mark used to go with him to the deep-sea fishing years ago. Meantime I shall try to get the lad's belongings from his lodgings—if I can manage it quietly."

The Doctor darted off into the darkness, and, putting out the light, I went down to the fishers' quarter of the town, where John lived. The unsavoury suburb was all astir; the lines were being baited in the flickering lamp-light; the fleet were to leave with the first flow of the tide. I sought out John, who was yet barely awake; but he brightened up presently when I told him my errand, and he promised that his yawl would be lying under the sea-wall of the Old Manse at one sharp. It was now midnight.

The townspeople were fast asleep, and the gas was economically turned off, as I made my way along the shore to the Old Manse. Only the blue and red lights of the steamer were burning in the bay, though further off, near the point of the promontory, a star-like flash from the brilliant lamp which Mark kept in the Tower showed

that the inmates of Fast Castle were still up. It was a magical night—a night such as poets and tramps and woodcock love:

“The hush among the shining stars,
The calm upon the moonlit sea.”

The door of the Manse stood open, and I entered quietly. The evening devotions had been delayed by the arrival of the unexpected guest; but the household were now gathered in the parlour, and I could follow more or less distinctly the tremulous voice of the old man praying the Lord to guard those who had wandered from the fold, and to guide their feet into the way of peace. They were singing a verse from a good old Scottish paraphrase,—

“To an inheritance divine
He taught our hearts to rise;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
Unfading in the skies,”—

when I heard the Doctor's feet on the gravel. “We must hurry up,” he whispered. “Peter has come back with a warrant, as he pretends, from the High Court, and there is no saying what he may do. He is clean daft.”

The old man laid his withered hands upon Hartley's head, and gave him a last blessing. “Be a good lad,” he said; “be a good lad.”

The tears came into the boy's eyes as he turned away.

We went down noiselessly to the beach. The moon was high in heaven, and it was clear as day. The black shadows of the hedges lay across the path—cut sharply as by a knife. Cautiously we opened the wicket-gate in the sea-wall of the garden, and looked out. The sands lay white before us. Black sails were beginning to leave the harbour. At the little pier be-

neath our feet a boat was drawn up. I whistled softly; there was a low whistle in reply: the coast was clear. We glided down the steep path—the three of us—the Doctor, Hartley, and myself. When we reached the pier no time was lost; the oars were already in the water; John stood with one foot on the jetty, with one on the gunwale of the boat, ready to shove off. I grasped Hartley's hand, bidding him in a whisper to bear himself like a man, and all might yet be well; the Doctor bundled the portmanteau into the bow; and in another second four strong oars were driving the heavy boat through the phosphorescent water.

Even while we waited a shrill whistle came from the big ship. Steam was up; the anchor was in; she was eager to be off—to whale and iceberg. The boat glided alongside, and then after a moment's delay the two dark objects fell apart. Those on board the *Orion*—bound for Davis Straits and the great whaling-grounds beyond—would not see England again for two years.

The Doctor's gig was waiting for him at the corner of the Deacon's Wynd. “Even Pike is abed,” he said, glancing at the silent house beside us, “and sleeping the sleep of the just. Now, jump in; we must do the five miles in half an hour.”

“In half an hour?” I said, sleepily. Then I understood.

“I did not tell you, did I?—but for some days Mark has been ailing. You know how it is with him?” I nodded. “Well, I dread the effect of all this—these precious scamps will be the death of him—and I said I would come back, and let him know if all went well.”

The game little Highland pony

was doing its twelve miles, and as we entered the park gates we heard the big clock in the Tower strike two. The bells of Balmawhapple answered across the bay.

There was a light in the study, and figures were moving back and forwards. Manton, Mark's own man, met us at the door. He had heard the noise of the wheels.

"This way if you please, sir. He has been very bad all the evening, and I fear he is growing worse. He is quite alone now—he would not hear of Mrs Holdfast, who is far from well and quite worn out, sitting up any longer; but Jim and I have been with him most part of the night."

The Doctor ran lightly up the stairs; for a man of sixty he was surprisingly supple. We followed him.

Holdfast was sitting in his chair before the large oval table, which was covered with the books and papers he had been using; but his head had fallen forward on the open desk, and his arms were stretched out on either side. He must have suddenly fainted. To the unprofessional eye indeed it looked as if all were over.

But the Doctor was not a man easily daunted. He raised Mark gently, and with our aid laid him on the sofa. A half-filled

flask of brandy stood on the table. Without a moment's hesitation he poured the contents between the bloodless lips, which were slightly open.

"It is the last chance," he said, as he knelt beside him, and laid his ear to his heart. "What a curious thing life is!" he went on, looking up at us. "You can bring it back to the man who has been drowned, just as you set a pendulum swinging; and now it all depends upon a mouthful of brandy! What on earth can you make of such a glaring anachronism?" From the way he spoke, one who did not know him might have fancied that the Doctor was a mere man of science discussing an abstract question; whereas all the time he was in an agony of expectation.

Then the lips quivered, and the eyes slowly unclosed.

The spirit, or what passes for spirit—animula, blandula, vagula—had come back to the tenement which it had quitted.

"He will live now," the Doctor muttered to himself, as we carried Holdfast up-stairs. "Corbie has missed his mark. His modest bill will not be settled to-night."

This, as it afterwards appeared, was the crisis of the disease; from that night forward at least Mark continued to mend.

v.

And now one last word—before I put away the pen.

Another Twelfth of August—that high holiday of the English race—has come, and Mark is able once more to shoulder his gun.

The thick mist that hung over the moors in the early morning has melted away in the sunshine, and a gentle breeze shakes the heather-bells and dimples the blue sea. The coveys are small and

scarce, for the June thunderstorms thinned out the delicate young birds with tender gizzards; but the old fellows are in splendid feather, and when they rise look as plump and black as capercaillie. Juno treads gingerly through the heather, for she knows how wide-awake these patriarchs are, and drops like a stone at her points. What a picture! Every limb is rigid; the eager head has been

chiselled in marble—the dilated nostril alone quivering as it sniffs the breeze. Once she looks round cautiously to see if we are within hail; then she rises and creeps forward step by step towards the hidden foe, who waits behind the clump of tufted fern. She trembles with the excitement of the chase; she pants with suppressed emotion; we can see the beating of her heart through her ribs. So-ho! it is an old cock, the father of the hillside, and a snap-shot—for he has risen, crafty old rogue that he is, forty yards off—brings him down with a *thud* upon the heather.

And so advancing we reach at length the Mid-day Rest, by the well where the blaeberries grow. A narrow glen, like that where Ossian sleeps his last sleep, and yet not unlovely in its loneliness. I know not indeed where, away from our own moorland, you can find its marrow. The bright red and green of the blaeberries, the vivid crimson of the bell-heath, and the chaster purple of the ling, form a fitting setting for the grey lichen-covered boulders that crop out through the encircling moss. And then the meek seclusion of the spot, unvisited all the year

save by the flying clouds, and the solitary old cock who comes to drink at the crystal spring in the live rock, which bubbles up with the same tireless serenity alike in the bitter winter frosts and the gracious summer dawns!

“And sweeter far than the sound of the bells
Is the music that sleeps all the year in these dells,
Till the hounds go by and wake it.”

We had been silent for a space, and then he turned to me.

“Callum,” he said, “it is good for us to be here. The summer clouds drift lightly by, as they drifted when we were boys, and it is still a brave and goodly world. Our pessimists inquire dubiously whether it is worth their while to have been born? And at times one is half inclined to agree with them. We pursue a phantom which constantly eludes our grasp. The curtain drops before the play is well begun. But to lie on a hillside among the bracken while the lark and her song melt into ‘the infinite azure,’—Callum, on a day like this, the mere joy of living is ample justification, and more than adequate reward.”

Here ends the first book of the Chronicles of Balmarhapple.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A WOMAN JOURNALIST.

WHEN I came to London to look for work on a newspaper, I had had a little experience on the provincial press—not very much indeed, but still sufficient to justify me in claiming to know something of my profession. I took to journalism, in the first instance, because magazine work was irregular and precarious, and I could not afford to waste time in trying if it was in me to write a good novel. Something was wanted that gave speedy results. For a few months I had helped in sub-editing an evening paper, made selections or translations from bundles of journals—American, Australian, French, and German—corrected proofs, did some general reporting and original writing for a big daily, and conducted a Ladies' Column with success. The train of events that led to my embarking my shallop on the troubled waters of London life need not be discussed here. Suffice to say, I found myself one day in Fleet Street, poor, desperately determined to get something to do, but knowing not a soul connected with the world I longed to enter, and ignorant of how best to penetrate the magic circle. My aspirations were modest. I wanted to make £100 or £150 a-year, and was prepared to take anything that was offered me. What higher ambitions I may have had are beside the question. Looking back on that time, I am filled with a curious impersonal self-pity; it seems to me to have been very hard indeed. No doubt I was very soft. Nature and training were against me. I had not been brought up amongst women who worked for their living; was diffident, unwilling

to ask favours, and full of that impulse that leads one to say, "Pray don't mention it; it will do at any time," when money due to one is in question. To crown all, in the days when no one contemplated a journalistic career for me, I had been educated at convents in England and abroad, which is not the kind of training that makes one enjoy facing the world.

Like all novices, I bore a letter of introduction to a great—a journalistically great—man. It was difficult to find him at home; but, after two or three failures, he received me politely, asked me what my capabilities were, glanced at the reviews of my book, and said he had, unfortunately, no work for me himself, but that he would give me some letters of introduction to other people. I was very happy. This was as good as an appointment. The penetrating reader will at once see what a very inexperienced young person I was. It took me quite three weeks to learn that such letters are not worth the paper they are written on, and are, in fact, an easy and civil way of playing "sen' the gowk another mile." I departed in high spirits and full of gratitude. A day or two later five letters to various editors reached me, written by the journalist's secretary and signed by himself. Some of those addressed I never could see. Majesty doth hedge both editor and king. The others read my introduction, and said they were sorry they had at the moment nothing that would suit me. They made a point of noting my name and address, and promised to com-

municate with me if a vacancy occurred. They have not yet written. Doubtless they would have pitied me had they known my disappointment, for some of them may have had daughters of their own. No good came of the letters, and I was ashamed to trouble my introducer further. Then began a series of expeditions on my own account, but with no better success. Country born and bred, Fleet Street, now so familiar, frightened me. The mysterious little alleys and side-streets seemed cut-throat sort of places, where provincial young ladies might be robbed and murdered. The dark stairs leading to eminently respectable editorial sanctums looked dirty and bewildering; I went in terror of the men who bobbed suddenly out of the gloom and asked me what my business was. The names of most editors were unknown to me, which at once betrayed to the intelligent office-boy I was "out of the swim," and that his safest reply was, "Not in, Miss." Of those I saw, not one inquired was I suitable—suitable or not, they did not need me. One cannot blame men accustomed to be dunned by all sorts of incompetent and self-opinionated people for being summary with a stranger: it is inevitable, still it is hard on the stranger. Fate had bestowed on me a face of the round, cheerful order—I am thinner now—and, thanks to her unkindness, I never looked half as bad as I felt; probably those who so curtly refused my services were under the impression that, to quote Mr Toots, "it was of no consequence." Alas! I could not push nor be importunate, and took each rebuff quietly, making it easy to dismiss me. No amount of after-success, granting I ever attain it, could obliterate the bitter mem-

ories of that time. How stony were the London pavements as I went on my weary pilgrimage. Fleet Street was my *via dolorosa*; and all the while, could I but have reached them, there were many who wanted just what I could supply. One is horribly handicapped in being a woman. A man meets other men at his club; he can be out and about at all hours; he can insist without being thought bold and forward; he is not presumed to be capable of undertaking only a limited class of subjects, but is set to anything. Mr T. P. O'Connor, in one of his clever articles, tells a would-be journalist that the first essential is to get taken on in an office in any capacity. "Go as an office-boy, if need be," he says—I quote from memory—"but get into an office anyhow." The immense difficulty a woman finds in getting into an office in any recognised capacity makes a journalistic beginning far harder for her than for a man. Where a man finds one obstacle, we find a dozen. Once a woman gets work, she is largely privileged as to times and places; but the aspirant has no privileges: she is a nuisance, an untried unfledged being, very much in the way, and to be got rid of at all hazards.

Friends try to comfort one by citing the difficulties that beset the early years of men and women who afterwards prospered, who even became famous. They had to endure this or that, yet they succeeded in the end. One's own heart, however, says, "Yes; but shall I succeed? The lives of the unsuccessful are unwritten." This uncertainty makes all the difference between one's own life and the people in books. With you or me, reader, the story may not end happily: no powerful intervention may put things straight,

no timely legacy may place us above want, no fairy prince may arrive to snatch us from the combat that exhausts our youth. We may grow old in the struggle, missing all that life holds of sweet and inspiring—unsuccessful, forgotten.

To return to my narrative. A girl suggested that I should call on the wife of a popular editor. She knew her, and said she was a pleasant little woman who could help me if she chose. I have always disliked making the acquaintance of people who might be useful—there seems somehow to be a meanness about it; but feeling bound to leave no stone unturned, I unwillingly took her advice. Mrs — was at home. My name, one she knew, was sent in, and a few minutes' interview on business requested. The reply was brief. "Mrs — could not see me; she was in a hurry to catch a train." Not a word of apology nor a suggestion of calling at another time. "I might have known," was my bitter comment. I crept down-stairs under the page-boy's observant eye, secured the darkest corner of the omnibus, and cried all the way home, smarting as from a physical blow.

I now scanned the advertisement columns daily, and answered everything likely to suit, with but little result. My replies were generally disregarded, else I got letters requesting me to take a share in a paper, or enclosing the prospectus of some literary and artistic venture, that for an annual guinea, &c. One day, however, to my great delight, the editor of a "Society" journal asked me to call. He was a little man, and very civil—surely my chance had come. "Could I write articles, 'spicy' articles—the naughtier the better." He showed me some specimens of

what he wanted. I couldn't—and wouldn't—so that fell through. My next application was to one of the many Ladies' Employment Bureaux under distinguished patronage, no very likely quarter to be sure, but I really did not know what else to do. It was presided over by an elderly person of highly respectable and severe aspect. She did not unduly raise my expectation of obtaining literary work through her, but said something might turn up, anyhow she would put down my name and requirements. My references were examined, she asked me all sorts of questions as to my parentage, position, &c., and finally the name of my book. When I answered that it was called 'Modern Men, by a Modern Maid,' there was an awful silence. "Well," said my interlocutor, solemnly, "I would sooner have my right hand cut off than publish a book with such a title." In vain I falteringly protested there was not a line from cover to cover that she might not read with perfect safety. I did not think much of it; I acknowledged its faults in all humility, but innocuous I maintained it to be. She looked at me incredulously, and advised me to peruse the works of Miss Anne Beale, as well as certain publications of the Religious Tract Society. Strange to be considered in one week neither bad enough nor good enough to secure a post. I left the Ladies' Employment Office with a sinking heart; not much chance for me there evidently, and for a long time I heard no more of it. Indeed months passed before I received a note from my disapproving acquaintance, asking me to call without delay, as she had heard of something likely to suit me. I came. She had had an application for a female detec-

tive, and at once pitched on me as a probable candidate. The connection between what I asked and what she offered was not clear; no doubt she thought a woman journalist, like the father of a family in the French play, was *capable de tout*. What wild, eventful, Gaboriesque life she imagined I led, I really cannot say.

I still searched the papers. One blissful day there was an advertisement for an energetic sub-editor on a new high-class monthly magazine. I applied, asking the advertiser to give me a trial, if a woman would do. A reply actually came. Mr Blank liked my letter best of those received, and if we could come to terms, would take me on his staff. The terms I left to him, being afraid to ask either too much or too little. Truth to tell, I'd have taken anything he offered. He suggested £5 a-month, my work to be done chiefly at home, though later he would like me to do a series of interviews with Patti, Albani, Ellen Terry, and other notable personages. If I agreed, we might begin work the following Monday. All particulars were given, and a prospectus was enclosed of the magazine, a publication of the loftiest aims, announced to appear in six weeks' time. Mr Blank promised to deal with me liberally in the future if I contributed to its success. He really wrote charming letters, and I resolved to strain every nerve to please him. My first contribution to the new magazine was a series of articles built up on certain rough materials supplied by the editor—a very dull series it seemed to me, since it dealt almost entirely with people I had never heard of, who had made fortunes by glass-blowing, or cutlery, or calico-printing, or something of that kind, and had done nothing

else worth recording. I wondered how any one could feel much interest in them; but my editor was wiser in his generation, and looked to the fact that Messrs Brown, Jones, or Robinson were wealthy, and might like to see their names in print. Many were my visits to the British Museum and elsewhere to eke out the scanty information supplied to me by notes on the various trades concerned. I succeeded in pleasing Mr Blank. He was good enough to express his entire satisfaction, and paid me—many compliments. Three fairly long articles were my average weekly work, and when the first month was up, I looked forward to my £5. It did not come. After a time, I got 30s. and an apology—the editor was unexpectedly out of funds. This was a bad beginning, and damped my spirits, but I worked on. The magazine, after six weeks, was not any nearer to coming out. Meanwhile my health began to fail: a severe cold fastened on my chest; I coughed incessantly, and every one advised me to seek change of air. Two months had passed. £8, 10s. was due to me, and calculating on this, I resolved to run down to Brighton, an extravagance apparently warranted by my circumstances. The third month advanced, and still there were no signs of publication and no cheque. Tables of contents, however, were sent from time to time, just to keep up my spirits; though slightly varied on each occasion, eight, out of a total of ten articles on all subjects, were usually mine. Many were the uneasy speculations of my sister and myself as we sat on the rug by the fire at night. We did not like to say anything, yet our bill was due where we were staying, and writing home for funds was a resource that we wished to avoid. At last,

taking my courage in both hands, I wrote to the editor. He sent £1. I requested the whole sum due. He replied, sharply refusing to send it. He could not possibly pay monthly; he had too many claims to meet, and he gave me to understand I had pained a good man by my application. After that I went on strike, without the advantage of a trade-union to back me up. Two months later, when in London, a bulky envelope was handed me. The writing was familiar. My cheque no doubt! I seized it eagerly. Alas! he had written, not to pay, but to borrow. He asked me to lend him what Mr Montague Tigg would call "the ridiculous sum" of £2. The cruel publishers declined producing his long-delayed magazine unless they had 40s. down. I refused, like Queen Elizabeth's gunner, for twenty good and sufficient reasons, the first being that I had not £2 to give. He wrote no more. Poor fellow, I do not think he was altogether bad, though he was so shabby. Trying to run a magazine on nothing necessitates that some one must suffer. If this meets his eye, he may know that I forgive him for making me that one. As before remarked, he wrote charming letters, and if one is to be swindled, it is well to have it done nicely. If he had had £5000 a-year, he would no doubt, like Becky Sharp, have had a conscience.

Another round of editors. Same dismal story. They all had relatives and friends and fellow-workers of their own, ready and willing to take anything they had to offer. Why should they bother about outsiders? The common-sense and inevitableness of the thing nearly broke my heart. Of course I had no chance; I knew no one, no one knew me, I had made

no name, and never went twice to the same office. At any rate I was not troublesome, I thought rather grimly. Wild visions of calling on a popular novelist and asking him to help me floated through my mind, but I had not the courage to carry out the idea. No doubt he was pestered by dozens in exactly the same position. A power of seeing things as a whole was a disadvantage to me. One should keep one's eye on personal needs and wishes, without looking at any one else's side of the question. This ensures success, but it is impossible to acquire unless it comes by nature. I always saw myself as one of a vast crowd seeking work, seeking more work than there was to give, and had an appreciation for the editor's difficulties which was quite fatal. Mentally I ran with the hare and hunted with the hounds, blaming no one except myself for being a superfluous unit, yet suffering—oh, suffering. "Why not try to get a private secretaryship? It might lead to something," suggested one of the few friends I troubled with my grievances. I advertised in the 'Athenæum' and 'Daily News' but got no answers. However, about this time I saw that a literary man required a young lady as amanuensis, and I offered my services. In due course I was requested to call at a certain agent's. The agent was good-natured. He had had over two hundred replies, he said, but something in mine had struck him. Not that he thought I would do as secretary to the gentleman in question, for he required a very high speed of shorthand, and knowledge of type-writing, but he had an immensity of literary work on hand, and often employed ladies. My journalistic experience would be useful, and he thought I

had better see him. I pictured to myself a benevolent personage with white hair and gold-rimmed spectacles, who would pity me perhaps, and explain to me what stood in my way, who might even set my feet on the first rung of the ladder. "Is the gentleman very old?" I inquired. "No, Miss; not exactly old; he is a kind of man whose age it is difficult to guess." "Fifty-eight or so?" "Well, I don't know. You'll see him yourself and let us know the result." He gave me the address; next day I knocked at the door and asked for Mr Dash. I was shown into a comfortable study, and a young man about nine-and-twenty or thirty entered the room—son or nephew, perhaps assistant. "I have called to see Mr Dash," I said; "I come from Messrs Black & White." "I am Mr Dash," was the reply. There was nothing of the benevolent spectacled Santa Claus in the man before me; but I concealed my surprise as well as I could, and began to talk business. I would not do as secretary, he thought—and I was inwardly thankful—but he might be able to utilise me otherwise. "In point of fact," he said, with engaging frankness, "I am what you may call a literary sweater. I act as London correspondent to a number of papers, colonial and others, and make a good income by it." (He insisted frequently on his income.) "Now most of this work I get done for me by young ladies. I like them, whenever they can, to mention the names of shops where different fashionable dresses and so forth may be purchased, then I write afterwards to these shop-people, and say, 'See here, I have given you a valuable advertisement in such-and-such papers. If you like to acknowledge it, I shall be very glad; and,'"

he added, "they nearly always do send a cheque by return." This sounded queer to me. Till then I had never even heard of the journalist who accepts presents from tradespeople, and though told in such a matter-of-course fashion, it did not strike me as being what a gentleman would do. However, I remembered it was he, not I, who would write for those cheques, and made no comment. He went on to speak about magazine articles. "I often," he said, "get a few notes on a subject from some well-known writer, headings, you know, a mere outline: these I have amplified by some of the ladies who write for me, and it is published under the better known name." He showed me a rather long essay, as he spoke, purporting to be by a popular woman-traveller, and told me that all she had written would just fill a half-sheet of note-paper. "I will give you a guinea a column," he said, "for any journalistic work you do for me." This was fair, and after some further explanations as to choice of topics, &c., I rose to go, but he insisted on my staying a little longer, and gave the conversation a personal turn. Had I any brothers? sisters? How long had I been in London? Was I not a brave girl to come to such a big city by myself and try to make my way? How odd it must be not to have much money; for his part he almost wished he had none, just to experience what wanting one's dinner was like—and so forth. All this was irrelevant, not to say impertinent, and his manner jarred on me; but I reflected that he probably meant to be good-natured, so answered rather coldly that fortunately I had never wanted a dinner thus far, and rose a second time to take my leave, though he protested

against my "being in such a hurry." We did not "get on" I felt, civil as he was. According to my promise I told the agent next day how I had fared. He was a good-natured, fatherly creature, who called me "my dear young lady," and seemed anxious to know exactly how I had been received. At last, after much circumlocution, and with evident fear of being imprudent, he asked me if I had "found him . . . eh! . . . at all . . . forward—eh? Was he at all—rude?" "Not in the least rude," I said, laughing; "a little too polite if anything." "He did not . . . for instance, try . . . to kiss you?" "Certainly not!" "Ah! he saw you were not that sort,—but another young lady we sent there complained that he did, and I wanted you to be on your guard." I had a most unpleasant sensation, like a *douche* of cold water down my back, and mentally resolved to conduct my business with Mr Dash entirely by letter in future. I wrote three or four articles, and with the first and last sent a little note asking if they were suitable. A line reached me in reply saying Mr Dash was out of town, but would communicate with me on his return. I went on like this for three weeks or more, then hearing nothing further, and getting no payment, sent no more articles.

By this time I despaired. It seemed that nothing short of a miracle would bring me in contact with honest journalists. All the people who advertised were more than doubtful, and those to whom I had introductions would not help me. I got magazine articles accepted at intervals, but by such irregular work one cannot live. Very few women on the London press have made their way against more difficulties of

circumstance and of temperament than I. Many who have succeeded had advantages that did not fall to my share. They were related to some journalist, mixed in a literary set from childhood, had acquired a name in some other way before turning to newspaper work, or were lucky enough to make the acquaintance in his private capacity of some prominent editor or author, who offered them a post. Some, too, there are who will not take "No" for an answer; but none of these blessings were mine. Though dogged in the long-run, I cannot be dogged with an individual. I can try a thousand people, but I cannot try one person a thousand times, though this is by far the surer method. The great secret is to have or to make literary friends. From them one learns what pitfalls to avoid, what pays and what does not, who answer at once, and who keep manuscripts a year and then return them, who play fair, and who cheat. When one knows the channels, what to do and where to go, the rest is comparatively easy, and promotion for the most part goes by merit; but one may waste years in finding out for one's self what any girl who joins The Writers' Club can learn in a month—that is, if one is shy, slow to urge one's claims, and minus the bump of self-conceit, that is the most valuable of gifts.

Overcome by depression, I now gave up for a time, and made a few efforts in other directions, but with no better results. Most of the advertisements for governesses I found emanated from registry offices. When one called, it was only to be told, "the lady was suited," and invited to put one's name on the books, and pay a fee to secure the next vacancy. Of the genuine advertisers, all wanted

an orthodox teacher for their children, and I am not a member of the Church of England. I could tell more than one tragicomic incident of this time, but will confine myself to the subject of my article. One venture was as proposed companion to a literary lady of neglected education. She was, she told me, "uncommon clever," and could weave the most wonderful plots from her busy brain, but she had difficulties in putting her ideas into correct English. She panted for literary fame, and so required me, in return for board, residence, and the pleasure of her society—no salary—to shape her imaginings to a form acceptable to editors. I agreed, but on examining the magazines for which I had written, she considered them to be "too dry" for her style, and so this came to nothing.

My patience was exhausted. I had arrived at that stage when one ceases to struggle. Nothing I undertook seemed to prosper. Was there any use in trying farther? In this frame of mind I turned one day into the office of the 'New York Herald,' then but lately established in London, and having finished my business, something prompted me to ask the manager if a lady was wanted on the paper. He did not know—indeed it was not to be expected that he should, seeing that he had nothing to do with the literary department; but he asked me a few questions, and advised me to send in anything that seemed likely to suit. I was in the act of explaining to him that it would not be much use if they had some one on their staff doing the same kind of work, when he said, "Here comes one of the editors. I'll speak to him." A good-looking young man, fashionably dressed,

had just come in. I knew him later as Mr Aubrey Stanhope, who, it may be remembered, was inoculated for cholera last summer in Paris in the interests of the 'Herald.' The two conversed for a time in a corner, with occasional glances at me. Then the manager asked could I wait a little. Of course I could wait, and after a brief space was ushered up-stairs. I went through the familiar history of my book, my proof-reading, my Ladies' Column, and magazine work in a sentence. Then Mr Stanhope said, "Here are two places I should like you to visit and describe." He showed me slips—the announcement of a sale of work at Devonshire House, and a fashionable bazaar at Albert Gate. "Can you do them at once?" "Yes." "Will you let me have the copy by eight this evening?" "Yes." "Well, go now; let your description be short and bright; get as many of the names of those present as you can, and be sure to send them in in good time." I trod on air; here chance, pure chance—or was it Providence?—had given me the very opening so long and vainly sought. The world was bright—the Strand a flower-garden. I did my work, and rushed home to write my copy. Fancy the delight of my mother and sister! We fell on our knees to thank God, and laughed and cried all in a breath. That evening we ordered the 'New York Herald' from the nearest newsman; but in the morning, when I saw it lying at my place on the breakfast-table, I really was afraid to open it. Suppose they had not printed my reports. Suppose they did not suit. Suppose . . . there they were on the centre page. I read them twenty times, and thought them delightful. Breakfast over, I started off to see Mr

Stanhope. "Just the very thing I wanted," he said. "You have the touch;" and then and there I was put on the staff at a salary of three guineas a-week. What happy months were those that followed! Each morning instructions were telegraphed to me; each evening I handed in my copy. Mr Stanhope was always pleasant to deal with, but the 'Herald' had a short lease of life. After I left it I had another six months of enforced idleness; meantime, however, I had gained courage and experience, had learned my way about, had become acquainted with other women journalists, and obtained a certain footing. A beginning once made, I got new work with the New Year—very hard work too. A weekly newspaper offered me 30s. a-week for all my time from nine in the morning till six in the evening. I did a column of "mems." on current events; two columns of educational news; a number of sub-leaders; two Ladies' Letters; Answers to Correspondents; a "Children's Corner," most troublesome of all, as it involved competitions and prizes; corrected all the

proofs; and had in my hands the selection of matter for the weekly, and for an educational paper. Quite enough to do I found it. The weather was bitterly cold, and the piles of work through which I plodded seemed daily to increase. This went on for nearly a year, when I gave up coming every day, and did six columns at home for £1 a-week instead. Out of evil came good. My editor, though exacting, was kindly; we became friends, and he has ever since been very helpful to me. I was offered the sub-editorship of a woman's paper, and on it learned all the mysteries of "make up," as once a-week I had to go down to the works and see it through the press. The head printer helped me over many a difficulty. By degrees things grew better. I made a connection with country papers; contributed a regular weekly letter to a journal of good standing; sold a serial story; and began to write, at first casually, then regularly, for more than one London paper. As here ended the worst of my struggle, I shall here end my narrative.

EARLS COURT: A NOVEL OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE MEMBER IN THE BOROUGH.

THERE were no idle men in Earlsport, or at least none with sufficient independence of character to avow the fact of having nothing to do, where almost every man had some pursuit to follow. The magistrates had their forenoons taken up with public business or their own offices; the merchants had to go to the Exchange; and bankers and lawyers were tied to their desks until luncheon-time at the earliest. People in Earlsport walked about briskly in the forenoon, and did not care about being button-holed unless one had really something urgent to say. No one with a character as a business man to lose ventured into the club before one o'clock. Even Charley Hanmer, the alderman's son, who was regarded as the typical Tommy Idle of the town, went down to the wharf at half-past ten, and shut himself up in a wooden box with a pen behind his ear and a newspaper or a novel on his desk until the sun had passed the meridian; while men retired from the more active duties of their professions, like Colonel Ogle, who might have had a fair excuse for reposing upon his military laurels, went into Earlsfield Square and sat upon the Boards of Coal, or Steam Navigation, or Banking Companies. Perhaps the only prominent man in Earlsport who brazened his idleness publicly was Ned Horseley; and even he usually showed his respect for public prejudice by remaining indoors of a morning, except when some excuse suggested itself for paying a visit to Traill's Horse Bazaar, where he

could always manage to idle away a few hours with a good conscience.

George Colpoys, when he set out for Earlsport on the forenoon of the day when the heir of the House of Earlsfield was to arrive, was well aware of the business habits of the citizens, and that it was very doubtful whether he should meet with any man as much at leisure as himself to help him through the hours until it was time for him to join his lordship at the station. Lord Earlsfield, in the exultation of his heart at his son's arrival, had that morning given George a comfortable cheque as an earnest of his interest in his canvass for the next election, and had dropped a hint at breakfast that it was high time for the member to be bestirring himself among his constituents. Harold was expected by the half-past one train, and Lord Earlsfield was to meet him at the station. George might accordingly devote the morning profitably to looking up people in the borough, join them at the station, and drive home with them to lunch.

This suggestion recommended itself to the member, for Mary Donne had come down to breakfast looking ill and dispirited, and with black circles round her eyes; and George, imagining himself the cause, was smitten with remorse, and felt that he could not again face her just then. Both Mrs Firebrace and Dorothy were full of commiseration for Mary's altered looks, but their sympathies were sternly repressed by the head of the house, who gruffly remarked that their croakings

were enough to make any one ill ; but he himself showed marked tenderness to Miss Donne. All this made George uneasy, and he readily grasped at Lord Earlsfield's recommendation to take a turn among the electors.

George Colpoys had no overweening pride in his own abilities as a canvasser, or in the disposition of the Earlsport citizens to listen to his blandishments. When the push came, the brunt of the battle had to be sustained by Mr Mold, or an electioneering agent from London, in whose hands George became merely a passive instrument, going where they told him and saying what they bade. But when next election came, the tussle would be more severe than ever it had been before. A large number of the electors wanted a more advanced representative than a Whig of the Earls court school, and they all detested Lord Earlsfield's stiffness and domineering ways towards the borough, and were ready to seize upon any feasible pretext for rebellion. If George Colpoys could stand upon his own merits, of which he certainly had no very high opinion himself, he might perhaps hope to unite the Whig and Liberal interest in his favour ; but any goodwill that people might feel towards himself personally would not go far to counterbalance the general detestation in which the mansion of Earls court was held by the borough.

So the member set out without much elation of spirit, albeit money made his pockets warmer than usual, but with the satisfaction of thinking that a ramble through the town would help him to pass the forenoon somehow. He decided against taking his terrier, as calculated to detract from the political importance of

his visit, and, contrary to wont, he substituted an umbrella for the walking-stick that he had at first taken up, as an appurtenance more in keeping with his character as a statesman.

"It is certainly more parliamentary," reflected George, with a sigh ; "if I had had a cotton one, it might have had a better effect—more business-like ;" and he actually threw away a half-smoked cigar as he entered the town, a piece of extravagance he would never have been guilty of on an errand of less moment.

There were few people in Earlsfield Square at that hour of the day, and these seemed too much preoccupied with their own affairs to discuss the destinies of the empire. Nevertheless, George did his best, as far as raising his hat and waving his hand went, to ingratiate himself with his supporters. He managed to fasten on to Cobbinshaw, the local manager of the Metropolitan and Rural Bank, who was stout and puffy, and whom the member found at the west entrance to the square, exhausted with his walk up the steep street from the Exchange. Mr Cobbinshaw was a Radical, and an open foe to Earls court influence ; but he was out of breath, and had no choice but to listen to George Colpoys's gracious civilities. These were mostly of a general character, for the time had not yet come for the serious subject of the election to be formally broached. He spoke glibly of Mr Cobbinshaw's son's success at Oxford, believed he would make a figure at the bar, supposed they would have him in Parliament some day, and quoted at length Lord Earlsfield's praise of Mr Cobbinshaw's pair of carriage-horses—a commendation, it need hardly be said, wholly fictitious.

"I am going along to the station

to pick up Lord Earlsfield," remarked George, with easy familiarity; "we are to meet his son, who comes home for good. I suppose the youngster will soon be about among you, and I hope he will keep up the good old feeling between Earlscourt and the town. Terrible chap for science he is—give points to most—most engineers;" and shaking Mr Cobbinshaw warmly by the hand, the member was off before the bank manager had got his wind sufficiently to make any reply.

"The old rascal," mused George; "I believe he is at the bottom of half the mischief against us in the 'Mercury.' But they shan't say that I ain't civil to every one. I might put over half an hour with Mold now, if he would not go on about these infernal bills."

Mr Mold was in the office, and in his private room, but the clerks were not certain that he was not engaged; however, the member readily volunteered to find out for himself. Mr Fossebraye occupied a small den in the immediate vicinity of the clerks and the counting-room which had been assigned to him in his father's days, and which he had never thought of changing when he became head of the firm; but Mr Mold, as the legal oracle of the establishment and the upholder of its prestige, had apartments up-stairs, where it was supposed that he applied himself to the weightier matters of the law, undisturbed by the routine and racket of current business. George Colpoys knocked at a door covered with red cloth and studded with brass nails, suggestive of the important and confidential nature of the business transacted inside, and receiving no invitation to enter, knocked again. At last he was gruffly told to come in, and, opening the door, he found Mr

Mold *tête-à-tête* with Miss Sparshott, who was seated in the client's chair, while the lawyer stood facing her with his back to the fire.

"I beg pardon," said George, bowing to the lady; "I had no idea you were engaged. I'll look in again."

"On no account," returned Mr Mold, rolling his eyes as he looked from Cloete to the member, and back again from the member to Cloete; "I am quite at your service. I believe, Miss Sparshott, that you now feel assured that the matter will be satisfactorily arranged, and that you need give yourself no further trouble about it."

"I am so much obliged to you," said Cloete in a low tone, as she rose and prepared to leave; "then you think I need say nothing to Mr Fossebraye?"

"Certainly not," replied Mr Mold, as he accompanied her to the door, and held her hand as he added in a low voice, "it is not so much legal advice as knowledge of the world that is of service in an affair of this kind, and Mr George is somewhat apt to be rash and impetuous—with the best intentions of course, my dear Miss Sparshott—always with the best intentions. But it will be pleasure to me to give you my advice when anything of the kind occurs, and you may make your mind easy that I will not allow any trouble to befall you or your father. Good morning, my dear Miss Cloete, good morning;" and pressing her hand with more warmth, as it seemed to the member, than a business consultation called for, Mr Mold bowed Cloete out of his room, and returned to greet Mr Colpoys, with his eyes blinking and twirling as if he had just come out of a dazzling light.

"I had no idea law was such a pleasant pursuit," said George, throwing himself into Mold's own chair, which was the easiest one in the room. "I should rather enjoy having pretty clients like your friend who has just gone out call upon me of a morning."

Mr Mold smirked and grinned as he sat down opposite George, and remarked that it was Sparshott the naturalist's daughter. "Her father is always in difficulties about money, and there was a writ issued the other day against him."

"Ah! and you play the rôle of benevolent protector. It is quite refreshing to find a vein of sentiment in a hardened old sinner like you. I suppose you don't allow smoking in this boudoir of yours, where you receive ladies by themselves in the forenoon."

Mr Mold did not encourage the idea, for his private room was very nattily, not to say elegantly, furnished. Evidences of legal drudgery were few and far between. There was a light walnut writing-table in the centre of the room, with little piles of law-papers neatly folded and docketed lying about on it; an ink-stand, silver-topped and silver-stoppered; a carved ivory paper-cutter, and some tastefully cut crystal paper-weights. Some prettily framed pre-Raphael publications of the Arundel Society hung on the walls, and on the mantelpiece were two bronzes, flanking a timepiece with a richly chased silver dial. A vase of freshly gathered flowers stood on a little table in the window recess. The chairs were all easy and inviting, and there was a luxurious couch on which Mr Mold might repose when overstrained by his exertions. No one knew better than Mr Mold that the world—that is, the part of it con-

tained in Earlsport and Elsdale; for Beechborough, proud of its own solicitors, was sceptical of his capacity, and the leading attorney of Muddleham frankly expressed his conviction that "Mold was an old humbug"—that the world in which he lived and moved regarded him as the mainstay of the house of Fossebraye & Mold, as the master-mind that infused itself into the business and made up for the dulness of his partner. His intellect, as every one admitted, and as Mr Mold himself did not seek to conceal, was necessary to keep things going, and there was all the more need to take care of it. George Fossebraye could do the drudgery, and indeed had to do it, but Mr Mold knew the value of his own razors too well to cut blocks with them.

"I'm electioneering," said the member, "or at least I'm dangling after the electors in a sneaking way. I suppose you couldn't put a fellow up to any tips for popularity."

"So you are positively going to stand again," returned Mr Mold, drily; "you will have your work cut out for you this time, for they are certain to put an Advanced Liberal into the field. But I suppose my lord pays, whatever befalls. But what do you propose to do with yourself if you are beaten? Not an unlikely event, I am sorry to say, Mr Colpoys."

"In that case I shall marry and settle down," drawled George, stretching his legs lazily across the hearth-rug.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr Mold, brightening up; "are you serious? It is certainly the best thing you can do; and if your marriage depends upon your defeat, I shan't say that I shall be sorry to see the Earlsfield colours go to the wall this time. But are you really

serious? Have you any one specially in your eye?"

"I have," replied George, sententiously.

"Of course she must have a fortune. You can't afford to marry money merely; you must marry wealth."

"I have heard that the lady has two hundred yearly from her mother's estate; but I am not sure of it. Indeed I haven't made any inquiries."

"Great heavens!" cried Mr Mold, rolling his eyes more wildly than ever. "But of course you're joking. You couldn't do it. It would be absolutely impossible."

"No?" said George, interrogatively; "what just and lawful impediment could you declare? Of course a man may not marry his grandmother, and so on; but I don't recollect that a woman with only two hundred a-year is in the list of the prohibited."

"O Lord!" groaned Mr Mold, staring at the serious and impassive face of the member; "but of course you are only jesting. How could you pay your debts? How could you pay *me*, Mr Colpoys?"

"Ah!" said George, gravely, "those are just the questions that I can't find answers for myself. I have carefully considered the situation, and I can't see that it presents very brilliant prospects, either of subsistence for myself, or of remuneration for my creditors. But you are such a clever clear-headed fellow that you may be able to show me a way out of the hole. That is why I have told you. Where do you get these very pretty flowers of yours?"

The distortions of Mr Mold's eyes were terrible to look at as he hurriedly opened a drawer in his writing-table and took from it a red-bound memorandum-book; but

the member, quite undisturbed by his agitation, lazily took down one of the bronze centaurs and began to examine it with a critical interest.

"There is nine and eight is seventeen — nineteen — twenty-three," said Mr Mold, running his eye and little finger hastily along a column; "two thousand three hundred pounds, Mr Colpoys."

"Odd shillings and odd pence, if I remember rightly," put in the imperturbable member.

"Two thousand three hundred pounds," repeated Mr Mold, impressively, and disdaining to refer to the shillings and pence. "How can you talk of marrying without money when you have such a sum as that to repay me? I consider that you are bound by your honour, apart altogether from the obligation of your acceptance. Haven't I always befriended you in your straits? And but for my assistance your Jew discounters would have gone to Lord Earlsfield long ago."

"Just put past that memorandum-book, or, as you have got it out, let us add another two hundred to the indictment. Two-five is ever so much more easily recollected than two-three, and a couple of hundreds would come handy to me just now."

Mr Mold restored the book to its drawer as hastily as he had taken it out, locked it, and put the key in his waistcoat-pocket. "I don't understand what you mean. If you are joking, I would rather you chose some other subject where money is not concerned. It is hard enough to come by, and I am too poor a man to be able to jest with the prospect of losses."

"Heaven forgive the man! I am as innocent of jesting as I

am of having a hundred pounds in gold in my breeches-pocket at this present moment."

"Then you mean to marry a woman without money if you lose your seat?"

"I would like to do so; but there are a hundred and fifty obstacles in the way, any one of which will probably prevent me."

"Do you mean to pay me my money?"

"Most assuredly I do, although there is probably an equal number of impediments in the way in this case also."

"I scarcely understand," said Mr Mold, leaning back in his chair, and pressing his hands upon his forehead, "whereabouts we are. Of course I have every confidence in your honour so far as I am concerned; and it is for your own sake that I am anxious you should do nothing rash."

"Thank you, Mold; that is very handsomely said," returned George, with an ironical bow.

"Still I must say," continued the lawyer, turning the whites of his eyeballs outwards, "that I would like if we could come to some definite arrangement about those bills. If we could think of some good collateral security now, it would make both our minds easier, wouldn't it?"

"It would indeed," said George; "for then I might add that two hundred I want so much."

"Of course your prospects are not altogether bad: we all know the painful affliction which hangs over the next heir to Earls court. If anything happened to Lord Earlsfield, and his son were found incapable of managing his affairs, the administration of the estates and property would naturally fall to you."

"I won't hear a word about

that," broke in George, in a tone of more decision than he had hitherto used.

"Well, well," rejoined Mr Mold, "we won't allude to that, though you may be sure our friend Davis in Dover Street discounted that eventuality when he renewed our last bill."

"The infernal rascal!" cried George, rising in wrath; "if I thought he had any such notions in his head, I would go straight to Lord Earlsfield and tell him everything, and tell him to take up the bill. Does he, or you either, think that I am such a scoundrel as to speculate on the misfortunes of my own family?"

"I beg your pardon," apologised Mr Mold; "I should have known that the matter was too delicate to be discussed. But wouldn't Miss Colpoys help you at a pinch?"

"No, she won't, or she can't, as she says, for I have been to her already. She told me the other day she had anticipated her next quarter."

"And yet she has a large income," observed the lawyer, casting a penetrating look towards George, and speaking half reflectively. "Has it never seemed strange to you that a lady of Miss Colpoys's quiet tastes should manage to get through so much money?"

"I am not helping her now, you may take my word for it."

"Would you like to know where it goes?" said the lawyer suddenly, with an air of intelligence.

"No, I wouldn't," said the member, taking up his hat; "not unless she chooses to tell me herself. She won't help me, and that is all I have to do with it; and I don't see that it is any business of yours to pry into Miss Colpoys's affairs. How provoking you are, Mold! I

came in here to have a lounge and a quiet pleasant chat with you, and you worry me about money and about my family, and the deuce knows what, until all my good-humour is fairly gone. How am I to go about and make myself pleasant to electors, after having been badgered by you in this fashion?"

"No, no," said Mr Mold; "I did not want to worry or annoy you in any way. You know how anxious I always am to serve you. Our interests are so closely mixed up together that we can't afford to get angry with one another. Is it not so, Mr George?"

The member winced and shrugged his shoulders. "I wish, then, you could manage that two hundred for me, Mold."

"I will think about it, Mr Colpoys," returned the lawyer, hastening to open the door for his visitor. "I will do my best. I'll let you know about it the next time I see you;" and he seized George's hand and bowed him out, lest the member might take advantage of his complaisance to insist upon an immediate accommodation.

"I haven't done much good there," said George, as he made his way down-stairs. "I wish I saw any way of squashing those bills of Mold's. I wonder if they could be lumped up in the election expenses. No; I am afraid Earls-field would not stand that. But he is a shady personage, Mr Mold is, even for me, and I

must get him squared somehow or other."

Mr Mold's musings were not of a more amiable cast. "I must have my money somehow or other. The fellow is a fool—an utter fool—just the sort of man who would marry a girl without sixpence if the whim took him. It is the only piece of extravagance and folly that he has not already committed. But where is he to get funds to pay me? That is the question. His sister, to be sure, is good for any amount; but how to work her? If I act on my own account—black-mail—faugh! an ugly expression; but Master George can turn the screw without any insinuation, and he shall be made to do it. And then he shall pay me, and more than pay me, without any demur. But he must get more rope."

And then Mr Mold sat down at his desk and wrote to the Honourable George Colpoys, M.P., Earls-court, saying that he much regretted that there had been any unpleasantness between them with regard to money matters, and that he hastened to enclose a cheque for the sum Mr Colpoys had mentioned, and would be glad to take in return his acceptance at three months' date. This he hoped would convince Mr Colpoys of the deep interest he, Mr Mold, took in Mr Colpoys's affairs, and remove all recollections of any hasty words that might have passed between them.

CHAPTER XXII.—THE HEIR-APPARENT.

Notwithstanding the aversion in which the Earlsport opposition professed to hold their lord of the manor, the incidents of the day were of too great local moment not to cause some commotion in

the town; and by five o'clock, when people had begun to congregate about the club, the member's visit to the borough and the arrival of the heir-apparent were subjects ripe for discussion in all

their bearings. Earlsport had not yet attained the dignity of an evening paper, and any one who was in possession of a piece of news readily found a hearing. The arrival of Lord Earlsfield's son was an event of such importance that all the facts connected with it had been carefully observed and put together. The older generation, who remembered the time when the influence of Earls court was felt in every corner of the town, when no new undertaking could be ventured upon without first securing Lord Earlsfield's patronage, and when the Earls court family birthdays, marriages, and comings of age were as duly celebrated as if they had been statutory festivals, — the older generation felt uneasy at the altered state of affairs, and were vaguely nervous lest some calamitous judgment might be drawn down upon the town. The men of the opposition, on the other hand, were triumphant. The utter indifference which had been shown to the arrival of the Honourable Harold Colpoys was to them an earnest of the overthrow of the remainder of his lordship's power, and the beginning of requital for all the wrongs which they charged Lord Earlsfield with having inflicted upon the prosperity of the borough.

When it was known that the young heir was coming to reside in his ancestral home, some timid suggestions had been made by the few who still stood up for Lord Earlsfield of a public reception, and George Fossebraye had gone the length of cautiously sounding the members of the corporation. But the reception his proposal met with was not very encouraging; and though Lord Earlsfield's friends and dependants were still numerous enough to provide a fair dis-

play of flags and triumphal arches, and even to get up a banquet at the White Hart, yet this would only serve to demonstrate the number of dissentients and the low ebb to which the Earls court influence had fallen in the borough. Mr Loxdale, the leader of the opposition, and the owner of all the town that did not belong to Lord Earlsfield, had firmly set his face against any ovation. "If there are no arches there will be no brickbats," Loxdale had grimly told George Fossebraye. "If I were a friend of Lord Earlsfield's I would not select the return of this poor young fellow as a proper occasion for calling out an expression of feeling in Earlsport;" and George had to give up in despair. But Loxdale, on his side, suppressed the able editorial which Mr Perkins had penned for next morning's 'Mercury,' in which, *apropos* of his arrival, the unhappy mental state of the young heir of Earls court was characterised as the normal condition of youthful scions of the aristocracy—the natural result of paternal depravity, maternal imbecility, and a righteous retribution on a class which batten upon the land, the fruits of which they denied to those who produced them.

Thus the two forces in Earlsport were neutralised, and Lord Earlsfield was allowed to drive unnoticed to the Court with his son beside him, thinking ruefully of days when the horses would have been taken out, and willing arms have dragged the carriage along the avenue under the old elms up to the very door of the manor-house.

But in spite of these mortifications, it was great consolation to have got his son home again, and to mark the manifest improvement in the young man's appearance

since he had last seen him. Harold Colpoys was a tall slim youth, rather delicate in build, but well set up, and looking, as his father fondly assured himself, every inch a gentleman. He was quiet and nervous in manner, and his quick hazel eyes, which were somewhat deeply sunk in his face, seemed to change in expression with every different feeling that came over him. At the first glance one might have hastily set him down as weak and pliable; but he had inherited his father's square chin and hard firm mouth, which indicated a probability of persistence and obstinacy. Indeed some of the worst mental states connected with the recurrence of his malady had been induced by the necessity of thwarting him on projects on which he had firmly set his mind. "Use the utmost caution in opposing him when he has fixedly set his mind on anything," had been Captain Oarshalt's farewell recommendation to Lord Earlsfield: "he will readily listen to reason; but he has decided views of his own, is impatient of conventional considerations, and can argue himself into such a firm position that any attempt at contradiction is invariably attended by painful results." And Lord Earlsfield had made up his mind to be guided by this advice, although it was by no means to his taste to have to study the inclinations of another instead of having all men follow his own. But as Harold Colpoys sat by his father and uncle, while the carriage rolled towards Earls court, there was no suspicion of mental weakness about him; and if he showed a little diffidence and uneasiness, Lord Earlsfield, who liked modesty in young men, thought these traits only natural and becoming under the circumstances.

"I hope you did not expect to be received in state," Lord Earlsfield was saying with a pleasant smile, at the point where we shall take up their conversation. "We are very advanced people here in Earlsport, and have quite done with feudalism and aristocracy and all such rubbish, ever since our friend of the 'Mercury' showed us the error of our ways."

"We shall change all that," said the member, pleasantly, "now that Harold is come home. He must go about the town, and be affable and make friends. To tell the truth, your father has kept them at the staff's end rather much. But if you go about pleasantly among them, and take the chair at meetings now and then, and show an interest in the races—without encouraging betting, of course," added George, with severe virtue; "a man who interests himself in pure sport, apart from any spirit of gambling, is a power for good on the turf; and if, in a word, you are civil with the Earlsportians, you'll soon make an easy conquest of them."

"Your uncle's advice is valuable. No one is better qualified to advise on the subject—from a negative standpoint," said Lord Earlsfield, with a rusty smile.

"I shall only be too glad to make myself useful in any way my father and you can point out," replied Harold; "I detest idleness. But I have never yet done anything in public; and I am afraid I should feel very nervous at making the attempt."

"Not a bad feeling to have," observed Lord Earlsfield, benignantly. "Canning, whom I have met when I was a boy, was a nervous man. He always spoke best when he was most nervous at the beginning. But Canning was in the Lower House——" and here

Lord Earlsfield was carried away into questioning within himself whether there was any real reason why this very presentable and sensible young man, who was nervous, and might therefore become a great orator, should not find a seat in the Commons until the time came for taking his place among his peers.

The member felt that the conversation was making a perilous approach to the question of his seat. "Are you still as fond of your scientific studies as you were?" he asked his nephew. "You mustn't blow the roof off the Court, as you nearly did to the old inn at Lussenbach. Gad! I remember what a state old Strumpff, the landlord, got into when your chemicals went off. He must have thought he had got the Devil and Dr Faustus in the house."

"Oh, but I am much more careful now; and besides, I have got much more experience," said Harold, laughing. "You mustn't frighten my father into refusing me some hole for a laboratory at the Court. I had to break off some very interesting experiments on the spectrum of carbon when I came away from Germany. Do you know, sir," he added, turning to his father, "they have made me a Fellow of the Chemical Society."

"We must get you put up for the Royal Society," replied Lord Earlsfield, who had no doubts in his own mind that that body at least was one with which his son might be creditably connected. "I shall speak to the Marquis of Muddleham about it. He is a scientific man too, and has invented a new manure."

"He brought a sample of it into Brookes's in a snuff-box one day, and old MacGuffog, the member for the Lochaber Burghs, who is as deaf as a post, was going to

take a pinch of it. But talking of science," George added, as the horses slackened their speed as they approached the open gate of Earls court Park, "there is the man for you. That old fellow has got more science under his rusty hat than a whole British Association-full," and the member nodded genially to Dr Sparshott, who was coming along the road with a bundle of damp unwholesome-looking weeds wrapped up in an old newspaper, and his hands as usual too full to raise his hat in acknowledgment of George Colpoys's salutation.

"Who is that?" inquired Lord Earlsfield, sternly, putting up his eyeglasses to examine the person whose external appearance did so much injustice to pursuits which his son had dignified by engaging in.

"He is old Sparshott, the curator of the Museum," returned the member; "I thought you must have known him, as you are its patron."

"Humph," said Lord Earlsfield, drily, "a man who, I am afraid, has never done any good. An able doctor I am told—might make a very respectable livelihood if he were to apply himself to his profession, instead of being little better than a showman. Sad trial for the vicar. You must make the vicar's acquaintance, Harold. We have him regularly once a-year to dine at Earls court."

Harold turned round to look after the doctor's shambling figure, with rather more appearance of interest than he had yet shown; but the carriage had now turned into the park, and was driving rapidly up to the entrance of Earls court.

Here, as if to make up for the coldness of the reception in Earls port, the whole array of servants were duly drawn up at the head of

the steps, with Douce the steward, and Pullar the butler, at their head. The banner of the Colpoys family, blazoning 1st and 4th three maunches *gules* for Colpoys, 2d and 3d a row galley, sails furred *sable*, for Swayne, drooped over the entrance; and on the steps stood the ladies of the house waving their handkerchiefs. Douce led off a hearty cheer as the carriage came inside, which was again raised with redoubled force as the coachman brought round his horses, pulling them up with such vigour as to nearly throw them on their haunches. Lord Earlsfield descended graciously, followed by his son, who tried to smile nervously to the bowing domestics; while the member, with an air of easy benignity, as if he felt perfectly satisfied with the whole proceedings, brought up the rear.

Harold cordially kissed his aunt Dorothy, whom he warmly loved; shook hands with Mrs Firebrace, whose appearance awed him too much for him to take the liberty of a similar salute; and looked in nervous embarrassment at the third lady, whom Lord Earlsfield took by the arm and led forward, pale and trembling, from behind Mrs Firebrace.

"My dearest ward and almost daughter, Mary Donne," he said; "my son Harold;" and he spoke with such suppressed emotion that he seemed with difficulty to restrain himself from stretching his hands over them in paternal benediction. George Colpoys's easy smile vanished; and, checking something that would probably have sounded like an oath, he strode into the hall and disappeared.

CHAPTER XXIII.—A PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

Cloete Sparshott sat by her writing-table, her face half-buried in her hands. An open letter lay before her, as well as a blank sheet of note-paper, on which her eyes were fixed in a steady reverie. Through the half-opened lower sashes of the window the breeze came in from the sea with a bracing, salty relish. It played round her hot flushed cheeks, stirred her loosely tied hair, and fluttered the ends of the simple pink ribbon that was tied round her neck, as if it would like to fan the fair face that looked so sad and troubled. Mechanically she stretched out her hand and took hold of a pen, but the act only served to recall to her her irresolution. She turned and looked fixedly out of the window, but her eyes did not take in the view that was to be seen over the crowded chimneys and house-tops—

the vista of the Earlsport bar, and the line of white breakers tumbling over it, with the long sweep of wave-beaten sands stretching away in a wide curve to the point where a rampart of rugged cliffs stood up to check the full force of the German Ocean. None of these did her eye take in, but her glance rested on a cluster of green tree-tops which, barely rising above the ridges of the sand-hills, marked where the Dunes House lay hidden. Then with a deep sigh she turned away, and taking up the letter that lay before her, slowly re-read its contents.

The letter was from our friend Mr Mold, but it had no formidable legal look about it. It was not written on blue paper, nor did a "*Ré*" preface its contents; but it was a neat little gilt-edged note, with a suspicion of scent about

the envelope, which bore Mr Mold's private device—a mailed hand grasping a prodigious battle-axe emblazoned in colours. It ran thus:—

“THE HERMITAGE, May 23.

“MY DEAR MISS SPARSHOTT,—You were unfortunately out when I called yesterday about your father's affairs, which I regret to say are in a much more embarrassed and critical state than I had supposed; otherwise I should have spoken to you on a subject of the deepest importance to myself, and, I would fain hope, not without some interest to you.

“Dear Miss Sparshott, I ask you do you think me a man of stone?”—“No, of brass,” groaned Cloete.—“Have we not for two or three years met constantly at the house of our amiable friend Mrs Fossebraye and elsewhere, and can you have failed to notice my silent, my humble admiration of your beauty? No, I will not do your penetration the injustice of supposing such a thing. You saw my love, and your angelic goodness would not have had the cruelty to witness it without checking my aspirations, had you destined these to end in disappointment.”

“The wretch!” gasped Cloete, as she struck the letter angrily on the table.

“Dearest Miss Sparshott,” Mr Mold went on, “I love you fondly, truly, and devotedly. Immersed in the anxieties of business all my life, and struggling to place myself in the excellent position that I have now attained, I have never before exposed myself to the influences of a tender passion. It is a virgin love I offer you, pure and true as your own. There are years not a few of difference between us,

but they are on the right side. In me you will find a most affectionate husband, who will be able to place you in a social position which your charms are so well qualified to adorn, and whose matured knowledge of the world and of business will ward off all difficulties from your flowery path.”

“Absurd!” cried Cloete, with a stamp of her foot; “as if one married to have legal advice for nothing. Virgin love, indeed! He is fifty-five if he is a day.”

“Darling Cloete, whatever you wish in the way of settlements that comes within my means, which I may inform you in confidence are very comfortable, shall be arranged entirely to your satisfaction. It will also be my care to extricate your excellent father from his pecuniary difficulties, which without some such intervention are likely speedily to land him in serious troubles. Take time, then, my dearest Cloete, and think well before you answer this note. Much depends upon your reply—much for you and for me, and for your estimable and learned parent. I trust my cause to your admirable judgment, which will, I am sure, prompt you for the best.—Believe me to be, your devoted lover,

“THADDEUS MOLD.

“P.S.—I trust you will not leave me long in suspense, as Dr Sparshott's affairs are very pressing, and I am anxious to have my position with regard to him clearly defined, that I may without indelicacy interpose in them.—T. M.”

Cloete again took the pen in her hand, while bitter tears ran down her cheeks. She had no doubt about the meaning of Mr Mold's letter. He proposed to marry her

as the price of rescuing her father from his difficulties, which had too often given them trouble, and which now seemed from Mr Mold's letter to be more serious than ever. What these difficulties were Cloete knew little, and it was probable that Dr Sparshott had little more real comprehension of them than herself. Ugly-looking men swooped down upon them at certain intervals with bills signed by Dr Sparshott in their hands, and threats in their mouths of seizing their few effects, and even of throwing the Doctor into prison. The Doctor, as a rule, could meet his acceptances only by anathemas, which would not pass for current coin, and with bitter reminiscences of how in Ceylon or at the Cape he could have had the bailiffs beaten until they were as raw as Saint Bartholomews. It was quite useless to endeavour to get the Doctor to go calmly into his affairs. He would either fly into a passion and rush at his assailants, or he would bid Cloete pack up, and threaten to decamp and leave everything behind him. And Cloete had already been so much buffeted about the world that she knew the value of a home, even when that home had all the drawbacks connected with such a public place as the Museum.

Once when she had thought her heart was broken, in the old days when Stephen Brancepeth had gone from her, and when she fancied that every one in the streets of Earlsport could read her forlorn condition in her face, she had wished that they might leave the town, might hide themselves anywhere, even in the regions of the Gaboon, whither the Doctor had once threatened to betake himself, and seek the more refined society of the *Troglodytes gorilla*, rather than put up with the officious impertinence of some bustling mem-

ber of the Museum Committee. But Cloete now said to herself that she had learned wisdom since these days. Earlsport was her home, and though all was over between her and Stephen Brancepeth, she must plan for herself and her father to keep a house above their heads. It might be a stiff battle, but she must fight it for her father's sake.

As for Mr Mold's proposal, it was simply impertinence, and Cloete's anger rose at the idea that the man had been making her father's distresses a means of securing power over her. But the lonely life which she led had given her considerable concentration of character, and when by herself, away from the disturbing eyes and presence of others, she could always summon a calm and determined resolution to her assistance.

"I have read something like this in novels," she said to herself, settling her lips firmly, and taking the pen once more in her hand; "but there the daughter has generally to sacrifice herself to the man to prevent her papa from going to prison. But I am not going to do that, and papa shall not go to prison. There is no danger of that, and they would very soon get tired of keeping him there. But then the scandal, and the Museum Committee. It might cost him his situation; but I shall fight against that. I must think what friends I ought to apply to; and first, let me strike Mr Mold out of the list."

She dipped her pen in the ink, and wrote:—

"DEAR SIR,—I am as much surprised as pained by the letter you have sent me. If you have taken advantage of my father's distresses to insult me——"

"No; that will not do. I need not make an enemy of even Mr Mold if I can help it. We may have to depend upon his forbearance. I might even—but no," she said, checking the half-thought, "I will not play with any man's feelings, even if he is as absurd and old as Mr Mold. I must write to him as politely and kindly as I can.

"There is mostly a prince in the fairy tales, or a rich young gentleman in the novels who comes to the rescue," she sighed, as she again looked out of the window to the tree-tops waving over the Dunes House. "I know, too, where he might come from; but no. Stephen Brancepeth is the last person in the world from whom I could allow my father to receive assistance. 'I love you better than my own soul,' he said, 'but I can never ask you to be my wife.' And he asked to be my brother. My husband, yes — a thousand times; but my brother—never, never." And she put her hands up to her hot forehead and buried her face in her palms.

"Here's tea, Miss Cloete," said the maid, entering with a tray; "why, bless you, you ain't a-crying! and what for? And here's the Doctor with young Lord Earlsfield and his carriage and two horses a-standing at the door. And they are coming up here, too, for the Doctor is speaking about some outlandish furrin things, and said as how he would show his lordship them when they went up-stairs to the study; only he said Mr Colpoys, and didn't call him his lordship as he oughter, for his father is the Right Honourable Lord Earlsfield, as my huncle was hunder hoverseer to his coalpits for many a day; but then the Doctor is so careless. Goodness, mussy, drink your tea, Miss

Cloete! till I put on my cap with the cherry ribbons."

"Voilà! Monseigneur le Prince!" ejaculated Cloete, with a little laugh. "Why, Mary," she said, "Mr Colpoys must have come to see the Museum; he has just arrived at Earls court. My father would never think of bringing him up here. I suppose tea and thick bread-and-butter would not be much of a treat to his lordship, as you call him."

"Of course he is his lordship," reiterated Mary, indignantly; "oughtn't I to know, when my huncle was his father's hunder hoverseer? He is the Right Honourable the young Lord Earlsfield. And if they ain't a-coming up this blessed minute, and how ever am I to get past them!"

Sure enough the voice of the Doctor and his heavy tread were heard distinctly on the stairs. Cloete had just time to shut the blotter upon Mr Mold's letter and her unfinished reply; and Mary, standing behind the door, opened it so as to hide herself, and disappeared instantly, probably to make herself more presentable by donning her cap with the cherry ribbons.

"And now, sir," the Doctor was saying, "I shall show you some new species of *Lepidoptera Heterocera*, which I brought from the East with me. They have never been figured, and have only been described in my own memoir to the Zoological Society. I think of giving them to Professor Flower for the South Kensington Museum when I am done with them. Cloete, my dear, this is the Honourable Mr Colpoys, a young gentleman who has the rare good sense to fill his head with more important things than horse-racing or politics. My daughter, Miss Sparshott."

Harold Colpoys bowed, and smiled nervously, keeping his eyes fixed upon the young woman, whose colour rose at being thus suddenly brought into contact with a much greater person than had ever before condescended to visit them. She felt oppressed by a consciousness of the old and rumpled condition of her stuff gown, that she had no collar on, and that as she had been abstractedly pushing her hands through her hair, it could not be lying smoothly. And here was this young man looking intently at her out of his melancholy eyes, which seemed immovably fixed upon her face.

But happily Dr Sparshott was in too great a bustle of high spirits at having got an appreciative listener of such distinction to allow this awkwardness to continue.

"If you will step through this way, my dear sir, to my little study," said the Doctor, "I shall show you the *Lepidoptera* and some other little matters which I dare say will interest you."

"The study!" cried Cloete, in alarm. "Oh no, father, it is in such an untidy state that you could never take any one into it. Let me warn you, Mr Colpoys, against entering that room. Papa will allow no one to touch it, and you will not find a chair that is free from fossils or bones, and there is scarce standing-room for books and specimens littering the floor."

"Stuff!" retorted the Doctor; "there is nothing to make a fuss about. But," he added, as the thought crossed his mind that his den *might* seem untidy to one who was but an amateur in science, and might perhaps frighten him from coming back again, "as Cloete seems nervous of exposing you to such an ordeal, if you will sit down here I shall bring out

the specimens for you, and indeed the light in this room will better show you the points to which I wish to call your attention."

Harold Colpoys took a chair opposite to Cloete, from whom he did not seem able to remove his eyes, while his hands played nervously with his hat, and the Doctor bustled away to the study, where he could be heard rattling among cases and upsetting stands in his haste.

"You have only just returned to Earlscourt, Mr Colpoys?" said Cloete, taking up a piece of work. She had waited some time for him to break the silence, and after another look at him had come to the conclusion that she was the less nervous of the two.

"Yes, I came home last week. This is my first visit to Earlscourt. I am very fond of science; indeed it is almost the only thing I could ever learn or take an interest in. And I had heard so much of Dr Sparshott's collections that I was anxious to see them and make his acquaintance."

Harold had turned his eyes away while speaking, but as he finished he again fixed his gaze full on the girl's face.

From the inner sanctum muffled sounds of wrath began to be audible. "There has been cleaning. That slut Mary! Here is the tail of that skeleton gone! To the dust-bin doubtless. I'll be——"

"Papa is so glad to have any one take an interest in the Museum," broke in Cloete hurriedly, to drown the indiscreet language which she had good reason to fear would flow from the Doctor's room. "There are so few people here who look upon the Museum as anything except a show-place; and it is rather trying when ignorant visitors come who expect to be shown over the place and told the

names of things and all about them."

"It is infamous!" said Harold, warmly. "Dr Sparshott ought to be protected from such molestation. I shall speak to my father. I shall——" here he broke off suddenly, and fixed a rapt glance of admiration upon Cloete, which was not unnoticed by that discreet maiden, though she kept plying her needle with unusual diligence. Presently the Doctor bore down upon them, emerging from a cloud of dust which heralded his approach, his arms filled with glass bottles, which spread strong odours of spirits of wine through the apartment. These had all to be described, their special characteristics, the story of their acquisition; the idiotic blunders which other naturalists had made regarding them to be exposed; and the new theories with which the Doctor meant to enlighten the world to be indicated. Dr Sparshott only wanted a silent listener, which was fortunate, for young Colpoys kept his gaze steadily fixed on Cloete all the while, his hands nervously fingering now this specimen, now that, instead of his hat, which he had laid aside to handle the Doctor's treasures. He roused himself at times to make a pertinent remark upon the subject before him; and so well pleased was the Doctor, that when he had exhausted the specimens he proposed to fetch a fresh supply.

"But, father, you will bore Mr Colpoys," remonstrated Cloete; "see, you have already covered him with dust; and I am sure it is only his good-nature that makes him so patient."

"Well, well," said the Doctor, "to be sure we can go into things more fully another time. Now that we have got Mr Colpoys among us, we shall be able to do

something more for science. We must have you as one of the trustees of the Museum, sir—who, I must say, are the most unmitigated set of idiots that are at large upon the face of the inhabited globe," he added, in a growl. "Lord Earlsfield—well, Lord Earlsfield, to be sure, has so many important duties of his own to attend to—but he will find a worthy substitute in you;" and the Doctor, to Cloete's astonishment, actually made Mr Colpoys a courtly bow, an honour which she had never seen him pay to any one in her life before.

"I shall be very glad indeed," said Harold, rising. "I may come back, may I not?" he asked diffidently, of Cloete, though his eyes turned towards the Doctor.

"Papa, I am sure, will always be glad to see you," she said, cordially; "he finds so few who take an interest in his pursuits;" and she gave him her hand, which he took and held for a minute in his own; then letting it drop, with a suppressed sigh, he accompanied the Doctor down-stairs.

"So that is the Prince," mused Cloete, as she stood a little back from the window and watched the young man get into his carriage; "he seems very nice, if he would not stare so at one. And my hair is all in a fuzz. They say he is not right sometimes; but there does not seem much the matter with him but shyness, poor boy! Poor boy, did I say? Why, he has come of age, and must be rather older than myself. Suppose he should fall in love with me. Suppose the moon were to fall down in the Square. Well, he can be a useful friend to papa if he gets Lord Earlsfield to interest himself in the Museum. Cloete, Lady Earlsfield! that *would* sound nice. Well, one thing is certain, that if I become Mrs Mold,

I shall never be Lady Earlsfield ; and so, my lady, smooth your hair, settle your wits, and see if you can write the man a sensible refusal that will not make him our enemy. Heigh-ho ! the tea is cold, and that frugal Mary has cut the bread-and-butter terribly thick as usual."

She sat down again and began :—

"MY DEAR MR MOLD,—“I cannot say how vexed I was to read the sentiments that your letter expresses towards me, as it is quite impossible that I can make you any return for them. I am sure that it is your good heart that has prompted you to offer to make me your wife, in pity of our distressed circumstances ; but I cannot take advantage of your generosity. You have much too good sense and experience to entertain a serious passion for so young and poor a girl as I am——”

"But he may say he hasn't," and Cloete thoughtfully paused, "and press the matter again. I must put it more plainly."

"Besides, I could never marry any one whom I do not love, and

to you I only feel deeply grateful for all the kindness you have done us, and respect for your character."

"Heaven forgive me for such hypocrisy, but it is for my father's sake !" Cloete mentally ejaculated.

"I trust you will not feel angry with me," she resumed, "and that I shall be able to consult you in our difficulties as if nothing of this had passed ; and that you will not again mention this subject, which I assure you has caused me sincere sorrow.—Believe me to be, Mr Mold, yours very gratefully,

"CLOETE SPARSHOTT."

"Will it do ?" said Cloete to herself, leaning forward over the letter, and supporting her brows on her hands. "It ought to be plain enough to him that he will get nothing by teasing me. And I have surely said nothing that can offend him. I might have told him that he was sixty, and more than half-blind. I might be a fright, for all he can see of any one. Yet I feel nervous about sending it."

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE BURDEN OF A SECRET.

The news that Stephen Brancepeth had joined his father in the bank provoked, as might have been expected, the comments of Earlsport gossips. The obstinate consistency of the old banker was so well known that few would have given him credit for the weakness of fatherly forgiveness ; and though every one was obliged to admit that his conduct was only right and natural, his character somewhat suffered in consequence. Earlsport had enjoyed the interesting alienation of father and son, height-

ened as it had been by the unexpected return of the latter, and his evident independence of the banker, too keenly to be altogether satisfied with a commonplace reconciliation to which it had been no party. Had old Mr Brancepeth given in upon his deathbed, Earlsport would both have understood and have been edified by the step ; had he died unmitigated, and bequeathed his money to a charity, it would have been just what every one had expected. But here had father and son natur-

ally and simply come together again, without any offer of explanation from either of them; and Earlsport could only shrug its shoulders over the event.

Of course there was much talk at the club and at dinner-tables. Dr Horniblow, who very rarely saw the banker, spoke much of Mr Brancepeth's declining mental powers, and of his own success in restoring the intellectual faculties of aged patients. Colonel Ogle, who was interested in the Metropolitan and Rural Bank, prophesied a speedy end to Brancepeth Brothers once the young partner got the business fairly into his hands. Charley Hanmer knew for certain that the younger Brancepeth was amassing a colossal fortune by gambling in American railways, that he never lost, and that the old man had thought it worth while to take him into the bank to get a share of the plunder. And the ladies in general adopted Mrs Fossebraye's idea, that the quarrel between father and son had been a *ruse*, from first to last, to enable the young man to throw over Cloete Sparshott. George Fossebraye gave the most emphatic contradiction to the theory of his wife, who had become bitterly opposed to Stephen on her cousin's account; but although he was known to be more in Stephen Brancepeth's confidence than any one else, nothing was to be extracted from him. Mr Mold rolled his eyes and said nothing, and Squire Horseley condemned all theories impartially as confounded bosh.

Although it had not been without much reflection that Stephen Brancepeth had acceded to his father's proposal, his new duties at the bank, inexperienced as he was to them, came as a very decided relief from himself. At the

Dunes House he was eating out his heart by inaction. His doubtful position, the secret of his marriage, and his uncertainty about the future, all conspired to charm away the ease which he naturally loved, and make him fret with impatience for something to do next. His cultivated tastes, when he found himself solely dependent upon them to pass the time, became an intolerable burden. He was fond of desultory reading, and speedily disgusted himself by systematic indulgence in it. He was devoted to painting, and spoiled canvas after canvas until he lighted upon a proper subject. This found, the work of painting became unendurable. He wanted a stimulus; he wanted an aim; he wanted an object. Above all, he was wearied of his life; and but for his wife's earnest entreaties, he would have insisted upon an immediate disclosure of their secret, let the consequences be what they might.

And yet Stephen was by no means so indifferent to these consequences as his impatience would have him believe. He had felt poverty already with sufficient keenness to be haunted with that dread which possesses, even in the midst of prosperity, every one who has once smarted from it, with a dread of its recurrence. Dorothy had little expectation of her brother's leniency; and from all that he knew of Lord Earlsfield, Stephen could have little doubt that his lordship would assert his rights against his sister. Dorothy had clearly forfeited her aunt's fortune. Even now Brancepeth could scarcely disguise from himself that he was living on a species of fraud; and though he sought to salve his conscience with the reflection that Lady Pye's will was a thoroughly unjust

one, and that Lord Earlsfield's conduct in throwing interested objections in the way of Dorothy's marriage was absolutely inequitable, still the sense that his position was a false one preyed upon him night and day. True, he could tell himself he was not to blame; that he had urged on Dorothy from the first to declare their marriage, and save him from the imputation of mercenary motives. Not only had she not done so, but she had resisted with prayers and tears all his entreaties that she would allow him to do so. Dorothy had always insisted that she should be allowed to choose a favourable opportunity for breaking the news to Lord Earlsfield, and had always postponed the evil day.

And yet, as Brancepeth had told himself, there was little call for him to upset present arrangements. If the ease and luxury which the possession of fortune assured him were gone, what remained? It was useless to disguise the fact that his feelings had cooled down considerably since the time when he had been able to meet Dorothy's ardent advances with what he believed to be love. In his weakness and despair, her kindness had idealised her into an angel, but the reality had not sustained the illusion. Familiarity fails to discover new beauties in ladies who are past their *première jeunesse*, and those charms which have been once admired pall under the test of use and wont when there are no others to replace them. He could critically contemplate Dorothy's imperfections, and contrasts would suggest themselves, however loyally he might seek to banish them from his mind.

She had insisted upon him returning with her to Earlsport. She was not without jealousy, and

did not relish the idea of her young husband, whom no one knew to be a married man, disporting himself at Biarritz or Trouville during the months she felt bound to spend at Earlscourt. Brancepeth had at first shrunk with horror from the ordeal. He realised the danger of again falling in the way of Cloete Sparshott, but he could not reveal to his wife how tender a point this was with him. He had told Dorothy truly the cause of his quarrel with his father; but he had led her to believe that his love was a boyish whim—past and done with. And when Dorothy had insisted, and had urged the necessity of his being on the spot to support her when the inevitable disclosure of their marriage was made to Lord Earlsfield, he had felt in duty bound to yield to her wish. Perhaps at the bottom of his heart there lurked a desire to see Cloete once more, and to mingle with hers his grief over their parted destinies. Certainly he was not sorry that his father should see that his anger had failed to crush him, and that he was now independent of the bounty which had been so cruelly refused him. And so he had come to Earlsport, and everything had turned out in a way that he had been unable to foresee.

With Cloete he now felt himself more in love than ever. He wanted her society, her friendship, and above all her sympathy. She ought to know his new position, and in his heart he reproached Dorothy as the obstacle to frankness between them. He was a man of honour, he assured himself. He had married Dorothy, and would be true and faithful to her. He would dutifully devote his life to loving and cherishing her. But he craved for something more. That oneness of soul which had

been between him and Cloete would enable her to enter into his troubles, and comfort him in the difficulties which lay before him. Such sympathy as he desired was no doubt dangerous, but he felt himself equal to the ordeal. Even if he had felt less confident in his own integrity, Cloete's perfect purity was a sufficient guarantee. But he could not tell Dorothy this, and at times he dreaded the effect which the revelation might have upon Cloete herself. Might she not despise his inconstancy; the facility with which he had succumbed to circumstances—his drifting into a marriage without perfect love? And as he thought over the girl's character he felt at times inclined to shrink from the avowal of his marriage. Perhaps he was too selfish to understand that his attitude of mystery might still be fraught with possibilities of hope for Cloete. Perhaps he clung to the idea that in her heart she might still take a tender interest in himself, and he shrank from the disclosure that would finally sever any remaining links of the chain that had once bound them together. Another consideration had hitherto kept Brancepeth from pressing too vehemently for the avowal of his marriage. The disparity of years between Dorothy Colpoys and himself would naturally expose him to the charge of having married her for her fortune. People might sneer at this in private, but it was too common an event, and too much in consonance with the usage of the world, to be safely scoffed at. But if, as seemed very possible, Lord Earlsfield should prove implacable, and Dorothy and himself should be left penniless, or, at the best, compelled to live upon a compassionate allowance from Earls court,

with what ridicule would he not be assailed? He would be derided as a baffled fortune-hunter. And would he not be cast once more adrift upon the world, with the additional incubus of a wife whose attractions were on the wane, and for whom he felt that his love was getting less assurable?

With his father's offer to join the bank, with the future secured position which the reconciliation offered, Brancepeth found his position entirely changed. His inherent instincts taught him that the loss of Dorothy's fortune was not a calamity to be despised; but still, supposing the worst happened, her money would not be of the same vital importance. They would be able to maintain a sufficient position. The Dunes House, though small, was yet an establishment which the penniless sister of a peer could not find fault with; and if Lord Earlsfield seized upon the fortune, he could not quarrel with the marriage that had thrown it into his hands. These ideas inspired Brancepeth with quite a new train of resolutions. He would give up drifting and dreaming. He would take life practically, and adapt himself to circumstances where he could not adapt circumstances to himself. He would work hard, and master the business of the bank; he would make himself indispensable to his father and secure of his inheritance; he would assert the influence which his position at the bank and his wife's rank ought to command in Earlsport society and beyond it. A seat in Parliament, a post in the Ministry, a baronetcy, were all within the range of possibility. And Brancepeth, as he canvassed the future, felt disgusted with the aimless dreamy life he had hitherto led. One resolution he resolved to

follow: if Dorothy's fortune had to be surrendered, it should be given up with a good grace, and Lord Earlsfield's friendship if possible preserved. And now he was impatient that the news should be at once broken to his lordship.

But to immediate action Dorothy had strong objections. Her intense fear of her brother's anger paralysed her not less than the fear of losing her money. She would undertake to tell Lord Earlsfield all; but they must wait—wait until a proper opportunity presented itself, when the news could be broached with least chance of evil consequences. She had hoped to have been able to speak to her brother when Harold's return had made him feel in an unusually amiable humour. But he had been so much engrossed with his son that she had never got a chance. But she would certainly tell him; she would watch for a favourable moment; it would speedily come; well, if not this summer, then assuredly next. Then they could go back to the Continent for the winter months, and things would be the same as before.

"But, my dear Dora," urged Brancepeth, "I have quite made up my mind to accept my father's offer, and so I shall be obliged to stay in Earlsport. We cannot maintain this false position longer. For both our sakes our marriage must be published."

"And then, of course, Lord Earlsfield will quarrel with me and claim my money."

"Well, be it so," returned Brancepeth, rather tartly; "if we don't quarrel with my father, who, so far as I am aware, cannot object to you as a daughter-in-law, it will be of the less consequence to us. My income from the bank, whatever it

may be, will be sufficient to provide for us, and my father will probably do anything else that is necessary for the credit of the family."

They had met in a secluded hollow of the dunes, which Dora could reach by a side-door from Earls court Park, and whither she frequently extended her walks to meet her husband. It lay well out of all the tracks across the dunes, and opened out by a narrow defile between two sand-hills to the sea.

"But why tie yourself down to the bank? It would be horrible to have to live always at Earlsport, especially if Earlsfield should throw us off."

"We must endure it, however," observed Brancepeth, rather grimly.

Dorothy was thoughtful.

"It must be, I suppose," she said at last. "It will be a fearful trial, and I do not know how I shall ever go through it. But I must have time to think. And what shall I do if Earlsfield breaks out in a fury? Where shall I go?"

"To the Dunes House, of course. It is your own; it is your home, my dear."

"Ah, yes," said Dorothy, with a sigh; "I wish it were all over, and I were there. You cannot think how frightened I am to face Earlsfield. But could you not postpone your decision about joining the bank until I have told my brother? If he is to behave justly we shall have plenty money without your father, shall we not?"

"No," returned Brancepeth; "I have made up my mind. Since my father has held out his hand to me, it is my duty to take it. Besides, I am sick of this life of inaction and listlessness. I must do something. Life in idleness is getting a burden."

"You are unhappy," cried Dor-

othy, quickly. "You are becoming tired of me. You want to be independent of me, and then you need no longer love me."

"You are very ungenerous, my dear," returned Stephen. "You could not expect me to be altogether happy while I am separated from you, while we are thus forced to meet by stealth, and while the world is ignorant of the relationship between us. Let us only be once together again as husband and wife openly in the sight of all men, and you shall have no reason to doubt my love."

And so Dorothy had to be satisfied, but it was with great reluctance that she consented to her husband joining the bank. She had felt that Brancepeth's dependence upon her and her fortune afforded some security for his love. She was painfully sensitive to the disparity in years between them, and jealously watched her glass lest any mark of advancing age might make its appearance; and she was beginning to devote careful and unwonted pains to her toilet. Jealous fears also beset her. Since her return to Earlsport she had seen and marked Oloete Sparshott, and had not found much consolation in the contemplation of Oloete's fresh and opening beauty as compared with her own more matured charms. This was an additional reason why she should get her husband away from Earlsport, whatever course her brother might think fit to pursue with reference to her fortune.

But Brancepeth took his own way. He formally accepted his father's terms, and set about his duties at the bank. Mr Jellicoe

constituted himself his special tutor, and under his guidance Stephen began to rapidly master his duties. He had always supposed that business would be specially distasteful to him; but now that he was throwing his whole mind into it as an escape from his own thoughts, he wondered at the interest he found himself able to take in accounts, in statements, and in columns of figures even. Doubtless heredity came to his aid, and very shortly he found himself closing his desk with a sigh to return to the solitude of the Dunes House and his own thoughts. Mr Brancepeth marked this aptitude with secret pleasure, and received the delighted Mr Jellicoe's exaggerated reports of Mr Stephen's progress and cleverness without comment; but he prolonged the morning consultations which he and his son held upon the business of the day longer and longer, and received Stephen's views, when they happened to coincide with his own, with marked deference; very frequently the old man would detain him for dinner upon pretence of discussing some matter of business; and once he had paid Stephen the compliment of being his guest at the Dunes House, where he had narrowly inspected the *ménage*, but had received no confidences and asked for none. More than once Stephen had been on the point of telling his father of his marriage; but the thought of the promise he had made to Dorothy, that she should be allowed to break the news to Lord Earlsfield first of all, forbade the disclosure, for which he was so impatiently waiting.

EDWARD BURNE-JONES : HIS ART AND INFLUENCE.

THERE are many questions to which the work of an original mind like that of Burne-Jones gives rise, and fresh thoughts unfold themselves as we linger beside his pictures, and try to estimate by its astonishing results the long labour hidden from us, and sacred to the beautiful in thought and form.

It would, for example, be interesting to know how far Burne-Jones has created his type, or whether in any sense his type has created him. It would be a good study to compare the methods and manner of so great a modern with those of the early masters he so reveres, and, in spirit, is content to follow.

Again, we are inclined to decide, rightly or wrongly, that the religious spirit in art is lost to us. Yet the same forces are at work, the same principles hold good, the same elements wait to respond within the minds of men. What would come of an inquiry into the religious spirit as seen in Burne-Jones's work, if indeed as such it exists there at all?

We see that it is with the candour, the serenity, the reverent touch of an early master that he puts the wings on his angels' shoulders, little flames on the brows of saints, and his shining shells at the seraphic feet. Is this, we might ask, simply a modelling upon the medieval, or does it not strike deeper at the permanent in human nature?

It is impossible, in a desultory paper, to discuss these and many other questions which suggest themselves, and we propose merely to touch upon what seem to be two outstanding characteristics of Burne-Jones's art.

We all know the strange attractive quality of this master's work : the mind and spirit, pure and apart, appealing directly to our spirit and mind ; touching, penetrating, even while we are ignorant of why and how. Upon the uninitiated the scholarship of his symbolism must be largely lost ; and yet, as time passes, it is increasingly true that none can look upon his work with indifference, nor without catching some ray of the spiritual character which pervades it all.

That spiritual character is the primary and essential power which Burne-Jones possesses.

But there is a second quality, very rare among English masters, and, in him, developed to a singular degree—namely, his quite magnificent gift of design. And when we consider the mental qualities needed for the production of any beautiful thing, we shall not hesitate to put this gift—perfected in Burne-Jones—beside the very highest in art.

Simplicity and directness, a sane and quiet humour, characterise the man, who, holding in his pencil a wealth of material, derived from nature, history, folk-lore, and myth, will yet not wield it save with reserve, and in the noblest manner.

Imagination—the power to see beautifully, to associate truly, and to conceive ideally—is immanent in all his work. Fancy suggests to him a score of quaint symbols ; a constant supply of interesting detail, of perfecting adjunct ; while his gift of design controls and directs all.

Now the sense of design is, so to speak, a separate sense. In greater degree than in other forms of fine art, its source lies in the capacity

of the artist to control his material; to make it sacrifice itself and yield the best possible expression, within given limitations, of ideas greater than itself.

To design, as Burne-Jones has done, for mosaic, stained glass, tapestry, is impossible without a just understanding of the ideas each material is able to yield, and the denial to it of all else; impossible also without the just instinct for the best means of expression. This is why we rightly place the capacity for design lower than the artist's purely interpretative function. It submits by choice to greater limitations, and deals with humble, often intractable material. True, Burne-Jones can put a star into tapestry, but he does not promise that it will shine there for us; it becomes entirely symbolic.

It is the prominence of this sense in Burne-Jones that leads him, in his inroads upon nature, not only to dwell on the most beautiful phases of nature, but always on the essential character and spirit of things; of plant, or hill, or cloud.

Take, for example, the sea in the *Sea-nymph* picture. Those arbitrary lines are absurd if they claim to be sea-waves drawn from nature; but they only claim to belong to nature in that they typify the character and spirit of the sea. The endless wash and fall, the pure element, its lovely hidden colours, its strange inhabitants—all this is told. And while fancy has painted the gurnets with exquisite literalism, imagination has epitomised the sea, and embodied its dumb, pathetic spirit.

Again, he steps aside to draw the columbine beside the well in the *Perseus* series; and one may either guess the meaning of his choice, or accept it without question for the pure pleasure it gives.

But *he* knows its botany by heart, and sees beforehand the exact spot in the picture where the flower must grow, how near the well, and how tall; and we are made to feel it right when there, wrong anywhere else.

The Gothic habit of mind and manner which, on all hands, Burne-Jones's work betrays, has sprung from the double exercise of his two great and separate faculties—imagination in sympathy with the highest and best; sense of fitness and control in sympathy with what is beautiful and significant in the commonest things.

It is sometimes exclaimed that no such beings exist as the *Nymph*, *Venus*, *Beggar-maid*, the *King*, *Knight*, or *Pilgrim* of Burne-Jones; and terms such as "morbid" or "monotonous" are quite honestly applied and felt. These expressions spring from a mistaken estimate—a wrong point of view. They are not criticism; they are often prejudice; they are always on false ground.

For, as in some region of rounded lowland each hill belongs to the same type, yet every outline varies infinitely in curve and dip, so there is manner, as distinct from mannerism, throughout this painter's work. We must remember, too, that an artist, especially of high creative order, dwells in a country all his own, of which he alone can tell us the wonders.

From the yearning, innocent eyes of the *Sea-nymph*, as of a new-born soul, to the blind, tear-closed eyes of *Fortuna*, there is a series full of fine shades of difference, though one ideal is before us. Those eyes are windows, less to let in the light than to let out the soul which is to attract and subdue our thoughts. Here, again, we are made aware of that quality in Burne-Jones,—that he *sees*

first the elemental and essential in everything he touches. Hence his forms, even of the conventional, are full of vital sense and interest—*are genuine, simple, fertile.*

Perhaps there is something reactionary in such art. Without doubt it excludes many sources of delight which other artists legitimately give us. The severe, the ascetic temper of it, explains its unpopularity. But its spiritual nature is at once a comment upon much which year by year we perpetrate in the name of art, and a condemnation of all loveless and unlovely portrayal of the mean, the sensuous, and the repellent.

"People may not admire his style," says a recent writer. "The turn of a head may not suit their taste, but that does not prove that it is deformed." No; it proves nothing. We would rather say that the liking or disliking of Burne-Jones is a question less of taste than of insight, even of temperament.

Alas! there are some who prefer the dream to the interpretation, sensation to thought, the transient to the eternal.

For such the art of Burne-Jones is a closed book in an unknown tongue. But to those who are touched to finer issues, his noble originality, its serious vein, its felicitous reserve, even its prevailing sadness, must, apart from all technical questions, take place among the purest and most enduring influences of our time.

That sadness many condemn; they find it depressing; there are plenty of sad things without sad art. And they shrink from any matter "*sicklied o'er*," even though it be "*with the pale cast of thought*." In a picture they want less subtlety of imagery, less intricacy of line, and more obvious anatomies. And these are to be had abundantly—elsewhere.

But one of the curious facts which arrest the eye in any common crowd of to-day is the not unfrequent sight of a face, "*like a Burne-Jones face*," we say; eyes such as he reveals, hands that remind us of his mesmeric way.

Perhaps these are the souls appointed to pain, who yet rise above that pain, though they cannot part from it, any more than the Sea-nymph from her sea. At any rate, they seem to supply the clue to the thought that our age, and not another, has produced a Burne-Jones.

People generally, and the mass of artists in particular, are ready to decry any didactic tendency, whether of brush or pen. It is a fashion,—a reaction, perhaps, from the teaching and prophesying, popularly understood, of Thomas Carlyle and John Ruskin. And, like all reactions, it carries along with it a certain valuable truth.

For art is not directly concerned with the work of the prophet and seer. It is interpretative, not instructive; and its worth is less in what it does and says than in what it *is*. But what it *is* must chime in with the best we know, and the best we aspire to, or it falls short alike of its mission and of our ideal.

Now the genius of Burne-Jones is, in art, virtually a new experience. Perhaps it arises out of new needs, certainly it responds to what may be a matter of deep significance. Burne-Jones is the direct expression in art of a silently working force which has eloquently been called the "*spiritualisation of thought*."

Perhaps in no way does he show this more remarkably than in his treatment of the subject of Love—a subject which forms the most exacting test of any artist's quality.

D. G. Rossetti's sonnet evident-

ly represents the creed of Burne-Jones in this matter. For him, too, Worship of Love "white-wing'd," must exist beside and wait upon Passion of Love "flame-wing'd."

Rich in suggestion upon this very point are the great pictures of the Briar Rose allegory, recently given to the world. A wide subject in themselves, they have too deeply stirred the general mind for dismissal in a few bare words. But four other pictures occur to memory as typical and variously characteristic: (1) "The Chant d'Amour;" (2) "Love among the Ruins;" (3) "Love and the Pilgrim;" (4) "The Soul attains." The famous "Chant d'Amour" first suggests Provence—white roses—the Troubadour—early Chivalry under romantic skies. But in reality its facts are primitive facts, and apply to all times. Peace, and not torment; gardens, not pavements; skies, not ceilings: these it preaches as for ever the right surroundings, where Love kneels and makes music between lover and beloved, and where that high feeling is born which we smile at as ideal and wail over as unattainable.

Then "Love among the Ruins." This picture draws the spectator to come back; to look again, and yet again. It affects one like a tragedy. Without analysis, the painter's thought seems to crystallise itself visibly. We do not ask, "Ruins of what?" nor, "Why these immense thorns?" But, that Love avails, and that a mysterious power gives to the many thorns their perfect rose, is immediately felt.

As for the Pilgrim and his Guide, this pencil drawing contains echoes, as it were, both of the "Chant d'Amour" and of "Love among the Ruins." The exquisite flock of little birds round Love's head, and the quiet waters

seen far off, suggest the former. Again, the great thorns and stony places recall the latter. But progress of Love; the journeying and toiling at all costs to higher things, with Love and because of Love: this is the chief thought which the drawing gives us.

"The Soul attains" is a picture that perhaps should not be taken out of the Pygmalion series, to which it belongs. But had Burne-Jones never painted anything else than those four hands, he might have laid claim to greatness. And the figures are only less fine than the wonderful hands which unite them.

Other men are content to paint merely the fair maiden wooed and won. This man dares to paint the ideal attained, and the soul of the idealist at its supreme moment.

Time sifts the talk and the judgments of men, and it by no means lies with journalists to appoint to any man his place among the gods. Even to ask popularity for Burne-Jones is vain—as well seek it for Wordsworth. It will never be yielded to either.

Few men in the creative world seem at first glance so thoroughly apart as these two. Yet they have much in common. The repose of mind, the sincerity and sobriety of temper, the joy in natural form, the sense of the infinite in simple things—at these and other points they touch. Tears and terrors, the morbid and the sensational, are alike foreign to their sane and satisfying art.

Indeed the words of the poet are—unexpectedly enough—like a little golden key to the painter's heart:—

"To me the meanest flower that blows
can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for
tears."

MARY R. L. BRYCE.

HISTORY AND POETRY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER.

THE History and Poetry of the Scottish Border! It is hard to conceive a more fascinating subject. We know not, nor need we care to inquire, how far the romance is associated with the glamour of the genius of the second wizard of what Walter Scott loved to call the rough clan. We only know that the Border country has become enchanted ground, and that the names of its hills, its glens, and its streams are household words wherever English is spoken. The honest folk who used to shift and reive for their living, although their pursuits were eminently practical, were by no means indifferent to posthumous fame, as is shown by the popular appreciation of the soul-stirring historical ballads. Had they foreseen the future, they might have been consoled through many vicissitudes and much tribulation by the knowledge that any obscure individual whose life or end became matter for the minstrel, would have his memory preserved fresh and green. Many a law-breaking rider, who had been summarily justified at Carlisle or Jedburgh, has been raised to immortality by the halter that hung him up. In those ballads of the Border there is indeed a strange blending of the poetic, the picturesque, and the trivial. They owe much of their force and fire to the fact that they are the rough expression of contemporary feeling, and the faithful reflection of the manners of the time. Take, for example, the ballad of "Jamie Telfer." There is more than one

noble stanza, but the climax of animation is attained in Buccleuch's spirited apostrophe:—

"Gar warn the water, braid and wide,
Gar warn it sune and hastilie!
They that winna ride for Jamie Telfer's
kye,
Let them never look in the face o'
me!"

Nothing can be finer than the first two lines, but to modern ideas there could be no meaner bathos than the second couplet. A modern poet, in celebrating a heroic feat of arms, would have kept the kye and the emptied byres carefully in the background. To the Borderer, on the contrary, the stolen cows are the most natural, reasonable, and honourable of all *casus belli*.

After the outbreak of the bloody War of Independence the Borders offered endless subjects for song, and so they fostered the rude talent of our northern troubadours. It is true that from Tay to the Pentland Firth, from Spey to the Minch, there was nothing but feud, famine, and fire-raising in the barbarous Highlands. Each petty chieftain had his bard or sennachie, whose business it was to make a metrical much out of little. But the Highland bards sang in a strange tongue, and the Lowland Scots cared little about their quarrels or their minstrelsy; except on such an occasion as the formidable descent of Donald of the Isles, whose discomfiture on "the field of the red Harlaw" by the warlike barons of Aberdeen

and Angus, like Charles Martel's victory at Tours, was celebrated as a national deliverance. The Borders, on the other hand, were not only the raiding-grounds of hostile mosstroopers, but the battle-ground of rival nations. The wars were always ruthless enough; but as kings, knights, and great nobles had their share in the fighting, so a certain strain of chivalry runs through the songs. No doubt the best patrons of the roving bards were to be found among the high-born and more gently nurtured. In peel or lonely shealing the wandering minstrel would be always a welcome guest. But he would naturally seek free quarters, hospitality, and guerdon in fortresses like Branksome, where time hung heavy on the hands of the knights and men-at-arms, and where the lord, when in genial mood over the wine-cup, might come down with a handsome largesse, which was probably paid in kind, for the white silver and the yellow gowd were scarce. Consequently the trade of the minstrel was well worth following by men of dissipated habits wedded to music, and to that we may trace the sources of the Border minstrelsy. Next we assume the survival of the best or the fittest. When some ballad struck hot on the Border fancy, it was passed on from mouth to mouth and from glen to glen. It was chanted by the warriors on outpost duty over their watch-fires, by the maids at the milking, and by the crones over their spinning-wheels; and so it was transmitted from generation to generation. Sometimes the purity of the unwritten text would be tampered with by the caprices of original talent,—often it would suffer injury from defective or failing memory; and so we have the

various versions which experts have pleased themselves with collecting and revising.

But the profession of the minstrel had then another recommendation, and one which is sadly suggestive of the changes which had been brought about in southern Scotland by the ambition of the restless Plantagenets. When life was held on as precarious a tenure as property, the minstrel's harp was as sure a safeguard as the surcoat of the pursuivant or the cowl of the monk. It had not always been so. Long after the old realm of Saxon Northumbria had been divided, and the new and more natural Border line had been drawn from Berwick bridge to the Solway, those southern counties had enjoyed relative peace and prosperity. For nearly a century and a half after the accession of the saintly David, they had been little disturbed by war or rumours of war. That king has been ruefully described by his impoverished successor as a sair saint for the Crown, for he was selfishly lavish in the alienation of the royal domains. Yet, had the saints he sought to propitiate given him prevision of the future, he could scarcely have devised a wiser or more patriotic policy. The stately abbeys which he built and endowed were destined to become the centres of so many fertile and fairly tilled districts, which might be considered as sanctuaries in comparison with their surroundings. It is true that neither the churches nor their halidoms were invariably respected; but on the whole and always, as Scott observes in 'The Monastery,' the Kirk vassals were fairly well off. They fought far less and fed much better than their secular neighbours. Even when they had fallen upon evil

times, the capacious granges of the monastic establishments were so many granaries in time of dearth. The splendour and riches of the original foundations say much for the prosperity of the Scotland of the period, and something for the cultivation and intelligence of the monarch. Such stately fanes as Melrose and Jedburgh, Kelso and Dryburgh, rose in a smiling landscape in the softest and fairest of pastoral scenes. The severe and massive Saxon style was blending with the graces of the Norman, and passing into the florid Gothic. The glories of these lofty Gothic aisles, with their clustered pillars, bound together by osier-wives in knots of stone; the elaborate decoration of arch and spandrel in the cloisters; the delicate tracery of the lancet and oriel windows; the exuberance of fantastic flowers and foliage,—prove that the munificent king with a well-filled treasury must have bid high to invite the genius of famous foreign architects. The mitred abbots, although they exercised a munificent hospitality, proved excellent stewards of the Church's patrimony. They seem to have prided themselves on the superior cultivation of the arable lands in the valley-bottom, and along the haughs. Great herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, ranging over the green hill-slopes, with the sounders of swine in the forest-glades, were in the care of guardians who had only to protect them against the wolves and the eagles. We have spoken advisedly of the forest-glades, for in these days the word "forest" was no misnomer, and there was no lack of natural shelter. In Ettrick and elsewhere — where Yarrow now "glides the dark hills under," between the braes that are only clad with the broom or the alder-

clump—many a stately oak cast its broad shadows over the fragrant undergrowth of natural copse-wood. The nobler game was so plentiful in those well-wooded solitudes that at first the pious kings reserved the rights of hunting, and the monks were bound over by the rules of their Orders neither to strike the deer nor reclaim the falcons. Latterly, when they waxed rich, frolicsome, and luxurious, and freely indulged in secular amusements, the lusty fathers infringed their rules and set an execrable example as unlicensed poachers. But when those convents were first founded, they neither desired nor enjoyed any exceptional immunity. The burghs, though fortified and strongly walled as a due precaution against possible invasion, were gathering together communities of thriving traders. In that northern country, with its inclement climate, they could not of course rival the industrial commercial marts of England or the overcrowded Low Countries. But they did a very fair business all the same; and as Professor Veitch and other historians have pointed out, they had charters granted on the most liberal terms, and were laying the solid foundations of our free institutions. Moreover, numbers of the great Norman families of the south had been tempted northward to settle in Scotland. They had received large gifts of lands, and the feudal fortress offered its protection in time of need to the vassals or serfs who inhabited the hamlets or laboured safely enough in isolated homesteads. Afterwards, as it happened, these feudal potentates became a trouble and a standing danger alike to the king and the country. In the wars, when the central authority had been weakened, the powerful

feudatories became semi-independent, and could band themselves together in formidable leagues. Besides, as they retained their domains in England, their interests were divided between the kingdoms, and their loyalty could never be trusted. In the fear of forfeiture they sided with the strongest, and as they owed feudal allegiance to both the Crowns, they could always soothe their consciences if exceptionally scrupulous. That extenuates and sufficiently explains the changes and tergiversations of such thoroughbred Scotsmen as the Bruce, and the Douglas, and Sir Simon Fraser. When they did decide to cast in their lot with their persecuted countrymen, and stake their fortunes on the success of the weaker side, the sacrifices they accepted were certain in any case, and the decision was the more to the credit of their patriotism.

Scotland had, on the whole, been making steadily accelerated progress, onwards from the reign of Malcolm Canmore, when the fair prospects were suddenly overclouded. When Alexander III. came to his tragic end, all depended on a single feeble life; and soon, as Scott says in his 'Tales of a Grandfather,' the young maiden of Norway sickened and died. By an evil chance the throne of England was filled by the warlike and ambitious Edward. It was good and safe policy, from the English point of view, to take advantage of the jealousies of rival claimants to advance his consecrated claims as suzerain and lord paramount. Indeed, had all gone well and as smoothly as might have been anticipated, the Union would have been anticipated by many centuries, and infinite misery might have been spared to both the countries. But William Wallace

threw himself into the breach, and Edward, who had many friends in the north, did not reckon with the stubborn resistance and the indomitable patriotism of the nation. The mortification of unexpected disappointments and defeats excited his overbearing and vindictive nature to madness; his armies spread devastation everywhere; his soldiers spared neither age nor sex; he had high-born ladies confined in cages; at such sacks as those of Berwick the gutters are said to have run red with blood; and, in short, he set the example of those ruthless campaigns in which, as the outcome of an inveterate international vendetta, every kind of atrocity was remorselessly perpetrated. Although, indeed, the conditions of that warfare might have been very much worse had not the kindlier side of human nature asserted itself. It is remarkable that the mosstroopers of either country, merely divided by a geographical line, showed no little mutual regard and a great deal of neighbourly kindness. During the truces and occasional intervals of peace they would meet in friendly guise for the archery and football matches; so much so, that the respective Parliaments felt bound to interfere by passing Acts against intercommunion and intermarriages.

But what more immediately concerns us is the melancholy change in the condition of the Borders, to which we are indebted for its most dramatic or pathetic minstrelsy. With the ebb and flow of those ferocious wars, with the ruthless and ever-recurring invasions of *tendeurs* and *écorcheurs* from either side, all sense of security had disappeared. The Borderers were no saints, but they were constrained to follow the Scriptural precept of taking no care for the

morrow. Circumstances were beyond the control of the most powerful chiefs, intrenched behind the strongest natural bulwarks. We may marvel that there was any sowing at all, considering the long odds against reaping. The "in-fields" near the feudal strongholds or the monasteries began gradually to go out of cultivation. The Borderer under more than one of the Stewarts may be said to have had neither king nor country. His relations with the monarch and the justiciary were always strained; for when he appeared before the royal courts, all presumptive evidence being in favour of his guilt, he was sentenced and executed with small ceremony. Very likely he only got his deserts from the legal point of view; but nevertheless he did not like it. Perhaps in that case, if he had time and grace given him for confession, conscience might whisper that he was not blameless. But his natural sovereign on occasion would take a less justifiable line with him. The wardens of the English marches might lodge a complaint; the Scottish king might feel it advisable to avoid a war he was in no condition to wage, and so he would give the Southern complainants free licence to right their own wrongs. Then the obnoxious mosstroopers would find themselves between the devil and the deep sea. When the Englishmen entered their dales in irresistible force, they had no effective support to expect from their countrymen. There was nothing for it but to bend their heads to the storm; to abandon their hovels and their peels alike, and to take refuge, with the women, bairns, and cattle, in the recesses of the glens or the depths of the morasses. For in that respect the

Scots were far worse off than the English, which perhaps goes far to account for the superiority of their ballad poetry. As Scott remarks in the notes to the 'Minstrelsy,' the Scots had soon come to recognise that they had little of the genius for scientific warfare. They could neither defend great castles nor carry them by siege and slow approaches. Even the royal fortresses of Roxburgh and the Hermitage in their palmy days could not approach the strength of that line of almost impregnable bastions which extended from Norham and Carlisle to Alnwick and Warkworth. The English peasant, generally speaking, need only apprehend a flying visit when the raiders had to fear the interruption of their retreat, encumbered as it was sure to be with sheep and cattle. A warden raid from England, on the other hand, must sweep all opposition before it, and the Scots were ready to set everything in flames rather than let the enemy gain by their losses. The Scotsmen sought safety in flight, with the one great advantage over the enemy, that they knew each foot of the treacherous ground, and could thread their way through morasses and quaking bogs, where even Redesdale or Tynedale freebooters would shrink from following them. It was in such a bog in Liddesdale that the Red Ringan of Leyden's grand ballad "stabled the stalwart steeds" of Lord Soulis, though Ringan should surely have been as much at home in his native morasses as any "squatter" wild duck. The catastrophes resulting from reckless pursuit on these occasions, suggest some of the most characteristic episodes in the Border ballads. The Scots took to

flight, and saved their skins and their families; but they came back to hovels in ashes and to empty byres, unless they had had time to hurry away the cows along with them. The chief was no better off than his vassals and feuars, from whom he drew precarious tributes in kind, and over whom he exercised a sort of patriarchal authority. The family tower was gutted and scorched, for it was impossible to wreck or to burn the massive masonry. After all, except for the losses of stock and crop, there was not much to regret. The light-holes or arrow-embrasures were seldom glazed, and a litter of rushes, sometimes scented with the balmy wild thyme, had done duty for foot-cloth and carpets. The furniture was, of course, of the most simple description, and the scanty bedding and household plenishing could be easily driven away on pony-back. Considering the very primitive accommodation and the gloom and the grime in which the uneducated ladies tried hard to kill time with their easy household duties, we can understand that there should be little refined sentiment in their poetry, and we may be surprised to strike deep springs of natural pathos.

The ladies had none of the excitement of the feuds or forays of the wild chance-medleys or foot-ball-play; and we can imagine that an alarm, with the probability of a forced flitting into the wastes, may have been a not unwelcome interruption to the dullness. It is not difficult to picture the scene on these occasions, for many a ballad verse paints it in a few incisive touches. Lean riders on their half-starved and shaggy little steeds come spurring up from the south, bringing news more or less reliable, which may have been

preceded by vague flying rumours. The inhabitants of the hamlet beneath the peels, and of the shealings in the haugh in the immediate vicinity, are all on the alert, snatching at the spears, bows, and broadswords which are always handy, and getting kye, sheep, and swine together, in case of the worst. Man and beast are being gathered in towards the barmekyns or fortified enclosure at the base of the chieftain's tower. If it is only an incursion of their nearest neighbours, they "may lightly drive them back again with small avail;" and the position may be made good against the assailants. Setting the country in a blaze with the signal-flame is a serious matter; and the men who make a false scare of it, will be ridiculed for fools or cowards. Indeed we have often thought it a strong proof of the grim earnestness of life in those days, that no practical joker, when the malt had got above the meal, ever dreamed of humorously firing the train. Now, nevertheless, all is ready, should the worst come to the worst. The hesitation of the elders in council is overcome by the arrival of some outlying Wat Tinlinn, who does not leave his lonely home for a trifle, and whose experience as to raids is undeniable. All is in readiness for the signal which is to set the pulses of the country throbbing to the Lothians and the southern shores of Fife. There is the beacon or need-fire, a grate always filled with combustibles, and fixed in a corner of the battlemented roof of the peel. The flame shoots up against the sky, and is caught and repeated from the surrounding heights, where the watchers who have been warned have long been on the outlook.

"On Penchryst glows a bale of fire,
And three are kindling on Preisthaugh-
swire."

The light leaps onward from hill
to hill, as described so glowingly
in Macaulay's ballad of the "Ar-
mada," till

"Lothian heard the Regent's order,
That all should bowne them for the
Border."

Scott has, of course, as we said,
embodied all the best of the old
material in "The Lay," under the
most graceful and spirited modern
forms. He would have been the
first to acknowledge how closely
he has followed "Jamie Telfer of
the Fair Dodhead," in the graphic
stanzas on the rising for Brank-
some. The forgotten maker of
"Jamie Telfer" was a great lyric
poet, and naturally he struck
sparks from a kindred spirit. Though
Jamie plays his part like
a man in the subsequent fighting,
we must say he shows neither
stoicism nor philosophy under the
first shock of misfortune. It was
true enough, we dare say, to his
fierce, impulsive, and untutored
temperament, that he should break
out in an unmanly moan, and that
the tear should blind his e'e, when
Gibbie Elliot denies him succour.
But what can be finer or more
touching than the verse?—

"My hounds may a' rin masterless,
My hawks may fly frae tree to tree,
My lord may grip my vassal lands,
For there again maun I never be."

It is the very picture of black
and blank desolation by a sport-
ing and fighting Borderer who
knows nothing of a wider world
beyond his native glens. But his
elastic spirits go up wonderfully
in the hope of revenge and ample
restitution when the matter is
taken up by the fiery old chief of
Branksome. No doubt he had
pulled his nerves together over a

solid breakfast and a deep draught.
Moreover, no man with riding
blood in the veins would have
continued depressed when orders
were being given for raising the
country:—

"'Gar warn the water, braid and wide,
Gar warn it sune and hastilie !

'Warn Wat o' Harden and his sons,
Wi' them will Borthwick water ride;
Warn Gaudilands and Allan Haugh,
And Gilmanscleugh and Commonsaid.

'Ride by the gate at Priesthaughswire,
And warn the Currors o' the Lee;
As ye come down the Hermitage Slack
Warn doughtie Willie o' Gorrinberry.'

The Scotts they rode, the Scotts they
ran,
Sae starkly and sae steadily !
And aye the ower-word o' the thrang
Was—'Rise for Branksome readi-
lie !'"

Jamie Telfer was repaid more
than threefold; and after all he
set the whole country-side in com-
motion for the sake of ten milk-
cows. There must have been ex-
ceptionally aggravating circum-
stances in the robbery committed
on him. The Border morality
was mixed, but the Borderers on
either side had their unwritten
code and practice of justice, to
which they generally adhered. An
old gentleman in 'The Black
Dwarf' explains the theory and
practice of hot-trod. "Hout!
there's nae great skill needed:
just put a lighted peat on the end
of a spear or hay-fork or some-
thing, and blow a horn and cry
the gathering word, and then it's
lawful to follow gear into England
and recover it by the strong hand,
or to take gear from some other
Englishman, *providing ye lift nae
mair than's been lifted frae you*—
that's the auld Border law, made
at Dundrennan in the days o' the
Black Douglas." Business was
business, and must be attended

to; but the moss-troopers conducted it, so far as possible, on safe and prudent principles. They knew the cost and the bitterness of a blood-feud, and never shed blood unnecessarily. A slain Southron was duly appraised at some meeting by the Wardens of the Marches, and if the culprit was not handed over to justice, assessment was laid on his family or clan. As for the inter-necine blood-feuds between near Scottish neighbours, they were carried out with all the ferocious vindictiveness of a Corsican vendetta. The feud was handed down from father to son through centuries, and no member of the hostile families, even in remote degrees of kinmanship, could ever deem himself safe. Brave men could lay cowardly ambushes; they could take long odds against a single man; and even gross breaches of faith were condoned. The Church, which never had a strong hold on the Borderer, unless he were shriving his sin-laden soul on the brink of dissolution, was compelled to recognise and bow to the popular sentiment. Scott has a strange passage in his notes to the 'Minstrelsy.' It was customary, he says, "to leave the right hand of male children unchristened, that it might deal the more deadly, in fact the more *unhallowed*, blow to the enemy." Needless to add that these mortal and irreconcilable enmities tended as much to the general insecurity of the kingdom as to keeping the frontier district in perpetual turmoil. A remarkable example is the embittered feud between Maxwells and Johnstones, to which we are indebted for the beautiful ballad of "Lord Maxwell's Good-night," which inspired the Child Harold's "Farewell" of Byron. So late as the end of the sixteenth century the clans had quarrelled.

There was a fight, and the chief of the Maxwells seems to have fallen by rather foul practice: at all events the ruffianly though "gentle" Johnstone who struck him down hewed off his hand, and carried it away in triumph. The son of the slain baron nursed his vengeance for fifteen years. Then having arranged a friendly meeting with the Johnstone, the Lord Maxwell shot him through the back. It was considered rather an unscrupulous proceeding, even for Border chivalry and morality, and Maxwell paid the penalty by having to fly beyond seas. The family bard made his flight the subject of this touching ballad; and as Professor Veitch remarks, it is very clear that the sympathy of the clan and the poet were all with the cowardly assassin. Indeed, by the sheer power of his vehement conviction, the metrical sophist hurries us along with him in the passionate confounding of the wrong and the right:—

"Adieu, madame, my mother dear,
But and my sisters three!
Adieu, fair Robert of Orchardstane!
My heart is wae for thee.

Adieu, the lily and the rose,
The primrose fair to see!
Adieu, my lady, and only joy!
For I may not stay with thee.

Though I hae slain the Lord Johnstone,
What care I for their feid?
My noble mind their wrath disdains—
He was my father's deid.

Adieu, Lochmaben's gate sae fair,
The Langholme-holm, where birks
there be!
Adieu, my ladye, and only joy!
For, trust me, I may not stay wi'
thee."

In this case, murder under trust "had ill luck," like Hotspur's rebellion. Maxwell ventured back, and probably in ordinary circumstances he would have been safe

enough among his sympathetic followers while he sued or bought a pardon from the Crown. Unfortunately for him, King James had a favourite in the ancestor of the Lords Elibank, who had set his heart on certain of the Maxwell domains. The execution of Maxwell and the forfeiture of his lands was the shortest way of arranging matters to the satisfaction of the king and his favourite, and the proceeding is highly characteristic of the times. By the way, the second stanza we have quoted evidently gave hints to Leyden; and, moreover, this is one of the very few ballads of the Border in which we have something like an appreciative description of the simple beauties of nature.

But if the Borderers were ruthless and relentless foemen, there were no stauncher friends. Prisoners do not appear to have been made very often. The tactics of those light horsemen were to fly before superior forces; but when they were "cornered" they naturally fought it out, knowing well the fate that awaited them. Jeddart justice prevailed on both banks of the Tweed and Solway: it was usually a case of hang first and try afterwards. Captures like that of the renowned Kinmont Willie—and Willie could boast of having been the object of more than one special Warden-raid—were generally effected by a well-planned surprise. It is not easy to understand why the notorious Willie was not immediately justified on Hairibee. It was intended "On Hairibee to hang him up;" but Lord Scroope, apparently confiding with good reason in the strength of Carlisle Castle, resolved to proceed with more formality, and consigned the prisoner to await his doom in the preliminary torture of the dungeon. It is hard now

to realise all the horrors of that familiar form of medieval cruelty. Willie's meditations must have been melancholy enough. Used to the freedom and excitement of a life of adventure, he was loaded with heavy irons, and lowered through a trap-door into the filth of a black subterranean vault, with slimy vermin for his company. Fed on short rations of mouldy bread, and keeping up his spirits with muddy water, there he must pine and rot till taken out to be hanged. Many a man must have died in agony by inches in such impregnable castles as Alnwick. The only chance of release was in a rescue, and Willie, like the Lord Warden, must have thought he was in sure keeping. Nevertheless the ballad of this daring rescue is strictly founded on historical fact. Nor are there many of the Border rhymes in which there is more fire and ruggedly humorous *vraisemblance*. When news of the arrest and incarceration come to the chief of Branksome, he is fiercely indignant:—

"And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Withouten either dread or fear;
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Can back a steed or shake a spear?"

But second thoughts bring calmer councils, and the law-abiding chief is in a difficulty, for there is peace between the countries. Otherwise—

"I would set that castell in a low,
And slocken it with English blood!
There's never a man in Cumberland,
Should ken where Carlisle Castell
stood."

Nathless, Willie must be saved all the same; and so Buccleuch summons his forty picked marchmen. Here again Scott has borrowed the very line, "They were kinsmen to the bauld Buc-

cleuch." Crossing the Debateable Land in troops, in the guise of broken men, with the necessary ladders and hammers, they are questioned as to the character and purpose by the Fause Salkeld. Dickie of Dryhope, who heads that particular party, is more a man of action than of speech—

"The never a word had Dickie to say,
So he thrust the lance through his fause
bodie."

We confess we think the bard embellishes, when, before breaking the prison, he makes Buccleuch give warning to the sleeping castellan by sounding on his trumpets a "Wha daur meddle wi' me!" No wonder that Willie can hardly believe his good fortune, when his friends shout down the trap in cheerful sarcasm and ask him whether he sleeps or wakes?

"Oh, I sleep saft, and I wake aft,
It's long since sleeping was fleyed frae
me."

No time to knock off his irons. He is mounted, fetters and all, on the stalwart back of Red Rowan—

"The starkest man in Teviotdale."

As Willie is being borne down the ladder, his spirits go up and he gets gaily facetious:—

"O many a time, 'quo' Kinmont Willie,
'I have ridden horse baith wild and
wud,
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan,
I ween my legs have ne'er bestrode.'"

The Carlisle garrison was slow to stir, but by the time the Scots had reached the Staneshaw Bank, the "keen Lord Scroope" was on their traces with a thousand horse and foot. But Buccleuch and his band have already put the flooded Eden Water between them, and he flings back a taunting challenge to the pursuers—

"If ye likena my visit in merry Eng-
land,
In fair Scotland come visit me."

And the patriotic bard makes the baffled English warden ejaculate—

"He is either himsell a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch mann be;
I wadna have ridden that wan water
For a' the gowd in Christentie."

But naturally in all the ballads, from "Chevy Chace" and "Otterbourne" downwards, the national poets, though they generally agree in the main facts, and do justice for their own sakes to the gallantry of the enemy, grotesquely distort details as they play fast and loose with figures.

Those grander historical ballads—and they are the earliest—are more dramatically consistent, and soar higher flights. In an eloquent passage, Professor Veitch traces this pathos and sadness to times that long preceded those of authentic history. "The wilds," he says, "of the Yarrow, the Ettrick, the Teviot, and the Tweed, were the last resort, the last hope, of a fast decaying nationality—that of the Cymri of Strathclyde. Their bards poured out impassioned wailings over what seemed an inevitable fate." The assumption is plausible; but be that as it may, the oldest historical ballads were undoubtedly metrical chronicles of actual episodes in the Wars of Independence. "Auld Maitland" was unquestionably a real personage and a well-known baron of the Merse. Sacrificing his interests to uncompromising patriotism, he seems to have played some such part as that of Sir Simon Fraser. We are bound to say that we think that much-praised ballad has been over-rated; the incidents are commonplace when they are not extravagant or absurd. But it

would be difficult indeed to exaggerate the patriotic beauties of "Chevy Chace" or "Otterbourne," which Professor Veitch believes—and indeed it seems obvious—have sprung from an identical source. We wish, by the way, that the conscientious philologist would not shake our old faith in the connection between "Chevy Chace" and the Cheviots. Nothing should be more natural than that the scenes of that fatal hunting should have given its title to the song. But we are told that the title is simply a corruption of *chevachée*, the Norman-French for a chivalrous raid. We are glad to know that the antiquity and genuineness of "Otterbourne" are pronounced beyond all suspicion. There poetry, in the characters, action, and speech, seems to strike its deepest and most plaintive notes. What can be nobler than the Douglas going into the battle, showing a heroic front to friend and foe, yet knowing that he was a doomed man whatever might be the issue of the combat?—

"But I have dreamed a dreary dream
Beyond the Isle of Skye;
I saw a dead man win a field,
And I wot that man was I."

His destiny is accomplished; he is stricken to death, and with his dying breath he speaks like Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham, and many another heroic Briton:—

"'My nephew good,' the Douglas said,
'What recks the death of ane!
Last night I dreamed a dreary dream,
And I ken the day's thy ain."

'My wound is deep, I fain would sleep;
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And hide me by the bracken bush,
That grows on yonder lilye lee.

'O bury me by the bracken bush,
Beneath the blooming brier,
Let never living mortal ken,
That e'er a kindly Scot lies here.'"

Professor Veitch gives a charming description of the sequestered scene of the battle in the green valley watered by the rippling brook that is one of the feeders of the Reed. The scene in its pastoral beauty is now as peaceful and as prosperous-seeming as that of the more calamitous Flodden. So the ruder "Raid of the Reidswire" carries us into the same country. The "Otterbourne" gains no little subordinate interest from its mention of the noble names who then followed the banner of the Douglas. The Gordons and the Montgomerys, the gallant Graemes, and the light and gay Lindsays, all afterwards shifted their seats either to the westward or far to the north. The Reidswire Raid is picturesque enough, but, as Professor Veitch observes, it is chiefly interesting as giving a roll of the local families who took part in the fight.

"Edom o' Gordon," on the contrary, strikes us as being more pathetic and more profound in its analysis of human nature than even "Otterbourne." It is impossible now to define the locality. Borderers put in a claim for a castle in the Merse; but as the date is long after the northern migration of the Gordons, we are inclined to agree with the Aberdeenshire folk, who lay the scene on Donside. The storm, the fire-raising, the "smoor-ing reek"—for "worrying reek" in the southern version is less expressive—are all wonderfully dramatic. But "the terribly pathetic incident" is that of the young "dochter," who, when she was rowed in sheets and dropped from the wall, got a deadly fall on Edom's spear. The fell and hasty deed was no sooner done, than the hard heart was touched and the seared conscience awakened. Henceforth, we may hope that the

murderer will be hunted by the avenging furies.

"O bonny bonny was her mouth,
And chirry were her cheika,
And clear, clear, was her yellow hair,
Whereon the red bluid dreeps !

Then wi' his speir he turned her ower ;
O gin her face was wan !
He said, ' You are the first that e'er
I wist alive again ! '

He turned her ower and ower again ;
O gin her skin was whyte !
He said, ' I micht ha' spared thy life
[Northern ballad, " I micht hae
spared that bonny face "]
To been some man's delyte.

' Busk and boon, my merrye men all,
For ill dooms I do guess ;
I canna luik on that bonny face,
As it lyes on the grass. '

There are songs like that of the "Outlaw Murray," which are very significant of the instability of the throne, when even the lesser barons would offer open resistance to the sovereign, confiding in the inaccessibility of their strongholds, and the backing of their friends and kinsfolk. Indeed, this outlaw in his *outrecuidance* sets the feudal system and the suzerain absolutely at defiance.

" ' The lands are mine ! ' the outlaw
said,
' I ken nae king in Christentie. '

So there are the songs which remind us that the rebels and law-breakers would sometimes over-estimate their powers of resistance, such as "Johnnie Armstrong's Good-night." Doing every justice to the gallantry of the Liddesdale hero, and making much allowance for the bard's "Arabian Nights" suggestion of his ill-acquired wealth, we cannot be surprised that the sovereign treated his slippery subject rather scurvily, and hanged him out-of-hand when he caught him at last. But then we are reminded that there are

two sides to every question by the marvellously sorrowful "Lament of the Border Widow." Her husband, who was head of the Cockburns of Henderland, was one of the examples made by James V., and the Scottish Rizzpah is said to have begged his body in Edinburgh. Her servants and retainers had all forsaken her and fled.

" I sew'd his sheet, making my mane ;
I watched the corpse, myself alane,
I watched his body night and day—
No living creature came that way. "

That lament belongs to the vale of Yarrow, which has always had a strange fascination for poets. It is associated with two of the most typical of what may be called the ballads of domestic tragedy. In the "Douglas Tragedy" and in the "Dowie Dens" we have an almost identical *motif*. The lover or husband who has ravished the affections of his bride against the will of a family probably at deadly feud with his own, dies overmatched in mortal combat. In the former, the maiden looks on at the fight in which her father and seven brothers were slain ; torn asunder between passion and natural grief, she is borne forward behind her lover to "the wan water," where he drops dead of the mortal wounds he has manfully tried to conceal. Had she not died before the misery of the shock and a broken heart, she would have been left desolate indeed. As for the "Dowie Dens," it is far too long to quote at length, and we can give no fair idea of it by extracts. In Professor Veitch's opinion, "For unity, directness, and graphic turn of narrative, vivid picturing, and the image of passionate devotion to the dead, there are few ballads in any language that match its strains.

It remains to say something of the wild and weird poetry inspired by superstition. The reivers and lifters were loose livers, little addicted to religious observances, and ready enough to welcome the Reformation which gave them reason for pillaging the Church. But they were no sceptics, and indeed they firmly believed in being surrounded by a world of invisible spirits, and in the probabilities of future reward or retribution. Their long, involuntary fasts, and their lonely rides through the wilderness, predisposed them to sad and superstitious fancies. The shadows that fell in the moonlight, and the mists that wreathed themselves in the deep hollows at dawn and dusk, took strange phantom shapes. The little brown man of the moors made not infrequent apparition, and was believed to bring them warning of death or disaster. The peels, the mills, and the homesteads were haunted by the brownie, who was a good-natured and harmless domestic drudge as long as his caprices were indulged. If the Borderers did not go much to mass, they went in for nature-worship, and paid involuntary homage to the tutelary spirits of the streams and the lochs. So in the first canto of "The Lay" we have the prophetic dialogue between the spirits of Flood and Fell. There were water-kelpies who lay in wait for solitary riders, at flooded fords when the rivers were in spate. They looked out for corpse-candles in the churchyards, and shuddered under their corselets at the flickering lights which flitted in the gloaming about the morasses. There were nights when evil spirits had exceptional licence, and when the restless souls of the unshriven dead revisited the scenes of their crimes and their sorrows. Above all, they believed

in the fairies, who only finally disappeared towards the beginning of the last century. Hobbie Elliot in the 'Black Dwarf' traces the decline of credulity with unconscious humour. When the high-born "Young Tamlane" and the gifted seer of Ercildoune flourished upon the Borders, the elves were in not unfrequent communion with humanity. Soulless and without hopes of a heaven, they led lives of false splendour and of hollow gaiety. The mortals they spirited away, whether in childhood or maturity, seldom were suffered to revisit earth, and then they came back saddened by their subterranean experiences. The Rhymmer, who had the ill fortune to inspire a passion in the Queen of Fairy, was rather an exception; yet he seems to have been only set free on furlough. When he sees the portent of the hart and hind in the camp on the banks of the Leader, he recognises the sign he respects, and calmly resigns himself to their guidance. But "Young Tamlane" is the most picturesque and elaborate expression of the popular belief. "It brings out the dark as well as the bright side of the Elfin faith. The latter pictures a scene as weird and awesome as the heart of man has conceived. The good folks of Fairy were not altogether free from the powers of evil, for they had to pay kane or teind every seventh year to hell, in the shape of a member of their own company or a living man." The ballad turns on the salvation of Young Tamlane by the maiden he has seduced by his enchantments or under promise of marriage. It is not his beauty wins her, for he is "a wee, wee man," "an Elfin grey"; and her noble father, the Earl of March, with his knights and her bower-women,

seem to accept her strange story for gospel. She is bound to another assignation with Tamlane, and she meets him again, when he explains that he was the playmate of her childhood, and tells how he may be rescued by her courage and devotion. It is a terrible ordeal; but she has the courage of her race, and will risk anything to redeem her reputation and to find a father for her unborn child. At mirk midnight she makes her way to the haunted cross to await the arrival of the Elfin cavalcade. She hears strange elritch shrieks borne on the winds, and it is a positive relief to her overstrained nerves when the critical moment approaches:—

“About the dead hour of the night,
She heard the bridles ring;
And Janet was as glad o’ that
As any earthly thing!”

Then come the verses that ought to be familiar:—

“And first gaed by the black, black steed,
And then gaed by the brown;
But fast she gript the milk-white steed,
And pu’d the rider down.

They shaped him in fair Janet’s arms,
An eak, but and an adder;
She held him fast in every shape,
To be her bairn’s father.

They shaped him in her arms at last,
A mother-naked man:
She wrapt him in her green mantle,
And sae her true love wan.”

We do not think Professor Veitch alludes to “Clerk Saunders,” perhaps the most grim and ghastly of all. It was first published in the ‘Border Minstrelsy,’ and though we are not quite sure of our chronology, it may have suggested Scott’s translation of Bürger’s “Wilhelm” and “Lenore,”

which, by the way, is scarcely equal to the version by Lord Lytton. Clerk Saunders, who is slain by her brothers in his leman’s arms, comes back to Margaret’s window, after the death-bell has tolled and the corse has been borne to the clay. The spectre fairly warns her of what she may expect should she kiss his “cheik and chin.”

“My mouth it is full cold, Margaret;
It has the smell now of the ground,
And if I kiss thy comely mouth,
Thy days of life will not be long.”

She does not shrink from bestowing the kiss. She rises and follows him to the forest and to his grave, where she would fain find rest, were there any room for her. There is no room, as her lover assures her, where he sleeps full low among the hungry worms. All he asks is a tear to his memory and a prayer for his soul, and he is even disinterested enough to wish her a husband and a brighter future. There is a moral and a warning for the maiden he loved *par amours*—

“Gin e’er ye love another man,
Ne’er love him as ye did me.”

We have confined ourselves chiefly to the poetry and romance of the Border, and we are conscious of having done Professor Veitch some injustice in saying little of his ancient history, his philology, and his antiquarianism, which gives another kind of interest to the first of the volumes. If it be so, Professor Veitch must be content to bear his share of the blame. The descendant of the Veitches of Dawick on Tweedside has the old riding-blood of his forefathers hot at his heart, and his enthusiasm for all that is romantic and poetical is contagious.

GENERAL WILLIAM HAMLEY.

THE recent death of General William G. Hamley at Worthing dissolves a long and fast friendship. For over thirty years, and till failing health compelled him to drop the pen, he had been one of the most versatile, regular, and valued contributors to 'Maga.' By the father's side he came of a fighting family; perhaps it was from his talented and accomplished mother that he and his gifted brothers inherited their literary genius. William George was the eldest son of Admiral William Hamley by Barbara Ogilvy. He was born at Bodmin on the 28th June 1815, and the day was marked and well remembered by the fact of the coaches coming in bedecked with laurel to celebrate the victory of Waterloo. It is significant of the rate at which news travelled then, that the battle had been won ten days before. William Hamley the elder died a rear-admiral, but promotion in his case seems to have been long delayed; his distinguished services were tardily recognised, and he was never one of Fortune's special favourites. He did much dashing and desperate work, but it was chiefly in the way of cutting out vessels from under batteries and the capture of smuggling craft. As flag-lieutenant, he followed the Hon. Captain Cadogan from ship to ship; and if Captain Cadogan, who afterwards succeeded to the family peerage, had his faults, he was generally to be found where fighting was going forward. We cannot doubt that General Hamley painted him to the life, from tradition and report, as the Hon. Tuke Trigot in his

novel of 'Traseaden Hall'; as Captain Oakley is evidently the novelist's father. For Captain Oakley reminds "the Duke" that he had been first lieutenant of the ship which brought Sir Arthur Wellesley to the Peninsula, and that was one of the personal reminiscences on which Admiral Hamley loved to dwell. The Hamleys had good reason to remember Lord Cadogan, and in fact various circumstances kept his memory green in their household. About 1806, when in command of the Crocodile, he was lying with a couple of frigates off the Istrian coast. The commanding fortress of Zara was occupied by a strong French garrison under General Renier. It was an object with the Austrians to take the place, and Cadogan was charged with the business. As captain he was reluctantly confined to his ship, and his lieutenant had command of the attacking force. He landed the ship guns, hauled them up to the crest of a hill, and conducted the operations with such skill and determination as speedily to compel the surrender of the garrison. The Emperor Francis Joseph showed his grateful appreciation of the service by sending Lieutenant Hamley the Cross of Leopold and a golden medal, with an autograph letter. The letter, though long treasured, has been lost, for the Admiral was careless with regard to his papers. As for the medal and the cross, they have been preserved as heirlooms by Sir Edward Hamley, who well remembers likewise a richly damascened French sword, another trophy of the taking of Zara. That sword

has disappeared like the letter, and more unaccountably; but as a child, the future strategist showed his precocious martial instincts by making prize of the weapon whenever he could, though sure to have to surrender with it at discretion to the nursemaids. The sequel of the Istrian feat of arms was less satisfactory. The prize-money, calculated at nearly a quarter of a million, was honourably paid over by the Austrians to our Admiralty. Lord Cadogan, who was rich, punctilious, and independent, from some imaginary point of honour steadily refused to sign the necessary documents; and strangely enough, none of his subordinates seem to have taken legal steps in their own interest and for the benefit of the disappointed seamen. In any case the money lapsed to the British Treasury, and the Hamleys were the poorer by several thousand pounds.

William was educated at the Bodmin grammar-school, under the Rev. L. J. Boor, who appears to have done his work efficiently, for his pupil was always devoted to the classics, though he was passed on to Woolwich at the age of fifteen. He went quickly through the course, came out high in the lists, and received his commission in the Royal Engineers. One of his early employments was in the Scottish Ordnance Survey in the northern district, where he was destined to command at the close of his military career. One night his tent, pitched on a mountain, was blown away in a violent storm. Till dawn of day the young officer was shelterless, and his constitution never recovered the exposure. All his life, and even when serving in warm climates, he was subject to severe neuralgic

pains. He happened to be frequently on duty in the West Indies—in Jamaica, Barbadoes, and other islands,—and to his familiarity with their scenery, society, and customs, we are indebted for some of the most charming of his books and tales. In the autumn of 1863 he went out to Bermuda in command of the Engineers. In February of the following year he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor, and for eighteen months he administered the affairs of the island during the absence on leave of Colonel Orde, the Governor. These months proved singularly anxious and eventful. The American civil war was then at its height, and most of the swift blockade-runners made Bermuda their headquarters. One of these steamers brought a box as part of the freight, which passed the Custom-house with no suspicion of the deadly contents. The box had been shipped at the plague-stricken mouths of the Mississippi, and was full of infected clothing. The yellow fever is a periodical visitor to Bermuda, but seldom had the fatal epidemic broken out with greater virulence. It attacked indiscriminately blacks and whites. Though the colony was then threatened with a Fenian descent, Hamley promptly decided on the alternative of further weakening his feeble garrison, and sending all the troops he could possibly spare to Halifax. The mortality among the men who remained was terrible. The 2d Queen's Regiment chanced to have disembarked the very day on which the first case was announced, and being unacclimatised, it suffered severely. Each day, disregarding the danger, Hamley made his regular rounds of the hospitals, till in his turn he was stricken

down. He only recovered after a sharp struggle for life; but the constitution which had been strained in the Highland snows felt the lasting effects of this shock in the tropics. Before he succumbed the strain upon him had been doubly heavy, for he was commanding the troops as well as governing the island. Sir Hastings Doyle, commander-in-chief of the North American station, bore generous testimony to the spirit and sagacity with which Hamley had met a most embarrassing emergency. Moreover, he made personal application to the Secretary of State, requesting that there should be some adequate recognition of such eminent services. But the ways of the War authorities are always mysterious. No notice was taken of the appeal, and Sir Hastings is said to have been even more annoyed than Colonel Hamley. On Colonel Orde being promoted to the Government of the States Settlements, Colonel Hamley again administered Bermuda; and, as we have said, before retiring from the service he was for several years in command of the Engineers in northern Scotland.

The Magazine owes much to the Hamleys, and we are very sure they would all have been ready to say that they owed much enjoyment to their connection with 'Maga.' We believe we record an unparalleled episode in the history of periodicals when we mention that on one occasion the three brothers in unconscious literary partnership contributed an entire number. Colonel Charles, the youngest of them, whose career was cut prematurely short, was a writer of rare and brilliant promise. As for General William, his first contribution was on "Routine,"

and it came out in January 1857. In 1861 his 'Captain Clutterbuck's Champagne' was published; soon the articles begin to flow in a steady stream, and there are several years in which there is scarcely a month without one or more of them. Articles of all kinds! We are struck, as we glance back over the list, at the width of the range and the amazing versatility of the writer. And what made his contributions invariably welcome was the lightness of the touch and the quiet sparkle of the style. His reading was extensive and most miscellaneous, and he had a retentive and ready memory. Consequently he had seldom, like less fortunate men, to lay down his pen and check the current of his thoughts to refer to authorities or ransack his book-shelves. The late John Blackwood, who was his intimate personal friend, was quick to recognise his wonderful grasp of political affairs and difficult social questions; and his pen was very frequently employed in these pages in the service of the Conservative cause.

For historical articles Hamley generally chose such subjects as can best be treated by a scientific soldier—"The Siege of Plymouth," "Nelson in the Bay of Naples," or "Don John of Austria at Lepanto." In 1870, in a series of contributions cast in letter shape, and written from Egypt at the opening of the Suez Canal, he went far beyond his immediate subject, and dwelt upon trade, agriculture, and finance, with the commercial prospects of the country. His description of the hard lives of the arbitrarily taxed peasantry in the days of forced labour, the curbatsh, and the bastinado, are almost as vivid as those by Edmund

About in his 'Fellah'; and many of the Egyptian stockholders might have regretted the neglect of his warnings had not Lord Beaconsfield come to their rescue by purchasing the Canal shares. Hamley went to Egypt to assist at the triumph of M. Lesseps as an amateur of marine engineering, but it is characteristic that he did not miss the opportunity of groping back to the Egypt of the Exodus through the darkness of the remote past. In the same year we have two excellent archæological articles on the Ancient Egyptians, their knowledge and their works. Wars always gave him a welcome opportunity. The Franco-German campaign suggested such spirited yet thoughtful papers as the "European Hurricane" and "The Retrospect"; and during the year when the Russians came to the rescue of the ungrateful Balkan Christians, under the title "The Storm in the East" he issued his monthly bulletins. But it is superfluous to go on annotating the catalogue, though we must not overlook his charm as an essayist; and indeed, the author of "A Wanderer's Letters" and the "Musings without Method" is no unworthy successor of Cornelius O'Dowd. The last of the "Musings" was his latest contribution. The three subjects of his meditations are "Angling Reminiscences," "Close Boroughs," and "Matrimonial Arrangements," and all are lavishly illustrated by anecdote.

It only remains to say something of his novels and shorter stories, though we are glad to think that one at least of the former is still so much of a favourite with the public as to speak eloquently for itself. 'Captain Clutterbuck's Champagne' was the first, the brightest, and perhaps the best:

that capital West Indian story appeared in the Magazine more than thirty years ago. It is full of life and fun and go; and like all the writer's other works, it is scholarly without a touch of pedantry. He is specially fond of quoting his old friend Horace, but he never drags him in by the head and shoulders, or forces him as an intruder on uncongenial company. 'Captain Clutterbuck' answers to the sparkle of the title, and we have met with no more dramatic descriptions of the magnificent scenery and mixed races of Jamaica since Michael Scott sent us 'Tom Cringle' and 'The Cruise of the Midge.' Tom posed as a sailor, and kept nautical company; but Hamley as a soldier seeks his heroes among jovial subalterns and staunch old toppers in country quarters. The pace, no doubt, is tremendously fast; and these warriors having been bred in contempt of death, bid manful defiance to regimen and yellow Jack. Tom visited the fair island when its prosperity was in full swing; Hamley depicts the days of its decadence, when too precipitate emancipation had cast its blight over everything, and the niggers had the bit between their teeth, and were fast relapsing into their original barbarism. Still, there were hospitable houses; there was a good deal of fun going forward; and Nature was perhaps all the more beautiful that many of the plantations were relapsing into jungle. We have the same gorgeous pictures of views from the mountain-tops, when with the breaking of the morning mists the marvellous purity of the atmosphere showed the landscapes studded with towns and pens and villages, all mapped out with microscopic

minuteness. There are the same brilliant foregrounds of the fruit-trees and flowers embowering the hamlets and negro huts in the wild-est tropical exuberance. Above all, there are the same admirably humorous sketches of the negro, when his vices and his foibles have been fostered by freedom. We see him in his native dignity, his serene impudence, his indolence, and his shameless mendacity; and some of the dialogues and monologues, and notably the "old commodore's" recollections of his intimacy with Nelson, are delightful and singularly suggestive. Yet the drollery of the Galway lieutenant transplanted to the tropics is so good in its way, that we are sorry Hamley never thought of writing a Milesian novel.

'Traseaden Hall' is more pretentious. 'Captain Clutterbuck' is admirably compact; 'Traseaden' covers too much ground. But the characters are elaborated with more care and pains, and one at least—that of the plausible old rascal, Sir Chesterfield Salusbury—is a most finished and striking portrait. There is a great deal of very pretty love-making, with many of those slight but significantly delicate touches which give the lovers of fiction an indefinable charm. There we recognise the relationship to the hand which wrote 'Lady Lee's Widowhood.' Those touches come in all the more pleasantly from contrast, for what we may call a genial cynicism runs through the book. The novel has historical value as a record of the state of the country and the habits of our ancestors at the time when the news of a battle in Flanders took ten days to travel from Brussels to Bodmin. And nowhere is Hamley more picturesque or more graphic than when

expatiating on the thrilling incidents of the Peninsular campaign. The siege of San Sebastian is a masterpiece of the sort, and seldom have the horrors, the terrors, and the dangers of a night attack on positions which nature and science had made wellnigh impregnable, been more brilliantly brought home to us. The courage of the forlorn-hopes and the supporting columns moving forward through the cross-storms of shot and shell to the almost inevitable death that awaits them behind almost insurmountable obstacles, is neither depreciated nor unduly exaggerated. There is rare skill and knowledge in the casual analysis of the various motives and qualities that make up the private soldier's *morale*; and Hamley shows, moreover, how much of the success of our arms was owing to the stern insensibility, whether real or assumed, which gained Wellington his *nom. de guerre* of the Iron Duke. We must dismiss the shorter stories in a word or two. They are always dramatic, crisp, and to the point. We credit Hamley with perhaps one of the best of the good ghost-stories which have appeared in 'Blackwood.' "A Medium of the Last Century"—a sparkling study of Jamaica superstitions—is an excellent second to Lord Lytton's inimitable "Haunted and Haunters," and to Mrs Oliphant's "Open Door." The last story he ever contributed was "A Magnetic Mystery," the supernatural scenes of which are laid in Scotland, between Old Edinburgh and his ancestral Shetlands.

Talking in 'Captain Clutterbuck' of the deathbed of a friendless exile, he ejaculates, "Pray, reader, that a stranger, however kind and feeling, may not perform that last

office for you" (closing the eyes). It was the happiness of our old friend to have his dying hour soothed by all that could be done by devoted affection. And we can hardly close our inadequate tribute more appropriately than by quoting some passages from a letter of one well versed in literature and who knew him intimately. We should have given the letter at length, had we not anticipated its tenor in our own appreciation of him.

"To me it is a subject of continual regret that I shall no more enjoy the great pleasure of General Hamley's company and conversation. He was so gentle, so courteous, so anxious to hear every man's views, that one was tempted almost to forget how wide and careful his own reading was; and he was so bent upon getting information, that one did not always

realise how sound was the knowledge on which his own opinions were based. . . . It was one of my objects always to induce him to draw upon his own stock of interesting recollections. One had to encourage and entice him on. . . . To the end of his life he was keen and alert about the subjects which interested his mind or appealed to his sympathies. Sometimes when I could see that he was suffering from great physical pain—though he never complained,—he would suddenly throw off the discomfort, and plunge into a talk about politics or history or one of his favourite books—and the books he cared for he knew from beginning to end—with a zest and vivacity that almost made me hope he might recover from the illness against which he had struggled so long and so patiently."

NOTES ON SCOTTISH MEDICINE IN THE DAYS OF QUEEN MARY.

EVERYTHING is of interest to Scottish people, and indeed to many of other lands, that throws additional light upon the history of the career and times of Mary Stuart. Her career fascinates; and every fact in it has been amply discussed from many points of view. Her times were among the most important that our country has known. The days of Columba were great; those of Queen Margaret and the first David were of no little importance; those of the heroic struggle against English aggression have always thrilled the heart of Scotland and the world,—but for fascination, none can compare with those of Mary. Her own great personality, with its perplexing problems—those of Knox and Moray, and Darnley and Bothwell—of Maitland of Lethington, of Morton, of the Hamiltons, and among them, above all, the vigorous-minded John, Archbishop of St Andrews—with Glencairn, Argyle, Huntly, Ruthven and Rizzio—with Elizabeth and her great minister Cecil, and her astute representative at the Scottish Court, Randolph—with Catherine de Medicis, the Duke of Guise, the Cardinal Lorraine—with Philip of Spain and Alva, and many more,—crowd the stage, and make the period attractive beyond any other historical epoch. It may be interesting, both to medical men and to readers in general, to gather up some of the medical facts which are to be discovered among the records of the great political events of the day.

Some may ask what we can really get to know of medical matters in that period, but it is

surprising how many points of interest emerge when one is on the look-out for them. We rely not so much upon stated medical works as upon incidental references. But every here and there references do occur, and I have gathered a few of them, and shall here present them in groups. First, I shall give a short account of various illnesses from which Queen Mary herself and some of her contemporaries suffered; second, I shall say something of the careers of some of the medical men who treated these cases; and third, I shall select an illustration or two of the observations they made, the theories which they held as to the nature of the morbid processes which came under their observation, and the lines of treatment which they adopted.

The first illness that befell Queen Mary, so far as I have been able to ascertain, was not in her childish days when she played at Linlithgow or at Inchmahome, nor in the days of her girlish study, or young married life in France, but when the first cloud of sorrow had broken over her, and she had seen her father-in-law and her youthful husband die, and when her own mother had passed away. Rather reluctantly she had decided to return to Scotland, and was making her way thither when she was taken by fever, evidently an ague of a tertian type, from which she suffered for some time, and which led to a delay of her return.

Two years later she suffered, towards the end of November 1562, an attack of what I think every one will agree must have been influenza.

Thomas Randolph or Randall, who was one of the most zealous and able of Queen Elizabeth's agents, and was long employed in Scotland in that capacity, writes to Cecil:—

"May it please your honour, immediately upon the Queen's arrival here she fell acquainted with a new disease that is common in this town, called here the New Acquaintance, which passed through her whole Court, neither sparing lord, lady, nor damoiselle—not so much as either French or English. It is a pain in their heads that have it, and a soreness in their stomachs, with a great cough that remaineth with some longer, with others shorter time, as it findeth apt bodies for the nature of the disease. The Queen kept her bed six days: there was no appearance of danger, nor many that die of the disease except some old folks. My Lord of Murray is now presently in it, the Lord of Liddington hath had it, and I am ashamed to say that I have been free of it, seeing it seeketh acquaintance at all men's hands. By reason of these occasions I have not seen her Grace since she came to town."

It can scarcely be doubted that this disease was influenza. It had appeared suddenly; it was common in the town; it passed through the whole Court, sparing neither lord, lady, nor damoiselle, and affecting alike the Scots, English, and French. It was characterised by a pain in the head, by soreness in the stomach, and by cough. And it lasted longer or shorter time, according to the constitution of the individual patient. In the Queen's case it lasted six days. It was unattended by danger, for few died of it except old folks. Our ancestors seem to have been as much impressed with the novelty of the malady as others have been in more recent times, and the name they gave it—the "New Acquaint-

ance"—is as suggestive as the name of influenza, by which it has come to be known in modern days. It is interesting to notice how this courtier misses his opportunity of basking in the smiles of royalty, and feels a polite regret that he has not been able in this particular to be entirely in the fashion.

I have not heard of any other illness till those interesting days when Queen Mary had taken up her quarters in those apartments in the Castle with which we are familiar, and was looking forward to the birth of her son. Richard Bannatyne, who belonged to the household of our great Reformer, states, under date of July 3, 1571, that—

"Andro Lundie beand at denor with my maister, in a place of the lard of Abbotthalls, called Falsyde, openlie affirmet for treuth, that when the quene was lying in leasing of the king, the Ladie Athole, lying thair lykwayis, bayth within the castell of Edinburgh, that he come thair for sum busines, and called for the Ladie Reirres, whome he fand in hir chalmere, lying bedfast, and he asking hir of hir disease, scho ans writ that scho was never so trubled with no barne that ever scho bair, ffor the Ladie Athole had cassin all the pyne of her child-birth vpon hir."

Now it was well known at that time that the Countess of Athole possessed power as a witch, and as such was able to transfer the pains of labour to another—sometimes to a woman, or sometimes even to the husband, sometimes to a cat or a dog; and if Andrew Lundie's information was correct, she had obliged the Queen on this occasion by transferring her pains to one of her Court ladies. Chloroform is a great improvement upon this method.

Queen Mary seems to have made

a good recovery, for within three months we find her able to do things that few now could achieve.

One of the most curious of all the illnesses which befell Queen Mary was that which happened in Jedburgh in the end of October 1566. She had given birth to her son in Edinburgh Castle on the 19th June, and in October was so well as to be able to hold "justice airts," or circuit courts, in some of the Border towns. She reached Jedburgh on the 9th of October. Various matters of business were transacted during the following week. On the 15th, Le Croc, the French ambassador, arrived, and on the 16th, Mary made her famous ride to Hermitage Castle in order to visit the Earl of Bothwell, her lieutenant of the Marches. The distance is twenty-three miles in a direct line, and she showed her vigour by riding on horseback there and back in a single day, a distance in all which must have been at least sixty miles. The mere bodily fatigue involved in such an expedition was enough to induce illness; but if mental emotion of the keenest kind be superadded, we may well conceive how much the danger was increased.

Some authorities are of opinion that with that kindness of heart which was one of the leading features of the beautiful Queen, she hastened as soon as her official duties permitted to pay a visit of sympathy to her wounded lieutenant. Bothwell was among the foremost of her nobles. He was seven years her senior, and, like her, had lived much abroad. He was familiar with Italy, and especially with Venice, and, like every leading Scotsman of his day, knew France well, and was well known to its statesmen. He held sway over

great territories of the Borderland. From his castle at Dunbar to that of Hailes, close by East Linton, on to Borthwick and thence along to Hermitage, the country was studded with fortresses of which he was master, and in her service this great noble had been wounded. What, say many, was more natural and more characteristic than that this gracious Queen should pay him a visit of sympathy and condolence?

But others, reading the history by the light of subsequent events, aver that the Queen's heart was already touched, and that, wife and mother though she was, love had sprung up for this strong, able, and accomplished man who was destined to wreck her fame. They point out how the weak, vain, vicious Darnley, on whom she had lavished her wealth of love some eighteen months before, had become hateful to her, and assert that tokens are not wanting that Bothwell had taken the place of which Darnley had proved unworthy. They picture to themselves the struggle between duty and passion, and represent the Queen as having at last yielded to the dictates of her feelings—given the rein to folly, and galloped off, regardless of appearances and of every other deterring consideration. If this view be correct, we can well understand what share the tumultuous emotions of that day might have had in the production of her illness.

With regard to the illness itself we have the record in considerable detail. On the 17th, the day after her famous ride, she was taken ill. The 'Diurnal of Occurrents' says she was so heavily vexed with hot fevers that no one thought she would live. The illness set in with severe pain in the side, and confined her to bed. As it was

referred to the spleen, we may infer it was in the left side. It was attended by very severe and often repeated vomiting. Nau says she vomited more than sixty times: this gave rise to a suspicion of poisoning, and some writers have plainly said not only that poisoning had occurred, but that it was the work of the Queen's brother, the Earl of Moray; and Nau roundly asserts that when things were at their worst that nobleman laid hands on her most precious articles, such as her silver plate and jewels. Her condition was considered so hopeless that mourning dresses were ordered and arrangements were made for the funeral: some even declared that she was actually dead. On one occasion she lost the power of speech and had a severe fit of convulsions; all her limbs were drawn together, her face was distorted, and her whole body became cold. Her surgeon, Arnault, however, refused to believe her dead, having perceived some tokens of life in her arms, and he adopted what is justly described as an extreme remedy in her extreme case. He bandaged very tightly her great toes and her legs, from the ankles upwards, and her arms; and he opened her mouth by force and poured some wine into it. When she had recovered a little, he administered other remedies, and pronounced the results produced by them to be very suspicious; but under this treatment she improved. One day during her illness she called together the lords that were in attendance upon her, and reminded them of the importance of their mutual union and agreement for the good of the country and the safety of her son. She specially recommended him to their care, and to that of the King of France. She caused prayers to be read, and

disposed of herself as one near to death.

We have various accounts of the events of these anxious days, and it appears that although she was never in such extreme danger, yet she had for a week recurrences of vomitings and of nervous seizures; and even after she had sufficiently recovered to make her way to Edinburgh by Teviotdale and Berwickshire, she vomited a quantity of corrupt blood, and then seemed to convalesce decidedly.

All the narratives leave us in some doubt as to the details of this formidable illness, but certain of its features are unmistakably portrayed. She undoubtedly had hæmatemesis, but its cause is not so clear. Six years before she had suffered from tertian ague, and the spleen might have been permanently enlarged in consequence; but this would not explain such a hemorrhage. The hypothesis of irritant poisoning seems to have suggested itself almost of necessity in every case of sudden death in those days, and one cannot wonder, considering the symptoms of this illness, that it was suspected here; but what irritant poison is there which could lead to such hæmatemesis and not prove fatal? I do not believe that such a poison exists. Even if it were referable to poisoning, I should reject as utterly groundless the suspicion against the Earl of Moray which finds favour in certain quarters. But what was the cause of her unconscious attacks, her blindness, her violent convulsions? They could not result from organic disease, for they soon and completely disappeared: they were therefore clearly functional, and certainly referable to the category of hysterical complaints. And who that knows hysteria can wonder that a young woman, not three

months after her confinement, whose heart was broken at the thought of her miserable folly in marrying a man so utterly beneath her and unworthy of her in every respect; who had during her pregnancy seen her faithful servant dragged from her supper-table to be murdered in an adjoining room; who had ridden for sixty miles in one day to see a favoured nobleman; who was striving with all her might to re-establish the old religion in which she believed, and undo the work of her people in the direction of Reformation; and perhaps who felt in her heart the tumult of rising passion for him whose bedside she visited,—who can wonder, that with these conditions and the exhaustion due to hæmatemesis together, her nervous system broke down, and she took hysteria?

I find no sufficient evidence in support of vague stories about illnesses, and utterly reject the rumour of the birth of a child in Lochleven Castle. Her system must have been tremendously tried by the events of her escape, by the hasty ride to Niddry Tower and to Hamilton, and still more by the miserable and lonely gallop over the moorland hills of Lanarkshire and Dumfriesshire that followed the hopeless defeat at Langside; but I find no authentic account of failing health till March 1569, when Shrewsbury writes to Cecil: "She hath complained this fortnight of the grief of the spleen, which my physician, Leveret, informeth me is 'obstructio splenis cum flatu hyponcondrico,' wherewith by times . . . she is ready to swoon." A month later her health was evidently suffering on account of her perplexities and anxieties. On Tuesday, May 10, she had an attack which

she described both to the Bishop of Ross and to the French ambassador as being similar to the one which nearly proved fatal at Jedburgh. Shrewsbury, writing to Cecil about that attack, says: "This Queen, on receipt of pills by her physician for ease of her spleen, became very sick, and swoounded divers times vehemently, so as they were driven to give her to drink aqua vitæ in good quantity, but she escaped the danger. Her body remains yet very much distempered. Her recovery was as sudden as her attack, and she had various convulsions." Here, again, it is clear that she had a recurrence of her nervous and hysterical symptoms. She was seen by Dr Francis and by Drs Atslowe and Good.

In the long years of her captivity the Queen seems often to have suffered from rheumatic and gouty complaints, and asked permission of Elizabeth to visit Buxton for their relief. This was refused. In the summer of 1573 the English authorities were again hard pressed by Mary herself and by the French ambassador, and the Earl of Shrewsbury reported that she was complaining of a hardness in her side. This hardness may have been an enlarged spleen due to her old malarious disease; and Lord Burleigh, after a good deal of delay, was intrusted by Elizabeth with the duty of telling Shrewsbury that he might go with Mary to Buxton. About August 21 the party left Chatsworth, and they seem to have spent at the utmost five weeks at Buxton. Buxton Wells had been known to the Romans, and had been used by them during the Roman occupation of our island, but had fallen into neglect. Just about Mary's time they were again coming into favour. A cer-

tain Dr Jones was the fashionable physician of the place, and wrote about its merits. He recommended not only the baths but regular exercises: for gentlemen, bowling, butts, and tossing the windball; for ladies, a kind of game which consisted in trolling bowls of lead or other material into a set of holes made in the end of a bench or otherwise. I have seen on the floor of the room in Linlithgow Palace in which Mary as a child used to play, a set of holes, each about the size of a wine-glass, and evidently intended for some game—very possibly this same one that Dr Jones was in the habit of recommending his lady patients to play at Buxton. She took her baths, and, according to tradition, explored some of the places of interest, and particularly the caverns in the neighbourhood. She derived some relief, and said that if she had had a better season of year and more time she would have got more good. She was frequently suffering from rheumatic, gouty, and other complaints in the years which followed, and in 1580 she again visited Buxton and took the baths regularly. About this time again there was an outbreak of influenza, but Mary seems to have escaped.

In 1582 two eminent physicians, Dr Smith and Dr Barronsdale, were sent to treat the Queen, and they again recommended Buxton. She went on the 13th of June and stayed there some weeks. In 1584 Shrewsbury reports that she had been much crippled in her hand, and after another visit to Buxton she herself writes: "It is incredible how this cure has soothed my nerves, and dried my body of the phlegmatic humours with which, by reason of feeble health, it was so abundantly filled." She probably remained

there for a month or six weeks that season, and when she left it she seems to have said farewell with special sadness; for she wrote with a diamond, upon a window-pane, the words:—

"Buxtona, quæ calidæ celebraris nomine
Lymphæ,
Forte mihi posthac non adeunda, Vale."

A few years more, and she was freed for ever from the trials of bodily sickness.

Many illnesses are recorded as occurring among Mary's contemporaries, and one might be glad to know details of fevers from which Queen Elizabeth suffered. What was the particular lesion, which was called an aposthume (an old name for abscess), and which came on so suddenly when Mary's first husband, King Francis, was hearing Mass one day? Was it really a cerebral abscess, or was it thrombosis of the sinus, or was it a septic meningitis that followed upon his disease of the mastoid cells—his rotten ear, as the plain-spoken historians of the day called it? One would like to know the nature of the temporary paralysis with aphasia from which John Knox suffered so suddenly; of that chronic spinal malady which so long beset the acute and masterful Maitland of Lethington; whether it was Bright's disease, or a cardiac trouble, or a tumour, of which Mary of Guise died in Edinburgh Castle; of the kind of insanity which seized the Earl of Arran in St Andrews, and led to his being brought to Edinburgh in the Queen's coach, guarded by thirty-three attendants on horseback, and accompanied by Bothwell, and one of his kinsfolk, the Hamiltons. But for this incident we should scarcely have known that the Queen possessed a coach, or

that the country possessed roads along which a coach could travel. One would like to know particulars of the strange malady which simultaneously affected almost all the Scottish commissioners who had been sent to France on the occasion of the marriage of Mary to the Dauphin. It proved fatal to Robert Reid, Bishop of Orkney, the first man who left money to found the University of Edinburgh, the Earls of Rothes, Cassilis, and others, and made James Stuart, the Prior of St Andrews, Pittenweem, and Maçon, so ill that he was never the same man again. It came on after a banquet, and just after the refusal of the crown matrimonial. Was it not due to poison? One would like to know what were really the two maladies from which Lord Ruthven was suffering when he rose from his bed and got on his armour with difficulty, and almost staggered up the secret stair, as he made his way to Mary's apartment in Holyrood to murder Rizzio. He tells us that he was forty-six years old, and had two infirmities—the one called the inflammation of the liver, the other the consumption of the reins and kidneys—and that they had kept him bedfast for three months. He had been attended by the Queen's French doctor, and by Dr Preston, and by Thomas Thomson, apothecary. He died of his illness at Newcastle on the 13th of May 1566. One would like to know what exactly was the matter with Darnley when he left Stirling immediately after the baptism of his son, at which he had not appeared. It is often said to have been small-pox, but at no stage of its course did its features correspond with that malady. Poisoning is suggested by some; but though the vomiting might well have resulted from that, the blotches

could scarcely be so explained. Into other suggestions which have afforded material for ingenious discussion I shall not at present enter; but shall remark in passing, that the evidence which connects with his name a skull in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons of England is in my judgment utterly futile.

There is one case regarding which we have wonderfully precise information. John Hamilton, the Archbishop of St Andrews, was the half-brother of the unstable Duke of Hamilton, who had been Regent in Mary's early days, and who swayed about in a weak way from side to side, ultimately accepting the title of Duke of Chatelherault, and relinquishing his regency into the firmer hands of Mary of Guise, the mother of the young Queen. His natural brother John was a man of sterner stuff, of an iron will and of unbounded energy, a zealous defender of the established faith. His first great preferment was when he was Abbot of Paisley; but in 1546 he became Archbishop of St Andrews. No doubt it was due to his influence that his brother the Regent abjured the faith of the Reformers in the Franciscan Church in Stirling.

The Archbishop had a heavy task; for not only had he his own ecclesiastical duties to attend to, but he had to guide his brother the Regent in every difficulty, and he never failed to keep a watchful eye on the interests of his own great family. His brother the Duke was next heir to the throne, and the Archbishop's ambition was unbounded. But his health broke down under the strain, and he became affected with asthma, the paroxysms recurring every eight days and lasting on each occasion for twenty-four hours. This malady brought him nearly to the

point of death, and all the skill that was available here failed to give him any relief; so he called to his assistance one of those wandering doctors of the day, Dr William Cassanate, a man of Spanish descent, but a native of Besançon in Burgundy, and born on the 5th of October 1515. These were the days of horoscopes, and so we often get information as to the day and the hour at which a birth had taken place; so was it with Cassanate. I do not know where he studied; but he was a man evidently of much ability, with a keen eye to his own interests, a courtier by nature, time-serving, and much at home in the atmosphere of Courts. We are told that he could change opinions as the exigencies of the day required and profit by political confusion, and he was most happy when along with his professional work he could take a part in Court business and try to make the bowls run in such a way as would please his chief patrons for the time being. He was fond of the good things of this life, and he delighted in elegant company and gaiety and pleasure. He made a large income, but he spent it lavishly; and yet one hopes that after his years of service here, as he had only a wife and one daughter to provide for, he saved enough, notwithstanding his expensive and lavish entertainments, to make them comfortable when he found it desirable a few years later to return to Besançon and drop out of our story. It appears that some success had at first attended his treatment of the Archbishop; but soon he found that to cure him was beyond his power, and so it occurred to him to seek the advice of the greatest physician of the day, Girolamo Cardano of Milan, better known

as Jerome Cardan, who was then at the height of his fame.

Accordingly, towards the end of November 1551 some merchants brought to Dr Cardano at Milan a letter, dated Edinburgh, 28th September of that year. It was signed by William Cassanate, physician, and goes at prodigious length into a statement of the case upon which the opinion of the great Italian was required. Dr Cassanate begins by introducing himself as a stranger to Cardano but no stranger to his writings, and after disquisition about friendship and esteem for others, he works round to a statement of his special respect for Cardano. He is a great admirer of his writings. As yet he has read only those upon 'Wisdom' and 'Subtilty' and upon 'Consolation.' Two of these he had received when he was practising in Toulouse, from a legal friend there, who was very studious of the humaner letters. He estimates the lion by his claw, and hopes one day to make himself acquainted with all Cardano's works. He then through many pages explains his theory of the case—a subject which I shall in the meantime pass over—and finally states that his patron the Archbishop is about to tear himself from the affairs of State and make his way to Paris, to which great city, the nurse of so many great philosophers, he begs that Cardano also may come, so that together they may examine the patient and devise what may be best for his cure. The case had indeed become desperate; for whereas ten years ago, when his Grace was thirty, the attacks came on only occasionally with symptoms in the head and spread down to the lungs, now they were almost constant and of great se-

verity, the patient never free from expectoration of humours. If these humours were acrid, their falling back upon the lungs would induce tabes, which the Greeks called phthoe; but as they were insipid and somewhat sweet, they did not produce this serious result. Cassanate feels sure that Paris will accord to Cardano a hearty welcome, and crown with fresh honours the man whose writings have already at their hands received a worshipful reception.

"For whatever time you wish to occupy upon the journey, whatever escort you would have, or charge you would be at, take the necessary money from the hands of him who will deliver this letter. If the season and your health permit, and you are willing, means shall not be wanting, and you shall receive safe-conducts from the various princes through whose territories you will pass, and the public faith of each country will be pledged for your safety. Besides all this, you are dealing with a humane and most liberal prince, who will deal generously with you.

"If it be impossible for you to come, you are intreated to give a written opinion and suggestions; but if possible come as far as Lyons, and there you will be met and the case more fully explained."

There must have been a good deal of excitement in the household of Cardano during the weeks which followed the receipt of this letter. An adventurous affair it was for a physician to leave his own country for so long a time, and wander into regions so distant. How much greater it would have been, could they have realised that not to Lyons merely, but to the remote capital of Scotland the journey should extend! But Cardano resolved to go, and on the 21st of February 1552 he started for Lyons by way of Domo Dossola

and the Simplon Pass. He came down past Sion, he looked upon its castellated heights, he passed the Castle of Chillon, probably little different from what we see it to-day, and so on to Geneva, where the doings of Calvin would doubtless interest him, and at length on to Lyons, where he expected the Scottish representative; but for eight-and-thirty days he waited in vain. Patients were flocking to him, and he was busy enough—great nobles and soldiers, wealthy citizens and poor people, crowded to him for help.

At length Cassanate arrived with a letter from the Archbishop himself, stating that it was impossible for him to leave Scotland at the time, the fact being probably that the Archbishop was afraid to leave his more facile brother, for fear that he would let power slip away from between his fingers when the strong man was absent; so he begs Cardano to continue his journey on to Scotland. He arranges for the costs and for the comforts of his journey, and closes his letter in words like these: "Farewell, most learned Cardanus, and visit our lares, to find us not so much of Scythians as you perhaps suppose." The letter was dated from Edinburgh, 4th February 1552. So Cardano agreed, and using as much as possible the water-way of the Loire, arrived in Paris, and there, like many another before his day and since, he had a grand time of it.

One would give a good deal to know the details of a little dinner-party, consisting of Dr Cardano from Milan, Dr Cassanate from Edinburgh, and two of the heads of the profession in Paris: Jacques de la Boe, who, according to the custom of the time, was known as Sylvius; and Jean Fernel, who was spoken of as Pharnelius. These

four met together at dinner to discuss the nature and the treatment of the case of the Archbishop. Sylvius was Professor of Anatomy in Paris, and Cardano describes him as a merry little man of seventy, quite bald, and full of jokes; and besides a great many practical suggestions with regard to the Archbishop's case, he took the opportunity of doing his best to enlist Cardano in the ranks of those who were opposing and persecuting Vesalius, whom he declared to be a most unworthy man, and an impious confuter of the works of Galen. Pharnelius, like many other physicians of those days, was much addicted to philosophy and mathematics; but having taken to medicine, he speedily attained a great practice. Henry II. as Dauphin, and afterwards as King, was his constant friend. Among the most grateful of his patients was Catherine de Medicis, who believed that his skill had saved her from a state of childlessness, and gave him on the birth of her first-born 10,000 dollars, ordering that a like sum should be paid to him at the birth of each succeeding son or daughter. I think that Cardano liked Pharnelius better than he liked Sylvius. He says he was a pale lean man of about fifty, who loved his study, and was full of domestic affection. He was the Professor of Medicine in the University, and the first Court physician; but he must have puzzled Cassanate greatly, for he had an undisguised contempt for Court society.

Cassanate stated the facts of the case, and discussed them along with the French authorities; but Cardano was cautious, said as little as possible, and let the others bear the weight of the responsibility. They agreed upon a plan of treatment.

Cardano had a busy time enough in Paris. Patients of all kinds crowded to him, and if he did not see the youthful Scottish Queen, he heard a good deal about her, and was called upon to treat one of her brothers. Which brother I do not know; but perhaps it was James Stuart, the Prior of St Andrews and Pittenweem, as well as of Maçon in France, and who afterwards was the Regent of Scotland. At all events Cardano was consulted by one of Mary's brothers, and this particular brother was in Paris about that time. Soon, however, he left Paris and sailed down the Seine to Rouen, thence he passed to Boulogne and Calais, took ship for England, and reached London on the 3d of June. He rested there three days, busy enough with practice and with interviews all the time, then started for Edinburgh. It took him twenty-three days to reach the Scottish metropolis, but on the 29th June he arrived in Edinburgh and saw his patient. He remained beside him, studying his case and watching the effects of treatment, till the middle of September, and then all too soon, as the Archbishop thought, he found it necessary to return home. Happily some amelioration of symptoms had already set in. The treatment agreed upon in Paris was tried for forty days and then it was abandoned, having certainly failed; whereupon Cardano announced his discovery that Cassanate and the others were entirely wrong in their view of the case, and that really, instead of the brain being too cold and moist, as they had supposed, it was too hot. In accordance with this fundamental fact he proposed a different plan of treatment, and insisted upon many rules as to diet and hygiene, and as to the use of

medicines, of which I shall have more to say later on.

I shall not trace the adventures of Cardano nor the tempting offers that were made to him by the fragile English king, Edward VI., as he passed through London, or by the friends of the beautiful young Queen of Scotland as he passed through Paris, or by others great enough to enter into such a competition, that he should accept service with them. The Archbishop went on pretty rigidly with his treatment, and carefully kept his promise to report progress at the end of two years: just when that time was fulfilled there stepped into Cardano's home at Milan, Michael, the first chamberlain of the Archbishop, a man whom Cardano had doubtless learned to know during his Scottish visit, and who was then on his way to Rome on some matters of business. He brought a letter from the Archbishop himself, full of good news and gratitude. He thanks him for the welcome gifts of books which Cardano had sent him from time to time as they were published, and also for his health, which was in great measure restored, in fact he might say for life recovered.

"All these good things and this body of mine itself I hold as received from you. From the time when I had your medicines prescribed and prepared with so much art and dexterity, the disease which is peculiar to me has made its visits with much less frequency and violence. The accustomed attacks now scarcely occur once a-month, and sometimes once in two months. They are less urgent and pressing than they used to be, indeed are felt but slightly."

This was pleasant news, and accompanied by many substantial tokens of goodwill, and Michael was intrusted with the offer of large payments if Cardano could

be induced to accept office as Hamilton's permanent physician. But this did not suit the views of Cardano; and Hamilton went on struggling for his Church and for his family interests through many years,—through the bright and happy early period of Mary's reign, when little disturbed him except the power of the Reformers and the suavity and liberal views of the Queen, to its darker period, when Rizzio's death must have disturbed many of his plans,—through the days of Darnley and Bothwell, and the captivity in Lochleven, and the struggle of Langside, and on to the murder of the Regent, in which he confessed himself to have shared the guilt, to the period when he was taken prisoner on the capture of Dumbarton Castle, was carried to Stirling for trial, and there hanged—so far as I know, the first and the last prelate in Scotland who endured such ignominy. And whatever we may think of some of his dark deeds, one cannot but shrink with horror from the mood of mind of those who fastened on his gibbet at the market-cross of Stirling, the last written words upon which his eye would fall, that fearful and oft-quoted couplet:—

"Cresce diu, felix arbor, semperque
vireto
Frondibus ut nobis talia poma ferat;"

which Froude gives in English in this fashion:—

"Long may'st thou grow and thrive,
thou bounteous tree,
To bear for aye such fruits as this we
see."

I do not know what sort of reception was accorded to Cassanate and Cardano by the profession in Edinburgh. Of course we had Edinburgh doctors in those days, and, not very long after, the profes-

sion there could deal very vigorously with intruders; for I find that on August 1, 1593, complaint was made to the Common Council by the Corporation of Surgeons that Awin, a French surgeon, was practising the art of surgery within the liberties of Edinburgh, which being heard and considered by the Council, they decreed that the said Awin shall desist from exercising the said art within the city and liberties of Edinburgh under the pain of imprisonment, and the payment of a fine of £20 Scots for each offence other than the following branches of surgery—viz., cutting for stone, curing of ruptures, couching of cataracts, curing the pestilence, and the distemper of women occasioned by child-birth. These exceptions seem very curious, and we know that for some of them it was not unusual to seek foreign assistance. We know that about that time those who could afford it were apt to go to Paris for surgical help. In July of 1563, for example, Henry Sinclair, Bishop of Ross, took ship to France to try to get cured of confirmed calculus; and the 'Diurnal of Occurrents' says that he was shorn for the stone in Paris on the 28th of September of the following year. But he died of the disease after all in Paris, in June 1565. The Regent Morton was operated upon for hernia in Edinburgh, no doubt performed by local practitioners; and the position of the profession was such that we find that even during the wretched days when Queen Mary was just about to be married to Bothwell, on the 11th May 1567, she found time to grant a letter "to the cunning men of the occupation and craft of chirurgions, freeing them from the duty of attending hosts and wapinschaws, and also from passing on inquests

and assizes, in order that they might have the greater occasion to study the perfection of the said craft to the uttermost of their engines." In 1562, Robert Henderson, a surgeon, received from the Council of Edinburgh 20 merks in acknowledgment of services rendered, and great and uncommon cures. The cures were remarkable enough if they are correctly recorded; for they include not only that of a person whose hands were cut off, and of a man and woman run through their body with swords, but of a woman after she was buried, and had lain two days in the grave!

Queen Mary's own physician while she resided in France had been Jacques Lusgerie (or Lugerie), and he continued to be in correspondence with her during her life in Scotland and her English captivity. He is mentioned by the Queen in a letter to Catherine de Medicis, 12th March 1565. By his advice Queen Mary "keepit a diet" before she went north on her great tour when the power of the Gordons was broken, and in May 1571 she wrote to Beaton requesting him to send her a physician from France with the advice of, or recommended by, Lusgerie. Very likely he may have selected, in 1579, a French physician, Duval, who was sent over to treat her for a very dry cough which attacked her in the month of June of that year.

Of Arnault, her French physician, who treated her so vigorously at Jedburgh, I have not been able to get much information; but I have a few notes regarding some of the doctors who were in attendance upon her in England.

There was William Leveret, who saw her at the instance of Lord Shrewsbury, and who prac-

tised at Newark in Nottinghamshire, and died there at the age of sixty-eight. His epitaph describes him as physician, thrice alderman, of godly life, zealous in God's religion, a benefactor to the poor, and one whose soul resteth with Jesus Christ in heaven. He was a man much trusted in his day, and Shrewsbury seems to have had confidence in him.

Dr Thomas Francis also saw her. He was a native of Chester, and educated at Christ Church, Oxford. As early as 1551, we find him supplying the place of King's Professor of Physic, probably as deputy for Dr John Warner. He was admitted Fellow of the College of Physicians in 1560, and is described as "*Vir probus atque doctus, et eadem Universitate (Oxon.) prolector publicus medicinæ.*" He was a physician to Queen Elizabeth, and much respected by her.

Some of her doctors during the English captivity were men of Mary's own way of thinking. Leveret and Francis almost certainly were not; but Richard Smith, who was consulted in 1582 along with Dr Barronsdale, was a zealous Catholic, had been an active opponent of the Reformation, and indeed was obliged to leave England on that account. In his later days he lived at Douay in France, and died there in 1603. Of Dr Barronsdale's religious and political opinions I have no information; but he came to high office in the Royal College of Physicians of London, and was indeed its president for eleven years. But in the earlier years of her imprisonment Mary had various doctors in attendance. In November 1569 she complained much of grief and pain at her side, her heart, and head; that she had alarming fits and faintness; that her colour and

complexion had much decayed, and she kept mostly to bed; indeed, her Jedburgh illness may be said to have recurred, though in a milder degree. At that time Dr Thomas Francis saw her. She was also allowed to consult Dr Edward Atslove and Dr James Good. The facts that we know about these gentlemen are very suggestive. Dr Atslove had been educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford, and was created Doctor of Physic, August 22, 1554. He was one of those appointed to dispute before Queen Elizabeth when she visited the University. But he was a zealous Catholic, and warmly attached to the cause of Mary Queen of Scots. He suffered imprisonment for designing means for her escape, and Thomas Morgan, writing to her, says: "I hear that Dr Atslove was racked twice almost to death in the Tower about the Earl of Arundel and his measures and intention to depart England." Dr James Good, also a New College man, took his degree in 1560. Whether he was racked or not I am not aware, but he certainly found his way to prison in 1573 for holding secret correspondence by letter with Mary Queen of Scots.

In the most interesting narrative of the murder of Rizzio, which was written at Berwick a few weeks after that event by Lord Ruthven, who led the party on the occasion, we learn that he was attended by the Queen's French doctor, as well as by Dr Preston and Thomas Thomson, apothecary. The Queen's French doctor was probably Arnault, who had treated her in Jedburgh. Of Dr Preston I find almost no trace, excepting that some one of his name and profession, and probably himself, is mentioned as a witness to the inventory and testament of Walter Scott of

Branksome, Knight, dated Hawick, 11th April 1594. But of Thomas Thomson, the apothecary, I learn from Mr William Baird that the family was well known, and occupied a good position in the city and county. Two Thomsons, father and son, apothecaries, were burgesses of Edinburgh: the father married Margaret Barton of Duddingston, a granddaughter of the celebrated Robert Barton, "master skipper of the very monstrous great ship, *Great Michael*," and daughter of John Barton, the Laird of Overbertown, of Easter and Wester Duddingston, and these lands belonged to him in right of his wife. His sons were thriving prosperous men, with a turn for privateering engrafted on their merchandising. So that Thomson himself must have been a man of some consideration in the city.

Although I can find, by the help of Dr John Gairdner's writings and otherwise, traces more or less interesting of several other Edinburgh practitioners of these early days, I shall mention only one—viz., the celebrated Dr Gilbert Skene, the author of a treatise on the plague, and a famous man in his day. The late Historiographer-Royal for Scotland tells us in the account of the family which he prepared for the New Spalding Club, that Dr Gilbert was the son of James Skene of Wester Corse and Ramore. He, and a brother who was also a doctor of physic, fell short of money in London on their return from France. Resolving to kill or cure wherever they came, they were heard to say one to another—"Let us spend this that we have, and then revenge Pinkie and Flodden." He took a doctor's degree, and in 1536 was appointed Mediciner or Professor of Medicine in King's College, Aberdeen. In 1569 he married a

certain Agnes Lawson, widow of John Uddart, a burghess of Edinburgh, and in 1575 he settled in Edinburgh in practice. He became physician to James VI., and received a pension as such. His book on the plague had been published in 1569, and probably was his greatest achievement; but he lived on till the end of the century.

We have seen that many diseases prevailed in those days, some of which are common enough still, while some have happily disappeared. The great outstanding epidemic which came from time to time as a fearful scourge was the pest or the plague. The Burgh Records of Edinburgh show that there was a visitation of pestilence in the years 1498, 1504, 1512, 1530, 1568, 1574, 1585, 1587. It seems probable that under the name of pest they included a number of different diseases, including, besides the true oriental plague, which has now been so long banished from our shores, probably typhus and famine fever, and perhaps other ailments as well. There were some differentiations already accomplished. There was one which was called the "wame-ill," and one which was the "land-ill," which perhaps was of the nature of dysentery. These pests or plagues were often distinctly traced to contagion, and precautions were frequently taken to prevent their spread. Thus, when John Downie arrived in Leith Roads, about 1580, with his plague-ship, he was sent over to St Colm's Inch to ride quarantine, so as not to spread it. But in 1584, to take another example, a ship arrived at Wester Wemyss, a small port in Fife, which spread fearful havoc in Perth and other towns. In Edinburgh, at that time, the havoc was so great that James Melville says in his 'Diary' that, "On the morn

we made haste, and coming to Restalrig disjeuned, and about eleven hours, came riding in at the Watergate up through the Canon-gate, and rade in at the Nether Bow through the great street of Edinburgh to the West Port, in all whilk way we saw not three persons, sae that I miskenned and almost forgot that I had seen sic a town."

Ague was common in those days, and other maladies which have not yet become so rare as ague now is in our island, appear to have been very prevalent. Their modes of propagation were well enough recognised, and King James VI. showed that his mother had distinct notions of some of the ways in which certain of them might be communicated; for he says that the Queen his mother, of worthy memory, at his baptism, although he was baptised by a Popish Archbishop, "sent him word to forbear to use the spittle in my baptism. Her own very words were, that she would not have a priest (and the word priest was qualified by a very undesirable adjective) to spit in her child's mouth." The malady must have been fearfully prevalent throughout the whole community at this time.

I wish that I could make clear to my own mind, and to those of my readers interested in such questions, the theory of even one disease exactly as it was held by our predecessors in those days, but it is indeed difficult to accommodate one's self to their point of view. Let us take the case of the Archbishop of St Andrews, regarding which we possess such detailed information. The facts seem clear enough. The Archbishop was a man of great energy, and accustomed to overwork himself. His powers of elimination appear

not to have been great, and he sought to supply the necessary force by taking in stores of food, and probably of wine, much beyond what he could use, and so he suffered from faulty chemistry, and his asthma was one of its results. He evidently used to get attacks of coryza, and they spread along the mucous tract and affected his bronchial tubes, then came the paroxysm, more or less prolonged, with all the distresses which we are accustomed to see in cases of bronchitic asthma.

Now Cassanate, looking at these facts, came to the conclusion that the Archbishop's brain was of a bad temperature, being too cold and moist, and that periodically it distilled downwards into the lungs a quantity of humour which had to be discharged. Cassanate also thought that the periodicity stood in relation to certain phases of the moon. When Cardano came on the scene he soon satisfied himself that the latter idea was without foundation, and ere long he came to the conclusion that the fault lay not in the brain being too cold, but in its being too hot. He argued that if the matter which ultimately was expectorated had accumulated in the brain, as Cassanate supposed, the operation of the intellect must have been impeded, that the complexion of the Archbishop would not have been so good, and the material accumulating would have been corrupted. He believed that the thin fluid discharged was partly serous humor, partly condensed vapour, which descended from the brain into the lungs, not through the cavity of the windpipe, for if so it would have been coughed out during its downward passage, but through its coats as water soaks through linen. This thin humor and vapour he

supposed to be originally drawn into the brain by the increased rarity of that organ caused by undue heat. Heat makes all things rare, and rarefaction in one part of the body produces suction from another. The thick expectorated matter was formed, Cardano thought, from the food.

In the course of his discussion he takes up many medical problems. I select one only: Why does the whole body grow hot during the attacks from which the Archbishop suffers? It is because, respiration being impeded, the heart grows hot, and it being heated, the whole body is necessarily affected; and fever is revealed by these conjoined symptoms, increased heat, and greater frequency of pulse. This must suffice as an illustration of the best theories that the best physicians could propound in the century preceding the days of Harvey.

I must now briefly say something of the ideas of the treatment which then prevailed. I would gladly describe to you the sanitary precautions—quaint, curious, and evidently dreadfully needed—which emanated from the town authorities in those days with the view of preventing the plague. I should have liked to picture the wretched community of plague-stricken folks which gathered in the tents or the huts on the Burgh Muir, with the rules as to visitors, and as to bailies of the muir, and as to doctors, and as to the dead—to recall the warnings addressed to Napier of Merchiston against his living in his tower so near the plague encampment; but all these I must pass over, and tell only what Cardano recommended by way of treatment of the Archbishop, whose case we know so well.

He recommended many medi-

cines for internal and external use, but not many that retain a place in the modern pharmacopœia. He recommended bark of Indian wood, cinnamon, caryophyllum, colocynth, camphor, cyclamen, viola, turpentine, hops, anise, senna, poppy, mustard, myrrh, wormwood, agrimony, lichen, privet, rue, raisins, hyssop, crocus, marjoram, scabious, figs, honey, and many more; and he earnestly urges the use of a remedy which he had tried himself for breathlessness, accompanied by bad cough: Take the lungs of a fox and forthwith wash it with wine and dry it in a furnace to a cinder; powder, and mix well with the yolk of an egg. Among his external remedies, one which was evidently a prime favourite was that which he applied over the sutures of the skull, and especially the coronal, and which he found a grand remedy for bringing away the humors of the brain. It was composed of Greek pitch and ship's tar, white mustard, euphorbium, and honey, sharpened, if necessary, by the addition of blister-fly.

He had unbounded faith in the efficacy of elaterium—2 grains dissolved in 4 ounces of goat's or cow's milk and as much water; this to be drawn through the nostril when the patient was fasting. He had found—and we can well believe it—that when this remedy was used, a very copious discharge of humor took place from the nostrils. I shall not attempt to follow him through the long series of medicines which he recommended to be used.

But it was in the shrewdness of his general directions that Cardano excelled. In medical matters he insisted on being the Archbishop's master. And this was the more needful because, in the language of a poet well known in Edin-

burgh, the prelate was a man "whose habits required reformation." Regularity in all things was recommended; and, with a view to this, Cardano advised that his Grace should provide himself with a good clock. All the princes of Italy had them now, and found them very useful. His Grace must see to it that he got a sufficiency of sleep—seven hours at the least, and ten if possible. He must take time from his business and give it to his bed, or, if that could not be, he must take it from his studies. A good long sleep he must have every night.

Then he was never to lie on feather-beds, but on a mattress of unspun silk. If one was too hard, then he might have several mattresses below him, but no feathers. As to his pillow, it must of necessity be covered with linen rather than leather, which seems to have been the ordinary pillow-case of the period. And the pillow was not on any account to be stuffed with feathers, but with chopped straw, or if that was too hard, with sea-weed. The pillow-case might be perfumed, but not with roses, for by the scent of roses some brains are made warm.

Two points as to attitude in sleep are recommended: the hand should be laid over the stomach, and sometimes it might be well to lie upon the face; for the mouth being open then, a good deal of humor may flow out, and the system be correspondingly relieved.

One is glad to know that Cardano strongly recommended shower-baths—not that they had them constructed just as ours are; but in a well-warmed room, the head and body having been well washed with water and some alkaline lye, a quantity of cold water should be poured over the head, beginning with a little

pitcherful, but rising gradually to a big pailful, and after that he was to have a good rough-towelling.

Rubbing also seems to have been as popular as in these modern days of massage,—the legs, the arms, the body, and the head were each to have their share, and when the skin has been well rubbed, an unction with some pleasant oils, such as that of sweet almonds, was to be practised.

Exercise in the open air was earnestly enjoined. Had only Cardano known about golf he would doubtless have recommended it as earnestly as some high authorities have done of recent years, and the spread of that form of civilisation from Scotland outwards might have been anticipated by three centuries. But he did recommend archery, and riding on horseback, and walking, and reading aloud, but all these things with gentleness and short of fatigue. The exercise should be kept a pleasure and not allowed to become a toil. On rainy and windy days it should be taken under shelter. And Cardano being an Italian, gave to his Scottish patient the rather unnecessary advice that he should carefully avoid exposure to the sun.

Clothing should be warm; fur if necessary at the proper seasons, but not too heavy.

The diet should be most carefully regulated. The patient should be temperate in all things—temperate even in his temperance. The diet is given in great detail; the special merits of asses' milk is discoursed upon. The very diet of the ass is prescribed, and its social comforts are to be cared for. It should live a happy life, have plenty of food, including such plants as mallow, beet, and

rose-leaves—grazing in a pleasant meadow in the society of its foal, by preference a female foal. He recommends the liver-wing of a chicken, with a bit of the breast, an occasional lark, and many other dainties, among which I may mention a soup from the tortoise or the turtle, for the preparation of which loving details are supplied.

The many volumes of Cardano's writings—of which the University Library possesses a choice copy, presented by George Drummond, bailie of the city, more than two hundred years ago—afford an immense field for studies and sketches. Some of them have been dealt with by Professor Henry Morley in his '*Jerome Cardan*'; but any one endowed with the requisite knowledge, time, and energy, might reap an abundant harvest by a systematic study of the innumerable reports of cases and personal disquisitions which adorn Cardano's pages.

I regret that I have not yet been able to link on the great and noble surgeon of France, Ambroise Paré, to the life of our Scottish Queen. Perhaps some one has done so, or evidence may hereafter crop up which would bring them into relationship; but during the short time at my disposal for the preparation of the notes embodied in this paper, in fulfilment of my duty as President of the Harveian Society of Edinburgh during the current year, I have not been able to follow up many lines of inquiry which suggested themselves, and which might have afforded facts of even greater interest than those I have culled. I have thought it better to publish the Address in this form, and relieved of some too professional paragraphs, rather than to let it see the light in a medical journal and in its original shape as it was delivered to the Society on the 12th of April last.

T. GRAINGER STEWART.

THE GOVERNMENT AND HOME RULE.

THE blight of the Home Rule Bill is upon the present Parliament and the whole of its proceedings. Not merely is the plague attacking the very roots of the parliamentary constitution, but it is tainting the whole life of the House of Commons, and nipping in the bud every other legislative measure. The session has already almost run half its course, and what results have Ministers to show for its sittings? And what result can they have to show when the House is prorogued some three or four months hence, most of which will have to be spent in disposing of this incubus which is crushing freedom and responsibility out of Parliament by its hideous and unshapely mass? Another session is to be added to the many which Mr Gladstone has previously wasted during his Ministerial career in the pursuit of legislative vanities; and when he is driven from office at the end of it, he will leave as usual to his successors the difficult task of composing the passions which he has himself needlessly excited, and of restoring order where his policy has aroused turbulence. Such a prospect is sufficiently appalling; but the Unionists had to face it seven years ago, and when they are called upon by the country they will apply themselves to the task of redressing Mr Gladstone's errors not less successfully than they did on a previous occasion. But until this change takes place we may look at practical legislation as virtually brought to a standstill, for even on the impossible supposition that the Home Rule Bill could be passed into law by the pre-

sent Parliament, there are other bills on the Premier's programme which by themselves would precipitate the Ministry against the country.

But although the Home Rule Bill is still very far from becoming law, its malign influences, even while it is in embryo, are being felt in the conduct of almost every department of public business. We do not allude here to the commercial depression and panic which it has already caused in every branch of Irish industry and commerce, to the withdrawal of deposits from the Government Savings Bank, and to the depreciation of every species of securities which are in any way connected with the credit of the State. These will tell their own tale when the contemporary revenue returns are made up. But even those financial estimates which the Government hold in their own hands, and which certainly, if they could at all help it otherwise, they would not put in as confessions, betray the burden which Home Rule, even before it has come into existence, is imposing on the taxpayers of Great Britain. The shadow of Home Rule obscures the whole of Sir William Harcourt's Budget, which may be looked upon as the preface to volumes of future demands upon the resources of Great Britain should Ireland ever unfortunately be set up as a Government by itself.

In Parliament and in the press the proceedings in the Home Rule Committee have been characterised as a comedy. To complete the simile, we do not scruple to characterise the Gladstonian Budget as a farce, and a very broad farce.

Never Chancellor of the Exchequer had a tamer rôle to play than Sir William Harcourt. He is the Bottom of finance, and roared as gently as any sucking-dove. From a financier of Mr Goschen's supreme capabilities to Sir William Harcourt is indeed a descent, and a striking revelation of the poverty of the Gladstonian rump. His whole statement is summed up in the addition of a penny to the income-tax, because the Government is too much engrossed in Home Rule to attend to the economical administration of the finances, and because the Imperial sources of revenue cannot be touched pending a settlement with the future Government of Ireland. Thus the "classes," whom Mr Gladstone has anathematised as the foes of himself and of Irish independence, are honoured by the preference of providing the means for carrying out a measure which they justly abhor.

The statement, however, which Sir William Harcourt had to make to the House, contained figures which ought to make any sound financier pause before he is a party to complicating the difficulties of the English Exchequer by the establishment of a pauper Government next door, which can only be carried on by constant assistance from Great Britain, and which must within a measurable period end in bankruptcy, to the burden and loss of the British revenue. With an estimated revenue of £89,890,000 and an expenditure of £91,464,000, a deficiency of £1,750,000 is to be provided for. This is to be met by the brilliant device of adding a penny to the income-tax, which will bring about the desired equilibrium and leave a very small margin over. There was a sweet and touching simplicity about Sir William's proposal,

which in effect disarmed the enmity of the opposition to this "penny-in-the-slot" Budget. The Budget, however, seems to have been received with less tolerance among the Government's own supporters; for though its following inside the House is too well trained to venture on an independent opinion, yet among out-of-door Gladstonians complaints were made that the deficit had not been met by such a rearrangement of the death-duties as would have covered the deficit and have admitted of the entire abolition of the duty on tea. Certainly Sir William Harcourt's oversight in not taking this opportunity to abolish the tea-duties was all the more unpardonable, as, if the Home Rule policy of his party is successful, it is the last chance a Gladstonian Chancellor of the Exchequer is likely to have of reducing this impost; for, forming, as the tea-duties will do, a considerable item in the Irish contribution, we may assume that there will be no further desire, on the part of British financiers, to interfere with them. Amendments to so mechanical a Budget were impossible; and though Sir John Lubbock moved that the income-tax should remain at its present percentage, on the ground that it would be inexpedient to increase a charge which would fall on England and Scotland alone as an imperial impost, while in Ireland it would be applied to local purposes, it was more with a view to show how Home Rule had affected the Budget than with any serious intention of pressing the amendment. Sir John Dorington's amendment in the interests of agriculture was also of service as showing, what has been evident all along, the utter indifference of the Government to

the depressed situation of all classes connected with the land ; but it was hopeless to expect any measure of relief from an Administration whose ideas of finance are so barren and restricted. Another indication of the indifference of the Government to the condition of the country is the fact that a penny should be added to the income-tax at a time when the financial crash in Australia has crippled the resources of that very large portion of the ratepayers upon whom the tax presses most severely.

There was one topic on which Sir William Harcourt touched which received less notice than it deserved, although it is rapidly becoming the chief question which British statesmen will have to face—the outgrowth of revenue by expenditure, owing, as he says, to the measures forced upon successive Governments by the House of Commons. The whole tendency of legislation during the last quarter of a century has been in the direction of imposing a steadily increasing expenditure upon the Government, with which the resources of the country can only by compulsion be made to keep pace. The modern elector is taught to look to the State to do everything for him, but he is not told that he himself will have to pay the State for doing it, and no one suggests to him to inquire whether he could not do it better and more cheaply for himself. The Gladstonian Liberals have much to answer for with respect to the complaint which Sir William Harcourt made in general terms. They have flaunted measures in the eyes of the electors which look specious and promising ; they have persuaded the constituencies of the need of these measures ; they come into power with a mandate to

carry them ; and it is only when these schemes become law that the electors recognise with dismay that they have unthinkingly been adding to their own burdens. Such platforms as the Newcastle Programme are built regardless of expense—regardless of the expense to the taxpayers. There is no doctrine that the British elector stands in greater need of having impressed upon him than that legislative reform almost invariably means increase of expenditure. It ought not necessarily to do so ; but a glance at the Budget statements during the rush of legislation for the last five-and-twenty years will show how dearly we pay for what passes for improvement.

Since the Gladstonians became a minority party in Great Britain, they have sought to float themselves upon legislative proposals, most of which threaten to add seriously to our already heavy burdens, without any general demand upon the part of the electors for their measures. Whatever points of policy the Gladstonians have taken over from the old Whig or Liberal party, economy does not figure among them ; and though Sir William Harcourt was fain to boast of himself and his leader as the sole survivors of the old school of Liberal economists, yet these relics, interesting as they are from an archæological point of view, appear to be of as little service to present-day finance as a pair of mummies of the time of the Pharaohs could be to the Egypt of the Khedive. Nor is the Radical wing of the party one jot more considerate of the cost when it seeks to press its pet schemes upon the people. Only on the Conservative side, with Mr Goschen as Chancellor of the Exchequer, has any consideration been shown for the pockets

of the British taxpayer in recent times.

If the Gladstonian Ministry gained little credit by their Budget, they derived still less consolation from the incidental discussions that have taken place during the progress of business. Since the present Ministry came into office, the Gladstonising of the local magistracy has been carried out in so wholesale and barefaced a fashion that a political character has been forced upon a class which, to its honour, has ever shown itself above partisan feelings. The number of Gladstonians placed upon the bench within the last nine or ten months speaks for itself, but would probably have been passed over in silence had not Mr Bryce by his blundering interference with Lord Sefton, the Lord Lieutenant of Lancashire, forced attention to the subject. Mr Bryce is supposed to be endowed with a knowledge of transcendental as well as transatlantic politics that is almost superhuman; but when his party is to be served, he does not scruple to turn his acquaintance with the peculiar institutions of America to account in a very mundane fashion. There were not the slightest grounds for charging Lord Sefton with having shown any political preference in his appointments to the bench, or for alleging that his nominations were not the most judicious and suitable justices that could be chosen. Lord Sefton's offence was that he declined the Chancellor of the Duchy's request to give the bench a political complexion, and for this reason Mr Bryce has resumed the powers of the Chancellorship, surrendered by Lord Dufferin in 1870, and has appointed 145 magistrates, of whom only a few individuals apparently are altogether un-

connected with the party now in power. The mischief which Mr Bryce has wrought will be all the more deeply felt in the county, as the bench, which, so long as it was appointed by the Chancellor, was strongly leavened by political feeling, has during the last thirteen years been acquiring a neutral character. But Mr Bryce is not alone in resorting to the American plan of rewarding political supporters by official position. The Lord Chancellor has added 401 members, presumably Gladstonians, to the borough Justices of the Peace out of 433 appointments since the present Government came into office. With a spirit of lawlessness creeping over our great industrial centres, of which the past month has revealed very painful evidence at Hull, and with a prospect of turbulence in many of our large cities excited by the Home Rule Bill, however it may be decided, this unblushing attempt of the Gladstone Government to set up a partial and partisan bench will be fortunate if it go no further than merely being a scandal, and is not found to be a serious danger to the community in times of political emergency.

The Newcastle Programme having served its purpose, has now been laid aside with the rest of the electioneering apparatus of the Government until it is again wanted. To Sir Charles Dilke belongs the merit of having disencumbered the Ministry of the last remnant of allegiance to that document. His motion for the evacuation of Egypt was negatived without a division, and Mr Gladstone himself came forward to vindicate the presence of our troops in Egypt, and to bear his testimony to "the enormous benefit that has been conferred upon Egypt, not only by the mainten-

ance of peace and tranquillity in the country, but especially by the great and unmeasured improvements which have been introduced into its law and finance." Mr Gladstone was not less cognisant than he is now of the advantages which Egypt is deriving from our occupation when he denounced it at Newcastle nearly two years ago. Can any one doubt that if he were again in Opposition he would condemn our presence in the country as energetically as he defends it now? From which Gladstonians as well as Conservatives may judge for themselves the importance to be attached to the Premier's utterances when he is engaged in moving heaven and earth to get into power. The curious circumstance in the situation is, that the public no more expected Mr Gladstone to reverse Lord Salisbury's policy in Egypt than he himself intended to do so; and his negation of his promise was received as a matter of course, for is he not Mr Gladstone? Yet if any other individual statesman with some shred of reputation still attaching to him had so directly belied his own pledges, his prospects in public life would have been brought to a speedy termination. But Mr Gladstone moves in a moral atmosphere of his own, unconditioned by the limitations and restrictions that compel men into honesty and consistency amid the denser environments of everyday life. The ordinary obligations which fetter his fellow-creatures are in his case tempered by a higher law, which has been revealed to himself alone, and which he wisely reserves *in petto* as being fraught with danger to the ignorant and profane multitude, although he does not hesitate to dispense its absolving benefits to his own followers in their frequent

conflicts with Truth and Justice. Mr Gladstone is an anachronism in the present day; he should have been a minister-priest under the Twentieth Dynasty of Egypt.

In a country and under a constitution like our own, however, the celebration of Sacred Mysteries, especially inside the walls of Parliament, must be attended by difficulties. But Mr Gladstone has chosen to present his Home Rule Bill to the House of Commons as if it were a revival of the rites of Eleusis, the secrets of which ought to be religiously confined to the Hierophant and his Initiated. When the Bill came into Committee, there was some reason to hope that the obscurity in which for seven years the Premier has occupied himself in involving the measure, and which he refused to dispel during the long debates on the introduction of the Bill and the second reading, would be removed by explanations that would make the scheme intelligible to the British taxpayer who is to pay for it, as well as to the Home Ruler who is to benefit by it. This was a modest enough expectation; but it was too much to expect from Mr Gladstone. In his present state of mind he has placed himself above the Constitution, above precedent, above common-sense, and above the decencies of fair and honest discussion. The spectacle of a Minister so entirely surrendered to his own ideas is as puzzling as it is painful; and though there is nothing in Mr Gladstone's previous record to raise such a suspicion, there are many grounds for supposing that under the domination of the Home Rule idea the Premier has become the victim of a fanatical mania. Fanaticism is, we know, contagious, and we might give his English supporters who humbly follow him night after night into

the lobby, in spite of the wreck to which the reason and facts of the Unionists have reduced his position, the credit of having fallen under its influence, were it not that they seem to us more like politically drowning men holding on by a straw, which straw is Mr Gladstone's continuance in office.

But whether it be fanaticism or dogged petulancy that is the mainspring of his political action, Mr Gladstone is endeavouring to force down the throats of Parliament and the British people a measure which they do not understand, which he will not explain, and which he will not even condescend to discuss in an accommodating and tolerant spirit. *Sic volo, sic jubeo, stat pro ratione voluntas*, is in effect the contribution of Mr Gladstone with his Irish majority at his back to the discussion of the Home Rule Bill in Committee. To listen with cool contempt to the arguments of the Unionists; to ignore their questions; to sum up the point in dispute in the briefest and most general terms; the boycotting of any member who happens to make a telling impression upon the House; and a discharge of Billingsgate slugs and small-shot from the Irish members below the gangway at any speaker who has made a point against the Bill,—this is the Gladstonian plan of campaign in Committee. And then, when matters grow unpleasant for the front Ministerial bench, and the Premier's brief stock of patience is exhausted, Mr Morley moves the closure, and the Irish majority rise to their feet as one man. This species of *argumentum ad baculum* is effective, but not novel. George Canning has immortalised a good instance of its application by the Dey of Algiers, a potentate not less

autocratic than the Premier himself, to meet an interesting plea of international law raised by the French citizen, Jean Bon André—

"'Twould have moved a Christian's
bowels
To hear the doubts he stated;
But the Moors they did as they were
bid,
And strangled him while he
prated."

But Mr Morley's bowstring is luckily only of limited length, and unless he can closure the country as well as the House of Commons, the Government will have to adopt a more conciliatory procedure with regard to the Bill before there is any prospect of its becoming law.

So far as Committee has yet gone, the preliminary point on which the whole Bill rests, the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, is as far from being determined as ever—has, in fact, in the course of discussion, become involved in greater doubt and uncertainty than before. So much, however, may be clearly inferred from the Premier's attitude and utterances, that he dare not explicitly assert by statute the effective supremacy of the Imperial Parliament over a Home Rule Government; and that while he is persuading the House of Commons that it is granting a subordinate legislature to Ireland, he is leading the Nationalist agitators to believe that they will be established with a co-ordinate Parliament. It is only on this supposition that Mr Gladstone's refusal to respond to the Unionist invitation to explain frankly their doubts about the supremacy and the presence of the Irish members at Westminster is susceptible of an explanation. If his views on these points are more ingenuous than we

give them credit for being, then he is doing himself and his party a serious injustice. We do not say that any possible frankness on the Premier's part could remove the objections of the Unionists to the Bill, for they are pledged on principle to its rejection; but we are confident that were the Unionists treated with more openness and accommodation on the part of Mr Gladstone, it would lead to more temperate and exhaustive discussion of the measure, and to what the Premier values most of all—more even than the Bill becoming law, we suspect—its speedy transit to the House of Lords.

We consider it a great misfortune that the instruction which stood in the name of Lord Randolph Churchill for suspending the standing order allowing the postponement of the preamble of a bill without question put, should have been disallowed by the Speaker. We do not question the technical correctness of Mr Peel's ruling; but here we have a bill which commences with a declaration that it does not impair or restrict the supreme authority of Parliament, and does impair, restrict, and virtually efface that supreme authority in every one or other of the clauses that follow. The bill differs so much in this respect from all other bills, to say nothing of the momentous interests affected, that Lord Randolph was taking a high constitutional course in putting forward his instruction, —more constitutional, in our view, than the decision which mechanically ruled so important a point to be out of order. What assurance have we that Mr Gladstone, having fined away the actual supremacy of the Imperial Parliament by each successive clause of his bill down to a nonentity, may not dispense with even the assertion in

theory—this paper supremacy—when the preamble comes to be considered last of all in Committee, and assert that the supremacy is sufficiently set forth in clause 2 as amended? It is possible that the Irish members, flushed with getting all they want for the present, and with their patriotic ardour accentuated by the controversy, may object even to this shred-paper label of Saxon superiority; and in that case we know how far Mr Gladstone is prepared to go to meet their susceptibilities. But it is the duty of the Unionist members to fight the battle of the empire to the end. Not merely on the preamble, but on every single clause of the bill which presents the remotest possibility of a conflict of authorities, must a protest be put forward on behalf of our parliamentary supremacy, and an endeavour must be made to provide amendments and saving clauses for every such emergency. If the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament be the basis on which the bill is to be established, then the stability of that foundation ought to have been carefully tested before imposing any of the structure upon it. In fact, the Committee will have now to go twice over the same ground; for its deliberations, which began with one fight regarding the supremacy, will have to close with another when the preamble comes up for consideration.

The difficulties which the Government have experienced in forcing through clauses 1 and 2, even with the aid of the closure, is only a foretaste of the troubles in store for them when the more debatable clauses of the bill are reached, and when the growing impatience of their own supporters, of which we have already had evidence, finds free expression. Of course the

Government and its organs have been forward in raising the cry of obstruction, but the only effective obstruction has come from the Premier himself. When a Minister in charge of a bill will vouchsafe no explanations, answer no questions, resolve no doubts, receive no suggestions, can the Opposition be blamed that deems it its duty to sift the provisions of that bill in the most scrupulous fashion? Mr Gladstone's political bantling was conceived in private, brought forth in obscurity, and is still swaddled in mystery, even while he dandles it in his arms before Committee. Let him undo the wrappings and exhibit the abortion in all its naked hideousness, and we guarantee that he will not have to complain of the House of Commons delaying its decision. But so long as the Opposition are kept in the dark, they must necessarily grope their way. Nor is such a passionate outburst as Mr Gladstone indulged in during the debate of May 11, conducive to the progress of business any more than it apparently is to his own health. To Mr Chamberlain's well-founded complaint of the conspiracy of silence by which the Unionist criticism of the bill has been met, Mr Gladstone had the audacity to reply in hot temper that, upon the four points on which the Opposition has chiefly striven to obtain an intimation of the fixed intentions of the Government—Ulster, retention of Irish members, finance, and war contribution—"full and explicit explanation has been given relatively to the stage to which we have arrived." We have carefully read every word that Mr Gladstone has uttered upon these four topics since he brought forward the Home Rule Bill,—it is worse than useless in his case to take any account of what he may have said on these

subjects before,—and we can positively say that the aggregate of definite information amounts to—nothing. With regard to Ulster, does any one know Mr Gladstone's present position? Can he even define it himself. He has repeatedly thrown out hints that he would be prepared to consider the exclusion of Ulster from the bill; but he has always opposed the carrying out of this idea as a part of his bill, and has made mock proposals to the Opposition to bring forward a motion itself. This is mere trifling with the House. The whole scheme of Home Rule has been framed upon the inclusion of Ulster within the scope of the bill; indeed, without the resources of Ulster at its command, no Home Rule Government could set up in Dublin. We know, too, that both sections of the Irish party will unite in throwing out a bill which removes Ulster from their grasp. What information, then, has the Premier given us by his vacillating views on this subject? Only this much, that he himself is not free from the apprehensions entertained by the rest of the country of the consequences of handing over the population of Ulster to the domination of the Nationalist ascendancy; and that he is sobound hand and foot to his Irish allies, that he is unable to help himself in the matter. With regard to the retention of the Irish members, all Mr Gladstone's utterances have been marked by a similar irresolution. He has been at one time or another for the "in-and-out" plan, against the "in-and-out" plan, for the "in-and-out" plan again, and now he seems for a scheme of "in altogether," if any section of the House will relieve himself of the responsibility of proposing it.

To all appearances the Govern-

ment have drifted towards the scheme indicated by Mr Sexton on the last night of the debate on the second reading, for keeping the Irish members in their full strength at Westminster for a limited period until the arrangements between the Parliaments regarding the land, the judges, and the police are finally settled—in plain English, until the Irish majority can wrest from Great Britain the terms of final separation. The House of Commons will not be led into such an agreement, however inoffensive it may be made to appear when translated out of honesty into innocence by Mr Gladstone's persuasive oratory. The question of "in" or "out" is, as we have before shown, a matter of indifference to the Irish members. If "out," their Government will be in a position to bid unchallengeable defiance to the Imperial Parliament; if "in," they have the Imperial Ministry at their feet and their hands deep in the British Exchequer. In either contingency, the Home Rule Bill places the game in their own hands.

What information, again, has Mr Gladstone given the House regarding the finance clauses and the war contribution? Surely, unless a financial possibility can be made out for the existence of a Home Rule Government, it is idle to waste the time of the country in endeavouring to set up one. Mr Gladstone would have done well in the interests of his bill had he responded to Mr Chamberlain's repeated invitations to disclose the details of his financial proposals before proceeding further with a measure which may very probably go to pieces on this particular point. Beyond the most general and vague details in his speech on moving the second reading, Mr

Gladstone has no information which would warrant any member in saying that a financial understanding between Great Britain and Ireland was even possible on the lines of the Home Rule Bill. And no sooner were such figures as Mr Gladstone thought fit to give placed before the House than they ceased to have any validity. Serious errors were discovered in the estimates by which he had been guided; the Irish surplus turned out to be as illusory as Mr Gladstone's guarantees; and the Home Rule Government would have begun as it will end, in bankruptcy. But what makes Mr Gladstone's explanations of his financial scheme still more obsolete was the fact that they were at once repudiated as inadequate by his masters, the Irish members, and cannot therefore now hold good in the discussion. Some explanation was due from Mr Gladstone as to how far he intended to qualify his own erroneous statements, and to what length he was prepared to go to meet the Irish demands. That these will be exigent beyond the just rights of the British ratepayers, we are already forewarned. But whatever financial concessions may be extorted from the Government, the taxpayers of this country may rest assured that they are putting their money into a bankrupt business. We want some more reliable guarantee for the discharge of Ireland's future obligations to this country than the responsibility of a Ministry of Heals, O'Briens, and Michael Davitts; and it will be a rude rupture to the "union of hearts" when the sub-sheriff, armed with a decree from Mr Gladstone's Court of Irish Exchequer, walks into the College Green Parliament as the man in possession and removes its bauble, the sole remain-

ing asset of Home Rule administration.

If the debates on the first two clauses of the bill have resulted in little net gain so far as amendment of the measure is concerned, they have been productive of much benefit in disentangling the question of the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament from the maze of inconsistent verbiage and sophistry with which Mr Gladstone has surrounded it. By no possible amendment or series of amendments can this Home Rule Bill be made acceptable to the majority of the British people or the endangered minority in Ireland; yet it is nevertheless the imperative duty of the Unionist Opposition to expose by means of amendments every faulty and dangerous provision of the bill, so that both the House and the country may duly understand the dangers of the situation, which by a conspiracy of silence the Premier and his colleagues are striving their utmost to conceal. The amendments moved by Mr Darling and other members in the direction of asserting the supremacy of the British Parliament over the Irish Legislature, have brought out the facts of the Government's uncertainty as to where this supremacy resides, as well as Mr Gladstone's disinclination to express it by statute. Mr Gladstone's own views of the supremacy are apparently of the most obscure and confused description; or more likely, he does not care to commit himself to a definite statement. If, as Mr Gladstone alleges, time is by far the best weapon in the hands of the Unionists, vagueness and obscurity are his own best and strongest means of defence. And this vital question of supremacy, which must be the first test that the British constituencies will

apply to the Home Rule Bill—in what confusion has Mr Gladstone not purposely left it? He declared, in answer to Mr Darling's amendment, that in his opinion, and in the opinion of his Government, the supremacy was absolutely without limit, and objected to "any declaration or any words in whatever form which tend to limit supremacy." He also brought forward a more weighty argument than the mere opinion of himself and his colleagues, by quoting the late Mr Parnell's acceptance of the Bill of 1886 for himself and his party, as constituting a subordinate Parliament for Ireland. Mr Parnell had two voices, one for the House of Commons and another for his followers, and the revelations in No. 15 Committee Room show in what spirit he had accepted the bill, and how far this "subordination" was to go. But when on the very next evening Mr Bartley, following Mr Gladstone's own lead, moved that the Irish Legislature should be made "subordinate" to Parliament, the Premier was compelled to seek refuge in sentiment, and complain of the intention to cast "a slight upon the Irish Parliament," "to put a bar sinister upon the Irish Legislature." He quoted the case of colonies that had received subordinate constitutions to show that the amendment was an innovation; but he ignored the fact that these colonies had sprung up under the imperial supremacy, and owed their constitutional development to it, whereas Ireland has resisted the supremacy during the greater part of the "seven centuries" Mr Gladstone has such pleasure in referring to, and that the Home Rule agitation has for its main object the freeing of the country from its pressure. For proof of this last statement the speeches of Mr

Parnell and his surviving colleagues may be consulted *passim*. Still later on, on the motion that clause 1 should stand as part of the bill, Mr Gladstone, who had as usual been showing signs of veering round, had nothing to say about the inalienable character of the supremacy, but accepted the assurances of the various leaders of the Home Rule factions that the supremacy would be respected. "I accept these assurances," the Premier said—"as I accepted the declaration of Mr Parnell in 1886—as solemn, binding, and absolute, given in the name of the Irish people, and as in the character which the Irish people have confirmed as forming the ground of proceeding in the work of legislation." No one will dispute Mr Gladstone's judgment in placing an equal value upon Mr Parnell's declaration and the present set of assurances; and the author of the former himself conclusively proved that his declaration meant nothing as against his claims for Irish independence.

Observers of Mr Gladstone's conduct must have long ago remarked that he never displays so much obstinacy and temper as when he is on the eve of executing a *volte-face*. His outburst in the debate of Thursday, May 11, might therefore justly have been looked upon as prelude to some such change of front as he showed on the 16th in the debate on Sir Henry James's amendment providing that both branches of the Irish Legislature should have "equal rights, powers, and privileges," both in legislation and in carrying out all powers conferred by the bill. This was the first effort made in Committee to give an effective force to one of Mr Gladstone's illusive safeguards, and the attitude of the Premier

towards it was watched with peculiar interest. Presented as it is in the bill as a weak and unpopular Chamber, intended to afford a species of representation for the views of the Irish minority, and placed from the outset in a position of semi-antagonism to the stronger and more popular Legislative Assembly, the Irish Legislative Council requires to have its powers and privileges fully defined by the bill, if it is to exercise any other function than merely recording the decisions of the Lower House. Mr Gladstone received the amendment with unexpected favour, under cover of which he managed, however, to elude immediately dealing with the subject. It was the intention of the Government, he explained, that the two Chambers should have equal powers in respect to all matters attaching to such Assemblies, but with certain specified exceptions, such as the sole right of the Legislative Assembly to initiate expenditure. He also, with some show of geniality, admitted the right of the Legislative Council to criticise the Executive, and pass votes of censure, and under cover of this affable concession persuaded Sir Henry James to withdraw his amendment in favour of an Imperial enactment which he himself promised to carry, embodying the equality of the two Chambers. We very much fear that the honourable member for Bury was over-trustful in agreeing to this arrangement. Suppose Mr Gladstone carries the Home Rule Bill, but fails to pass this supplementary provision, we do not suppose that he will regard it as a vital matter, or discard the one bill because he cannot pass the other. The Irish Legislative Council will thus remain in the helpless and useless position in

which the Home Rule Bill leaves it. Unionists will do well to be upon their guard against offers to consider proposals at further stages of the bill, or to allow any other details to be relegated to supplementary legislation. Every point ought to be thoroughly contested as it comes up, and no false expectations placed upon what the Government may agree to do after the Home Rule Bill has been got through. Though we may give Mr Gladstone credit for the best intentions, we know that he is not his own master; and the first proposal to give some authority and vitality to the Legislative Council broke the spell of silence in which the Irish members have hitherto bound themselves after a fashion that must have disagreeably reminded the Government of its real position.

Sir Henry James's second amendment, which added to the end of clause 2 the following words, "provided that, notwithstanding anything in this Act contained, the supreme power and authority of the Parliament of Great Britain, of the Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, shall remain unaffected and undiminished over all persons, matters, and things, within the Queen's dominions," met with better fortune. Mr Gladstone has at last convinced himself that something more definite than the empty assertion in the preamble, and the trust which he wishes the House to repose in the honour and integrity of Irish members, is necessary to secure the much-tried allegiance of even his own followers on the bill. He has thus abandoned the negative position which he had maintained during the first six nights of Committee. Hitherto Mr Gladstone had argued that the unquestioned supremacy would

suffer by assertion and definition; that mention of it was unnecessary in view of the Irish assurances; and that any express implication of subordination would hurt the susceptibilities of the Irish, and lower the respect for their Parliament. Now he is compelled to recognise that "there are those who in large numbers and in good faith attached great importance to the reassertion of this supremacy, and the Government were not in the least disinclined to meet them,"—a very remarkable admission when contrasted with his previous negations on the question. The Premier, however, endeavoured to deal with this amendment in somewhat the same fashion as he had treated the other. He suggested that the question would be better settled by a separate clause at the end of the bill—a clause that would not hang on to any particular provision of the bill, but would affect and cleave to every portion of the bill. For, said the Premier, "the supremacy of Parliament ought to be a hallowed thing,"—an estimate which is not exactly consistent with postponing its consideration until the fag-end of an Act, unless the Queen's Speech be pleaded as a precedent, where piety is allowed to find a place only after all the secular business has been disposed of. Mr Balfour, too, looked upon the supremacy as a "hallowed thing," but shared none of the Premier's awe in approaching it, and "wished the religion embodied in the words 'supremacy of Parliament' to be a real religion," active in principle, and animating all parts; and he considered the words of the amendment of not so much value for themselves, as because they were a fitting introduction to other words which would be introduced to give them practical effect.

The acceptance of Sir Henry

James's amendment, though of importance as indicating irresolution on Mr Gladstone's part, must not be supposed to have made the supremacy any more than the "paper" one which stands in the preamble. It is not enough to concede the supremacy in principle; it must be secured in practice and made distinctly operative with respect to every provision of the bill. Having now submitted to a declaration of the supremacy, Mr Gladstone may next be induced to consent to its definition. Only by such a concession will he be able to expedite the passage of the bill through Committee, for there are very few of its provisions upon which the question of the Imperial supremacy will not have to be raised. On the groups of clauses dealing with the executive powers in Ireland, the financial relations between the two countries, the exchequer, the viceroy, and the veto, the same question of Imperial supremacy must be fought over and over again, unless the Government distinctly states not merely its powers—for, according to Mr Gladstone, it is all-powerful—but the means by which it can be effectively exercised when need arises for its intervention. We trust that no number of adverse divisions will prevent the Unionists from contesting every contestable point in the bill, from amending every clause which diminishes the authority of the Imperial Parliament or menaces the interests of the Irish minority, and from employing every legitimate tactic that can be made available for putting an end to this unprincipled measure. It is only through the most searching criticism on the part of the Unionist members in Committee that the country can be enlightened regarding the real char-

acter of the bill, and the conspiracy of silence which clearly betrays the impossibility of justifying its provisions be completely broken down. It would be ungrateful not to acknowledge the deep obligation under which Mr Chamberlain has laid the country by his zealous endeavours to force the Government to throw some light on the situation, undeterred by the obloquy and recriminations from even the highest quarters with which his efforts have been answered. With a freer hand upon the question of Home Rule, and with fewer party responsibilities to fetter him than the leader of the Opposition, Mr Chamberlain has been able to throw himself into the struggle with a zeal and a devotedness that mark him out as *par excellence* the champion of the Union; and we hope that he will continue to wage the same stout and skilful warfare against the bill until the bitter end. We may be permitted to hope also that the devotion with which the Unionist leaders are throwing themselves into the work will be more zealously seconded by their followers. It is unpleasant to have to confess that many members of the Opposition have already failed in their duty to the country in the divisions on the first two clauses. We can easily make allowances for the exasperation and disgust with which the conduct of the Government must necessarily inspire them; but it is not the less necessary that they should be in their place to emphasise by their votes the indignation and abhorrence with which the measure has filled the minds of the majority of Great Britain.

In spite of the solid majorities that have supported Mr Gladstone in the divisions—majorities which

would have been much less had the Unionist party been able to go in full strength into the lobby—we are not without hope that the bill may yet break down when those more crucial points, such as the retention of the Irish members and the financial clauses, are reached. The idea of the supremacy is too abstract a notion, too “hallowed” in fact, to appeal much to the rank and file of Gladstonian members, though even this question has caused several of them grievous mental “wobblings”—a vulgar expression, we admit, but the only word that can approximate to a correct description of the psychological condition of this class of legislator. But the mind of even the average Gladstonian member will be able to grasp the fact that the Irish majority are to be made the virtual arbiters of the Imperial Parliament, and that there is an intention to plunder the British taxpayer in the interests of the Home Rule Government. His intelligence will, moreover, be sharpened by the perception that he will have at no distant date to give an account to the constituencies of his votes on these points; and on the financial arrangements of the bill, at all events, the electors are not likely to tolerate any shuffling. Even though the bill were hurried through the House of Commons in the summary way which Mr Chamberlain sarcastically recommended to the Prime Minister, it cannot become law until the country has passed judgment upon it—and upon its promoters as well.

We feel that we are approaching delicate ground when we allude to the reception that awaits the Home Rule Bill should it ever reach the House of Lords. The certainty of its rejection by the Upper House has made both the

Government and the Opposition keep silence upon this subject, though from very different motives. But in view of the conspiracy of silence in the Commons upon the part of the Government, it seems to us that the time has come when we may plainly indicate what the Lords can do, if they are so disposed. In the first place, they are, as it seems to us, under no obligation to discuss the subject of Home Rule at all. Here is a bill which violates the fundamental character of their own Chamber—the equality of all its members on the floor of the House. It creates a new order of members of the House of Lords, Peers who are debarred from debating and voting on any Imperial question, and not allowed to take any part in the proceedings of the House which are not concerned with purely Irish questions. The division of the House of Lords into two orders of superior and inferior Peers is a serious constitutional anomaly which would warrant the Lords in summarily rejecting the bill upon this ground alone, until the country has been consulted as to whether or not it considers such an arrangement desirable. Moreover, in the whole history of the Home Rule Bill, in the concealment of its provisions from the electors until a requisite majority was obtained for forcing it through the Commons, and in the default of the Government to give any intelligible or adequate explanation of its intentions with regard to the measure, the Peers will be sufficiently justified in declaring at once that the country must be consulted without committing themselves by a discussion of the principle of Home Rule. There is no doubt that Mr Gladstone relies more upon a cry against the House of Lords than upon his Home Rule Bill for con-

verting his present minority in Great Britain into a majority ; but if the Peers, declining to express their own opinion of the principle of Home Rule until the sense of the country has been taken regarding it, summarily throw out the bill on account of the unconstitutional innovation which it introduces into their own House, no reasonable blame can attach to such a decision. But they have an old parliamentary hand to deal with ; and whatever course they may adopt will, we are certain, be founded on strictly constitutional grounds, and consistent with the views of the majority of the British electorate, which has for a time been swamped in the Lower House by the host of Irish agitators.

The agitation that is being maintained throughout the country leaves very little uncertainty that, even without the further revelations regarding the working of the bill which will be extorted from the Government in Committee, the British people has made up its mind regarding the unconstitutional and dangerous character of the measure. The enthusiasm which greets Unionist speakers all over the country, and the crowded meetings which flock to their support, might convince the Prime Minister, if his mind were still open to warning, that he is contending with a power stronger than his own—stronger than the Irish party, who are dragging him to ruin and dishonour. All attempts to muster a show of popular feeling in behalf of Home Rule have

only betrayed the weakness of its supporters. The only notable demonstration in its favour has been the abortive attempt to blow up the Four Courts in Dublin on the anniversary of the Phoenix Park assassinations,—for the late demonstration in Hyde Park scarcely exceeded the importance of any of the ordinary political Sunday outings, which serve as a distraction for the London mob. But the reception which greeted Lord Salisbury in Belfast clearly attested that Ulster still remains loyal to the Union, and determined to resist to the last any attempt to interpose a Home Rule ascendancy between its loyal population and the Crown. Lord Salisbury, in his speech of the 24th ultimo, very justly showed that on making the whole question of Home Rule intelligible to the electors depends not merely the rejection of the present measure, but a final and decided resolution against breaking up the empire by the concession of Home Rule to Ireland. From any scheme of Home Rule Lord Salisbury could foresee only “unnumbered calamities and terrible degradations,” and “a black and irreparable disgrace” upon the fame of England. Step by step the country is arriving at the same conclusion,—is coming to see what Home Rule really means ; and with this perception will come a determined enmity to the measure, and indignant opposition to the leaders who have betrayed a considerable section of the country into a momentary support of its principles.

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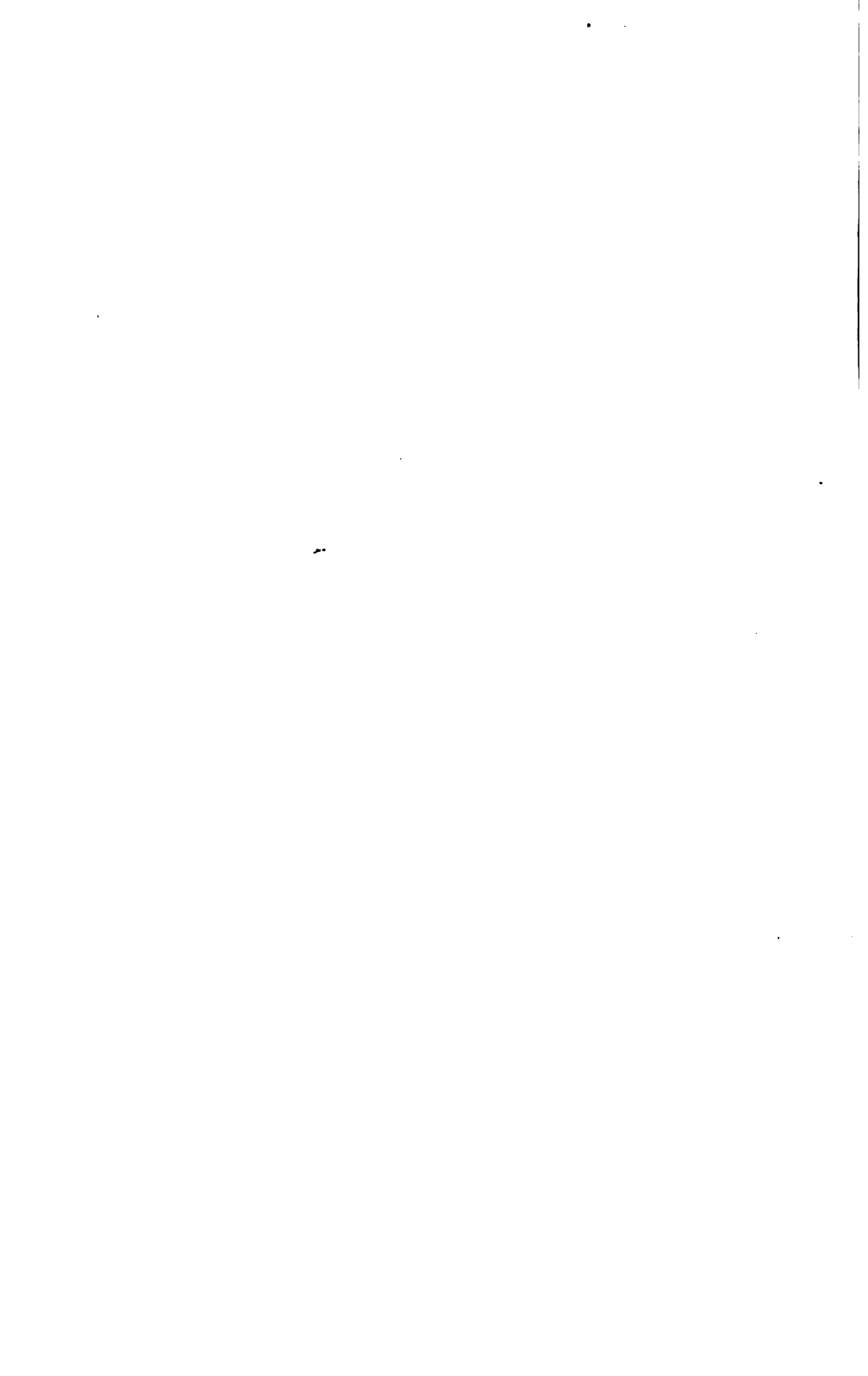
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